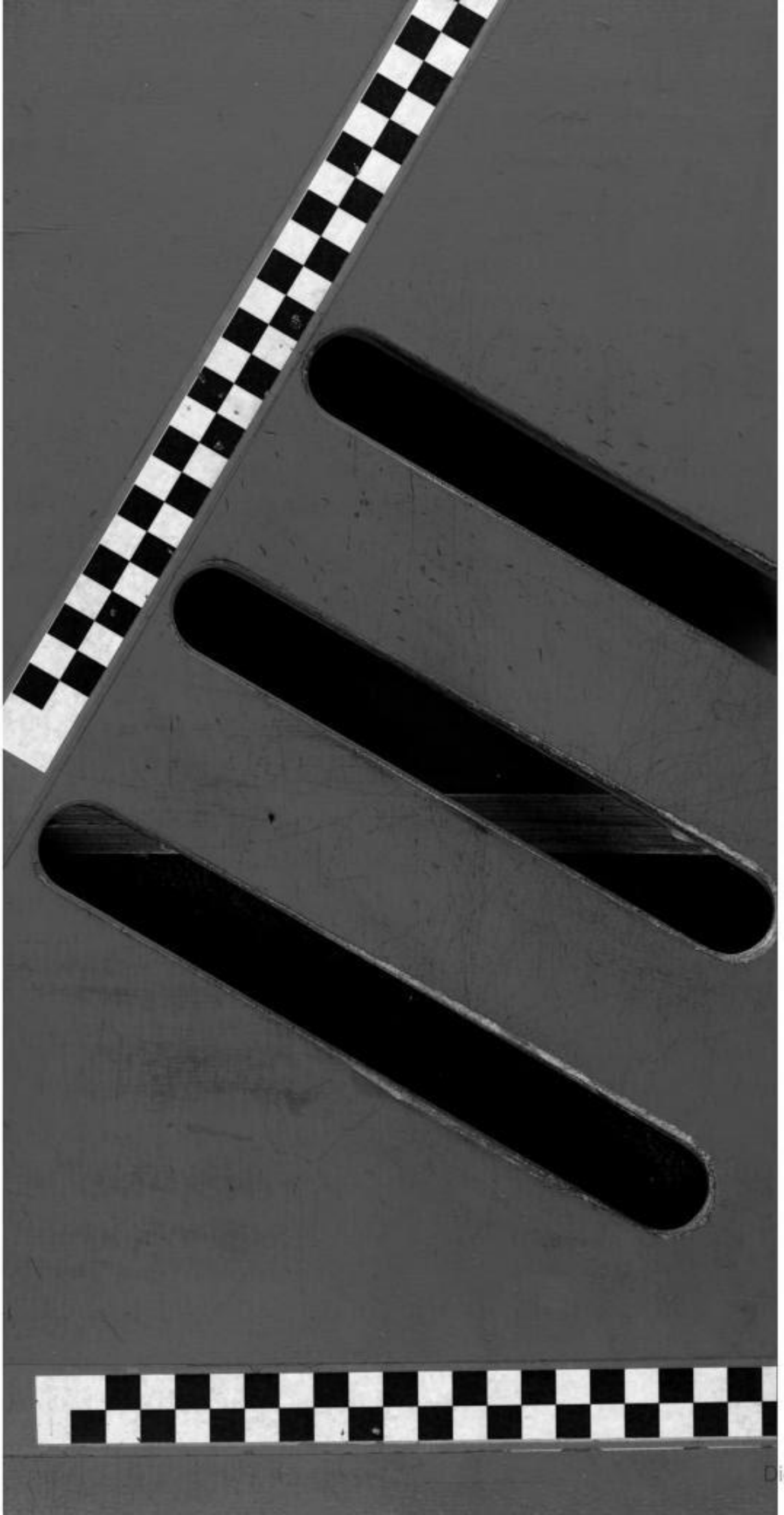
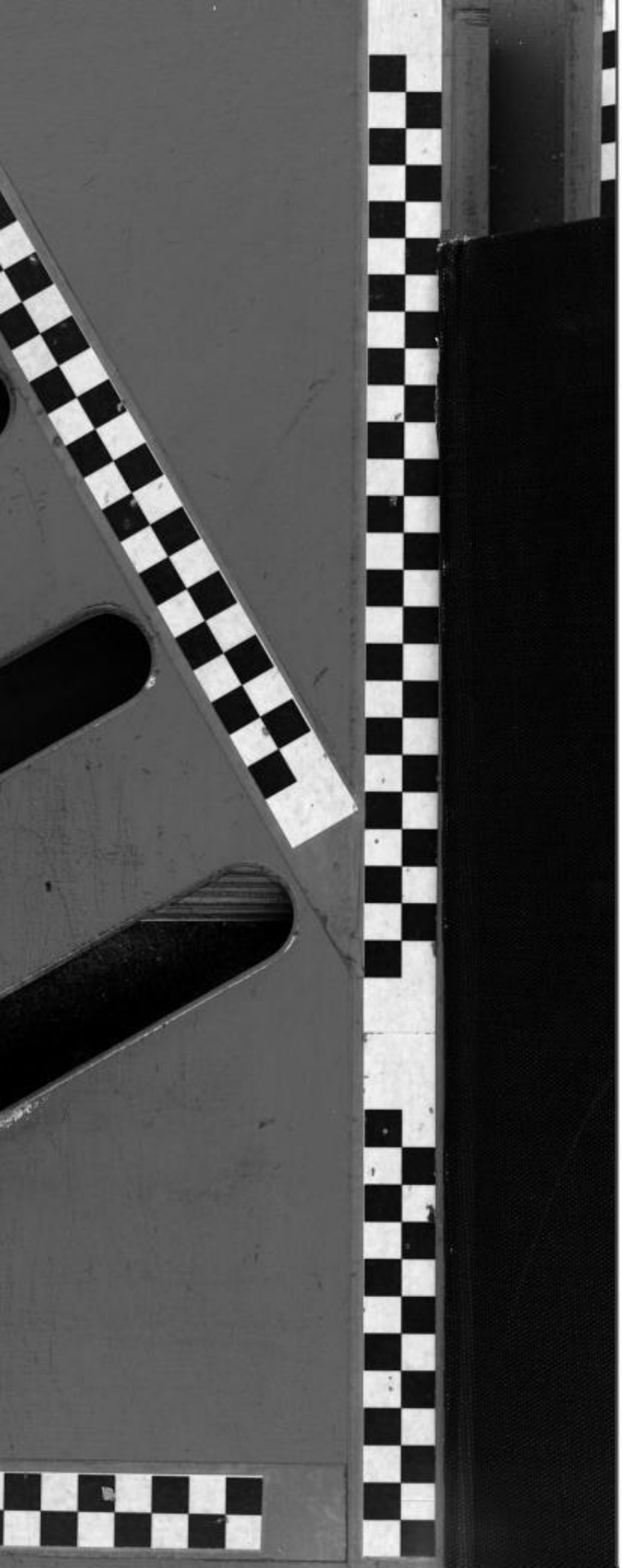
image not available

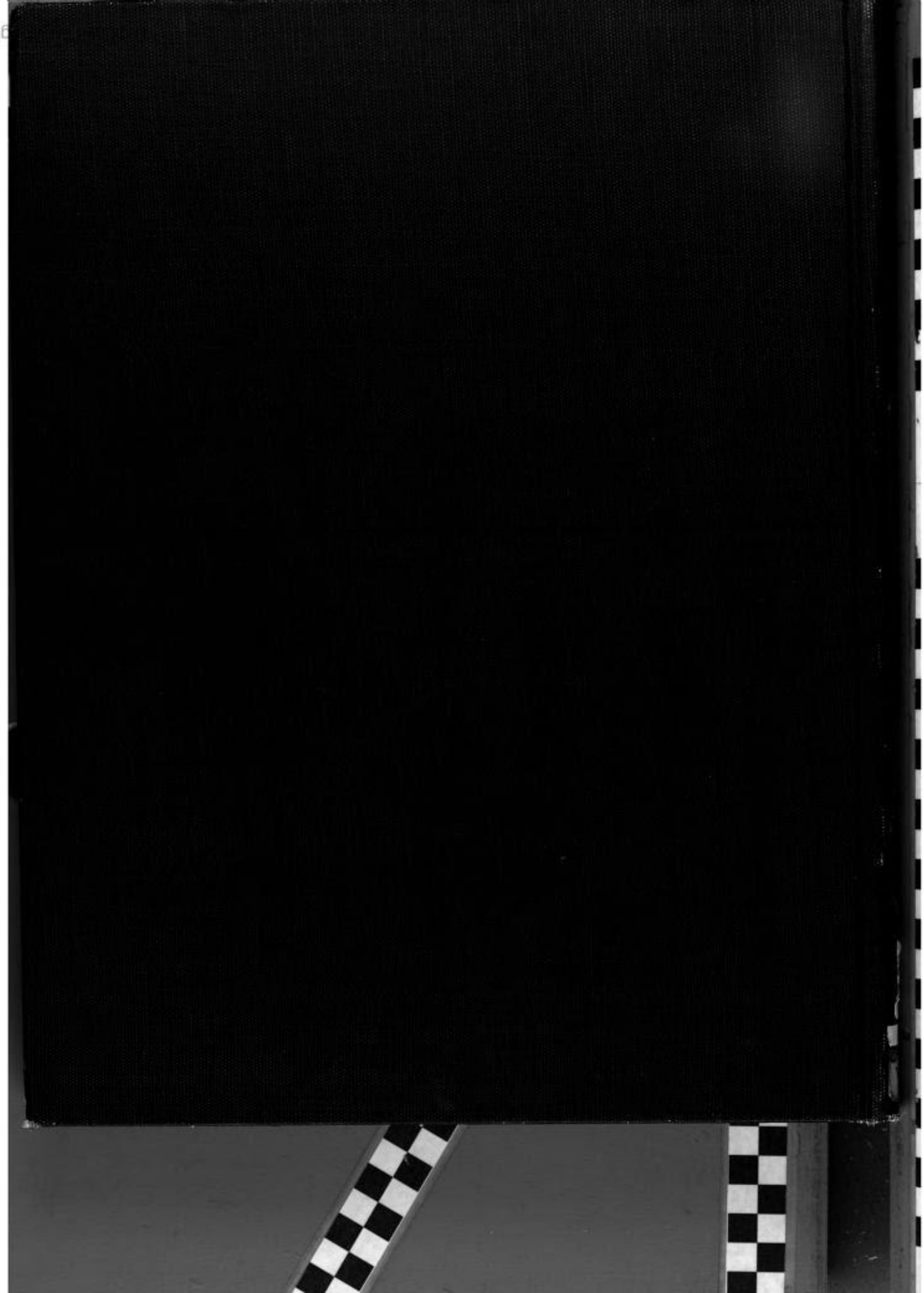
Digitized by Google

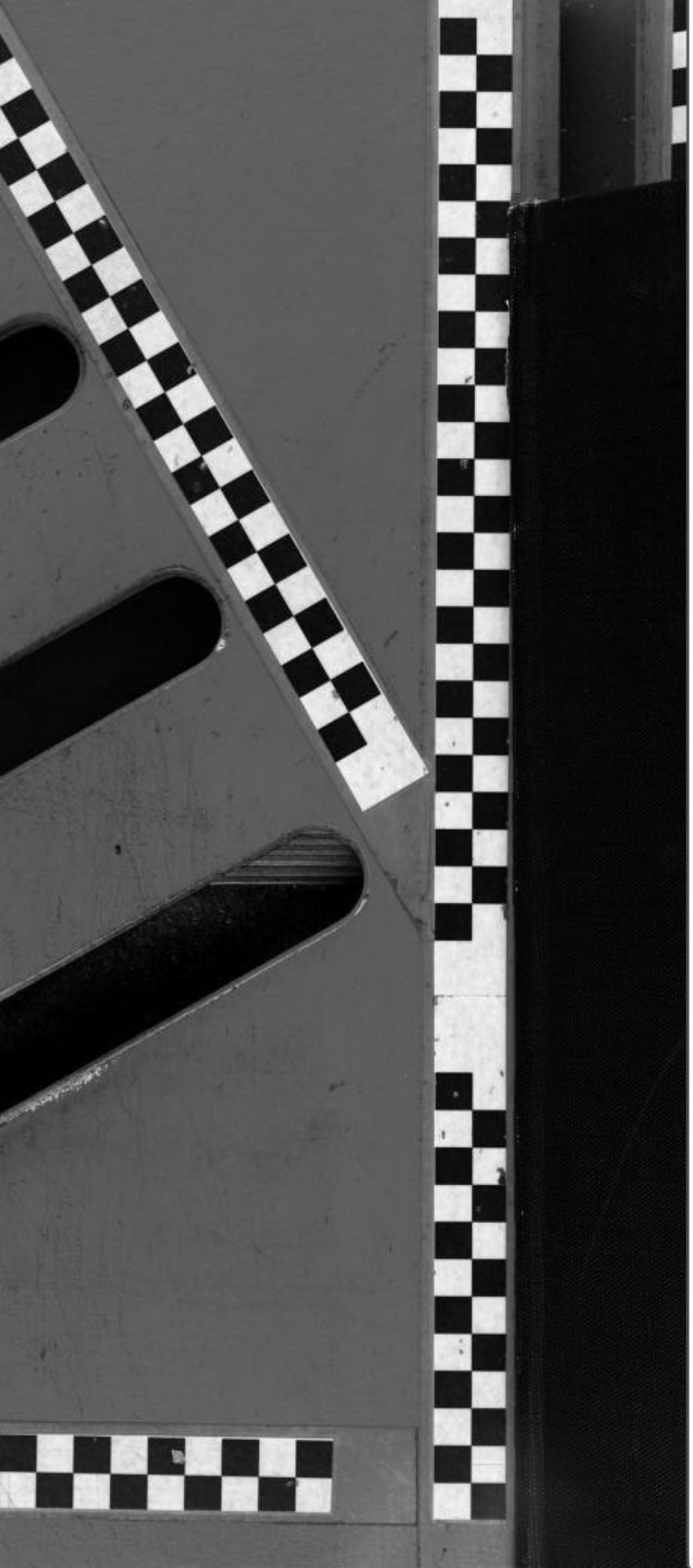


Digitized by Google

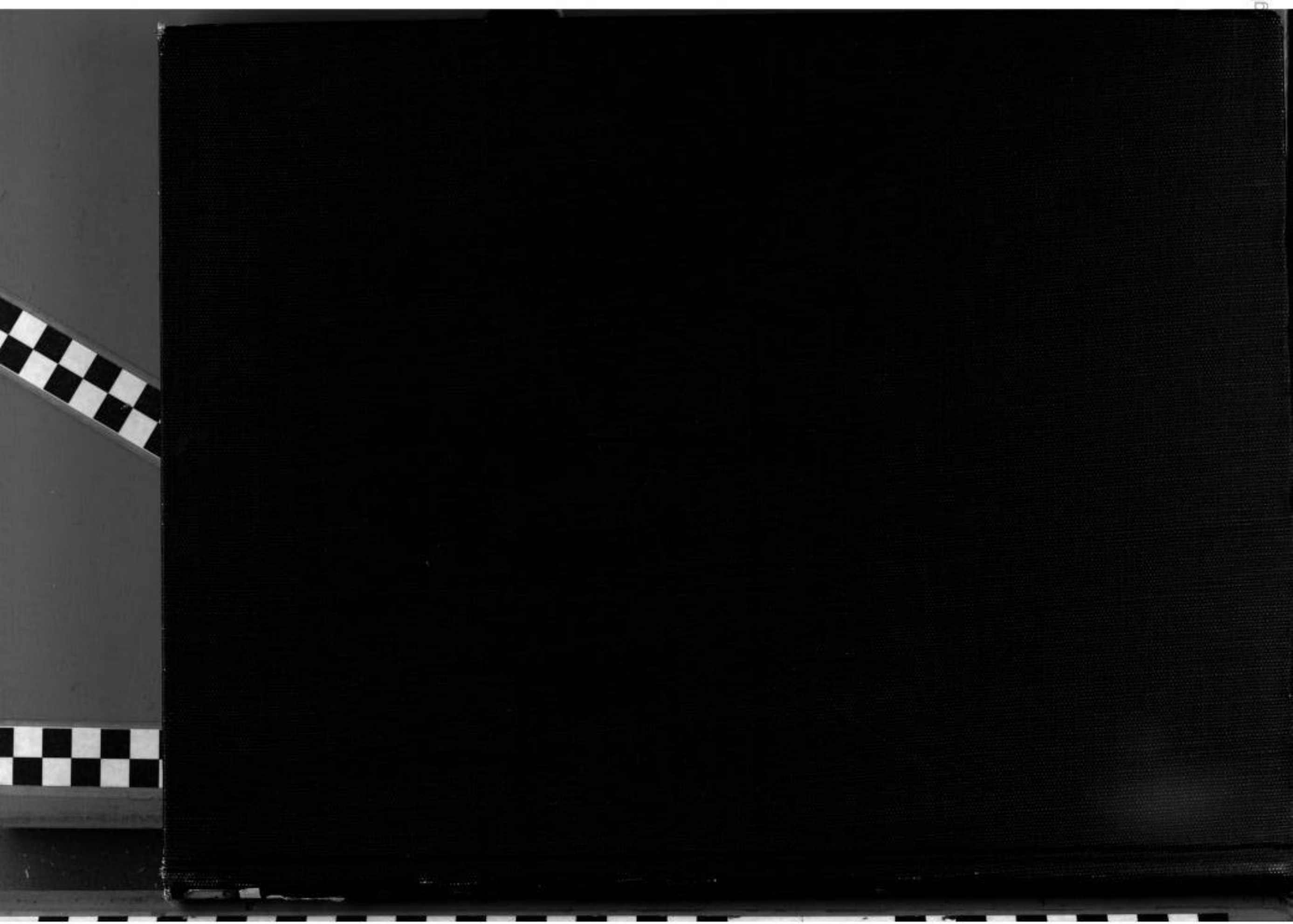


Digitized by Google





Digitized by Google



THE UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
LIBRARY

051
SA
v.187,cop.3

Digitized by Google

The person charging this material is responsible for its return to the library from which it was withdrawn on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

MAY 7 1977

MAY 9 1977

L161—O-1096

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

76

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

State Historical Library Springfield Ill. 37-

An Illu ekly
Founded Franklin

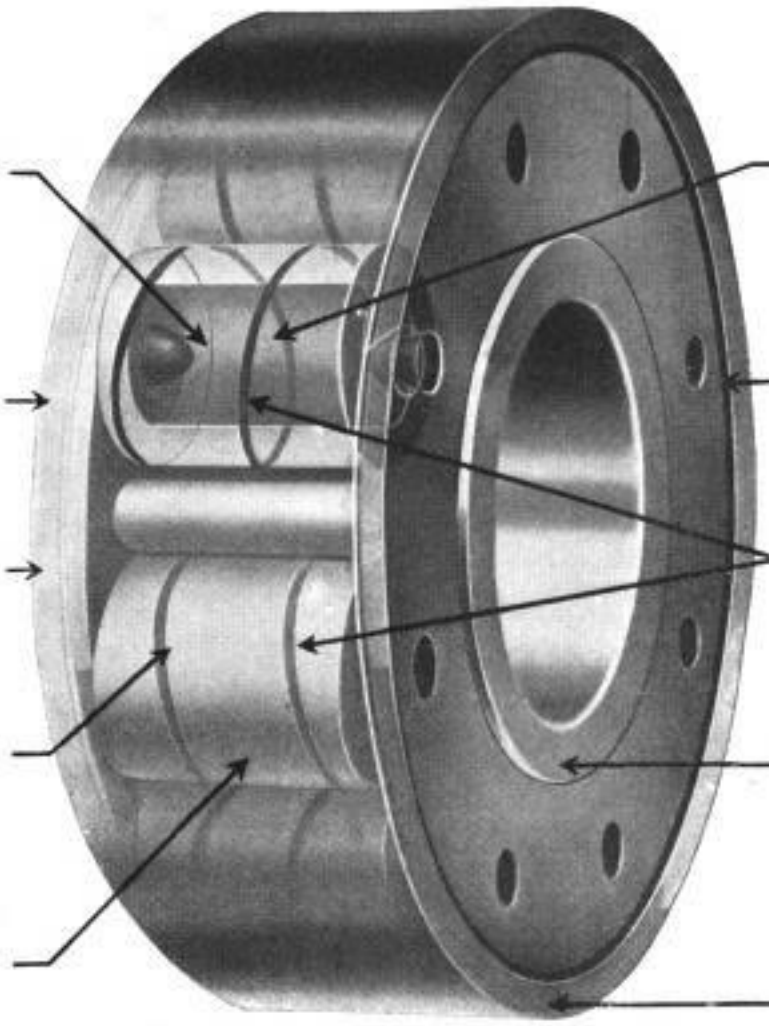
MAY 8, 1915 5c. THE COPY

OFFICIALLY DISCARDED
ILLINOIS STATE
HISTORICAL LIBRARY
DATE 1/29/40

The Great Farmers' Strike—By Herbert Quick

Digitized by Google

HYATT
QUIET ROLLER BEARINGS



Rollers cannot crush or roll out. Heat treated, chrome nickel steel makes this absolutely impossible.

No adjustment of any kind possible or necessary. Absolutely "fool proof."

Carries radial loads only, resulting in simplicity of design.

A self-cleaning bearing. Grit from gears, sand and dirt tend to pass through these slots into the center of the roller, hence do not grind away the bearing surfaces.

The flexible roller cushions the road shocks, reduces noise, adjusts irregularities in alignment, and insures full line contact for the load.

Hollow rollers mean large oil capacity and the constant carrying of oil from bottom to top of the bearing.

The cage keeps the rollers parallel and is convenient in assembly.

Right and left spirals insure a constant circulation of oil back and forth. Parts of the bearing cannot possibly become dry.

Inner race of special analysis steel, heat treated and accurately ground. This fits over the shaft.

Outer race of special analysis steel, heat treated and accurately ground. This is held in the housing.

A Hyatt Quiet Bearing with Part of the Outer Race and One Roller Shown Transparent to Illustrate the Construction

The spiral construction is one of several exclusive features of Hyatt Roller Bearings. This makes them—

Flexible, thereby reducing noise and vibration, and insuring perfect alignment.

Self-Oiling, because the right and left spirals constantly circulate the lubricant—and

Self-Cleaning, all grit and dirt passing through the spiral slots into the center of the roller, hence not grinding the bearing surface.

These and other advantages graphically shown by the above illustration explain why more than **four million Hyatt Quiet Bearings** are used by leading automobile manufacturers in 1915 cars.

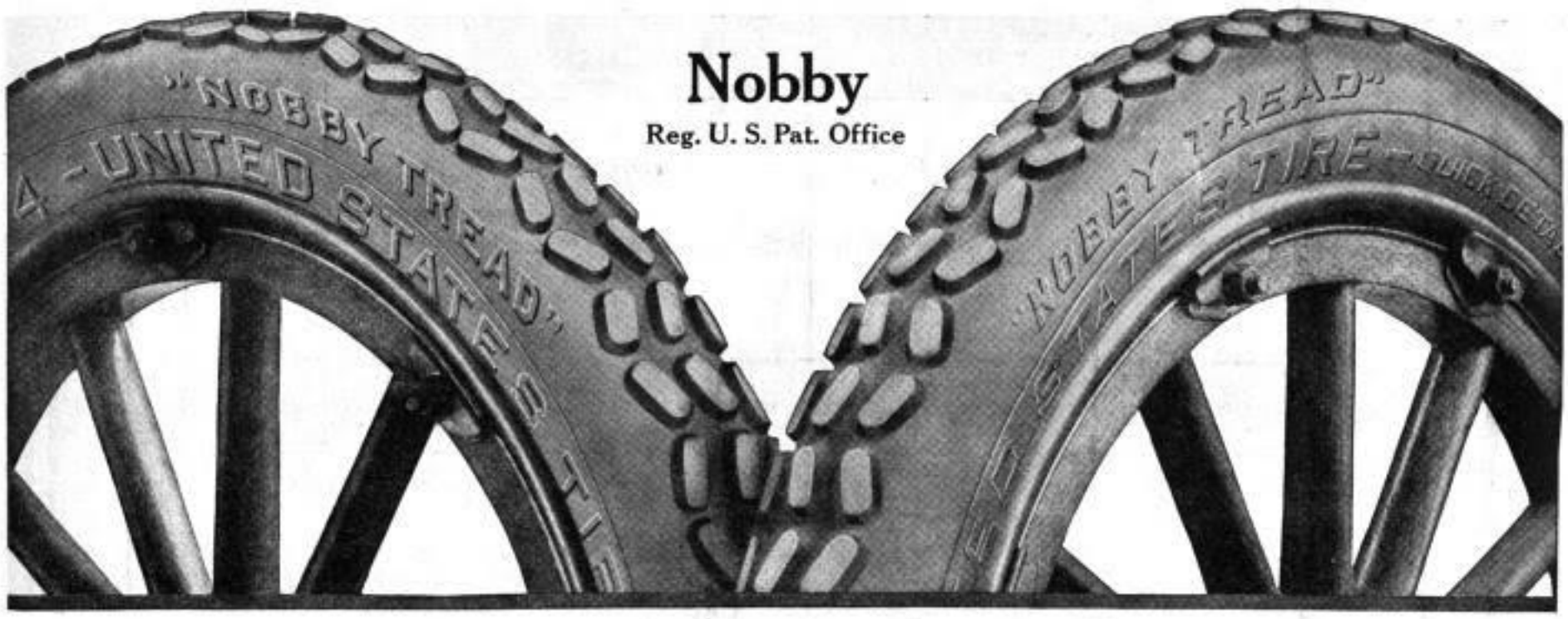
"Bearings, others and the Hyatt Quiet"—a book on motor car bearings in general, for prospective purchasers, sent on request.

HYATT ROLLER BEARING CO.

"To those who ride on Hyatt Quiet Bearings"—a book for automobile owners, sent on request.

Digitized by Google

051
SA
v.187
cop.3



Nobby
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Cheapest Tire Service

Your tires cost you just exactly what they cost you per mile of wear.

The first cost of a tire is a reliable guide only when it adds up enough real mileage wear in the end.

Find out the exact cost of your tire service, and then you will know the truth about real tire economy.

Today the majority of serious automobile owners understand this—that is why they are buying "Nobby Treads"—that is why "Nobby Treads" are called

Business Basis Tires

And remember this—investigations prove that with "Nobby Tread" Tires punctures are 90% less than with the average tire.

Today "Nobby Tread" Tires are the largest selling high-grade anti-skid tires in the world.

Based upon their remarkable mileage records

"Nobby Tread" Tires

are now sold under our regular warranty—perfect workmanship and material—BUT any adjustments are on a basis of

5,000 Miles

Thousands upon thousands of veteran motorists now use "Nobby Tread" Tires on their front and rear wheels through all seasons, because they give real anti-skid protection and the lowest cost per mile.

United States Tire Company

NOTE THIS:—Dealers who sell UNITED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.

1170986

Digitized by Google

"Tomorrow's fate, though thou be wise,
Thou canst not tell nor yet surmise;
Pass, therefore, not today in vain,
For it will never come again."—Rubaiyat.

"Tomorrow, and tomorrow and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time."
—Macbeth.

Why Not Today?

If you have heard how Crisco is taking the place of butter and lard in every department of cooking—

If you have heard of the wonderful building in which it is packed—sunlit, spotless—built of glass and dazzling tile—

If you have heard of the clean, sweet kitchens that Crisco has now rendered possible, and of the better tasting, more digestible foods that its use insures—

Then why not order some today? And try it in the recipe below?

The experience of a vast army of housewives and the prestige of a great manufacturing house are your assurance of satisfaction.

CRISCO
For Frying · For Shortening
For Cake Making

Purity is the watchword that guards the manufacture of Crisco.

Digestibility is the token by which it commends itself to the up-to-date housewife.

Economy is the characteristic which insures its welcome in households of moderate means.

Jelly Roll

4 eggs
1 cupful sugar
2 tablespoonfuls melted Crisco
2 cupfuls flour
1 teaspoonful baking powder
¼ teaspoonful salt
4 tablespoonfuls milk
Jelly or preserves
1 teaspoonful lemon extract.
(Use level measurements)

Beat eggs and sugar together twenty minutes, remove beater, sift in flour, salt and baking powder, add milk, extract and melted Crisco. Grease large flat tin with Crisco, dust over with flour, pour in mixture and spread over evenly. Bake 12 minutes in moderately hot oven. Turn out on sugared paper, spread quickly with jelly or preserves and roll up at once. The cake is likely to crack if spreading and rolling are not quickly done.

If you want to know more about Crisco, send for the "Calendar of Dinners." This cloth-bound, gold-stamped book contains, besides the story of Crisco, a different dinner menu for every day of the year and 615 recipes gathered and carefully tested by the well-known cooking authority, Marion Harris Neil. Address your request to Dept. K-5, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O., enclosing *five 2-cent stamps.* A paper-bound edition of the book, without the "Calendar of Dinners" and with 250 recipes, will be sent free on request.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1915,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 187 *PHILADELPHIA, MAY 8, 1915* *Number 45*

THE GREAT FARMERS' STRIKE

And How it Can be Settled—By Herbert Quick

One of the Graduates of the Wisconsin County Short Course in Agriculture. He is Here Showing His Teacher How He Spliced the Old Hay Rope Five Times Last Summer to Make it Last the Season Out

Part of a County Short Course in Agriculture, Oneida County, Wisconsin. These Boys in Testing This Corn for a Farmer Found That in One Hundred Ears Those Shown Were Poor in Germination

The Aster Beds of Two Girl Students. These Children Had in Two Years Fallen in Love With Rural Life; and Yet Wright County Was Very Much the Same as of Old

IT WOULD no doubt be very perturbing to the Kaiser and the Kaiser's government if he were suddenly to become assured that all the people who till the soil of Germany and Austria-Hungary were bent on straightway quitting their jobs. The tillage of German soil was never quite so exigently important as in this year of 1915. A general strike of the farmers, peasants and farm laborers—men, women and children—would blanch the cheek of the Kaiser and shake him from head to foot. It would mean starvation for his army and, for the matter of that, for the whole people, rural and urban.

Such a situation, however, is only a degree more critical than such a strike would be in time of peace. Now that the cities have grown so huge and the city population so preponderant, we are more dependent on the farmer's sticking to his job than ever before.

The city people of the United States are in a way aware of this. A mild sort of panic has been running over the nation at the relative decrease of the farming population and the flagging surplus of food products—a panic that has caused us all to listen attentively to the boding tones of James J. Hill, who has been the most prominent Cassandra of the occasion. Bankers are organizing agricultural associations. Grain companies and railroad companies have made nice fat jobs for gentlemen intrusted with the task of inducing the farmers to grow more produce.

Minds saturated with facts and figures have slopped over with calculations as to the exact time when the American people will have become dependent on the outside world for food; but the fact has not been deeply enough considered that, for a generation or so back, the farming population of the United States has been gradually going on strike. The farmers are quitting their jobs just as fast as their circumstances will allow. The nation is confronted with the precise situation in which I have imagined Germany to be placed, except as to a few details, like the war.

I am prepared to prove this. The fact that men who can remember when seventy-five per cent of our people were farmers are living at a time when the proportion has fallen to about one-third would seem to be sufficient proof; but there is still better evidence.

Retired Farmers Like Fish Out of Water

THE state of Iowa is the best bit of farming land in the world of equal size. Ninety-eight per cent of it, I believe, is under cultivation; but its population is decreasing. This decrease—not relative, but absolute—comes to the surface of the census figures in the case of Iowa because the state has no large cities. Iowa's cities and towns are growing rather rapidly, but not fast enough to compensate for this strange exodus of farmers from the fairest acres in America. If the rural population alone be considered, the same shrinkage is found to exist throughout the Mississippi Valley, save where there are new lands in process of settlement, and in the fully developed sections over the country generally.

Statistics are dull. Let us look at the human factors in this interesting, not to say ominous, situation. Go to any city, town or village in the United States situated in the midst of a rich agricultural community, and a new sort of citizen is found—the retired farmer. The retired farmer is *sui generis*. He is a good man, as a rule, but frequently not a good city man. He is prone to fill up the yard back of a three-thousand-dollar frame house in a respectable suburb, preferably near a college or university, with wagons and tools having a distinctly rural fitness, much to the disgust of his urban neighbors. He finds it hard to part company with the pig that thrives on the kitchen slops, and the cow that he furnishes forth with fodder from the farm.

Though his wife makes good in the suburban church, and his daughters go to the freshwater college and marry city husbands, and though his sons deftly find their way into offices, shops and factories, the retired farmer is a fish out of water. One may see him so hungry for work that, taking his dinner pail in hand, he sneaks away to a two-dollar job for sheer *ennui;* and, sneaking back at night to his strictly modern house, he enters at the back door so as to avoid embarrassment to his climbing daughter engaged in entertaining a medical student on the front porch.

Life's Main Object the Escape From the Farm

THE *paterfamilias* is worth a hundred thousand dollars, but he would fain drown the sorrows of his idleness in a two-dollar job. Brethren, these things ought not so to be, for a good man is thus wasted and a good family often ruined.

Not so very many years since, the county superintendent of schools of Wright County, Iowa, was a live wire named Benson. He began digging into the souls of the country children with a queer sort of examination paper covered with odd questions. Slipped in among the rest was an unobtrusive "What do you expect to do as a life work—farming or something else?"

Caught napping, these boys and girls answered the query honestly. Eighty-five per cent of the boys and almost all the girls declared that, whatever they might or might not do as a life work, they certainly would not do any farming. Two years afterward—— But presently I shall tell what took place two years afterward.

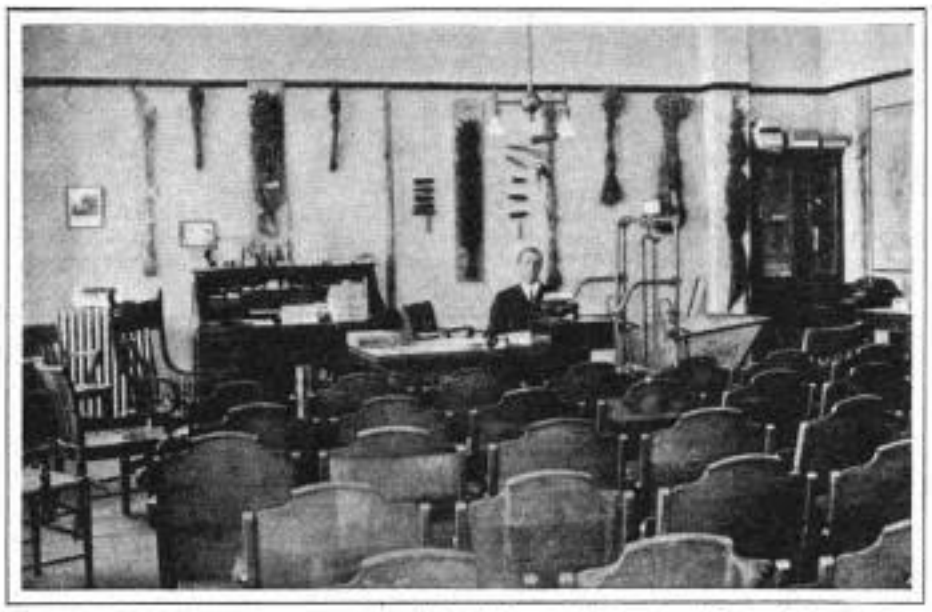
The point here is that our farmers are leaving the farms just as fast as they can. They are not contented with farming or proud of being farmers. Oh, to be sure, some of them are; but I speak of the eighty-five per cent of the males and almost all the females. The exception is important; but unfortunately it is not the rule.

Now navigation did not reach its apex of success when ships were propelled by slaves chained to the oars. Even Russia found it best to abolish that serfdom which bound the man to the land. I submit that it is a rather serious matter when that third of our people on whom we all depend for the primary necessaries of life are in revolt against their occupation, and have their wings lifted to take flight to the cities—already too large—just as soon as they can get rid of whatever ball-and-chain it may be that holds them to the farm. Why are the farmers on strike? And is there any probability that the thing can be arbitrated and the strike called off?

Digitized by Google

Let me recall to your minds the strictly modern house in the suburb close to a freshwater college, to which the retired plowman homeward plods his weary way from his two-dollar job—especially the college. They have an important bearing on the discussion. And this brings me to the strange adventures of Mr. Cohen.

For nearly a year, at this writing, a gentleman named Cohen has been sailing back and forth between New York and Rio de Janeiro. He has traveled 33,740 miles, and has done it on a straight one-way ticket for which he paid something like $45; and he is still very much at sea. The opportunity he has had of studying South American relations, transportation, marine life, and several other interesting fields of observation has been somewhat restricted by the fact that he has not been able to obtain shore leave anywhere along the cruise or at either terminus thereof; but it has been so great that any competent worker in Greater Grub Street would be able to live comfortably for years on stories written out of the experience.



Office of Agricultural Representative of Oneida County, Wisconsin, in County Court House at Rhinelander. This is the Center of the Development of County Agricultural Work

In other words, Mr. Cohen has had a very educative time of it. Unfortunately this education has been forced on him because he is supposed by certain officials to be not quite *compos mentis*. Unless he can convince them of the excellence of his mental condition he will be a resident of the ship indefinitely; for neither Brazil nor this country will receive him.

Some of the best educational advantages offered by our various governments are brought to my mind by the forced voyaging of Mr. Cohen. Delinquents and exceptionals have all the best of it educationally as compared with normal people. The best schools in the United States are those maintained for certain groups of negroes, for lunatics, for the feeble-minded, for Indians, for deaf-mutes and the blind, for convicts, and for incorrigible boys and girls in reformatories. Away off in the Philippines we have established better rural schools than those of New England or Wisconsin. The worst schools in the United States are the rural schools that have always, as typified in that mythical building, "the little red schoolhouse," been pointed to with pride, when they should have been viewed with alarm.

What we need in this country most of all things earthly is the success of the great movement now taking place among the country people themselves, for giving to our honest, moral rural youth the advantages forced on the colored, the incorrigible and the insane. The idea is to give every countryside a school as good as Booker Washington's institute at Tuskegee, and to answer the question: "How may the country children be well trained, even though white, sane and corrigible?"

And now let us return to Mr. Benson, the county superintendent of schools of Wright County, Iowa, and his second examination of his country children as to whether or not they meant to make farming their business when they grew up. Remember that, two years previously, eighty-five per cent of the boys and practically all the girls declared their intention of washing their hands of farming as soon as possible. Now, of these same children, eighty-five per cent of the girls and nearly all the boys stated that they meant to live and die on the farm!

A New Era in Rural Schools

NOT even Mexican politics can show a more complete reversal of opinion in two years. These children had in two years fallen in love with rural life. They had called that noble which was now their hate; that vile which had been their garland. And yet Wright County life was very much the same as of old. Still the same black soil grew the lusty corn which made sore and frosted the hands that husked it. Cows kicked as of old and frisked the same stinging brush in the eye of the milkmaid. Blizzards swept over the prairie in winter just as though Mr. Benson had never been elected to the office of county superintendent, and barley beards crept under the shirt of the boy at the tail of the threshing machine as in years agone; in fact, nothing outward had taken place to change the boys and girls of Wright County from captives chained to the country into frank and free dwellers therein.

Something spiritual had taken place; and that something had been engendered by Mr. Benson's effort to give to Wright County rural schools some of the good things we find in the Tuskegee Institute and our schools for the little Filipinos. In short, he had introduced the teaching of agriculture and domestic economy.

These simple but revolutionary changes had reversed the votes of several hundred country boys and girls on rural life and their intentions with reference to it. Such a change in every rural school in the United States would accomplish marvels, the least of which would be the calling off of the general strike of farmers, which has been on for some thirty-five years now; and that would be some marvel.

City people will throw their ready caps in air and cheer lustily for vocational teaching in the rural schools, mainly because city people think such schooling will cause the farmers to grow more food and thus bring down the cost of living. That is all very well, since in so doing the city dweller is vaguely and dimly on the right side of the question; but the probabilities are that a generation of the right sort of rural schools will interfere seriously with the toll that many city people take of the farmer's produce on its way from the producer to the consumer—since farming takes in marketing as well as growing.

This, however, is by the way; the point being that, in cheering for vocational education in the rural schools, the city man is approving a movement which will restore the farm to favor just because it will give the country children the best culture obtainable. And when I say "obtainable" I mean anywhere—even in Boston.

Nearly two-thirds of the people of this nation are city dwellers; and of the city dwellers something like one hundred per cent seem to be planning to leave the city and get farms. Doubtless this estimate is high, as one can judge only from the expressions of his city friends. Anyhow, castles in Spain are obsolete in America, villas in Backtothelandia having taken their place. Some city people do emigrate to Backtothelandia and a few stay there; but the tide of population still runs strongly cityward.

Do city people ever ask themselves why? Is the force that flicks people from the land to the pavement like steel filings to a magnet what our President would call purely psychological? In other words, is there some inherent vice in the minds of country people that causes them to flock to the towns against their own physical, mental and moral interests?

Nay, nay! The country people know exactly what they are doing. They, like all of us, tend to move from the *situs* in which they are less happy to one in which they will be more happy. The country people go to the city because, on the whole, it is better for them to go. This is heresy, but it is true heresy. Bread is plenty and good on the farm, but man cannot live by bread alone.

The children of Wright County, Iowa, were in a state of intellectual starvation and Superintendent Benson gave them food for the mind. Prospective emigrants to Backtothelandia may well study this case and hundreds of analogous ones. They are warnings against moving to the country unless under exceptional conditions—for a while yet. Things will be happily different one of these days.

American society is unthinkable without schools. Other things are wrong in the rural districts besides schools—among them the price of land and the villainous American system of land tenantry; still, there is opportunity in Backtothelandia in an economic way. No parent with any good American ambition for his children, however, can contemplate leaving the fair-to-middling schools of our towns and villages for the archaic apologies for schools that exist in most American rural districts. The retired farmer with the dinner pail in about three cases out of four has left the farm in order that his children may have better school facilities.

The rural schools of America are not so good as they were fifty years ago. I think they are absolutely poorer; but some experts will disagree with me. I have yet to find anyone, however, who will not admit that they are poorer in comparison with the schools of the towns and cities. They are not really rural schools at all. They are copies of the poor city schools of many years ago—and bad copies at that. The rural teacher of fifty years ago was quite frequently a schoolmaster instead of a schoolma'am, and in either case was a much larger figure in the community than now. There was more essence of birch used then—and that was objectionable; but there was more personality—and that was good.

Every rural family feels the competition for this life of city against country. The country offers economic independence, the great out-of-doors, a job which is not possible to lose, conditions under which wife and children are economic assets instead of liabilities. The city offers—what the city offers; these so-called delights have been often listed and displayed. In this competition for the lives of the people the schools have the casting vote; and the city schools win. And yet this need not be so; in some places it is not so. The right sort of rural school—the truly rural rural school—is a better place and a happier place for children than any city school can be, and can compete. Such work as Mr. Benson's proves this, and Mr. Benson is only one of the moving spirits in the rural renaissance.

Some years ago I met a Boston educator who spends much of his time in seeing educational America. "The best rural schools in the United States," said he, "are in Page County, Iowa." Other rural schools are quite as good now; but at that time he spoke the truth, I believe. A country teacher, Miss Jessie Field, had been elected to the office of county superintendent and made of that usually insignificant post the most important educational situation in America. She began ruralizing the rural schools.

After she had been doing this for five years I went there to see what had been done. I found a farmers' institute in session, with Miss Field in the chair. Fifteen hundred farmer folk were in attendance and all the things usually debated were under discussion; but the outstanding feature of the occasion was the way in which the schools, the rural teachers and the country children dominated things. They seemed to own at least fifty-one per cent of the stock.

The children walked down the streets of Clarinda like Roman legions entering a conquered town. They seemed to look on the unfortunate children who had to live in town with a kind of contemptuous pity. They read numerous essays, from which one easily gathered the fact that the best place in the world was Page County, Iowa, the best place to live was in the Nodaway or East Nishnabotna Valley, on a farm, and the best schools in the world were those presided over by Miss Jessie Field.

Commonsense Work in English

THE explanation was to be found in half an acre or so of school exhibits under the big armory. In visiting a large number of schools I found only one pupil who had not helped with these exhibits, and she offered the rather valid excuse that she had entered school after the Institute began. One little girl had sent in a collection of buttonholes worked so that they looked alike on both sides. Another had hemmed an apron. Another had baked a prize loaf of bread. Another was the author of a collection of cookies in a hundred volumes which melted in the fortunate judges' mouths. Boys had corn and other grains entered, from the basket of ears to the acre yield. There were farm gates, model piggeries, designs for better schoolhouses, and road drags.

The Page County schools had in five years been given a trend toward vocational training that had captured the imaginations of parents, children and teachers. The motion to strike on farm work would be lost in Page County by a most overwhelming majority—just as it would be anywhere if the schools were really ruralized.

Let no one assert that vocational training is narrowing. In some vocations it may be; but not in the rural school. Take language training, for instance: I found in one of these schools a big boy writing laboriously on Raspberry Culture. Be it remembered that he was doing a lesson, not in horticulture but in English—and he was doing it rather well.

"Why don't you write," I asked, "on some literary topic, like The Poems I Like Best, or The Paintings in the Louvre?" "Well," said he, "you see, I don't know anything about the Loov and I don't read poetry very much; but I do know about raspberry culture. I am growing raspberries for the market." So he wrote about raspberries—just as Grant wrote about his campaign—in good, clear, terse English. It was a most excellent exercise in English and it was a really rural topic. So much for language.

In mathematics these children had much better tasks to perform than to compute the number of revolutions the wheel of a cart would make in a journey from the earth to the moon, or to solve a problem in alternate alligation or in cube root. They made inventories of the farm property. They figured profits and losses on farm crops. They made tests of dairy cows and calculated profits and losses on individual cows. They had a little arithmetic book of their own, compiled by Miss Field and filled with strictly rural problems.

Digitized by Google

There was one farmer who was opposed to the new-fangled notions which were so far upsetting things that the boys preferred school to hooky, and said so very plainly on numerous occasions. One evening, however, his son discovered to his father the skeleton in the dairy closet—to wit, that some of the old gentleman's favorite cows had been proved by the new school mathematics and a Babcock tester to be mere boarders. They were not giving enough butterfat to pay a cent of profit.

Father was shocked when he learned that these cows gave him no return for his labor save the pleasure of their society; and he put them in the fattening pen forthwith. Incidentally he became a devoted adherent of the ruralized rural school and of Miss Field. Come to think of it, he had always been in favor of a more practical system of schools, just as most of us are; but he failed at first to recognize the thing he wanted when he saw it.

'Rithmetic, however, does not stop in the real-life school with simple things like these. Gradually the rural school in its new form is becoming the counting room of the neighborhood. Bookkeeping in banks, factories and shops is a very simple thing compared with farm bookkeeping. An eminent European economist has made the statement that no one can tell what any one thing costs on a farm until he knows what everything else costs. There are people, no doubt, who believe that they are keeping accurate statistical books on their farming operations; but if they are correct the work is done by a skilled accountant and not by a working farmer.

The problems are enormously complex; taking into account the balancing of such factors as land values, soil depletion, varying pressure of work with seasonal requirements, competition of one crop or operation with another, and a thousand other things—most of them what the highbrows call variables. Integral and differential calculus, quadratics, conic sections, and the like, are easy compared with farm statistics. And no one farm's accounts are in themselves complete. If the truth as to farming is to be gleaned the statistics of every farm should be compared with those of every other similarly situated.

Learning and Earning at the Same Time

AND here comes in the new kind of rural school, with its application of the third R to life. Each of the big boys and girls collects the data relating to the home farm, and the A class in arithmetic keeps books for the neighborhood. They compute the results of all sorts of farming as compared with all other sorts. From arithmetic the course extends to economics. A business education is obtained that will have its effect on the next generation in better farming—and incidentally this sort of rural school gives a better business training than can be obtained in any commercial course in the city.

From such schools will come men and women capable of becoming better bankers, better manufacturers, better general business men in either city or country than any schools in existence now turn out; but the banks, factories and stores will have to pay well if they get them.

If I have made myself clear the reader begins to see that the new kind of rural school is devoted to the matter of getting an education out of life. I suppose the best rural schools in the United States at this time are in Cook County, Illinois, where Superintendent E. J. Tobin has developed them about the fringes of Chicago. Take the case of Caroline and Alma Kutz, for instance, girls of twelve and fourteen years of age respectively, who each won a fifty-dollar silver cup for work done in their school-garden club as pupils in District Number Seventy-three. They sold from about a tenth of an acre, cultivated by them in vegetables and a few flowers, the sum of $132.65.

The school won a cash prize of a hundred dollars in gold for its school-garden work. The smallest sum made by any pupil was $6.90, and the largest $165.31, earned by a boy who had half an acre or more of onions. Few flowers were grown. Most of this money, amounting in the aggregate to $1376.25, was realized from such world-feeding things as radishes, parsley, beans, carrots, lettuce, tomatoes, beets, sweet corn, peppers, cucumbers, cabbage and celery.

Nearly all these children have started their own bank accounts, draw their own checks and use their own money. And yet anyone who should say to Superintendent Tobin that this work is adequately represented by the thirteen hundred dollars would give him a very serious pain. The idea is to cultivate—not the vegetables but the children; not to make plants flourish but to make people happy and efficient. There is some agricultural education in it, to be sure; but in the main it is educational agriculture. As such I commend it to city people.

There is more physiology in farming than in the study of medicine; and the way to teach physiology and hygiene is to set the boys and girls at work on the nutrition of cows, fowls and other livestock. After a girl has spent a part of her school life in figuring balanced rations for the dumb friends in the yards and pastures, do you not suppose she will be able to put the proper amounts of proteids, carbohydrates and fats in the menu of her own table, or any other for which she is called on to prepare food? The hygiene of the farmyard is the same body of nutritional principles the stomach specialists study. And after the children have mastered the physiology of the cow, the hen and the sheep as a part of the problem of making a living, do you not suppose they will know more about their own than you do, dear reader?

A Wisconsin teacher was getting a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year as the head of a consolidated rural school. He believed the idea that school work must be an economic burden on the community is an ancient and dishonorable error. Why should not a school earn its keep? No good reason can be given if the school happens to be so situated that productive labor is at the same time cultural. This schoolmaster proceeded to organize a coöperative creamery for the neighborhood. At the end of the school year he was able to show that he had added to the incomes of the farms in his district three hundred dollars more than his salary. The district had had the school for nothing and had gained three hundred dollars in cash.

Doctor Claxton, of the Bureau of Education, at Washington, has estimated that the labor of the children in the schools of this country which could be directed to the cultivation of school gardens, back yards, vacant lots, and the like, might add two hundred million dollars to the national wealth yearly. I believe it. The experience of Caroline and Alma Kutz more than proves it. So does the work of Superintendent Judd, of Wake County, North Carolina. His schools were sadly crippled for lack of money, but there was land a-plenty hard by. Mr. Judd started the school farming operation primarily to make money for the school needs; but really his success in that matter—his schools grew cotton mostly and did nobly—was the smallest part of the triumph. The significant thing was that this educational agriculture was a sort of merger of the life of school and the school of life.

Would it not be a fine thing if all our educational operations could be lived instead of merely studied? If, for instance, the student of Latin could spend the hours out of school talking with Cæsar or Vergil, the student of Greek flirting with Sappho in the flesh or finding out from Homer how he lost his eyesight, Greek and Latin would not be so infernally tiresome, and we should have real masters of those tongues. Similarly, could the medical student put in half his time actually practicing medicine, and the dental student working at dentistry, the course would be far more interesting to the learner, no matter how fatal it might be to the people at large. The students would make rapid textbook progress too.

How do I know? Well, a few years ago the Dean of the College of Engineering, of the University of Cincinnati, introduced this very system. Students of mechanical engineering were given jobs in machine shops—regular, dirty, oily jobs, with overalls and pay envelopes. It worked. Of course at first it was very bad form; and the white-collar students, who were able to keep their hands better manicured than could the half-time fellows, rather looked down on the chaps working in two shifts—one in the classroom and one in the shops. But gradually this feeling wore off, and now I believe every student in this college is on the half-time basis.

More Education in Life Than in Books

THE freshman civil engineer spends half his time doing actual productive work of the sort that he some time expects to plan and superintend. The budding chemical engineer learns that half of the word laboratory is made up of labor. The electrical engineer gets experience with the rough side of a callous foreman's tongue. Incidentally these young men, working half the time on theory and the other half on practice, make as much progress in the formal textbook and lecture course in five months as the full-time student in the classroom makes in four. When they are graduated they know their jobs—and incidentally they know a lot of people having jobs to give out, for whom they have worked and who require no letters of introduction. This is the way things go when young people get their education out of life, where it happens to be practicable to do it in a city school.

At a baseball game one day I heard a criticism from the bleachers that went right to the core of our American system of education, urban and rural, from the First-Reader grade to the Bachelor-of-Arts foundry. The pitcher was perpetrating wild pitches, balks, bad throws to the bases and gifts of passes to the batsmen. A small boy took advantage of a lull in the noise to cast his vote. "Take him out!" he yelled. "He ain't even a busher! Take him out! The dub learned to pitch out of a book!" Can anything be more expressive? And yet we are trying to educate the young people of America out of books instead of out of life. The great importance of the Cincinnati experience lies in the fact that there is more education in life than in books.

The trouble with the city schools lies in the fact that it is hard to find real life, on which the students may exercise their budding minds; but this is not true in the country. There are no competing occupations, for one thing, and no labor unions with perfectly good reasons why their trades should not be oversupplied with graduates from vocational schools. In the country there is but one occupation—the most basic in the world, and the one which gives the most multifarious opportunities for training the mind, the heart and the body of the young. City superintendents try with all their might to give their young charges some training in the growing of things from the soil, and to that end utilize back lots, the flat roofs of buildings, and every other level space whereon pitiful imitations of agricultural operations may be carried on.

Agricultural courses are given in metropolitan public schools for their cultural value alone. They even try to teach agriculture out of books! But round about every rural school lies an educational plant the city school would give almost anything to possess. And in using this plant—the

(Continued on Page 44)

Manure Pit Constructed to Take the Place of the Manure Wallow by the Barn

Model Cow Barn Constructed Under the Supervision of a Short-Course Pupil

Digitized by Google

WOMEN UNDER FIRE

By Arthur H. Gleason

Victoria Theater, Gleiwitz, Germany, Used as Military Hospital for 150 Patients. Taken Just After Christmas

"WHAT are women going to do about this war?" That question my wife and I asked each other at the outbreak of the present conflict, and we decided to go across to the front to find the answer for ourselves. There were several attitudes that they might take. They could deplore war, because it destroyed their own best products. They could form peace leagues and pass resolutions against war. They could return to their ancient job of ministering angel. That really meant resuming their old-time location in the background. They did all these things and did them fervently; but they did something else in this war—they stepped out into the foreground, where the air was thick with danger, and demonstrated their courage. The mother no longer says: "Return, O gallant one, with your shield or on it," and goes back to her baking. She packs her kit and jumps into a motor ambulance headed for the dressing station.

My wife and I have had the chance to watch women in this war. We were fortunate enough to be made members of the Hector Munro Motor Ambulance Corps, which has been attached to the Belgian Army since the latter part of September. Baron de Broqueville, Prime Minister of Belgium, placed his son in charge of our corps. We have had access to every line from Nieuport on the sea, down for thirty miles. We were able to run out to skirmishes, to reach the wounded where they had fallen. We have gone where the fighting had been at such close range that in one barnyard in Ramskapelle lay thirteen dead—Germans, French and Belgians. We brought back three wounded Germans from the stable. We were in Dixmude on the afternoon when the Germans destroyed the town by artillery fire. We were in Ypres on November first, the day after the most terrible battle in history, when fifty thousand English out of a hundred and twenty thousand fell. For four months my wife has been living in Pervyse, with two Englishwomen. Not one house in the town itself is left untouched by shell fire. The three women lived in a cellar for the first weeks. Then they moved into a partially demolished house. In early March a shell exploded in the kitchen and killed two of their soldier helpers. The women were at work in the next room. We have had opportunity for observing women in war, for we have seen several hundred of them—nurses, helpers, chauffeurs, writers—under varying degrees of strain and danger.

Steady Nerves in the Face of Danger

THE women whom I met in Belgium were all alike. They refused to take "their place." They were not interested in their personal welfare. There have been individual men, a few of them—English, French and Belgian, soldiers, chauffeurs and civilians—who have turned tail when the danger was acute. But the women we have watched are strangely lacking in fear. I asked a famous war writer, whose breast was gay with the ribbons of half a dozen campaigns, what was the matter with all these women, that they did not tremble and go green under fire, as some of us did. He said:

"They don't belong out here. They have no business to be under fire. They ought to be back at the hospitals down at Dunkirk. They don't appreciate danger. That's the trouble with them; they have no imagination."

That's an easy way out. But the real reasons lie deeper than a mental inferiority. These women certainly had quite as good an equipment in mentality as the drivers and stretcher bearers. One reason that they behaved as they did was their desire to help. They could not bear to let immense numbers of men lie in pain. They wished to bring their instinct for help to the place where it was needed.

The other reason is a product of their changed thinking under modern conditions. "I want to see the shells," said a discontented lady at Dunkirk. She was weary of the peace and safety of a town twenty miles back from the front. Women suddenly saw their time had come to strip man of one more of his monopolies. For some thousand years he had been bragging of his carriage and bearing in battle. He had told the women folks at home how admirable he had been under strain, and he went on to claim special privileges as the reward for his gallant behavior. He posed as their protector. He claimed the right to tax them because they did not lend a hand when invasion came. Now they are campaigning in France and Belgium to show that man's much-advertised quality of courage is a race possession.

They had already shown it while peace was still in the land, but their demonstration met with disfavor. Just before the war broke out I saw a woman suffragist thrown into a pond of water at Denmark Hill. I saw another mauled and bruised by a crowd of men in Hyde Park. They were the same sort of women as these hundreds at the front. They are affirming a new value. The argument is hotly contended whether women belong at the front. Conservative Englishmen deem them a nuisance, and wish them back in London. Meanwhile, they come and stay. English officials tried to send home three of our women who had been nursing within a few hundred yards of the trenches at Pervyse. But the King of the Belgians, and Baron de Broqueville, Prime Minister of Belgium, had been watching their work, and refused to move them.

One morning we came into the dining room of our Convent Hospital at Furnes, and there on a stretcher on the floor was a girl sleeping profoundly. We thought at first she was one more of our innumerable wounded who overflowed the beds and wards during those crowded days. She slept through the morning and through the noon meal. The noise about her did not disturb her. She did not stir in her heavy sleep. She lay under the window, her face of olive skin, with a touch of red in the right cheek, turned away from the light.

She awoke after a sleep of twenty hours. She had come in the evening before, wearied to exhaustion after a week in the Belgian trenches.

That was the thing you were confronted with—woman after woman hurling herself at the war till she was spent. They wished to share with the men the hardship and the peril. If risks were right for the men, then they were right for women.

If the time had come for nations to risk death, these women refused to claim the exemptions of sex difference. If war was unavoidable, then it was equally proper for women to be present and carry on the work of salvage.

Of a desire to kill they have none. A certain type of man under excitement likes to shoot and reach his mark. I have had soldiers tell me with pride of the number of enemies they have potted. It sounds very much like an Indian score-card of scalps or a grouse hunter's bag of game. Our women did not talk in these terms, nor did they act so. They gave the same care to German wounded as to Belgian, French and English wounded, and that though they believed that they would not receive mercy if the enemy came across the fields and stormed the trenches. A couple of machine guns placed on the trench at Pervyse could have raked the ruined village and killed our three nurses. They shared the terms of peril with the soldiers; but they had no desire for retaliation, no wish to wreak their will on human life. Their instinct is to help, regardless of the danger. The danger does not excite them to a nervous explosion where they grab for a gun and shoot the other fellow.

I was with an English physician one day before he was seasoned. We were under the bank at Grembergen, just across the river from Termonde. The enemy were putting over shells about one hundred yards from where we were crawling toward a machine-shop where wounded lay. The shells were noisy and the dirt flew high. Scattered bits of metal pattered on the bank. As we heard the shell moaning for that second of time when it draws close, we would crawl into one of the trenches scooped out in the green bank, an earthen cave with a roof of boughs.

"Let's get out of this," said the doctor. "It's too hot for our kind of work. If I had a rifle and could shoot back I shouldn't mind it. But this waiting round and doing nothing in return till you are hit, I don't like it."

But that is the very power that women possess. They can wait round without wishing to strike back. Saving life gives them sufficient spiritual resource to stand up to artillery. They have no wish to relieve their nervousness by sighting an alien head and cracking it.

Smoking they do indulge in. Almost all our women smoke. In it they found the same relief from tension that men find. Cigarettes were what they used. Some of them smoked them while waiting for the wounded, as they sat in the ambulance by the roadside. They smoked them at the end of the hard day. The sudden lulls of waiting when one is expecting action and noise are hard to live through, and smoking quiets the jumping nerves.

Feminine Courage at the Front

ONE of our corps was Lady Dorothie Fielding, daughter of the Earl of Denbigh. She had all the characteristics of what we like to think is the typical American girl. She had a bonhomie that swept class distinctions aside. Her talk was swift and direct. She was pretty and executive, swift to act and always on the go.

One day, as we were on the road to the dressing stations, the noise of guns broke out. The young Belgian soldier who was driving her stopped his motor and jumped out.

"I do not care to go farther," he said.

Lady Dorothie, who is a skillful driver, climbed to the front seat, drove the car to the dressing station and brought back the wounded. I have seen her drive a touring car, carrying six wounded men, from Nieuport to Furnes at eight o'clock on a pitch-dark night, no lights allowed, over a narrow, muddy road on which the car skidded. She had to thread her way through silent marching troops, turn out for artillery wagons, follow after tired horses.

She was not a trained nurse, but when Dr. Hector Munro was working over a man with a broken leg she prepared a splint and held the leg while he set it and bound it. She drove a motor into Nieuport when the troops were marching out of it. Her guest for the afternoon was a war correspondent.

"This is a retreat," he said. "It is never safe to enter a place when the troops are leaving it. I have had experience."

"We are going in to get the wounded," she replied. They went in.

At Ypres she dodged round the corner because she saw a captain who doesn't believe in women at the front. A shell fell in the place where she had been standing a moment before. It blew the arm from a soldier. Her nerve was unbroken, and she continued her work through the morning.

Her notion of courage is that people have a right to feel frightened, but that they have no right to fail to do the job even if they are frightened. They are entitled to their feelings, but they are not entitled to shirk the necessary work of war. She believes that cowardice is not like other failings of weakness, which are pretty much man's own business. Cowardice is dangerous to the group.

What she is the rest of the women are. Miss Smith, an English girl nurse, jumped down from the ambulance that was retreating before the Germans, and walked back into Ghent, held by the Germans, to nurse an English officer till

Digitized by Google

he died. A few days later she escaped, by going in a peasant's cart full of market vegetables, and rejoined us at Furnes.

Sally MacNaughton is a gray-haired gentlewoman of independent means who writes admirable fiction. She has laid aside her art and for months conducted a soup kitchen in the railway station at Furnes. She has fed thousands of weakened wounded men, working till midnight night after night. She remained until the town was thoroughly shelled.

The order is strict that no officer's wife must be near the front. The idea is that she will divert her husband's mind from the work in hand. He will worry about her safety. But Mrs. von der B——, a Belgian, joined our women in Pervyse, and did useful work, while her husband, a doctor with the rank of officer, continued his work along the front. She is a girl of twenty-one years.

Recently the Queen of the Belgians went into the trenches at a time when there was danger of artillery and rifle fire breaking loose from the enemy. She had to be besought to keep back where the air was quieter, as her life was of more value to the Belgian troops and the nation than even a gallant death.

One afternoon most of the corps were out on the road searching for wounded. Miss Chisholm, a Scotch girl eighteen years old, and a young American woman had been left behind in the Furnes Hospital. With them was a stretcher bearer, a man of twenty-eight. A few shells fell into Furnes. The civilian population began running in dismay. The girls climbed up into the tower of the Convent to watch the work of the shells. The man ordered the women to leave the town with him and go to Poperinghe. The two girls refused to go.

For the last few weeks Furnes has been under heavy artillery fire from beyond Nieuport. One of our hospital nurses was killed as she was walking in the Grand Place.

I saw an American girl covered by the pistol of a uhlan officer. She did not change color, but regarded the incident as a lark. I happened to be watching her when she was sitting on the front seat of her ambulance at Oudekappele, eating her luncheon. A shell fell thirty yards from her in the road. The roar was loud. The dirt flew high. The metal fragments tinkled on the house walls. The hole it dug was three feet deep. She laughed and continued with her luncheon.

Men's Work Done by Girls

I SAW the same girl stand out in a field while this little drama took place: The French artillery in the field were well covered by shrubbery. They had been pounding away from their covert till the Germans grew irritated. A German Taube flew into sight, hovered high overhead and spied the hidden guns. It dropped three smoke bombs. These puffed out their little clouds into the air, and gave the far-away marksmen their location for firing. Their guns broke out. Their shrapnel shells came overhead, burst into trailing smoke and scattered their hundreds of bullets. The girl stood there interested on the arena itself. A London banker placed himself behind a hayrick. It interested her mentally, but of concern for her personal safety she had none. It was all like a play on the stage to her. You watch the blow and flash but you are not a part of the action.

Each night the Furnes Hospital was full with one hundred wounded. In the morning we carried out one or two or one-half dozen dead. The wounds were severe, the air of the whole countryside was septic from the sour dead in the fields, who kept working to the surface from their shallow burial. There was a morning when we had gone early to the front on a hurry call. In our absence two girl nurses carried out ten dead from the wards into the convent lot, to the edge of the hasty graves made ready for their coming.

There is one woman whom we have watched at work for six months. She is a trained nurse, a certified midwife, a licensed motor-car driver, a veterinarian and a woman of property. Her name is Mrs. Elsie Knocker, a widow with one son. She helped to organize our corps. I was with her one evening when a Belgian corporal ordered her to go up a difficult road. The three of us were seated in Mrs. Knocker's motor ambulance. The corporal was the driver of a high-power touring car which could rise on occasion to seventy miles an hour. He carried a rifle in his car, and told us he had killed over fifty Germans since Liège. He dressed in bottle green, the uniform of a cyclist, and he looked like a rollicking woodlander of the Robin Hood band. It was seven o'clock of the evening. The night was dark. He pitched a bag of bandages into the motor ambulance.

"Take those to the dressing station that lies two miles to the west of Caeskerke," he ordered Mrs. Knocker. I cranked up the machine; Mrs. Knocker sat at the wheel.

Volunteer Red Cross Nurses on Way to Active Service, Grouped in Front of the Berlin Railroad Station

Dressing Room for Actresses, Victoria Theater, Gleiwitz, Used as Sleeping Quarters for Nurses. Third From Right Reading The Saturday Evening Post is Miss Helen A. Fitz, a Graduate of Garfield Hospital, Washington, D. C.

We were at Oudekappele. The going was halfway decent as far as the crossroads of Caeskerke. Here we turned west on a road through the fields which had been intermittently shelled for several days. The road had shell holes in it from one to three feet deep. We could not see them because we carried no lights and the sky overhead was black. A mile to our right a village was burning. There were sheets of flame rising from the lowland, and the flame revealed the smoke that was thick over the ruins. We bumped in and out of the holes. All roads in Belgium were scummy with mud. It is like butter on bread. The big brown-canopied ambulance skidded in this paste.

We reached the dressing station and delivered one bag of bandages. In return we received three wounded men, stretcher cases, who lay at length on the stretched canvas and swung on straps. Then we started back over the same mean road. This was the journey that tested Mrs. Knocker's driving, because now she had wounded men who must not be jerked by the swaying car. Motion tore at their wounds. Above all, they must not be overturned. An overturn would kill a man who was seriously wounded. Driving meant drawing all her nervous force into her directing brain and her two hands. A village on fire at night is a rather eerie sight. A dark road, pitted with shell holes and scummy with mud, is chancy. The car with its human freight, swaying, bumping, sliding, is heavy on the wrist. The whole focused drive of it falls on the muscles of the forearm. And when on the skill of that driver depend the lives of three men the situation is one that calls for nerve. It was only luck that the artillery from beyond the Yser did not begin tuning up. The Germans had shelled that road diligently for many days and some evenings. Back to the crossroads Mrs. Knocker brought her cargo, and on to Oudekappele, and so to the hospital at Furnes, a full ten miles. Safely home in the Convent yard, the journey done, the wounded men lifted into the ward, she broke down. She had put over her job and her nerves were tired. Womanlike she refused to give in till the work was successfully finished.

Convalescent Soldier Boys, Gleiwitz, Germany. The One With a Bandage About His Head Had a Bullet Go Through His Ear, Out Through His Head, Just Clearing the Ear Drum, So the Hearing Was Not Lost. The Second From Right Had a Bullet Pass Through a Lung

Two Plucky Women

HOW would a man have handled such a strain? I will tell you how one man acted. Our Belgian corporal drove his touring car into Dixmude one morning. He ordered Tom, the cockney driver, to follow with the motor ambulance. In it were Mrs. Knocker and Miss Chisholm, sitting with Tom on the front of the car. Things looked peaceful. The corporal slowed up, and so did Tom just behind him. Now there is one sure rule for rescue work at the front—when you hear the guns close, always turn your car toward home, away from the direction of the enemy. Turn it before you get your wounded, even though they are at the point of death, and leave your power on, even when you are going to stay for a quarter of an hour. Pointed toward safety, and under power, the car can carry you out of range of a sudden shelling or a bayonet charge. The corporal and Tom hadn't had time to do this when the enemy's guns began to place shrapnel over the road. The cloud puffs were hovering about a hundred feet overhead a little farther down the road. The bullets pattered on the roadbed. The corporal jumped out of his touring car.

"Turn my car," he shouted to Tom. Then the corporal ran inside the dressing station, a small brick inn. Tom climbed from the ambulance, boarded the touring car and turned it. The corporal peered out from his shelter, saw the going was good and ran to his motor. He jumped in and sped out of the town at full tilt. The two women sat quietly in the ambulance, watching the shrapnel. Tom returned to them, turned the car and brought them beyond the range of fire.

But the steadiest and most useful piece of work done by the women was that at Pervyse. Mrs. Knocker and two women helpers, one English and one American, fitted up a miniature hospital in the cellar of a house in ruined Pervyse. They were within three minutes of the trenches. Here, as soon as the soldiers were wounded, they could be brought for immediate treatment. A young private had received a severe lip wound. Unskillful army medical handling had left it gangrened, and it had swollen. His face was on the way to being marred for life. Mrs. Knocker treated him every few hours for ten days— and brought him back to normal. A man came in with his hand a pulp from splintered shell. The glove he had been wearing was driven into the red flesh. Mrs. Knocker worked over his hand for half an hour, picking out the shredded glove bit by bit.

Three artillery horses were brought to her, laid open by shrapnel bullets in deep raw wounds. The men did not know what to do with them. She sat up with them all night, easing them. By morning she saw they were doomed. She made the men send post-haste to La Panne, to bring over an officer who was a veterinarian. He shot them.

Except for a short walk in the early morning and another after dark, these three women have lived immured in their

(Concluded on Page 71)

Digitized by Google

SECRET CIPHERS

By Melville Davisson Post

Southern Sympathizers in the North Gave Information Through Items in Newspapers

IT IS the boast of the German Secret Service that, given a reasonable time, it can decipher any secret code, no matter in what characters or in what language it is written.

Let us not too easily regard this as a mere vainglorious pretension. Edgar Allan Poe said the ingenuity of man could not invent a secret writing that the ingenuity of man would not be able to decipher. He declared, in a newspaper published in Philadelphia, that he would undertake to solve any cipher sent to him. A hundred cryptographs were sent in, made up in foreign languages, with words and sentences run together, and of all sorts of alphabets. Poe deciphered every one of these secret codes, it is said, with the exception of one, which was, in fact, a mere jumble of characters. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the German Secret Service has carried this art to as high a degree of efficiency.

We know with what care, patience and ingenuity the Teutonic mind sets about the solution of any problem; and when we reflect on its achievements we are moved to admit the claim of the Berlin Secret Service. A single example of this untiring German genius for the solving of riddles is enough to appall the diplomatic corps of any country compelled to send its dispatches in cipher.

German Scholarship and Hidden Writings

WHEN the archæologists discovered in Persia the site of the ancient capital of Persepolis, they found inscriptions in cuneiform or wedge writing. These inscriptions were in three parallel columns. They might, therefore, be in three languages or merely a repetition of the inscription in three forms.

Here was the most difficult form of secret cipher imaginable. Nobody in the world knew a single character in these inscriptions; nor had anybody the slightest idea of the language they represented. The ancient tongue for which these characters stood had disappeared from human knowledge.

The characters alone remained—mystic and apparently undecipherable symbols of a vanished language.

Moreover, several languages might be indicated. The characters might be hieroglyphics, forms of picture writing, or ideographic signs. The individual characters might stand for letters of an alphabet, words, or detached ideas. They might be symbols for events, or they might be syllabic, partially syllabic—or almost anything.

It is impossible to conceive of any secret cipher set in a more dense Cimmerian darkness. Nevertheless, Georg Friedrich Grotefend, a Prussian, undertook to decipher the inscriptions.

He began by setting them in three separate columns. He assumed they were in three languages. He noticed that the inscriptions all began with similar signs. Some of the groups of signs appeared to be about the same length in each inscription.

Taking it for granted that a group having the same length and appearing equally in all the writings was a proper name, he observed that, following this, another group appeared, which seemed to be repeated in the inscriptions. He assumed that a certain word meant "king." Sometimes he found it lengthened, and he concluded that meant "kings." This second word was generally followed in the inscriptions by a third word that seemed constant. Grotefend imagined this word was "great."

He concluded, as these inscriptions would be set up by great monarchs, that they would begin with the king's name. He had now to discover the name.

A study of Herodotus and others led him to believe that the kings most likely to set up such inscriptions would be Cyrus, Artaxerxes or Darius. The classical authors declared that certain monuments had been set up by Darius. This king's name in the Persian language seemed to be about the right length for the group in the inscription. Grotefend concluded that it was intended for Darius; and he now had for his reading: "Darius—king—great."

He was, therefore, able to get certain constant factors, by which all cuneiform inscriptions have been completely deciphered since that time. And, having before him a like inscription in three languages, he had a key by which all three languages were afterward brought into human knowledge.

The story equals anything in mystery fiction. The slant of the wedge, which indicated divisions of words; the hint suggesting that the inscription ought to be read from the left; the observation that noticed the recurrence of certain groups of symbols, and the ingenuity that worked out the meaning of these indicatory signs—all these things relegate to the commonplace the deductions of Lecocq and Lupin.

Now the controlling Teutonic idea is the welfare of the empire. This welfare necessitates a knowledge of the intentions of its enemies. The moving intention of the enemies of the German Empire is communicated by cipher dispatches to their embassies and to their armed forces on land and sea. It is vital that the Berlin War Office should be able to understand the secret ciphers of other governments.

It follows, then, that if Germany gave such minute and patient attention to the deciphering of mere archæological inscriptions of purely academic value she would labor harder to decipher the secret codes of her enemies when the thing at stake would be the preservation of the empire.

Every country preserves copies of all cipher dispatches sent to foreign embassies, and resorts to every device to obtain the signal books and codes of its neighbors.

With its elaborate system of espionage, its secret means for acquiring codes and ciphers used by other nations, and the incomparable German ingenuity for patiently working out a problem, it may be confidently asserted that the Berlin War Office has a copy of every known code; and that, given time, it will decipher every secret code the ingenuity of any nation can devise.

A great deal of skill has been used in order to construct a secret code that will baffle solution. The most common form is the word-book system; and special military dictionaries have been constructed. These dictionaries are in form like certain marine signal books. Words and expressions, syllables, and the like, are indicated by one cipher; but there was always the danger that such a dictionary might fall into the hands of the enemy.

It was necessary that every officer likely to receive dispatches should have constantly with him a copy of the word book. This meant that vast numbers of the word book must be issued; and thus the chance of its coming into possession of the enemy was greatly enhanced.

Another difficulty was that if, by inadvertence, an officer in the field was not in possession of the word book he could not read a message sent to him. During the Franco-Prussian War a German general found himself in precisely this dilemma. He was in the field with his corps, while the word book, by some oversight, was with his baggage in the rear. It was a disaster that impressed the German authorities, and it is not likely so cumbrous a form of code translation is now employed.

Some form of secret cipher has been in use from all time. The Greeks, when their home authorities wished to send orders to a general in the field, were accustomed to wrap a narrow strip of parchment round a rod so that the edges met, and across these edges they wrote a message. The strip was then unwound and sent to the officer, who carried with him a rod of precisely the same dimensions. He was able to read the strip by winding the parchment round the rod he possessed. This brought the letters on the edges of the parchment into their correct position.

Edgar Allan Poe treated this clumsy method of the Greeks with ridicule and contempt. He said that anybody could have deciphered those messages by the simple device of preparing a long cone, broad at the base and tapering to a point. It was only necessary to wind the strip of parchment round the base of the cone, and then, keeping the edges together and the parchment close against the surface of the cone, gradually slip the writing down until, at the point where the diameter of the cone equaled the diameter of the rod on which it was written, certain of the letters would come together. An enemy with the slightest ingenuity could then have deciphered the war codes of Sparta by this simple device.

Cæsar's code, familiar to every schoolboy, was merely a method of putting certain letters in place of certain other letters—*e* standing for *b*, and the like. Such a code could not have given anybody difficulty in its solution, and would have served only in an age of little general learning.

One finds at this day a military authority suggesting a secret code based on a mechanical device. A metal plate having certain squares cut out is prepared. The message is constructed by first putting down the plate on a sheet of paper and writing the message words in the squares. Then the plate is removed and other words written in, so as to form a sort of coherent note. To decipher this, one must have a like plate, which he puts down over the writing, and merely reads the words that appear in the squares.

Poe's Objections to the Plate Cipher

SUCH a method, however, would require that these cumbrous plates must be carried about—a thing infinitely dangerous to a spy. The mere possession of such a device would cause him to be shot at once. If this were the only difficulty of such a method, it could be obviated by laying out a plate of exact dimensions, and the squares in it of exact dimensions, and then committing those dimensions to memory. No plate would then be required. The one receiving a message would have only to lay off his plate with a ruler, mark it out on the message with a pencil, and read what appeared in the squares.

But when we come to inquire into this device we find that it is not new. Poe knew it and riddled it. He said:

"The chief objection to this cryptograph is the difficulty of so filling the blanks as not to give a forced appearance to the sentences. Differences, also, in the handwriting between the words written in the spaces and those inscribed on the removal of the card will always be detected by a close observer."

It Was Entirely Safe to Carry It Through the Lines

Digitized by Google

The common cipher in use is that of some sort of word book, of which the A-B-C code is a sample. Variations of this, highly complicated, are the commonest in use.

A cipher largely employed, and which is said to be practically undecipherable, is constructed in the following manner: The total number of words required in the message to be sent is determined. For example, let us say that the communication can all be put into five hundred determined words. These words and the number of them having been agreed on, a like number of words is selected at random from a dictionary.

The determined words are each written on a slip of paper and put into a box. The words selected at random are also each written on a slip of paper and put into a second box. The contents of the two boxes are thoroughly mixed up. Then a slip of paper is drawn at random from each. The words on these two slips of paper stand for each other in the code. This drawing is continued until the whole code is thus formed. It may happen in this system that "rainbow" means "general," and "aneurism" means "gunboat."

As this code has no special method, it would seem that it cannot be deciphered unless a number of such messages are assembled and certain constants in them arrived at. But we do not know what Poe would say about such a code—or the German War Office. Perhaps to such ingenuity the solution would be as simple as the *scytale* of the Spartan ephors.

There seems to have been an advance in the method of constructing secret codes. The old system was too suggestive of mystery. The mere fact that the message seemed to be a complicated jumble was notice to all the world that it was, in fact, a cipher. It was an advance to evolve a cipher that appeared to be a harmless personal message in plain language.

Such messages are said to have been sent over the world by the German authorities at the opening of the war. These messages seemed to convey to the individual simple information of some domestic affair—the illness of a relative, or the like—and attracted no particular attention.

A communication sent to a minor secret agent in England, and dissected at his trial as a German spy, gives some indication of this simple method:

"We are pleased to learn of your successful negotiation of the business at hand. Be pleased to send us an early sample. As regards the other matter in hand, I do not know how useful it will be to us. In any case my firm is not willing to pay you more than a hundred in this case."

O. Henry's Funny Cipher

THE most charming open cipher ever devised was by Bob Englehart, in O. Henry's story.

President Miraflores, of the imaginary Republic of Anchuria, was suspected of an intention to flee from the country with the public revenues and the opera singer, Isabel Guilbert. Englehart, conspiring with the revolutionists, was watching events in the capital city. In order to advise his American associate, Goodwin, at the coast when the thing happened, he was suddenly confronted with the difficulty of sending a telegram that would not make his information known to the native authorities. He had agreed on no cipher with his friend Goodwin.

The problem was to send his message in such form that the American at the coast would understand it; but, at the same time, it must be unintelligible to the native authorities or any foreign consul. The thing looked impossible; but the resourceful Englehart worked out the following brilliant solution:

"His Nibs skedaddled yesterday per jack-rabbit line with all the coin in the kitty and the bundle of muslin he's spoony about. The boodle is six figures short. Our crowd in good shape; but we need the spondulics. You collar it. The main guy and the dry goods are headed for the briny. You know what to do."

In vain did the authorities labor with their lexicons to translate this message into intelligible Spanish.

Like this are codes based on facts known only to the person sending them and the one to whom they are directed.

It is said that Lord Methuen, when he wished to send a dispatch to Cecil Rhodes during the South African War, resorted to such a method. He had no cipher prearranged with Rhodes; so he took as a base for his message the name of his gardener in England, which he happened to know Rhodes would remember.

We are told that an English general in the field, when Mafeking was besieged, sent to the commander of that fortress the following clever message:

"Number of guns, age of last year's Derby winner; number of Cape carts, same as our club in Piccadilly."

These are ingenious devices that might be resorted to in an emergency by persons who had no prearranged code or when the key to their code was not available. This system of the open cipher, which seemed harmless and of no importance in itself, was very largely used by the Confederate States at the opening of the Civil War.

Southern sympathizers in the North were accustomed to give information by publishing personals and news items in certain newspapers. These newspapers were immediately sent over the border into Virginia. By this means information known to Confederate agents in Washington and Baltimore was swiftly and safely transmitted to the Confederate generals. It required very little ingenuity to construct these news items so that they served quite as well as the old cipher message.

Besides, with the message printed in a newspaper it was entirely safe to undertake to carry it through the lines. A civilian found with a newspaper in his pocket could hardly be shot as a spy; a copy of a paper in general circulation might be in anybody's possession. Even though it contained a code message, it would be difficult to show that the person having the paper in his possession had any knowledge of the code.

By This Means Information Known to Confederate Agents in Washington and Baltimore Was Swiftly and Safely Transmitted to the Confederate Generals

General Greely tells us that when the Secret Service was finally organized at the opening of the Civil War important messages were sent by means of the disk cipher.

Two concentric disks, of unequal size and revolving on a central pivot, were divided along their outer edges into thirty equal compartments. The inner and smaller disk contained, in its compartments, letters, terminations and word pauses; while the outer and larger disk contained the groups of signal numbers to be sent. Sometimes this arrangement was changed—letters being on the outer disk and numbers on the inner.

With the introduction of the military telegraph an ingenious kind of cipher came into use. This cipher was improved and is said to have been untranslatable by the Confederate authorities. A sample of it is the message President Lincoln sent to ex-Secretary Cameron when he was in the field with the Federal armies south of Gettysburg:

"Blonde bless of who no optic to get an impression 1 madison-square Brown cammer Toby ax the have turnip me Harry hitch rustle silk adrian counsel locust you another only of children serenade flea Knox county for wood that awl ties get hound who was war him suicide on for was pleasure village large bat Bunyan give sign incubus heavy Norris on trammeled cat knit striven without if Madrid quail upright martyr Stewart man much bear since ass skeleton tell the oppressing Tyler monkey."

In this message the first word indicated the number of columns and lines in which the message was to be arranged, and the directions for reading it. Long before, Sir Francis Bacon had urged the advisability of putting dummy words into ciphers, or what he called "nulls." And such words are inserted in this message; but they are in such form that anybody would be able to determine them who had a key to the cipher. The solution of the cipher appears in the following table, as given by General Greely:

Washington	July	15th	18	60	3	for
Sigh	man	Cammer	on	period	I	would
give	much	to be	relieved	of the	impression	that
Meade	comma	Couch	comma	Smith	and	all
comma	since	the	battle	of	get	ties
burg	comma	have	striven	only	to	get
the enemy	over	the river	without	another	fight	period
please	tell	me	if	you	know	who
was	the	one	corps	commander	who	was
for	fighting	comma	in the	council	of	war
on	Sunday	night	signature	A. Lincoln	Bless	him

It does not strike one that this cipher would be particularly difficult to solve. If the Confederate armies had had in their service somebody skilled in the translation of ciphers, the gain to them can hardly be estimated.

It will be remembered that Lee's confidential telegraph operator, Gaston, when the Federal armies were investing Richmond and Petersburg, took with him two or three men and went into the Wilderness. He crossed the Union lines near City Point, establishing himself in the woods; and for three weeks he remained there, taking off all messages that went over Grant's wire.

He could not read the cipher dispatches, but occasionally an open message went through. One of these told of a shipment of cattle to a certain point on a certain day, and this intercepted message enabled Wade Hampton to make a raid and capture some twenty-five hundred beeves.

Poe's Textbook in Ciphers

BUT suppose this daring dispatcher had carried with him a copy of Poe's Gold Bug! The story must have been known in the South and such a possibility is not out of reason. The Gold Bug is a textbook on the solution of ciphers. The method laid down in it would have worked out such messages as the one sent by Lincoln and those going over the wire from Grant. One can hardly imagine a more complicated cipher than Poe dealt with in that story.

Any cipher in which words stand for other words, and characters stand for letters in the alphabet, can be deciphered by Poe's method. He observed that, of all letters in the alphabet, "e" is most commonly used; and, of all words, "the" is the most common. One would then look in the cipher for the recurrence of the small word and presently be able to determine the characters for the word "the," or some other small connective.

In this manner an entrance could be made; and, once a wedge is inserted into the casing of secrecy round a cipher, the whole thing is presently split off. Or one with such a message could have applied the system of Grotefend when he undertook to decipher the cuneiform inscriptions. Any form of cipher is open to some one of these methods of solution.

Now and then, in the war between the states, cipher messages were solved by the opposed forces. It was the custom before the telegraph was in general use to signal from high points or towers by a flag or torch. A form of cipher was used—as, for instance, the flag or torch held upright and then moved down to the left, meant one; a similar move to the right meant two; and a like motion in front, three. From this, words, sentences and entire messages were worked out in figures.

It is said that Lee, advancing into Maryland, would have taken the North completely by surprise but for the signal corps on Sugar Loaf, the highest point in the state. From that point the advance was observed and signaled to Washington.

The Confederates had a signal station at Three Top Mountain, which kept Early in touch with Lee. By some means the Federal authorities obtained a key to the signal code. When the Confederates began to signal with a torch, the Federal authorities were able to read it. It was Longstreet's famous message to Early:

"Be ready to move as soon as my forces join you and we will crush Sheridan!"

If the cipher in which this dispatch was sent had been more complex, one does not know how greatly the history of this campaign might have been changed.

An extraordinary thing is the fact that the use of the telegraph by the Federal armies was resisted and discouraged by the authorities at Washington. And when it was finally inaugurated it was made, to a degree, independent of the military authorities.

The censor, Sanford, cut several lines out of one of McClellan's dispatches, and another censor withheld from President Lincoln the message that told of the disaster at Ball's Bluff. *(Concluded on Page 69)*

Digitized by Google

MRS. MALLABY'S MISTAKE

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

IT WOULDN'T have happened at all if I hadn't been trying—so hard—to get away from Emily. I don't want you to think from this that I am sorry it happened. Indeed I am glad it happened. I might even say I am jubilant, as you will presently understand. Yes, even though they took my house—when I wasn't looking—and made me do the chores, and called me Hiram, I still remain jubilant; though when I think of Uncle Ronald and the Human Omelette I sometimes feel a qualm. At the same time both Uncle Ronald and the Human Omelette were asking for it and they got it; and when a man asks for a thing and gets it, he at least is in no position to express dissatisfaction.

But first I must tell you about Emily, so you will understand why I tried—so hard—to get away.

A long time ago—long before Uncle Jeffrey died and left me most of all that money—for no better reason, that I can see, than that I had also been named Jeffrey—I made up my mind that I was either going to have a romantic courtship, when the proper time came, or I wasn't going to have any courtship at all. I simply wasn't going to be married on any cut-and-dried plan.

For instance, I wasn't going to be led into marriage—at least so I proudly assured myself—and I wasn't going to be driven into marriage, nor jollied, nor inveigled; nor was I going to drift into it either. So when Emily began to assume unmistakably proprietary airs over me, for no stronger reason than that I had taken her home twice in my car, I saw it was time to be careful. And when mutual friends began to leave us alone together, and wag their heads and wink their eyes, I saw it was time to get away, if indeed it wasn't already too late.

And so I got away, though whether or not it was too late you shall presently see for yourselves.

Ordinarily, of course, I should have gone to Europe, but on account of the war I didn't go to Europe. Nor am I fond of going to Europe in the best of times, because in the north there are too many damp sheets and in the south there are too many fleas. And I didn't want to go West, because I had been there the year before. And I didn't want to go South, because I don't like to go South in the summer. So one night I was reading the travel advertisements in a newspaper, half resolved to go camping somewhere in some Eveless Eden, when my eye chanced to stray to the next column; and from that moment—though I didn't know it then—it was quite all up with me.

It was such an innocent-looking advertisement too. You have probably seen hundreds of them. It was listed under Farms for Sale, and there was the usual old Colonial house in good condition. Also there were ever so many acres of land, a magnificent view, fox hunting, all sorts of small game and a trout brook. The price, moreover, was ridiculously low, so that it occurred to me at once that I could buy this Eveless Eden for considerably less than a summer in Europe would cost me. Also I convinced myself that Emily would never find me there, for though the farm was in the Berkshires it was off the beaten track.

"Looking for a Fox! I Like That! When You Ought to Have Been Helping Us Move In!"

And then there was the novelty to be considered, the adventure of buying a farm for such a small sum, the foxes, the trout brook, and fresh eggs and milk. In a word, being a son of Nimrod—and a grandson of Adam too—I suffered such a complication of farm and sporting fever that before the week was over I had bought the place.

Not only that, but I took possession at once, and having engaged a boy to run the errands and do the chores, I laid in a stock of provisions, established camp headquarters at the farmhouse, unpacked my gun and started after the foxes.

I also named the farm Bachelor's Blush. I named it this because Emily had once told me that her favorite rose was Maiden's Blush.

I was coming up from the river a week later—I had discovered fresh tracks that morning on the edge of a swamp—when I was greeted with signs of strange activity at Bachelor's Blush. Two wagons stood outside filled with furniture, and a woman's excited voice was crying "Do be careful!"

Wherefore I hurried up the path, for I was sure I hadn't ordered any furniture—to say nothing of an excited woman crying "Do be careful!"—and when I turned the corner of my house you can imagine how I felt when I saw two unknown men carrying a brass bed through the front door, while a young woman stood watching them with a clock under one arm and a violin case under the other. Surely this was bad enough; but upstairs, leaning out of one of my bedroom windows, was an extremely capable-looking matron who was supervising the various operations which were going on below.

For a moment I stood there speechless, and just as I was stepping forward to voice my natural indignation at this absolutely indefensible outrage upon Bachelor's Blush, the girl with the violin turned my way and again I was rendered speechless. But this time it was another sort of speechlessness altogether. My natural indignation ebbed away, and in its place flowed an even more natural admiration.

"Are you the man?" she asked.

Gathering myself together I told her she was right—I was the man.

"Mother!" she cried, looking up at the window. "Here's the man!"

The capable-looking matron lifted her glance from the two workers—they struck work—and placed it upon me. She was, I judged, still younger than forty, and it only needed a glance to see that her daughter's good looks had not necessarily been acquired from the paternal side.

"Where have you been?" she demanded, frowning at me from one of my bedroom windows.

I told her I had been looking for a fox.

"Looking for a fox!" she cried. "I like that! When you ought to have been helping us move in!" She turned to the two men—who at once began to putter round. "Is the hall clear?" she cried. "Now that he's come, we'll get the piano in."

"It's awfully heavy," said the pretty girl. "Do you think you can manage it?"

"I think I could manage it better," I said, smiling, "if I knew more definitely whose piano it is!"

For a moment she regarded me quite freezingly, and I suddenly found myself thinking: "She has contralto eyes." Just what I meant I couldn't exactly define to you; in fact, there are many important things in life which neither I nor any other man could exactly define to you. But the thought that she had contralto eyes seemed to give me a subtle pleasure, and I might have gone on thinking that she had a soprano nose, or an alto mouth, if she hadn't proceeded at once—quite freezingly—to let me know a little more definitely whose piano it was.

"Why, it's ours, of course," she said. If she had been a few years younger I think she might have added: "You don't suppose we stole it, do you?" And if she had been a few years younger than that, I think she might have put her tongue out too. However, I may be mistaken in this, so I will not say for sure.

The two men were still puttering inside, clearing the hall, and the capable-looking matron had come downstairs to supervise their work at closer range.

"Has your father come too?" I asked.

"Father died last year," she said. "That—that's why we bought the farm." I noticed then that she was in half mourning, which added, I think, to the extraordinary total of her charms. And while I felt myself unaccountably filled to overflowing with sympathy toward her, she took a step forward and whispered: "You'll make the place pay, won't you!"

I think I said "Yes, yes," but I was looking at her so intently that I'm not at all sure what I said.

"Because, you know," she concluded, "poor mother has put her very last dollar into the place, and wouldn't it be an awful thing if you couldn't make it pay!"

I helped them in with the piano, and I helped them in with the other things, and the more I helped them the more I pondered the staggering problem which had thus so suddenly been thrust upon Bachelor's Blush for solution.

It was evident, upon the face of it, that they had been victimized by some plausible swindler. I had heard before of rascals who gave false deeds to property which they had never owned, but I had never dreamed that such a thing would ever happen to property of mine. As a matter of fact, I think that few of us ever do dream that such things will happen to us, although, of course, if they happen at all they have to happen to somebody, and why not to us as well as to somebody else? Of my own title to the farm I had not the slightest misgiving; for not only had the town clerk passed upon it; he had also personally assured me that my deed was as "sound as an oak board."

But what could I do?

Could I turn this widow out—this widow who had put her very last dollar into the place? More than that, could I turn this girl out?—this girl with the contralto eyes and the rainbow in her smile? Could I exclaim, in a forbidding voice: "You folks have been swindled and have lost your last cent! Be off or I'll call a constable!"—could I say that, or anything like it?

In indignation at the mere idea I carried the last bureau upstairs unaided, while the two men disappeared with their teams, and I had hardly sat down when the girl came up with the last picture and caught me sitting there.

"Isn't this a nice room!" she said.

It had a southeastern exposure and overlooked a landscape that was remarkable even for the Berkshires. "It's the best room in the house," I told her.

"And just imagine, it's to be mine!"

I looked round the room again, and indeed I wished it were a better room and had a finer view.

"We must calcimine the ceiling," she said, "and paper the walls with an awfully pretty paper. Do you know how to paper?"

I promised her quite fervently that I could learn. Why I promised this so fervently I cannot tell you, but that is the way I promised it.

"I mean, of course," she hurriedly added, "if you decide to stop with us."

"Oh, I shall stop!" I assured her.

"The agent said he thought you would." She regarded me for some time with her contralto eyes, and I could hear the deep notes till they almost made me tremble. "Have you been a farmer all your life?" she asked.

Digitized by Google

"Well, ever since I've been up here," I somewhat cautiously answered. By that time I was getting my status fixed. They apparently thought I was a farm hand who had been taking care of the place, and they seemed to take it for granted that I was going to stay and work for them. This explained the girl's earnestness about my ability to make the place pay.

"What's your name?" she asked.

Again I made a cautious answer. "I suppose," I said, "you could call me Hiram."

"Hiram," she repeated; and for the first time I knew that Hiram was a name to be proud of. Indeed, for that matter, I had never thought much of Jeffrey.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Miss Mallaby—Miss Nellie Mallaby," she thoughtfully added.

There is no telling what confidences we might have shared next if Mrs. Mallaby hadn't appeared in the doorway that moment. "Well!" she cried. "Are you going to sit up here all day, lazybones?" And addressing herself more particularly to Nellie, she said: "Uncle Ronald's come."

I went downstairs after Nellie, and there I found a cynical gentleman, no longer young and not yet old. His chief characteristics were a very high forehead and a wide eyeglass ribbon draped over his ear. I do not mean by this that he had but one ear. Uncle Ronald had two ears, but his eyeglass ribbon was draped over only one of them. And looking at Uncle Ronald, and his lofty brow, and his wide ribbon, and looking too at Mrs. Mallaby and Nellie, I couldn't help but think to myself that devilishly funny things were happening all at once at Bachelor's Blush.

"We didn't think you would come so soon," said Mrs. Mallaby.

"Oh, yes," said Uncle Ronald. "I want to see you started right, you know."

I noticed then that under his arm he had a large volume entitled Pleasure and Profit on the Farm. I also noticed that he was regarding me with an extremely cynical eye.

"Is this the man?" he asked.

"Yes," said Nellie, "this is Hiram. But, Uncle Ronald, I thought your vacation didn't start till next Monday."

"You never were good on dates," said Uncle Ronald. And he smiled a sourish smile which made me ambitious to hurt him. "No," he continued, "the bank has got to worry along without me as well as it can for the next two weeks. I simply had to run over and see you were started right. I've been studying it a lot lately ——" He made a large gesture with Pleasure and Profit on the Farm, and favored me with another of his sarcastic glances. "So this is Hiram, is it?" And he laughed in a lordly manner.

Meanwhile, as you will probably guess, I had been taking Uncle Ronald's measure in a most industrious manner. Although they called him Uncle Ronald it was reasonably evident that he wasn't a relation, because he called Nellie's mother Mrs. Mallaby. From this and other signs I deduced that he was an old friend of the family, not perhaps too old to be an admirer of Nellie's nor yet too young to be an admirer of Nellie's mother.

"Hiram," he said with an easy tolerance, "have you ever made a farm pay?"

"Uncle Ronald," I responded, "have you ever made a bank pay?"

And with that I walked out with dignity, nor did I greatly care whether or not I walked in again just then, for while I had stood ready to do what chores I could for Nellie and her mother—until I had decided the next best thing to do—I could hardly see myself doing any chores for Uncle Ronald, not while he cherished that supercilious smile and that fathom of wide black tape behind his ear.

So I applied myself—with dignified ease—to the chopping block, but I hadn't chopped long before I heard them talking about me in the kitchen. I didn't hear much—first because I didn't try to, and second because the frying pan was making such a noise; but I heard enough to please me.

". . . impudence . . . ," said Uncle Ronald.

". . . help very hard to get . . . put up with a lot," said Mrs. Mallaby; and in more guarded tones I heard her continue: "Gracious, Nellie! Are you . . . place for Hiram . . . same table . . . us?"

"I certainly am!" cried Nellie. "You don't suppose Hiram is going to eat with the chickens, do you?"

I began to feel I would like my place, and when I tasted the ham and eggs which Mrs. Mallaby had cooked I crossed my feet under the table and silently cried three cheers for Bachelor's Blush. And when I saw that Nellie Mallaby, sitting opposite me, had undertaken the task of protecting me from the aggression of Uncle Ronald's intellectual superiority, I crossed my feet the other way and silently cried three more.

"I suppose," said Uncle Ronald to Nellie, ignoring me completely, "you'll have plenty of time now for your violin studies."

"Yes," said Nellie. "Hiram, won't you have some more ham?"

"And very soon," continued Ronald, making much of the highness of his forehead and still pretending that I wasn't there, "you'll be as great a virtue-o-so as Paderewski is."

"You mean Paganini," I told him. "Paderewski's a pianist, not a violinist."

They all stared at that and I saw that I shouldn't have said it, but Ronald, bringing his wide black tape to bear, tried to counter.

"Wasn't Paganini—er—a member of the male sex?"

"Isn't Paderewski a charter member of that same club?"

Ronald tried again, first returning to his original hypothesis that I was not among those present.

"I suppose," he said to Nellie, "you'll hardly be able to continue your French lessons here."

"*Pourquoi pas?*" I indignantly demanded.

"Good heavens, Hiram!" exclaimed Mrs. Mallaby. "Do you hired men speak French round here?"

"One Moment, Hiram. A Few Words With You, if You Please, Before You Go Into the House"

I was on the point of mentioning the number of French-Canadians on our New England farms when Nellie suddenly interrupted us.

"Can you play the piano?" she asked, leaning over the table.

I acknowledged it as one of my weaknesses.

"Accompaniments?"

I confessed to that too.

"Then to-night," crowed Nellie, clapping her hands, "we'll have some music. Oh, Uncle Ronald, won't that be grand!"

"Y-e-s," said he, and he twisted his features into that similitude of exquisite enjoyment which is sometimes seen upon the countenance of an emotional person who has just bitten deeply into a very sour plum.

Toward evening I was helping Nellie hang the pictures in her room. Mrs. Mallaby was down in the kitchen and Uncle Ronald, fortified by Pleasure and Profit on the Farm, had gone to the next farm to buy some chickens. Nellie was on top of a stepladder which would not bear my weight, and I was handing her the pictures and telling her when they were straight.

"Hiram!" she said in a gentle voice. I was handing her a picture which she had not quite taken from me, so you see we were close together, and I heard her distinctly even though she spoke in a gentle voice. "Hiram," she said, "was it anything awful you did?"

"Anything awful?" I asked, and I almost dropped the picture.

"Oh, Hiram, don't you suppose I can see you are not a hired man?"

At that my spirits sank and I hardly knew what to reply, for I thought she was hot on the trail of the mystery of Bachelor's Blush.

"Tell me," she whispered. "You're hiding here, aren't you?"

I nodded, miserably enough, but beyond that I had sense enough not to commit myself.

"You're running away?" she whispered.

At that I saw what she was driving at, and indeed I was in hiding and running away, though not the way Nellie thought. All the same my spirits rose until I felt them soaring.

"If they caught you," she breathed, "would it be a very heavy punishment?"

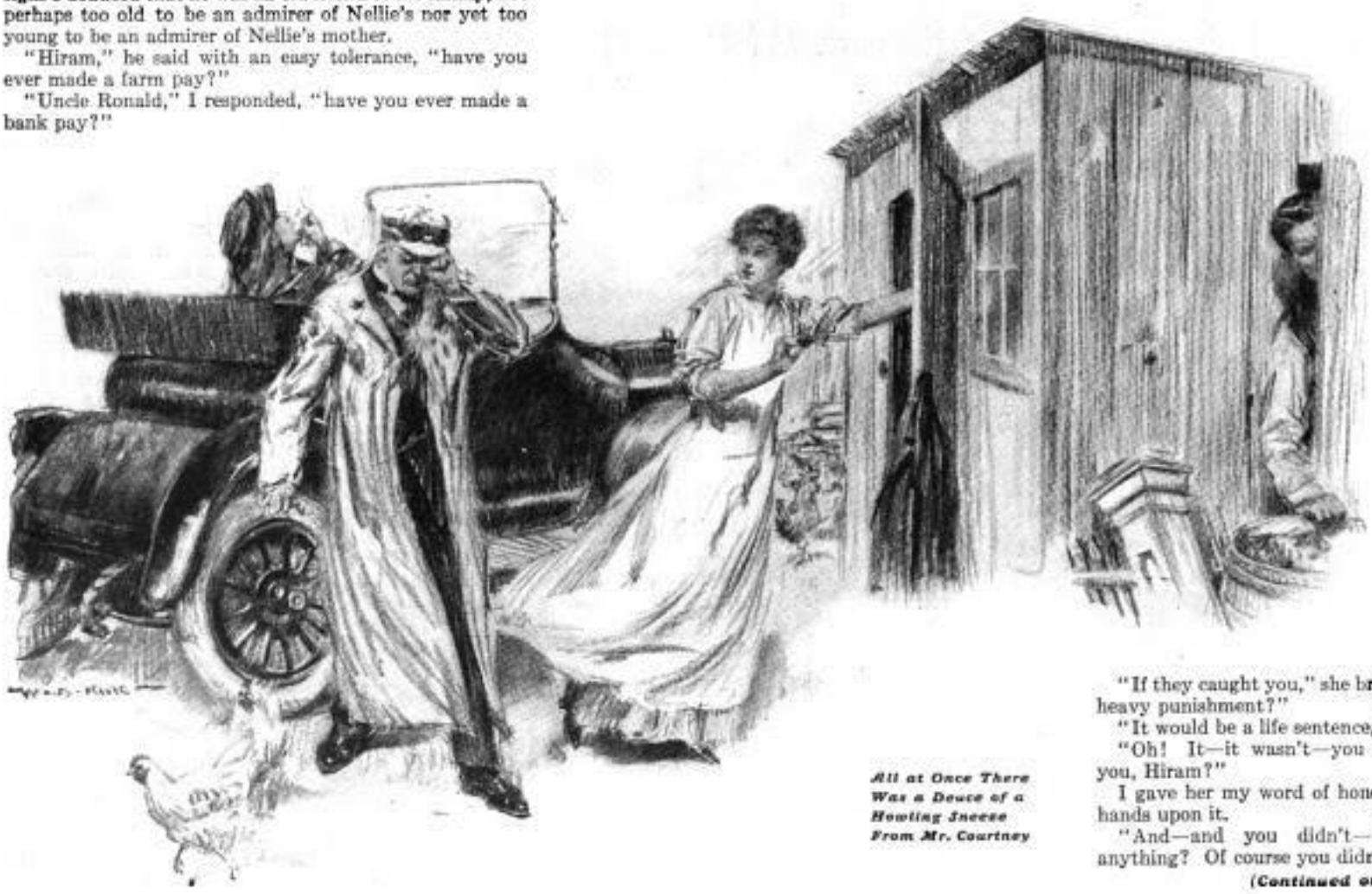
"It would be a life sentence," I solemnly answered her.

"Oh! It—it wasn't—you didn't hurt anybody, did you, Hiram?"

I gave her my word of honor, and we earnestly shook hands upon it.

"And—and you didn't—cheat anybody—or steal anything? Of course you didn't!"

(Continued on Page 49)



All at Once There Was a Deuce of a Howling Jneese From Mr. Courtney

Digitized by Google

The Benevolent Exploitation

"We're Ranchers in the Valley and We're Honest—and That's Better Than Being Rich and Nothing More"

By WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

WHEN old Cyrus Pater lay dying in the cheerless bedroom that formed an L of the ranch house in the midst of his barren acres at the foot of the El Dorado Hills, he might have said to young Cyrus:

"Son, I'm leaving you an honest man's name. However things may go with you, preserve that legacy and pass it on."

But as the western sky glowed with the colors of the departing day above the Coast Range the sick man's eyes wandered for the last time to the window, from which he could see the skeleton of an oil derrick rising in one corner of the ranch; and he pulled himself up on his pillows—the blood coming back for the moment to his face—and clutched at his boy's hand.

"If you can jest hang on, Cyrus—if you can hang on and drill a few hundred feet fa'ther, you'll be rich. It's took a lot of faith and money to keep that derrick a-standing; don't you tear it down and quit."

And that was all he said in this life; for, as he sank back, he gasped and died.

The Cyrus Pater who was left to fight it out along this line had small heart to undertake the commission. He had never shared his father's faith and had begrudged the money that had gone into the well. On the other hand, he always turned wearily to the adobe acres that had stingily yielded fifty years of meager crops; and his heart was not now in the attempt he made to force from them once more enough grain to enable him to meet payments of money long ago sunk in that steel-cased hole on the southwest bench. In the vernacular of the community he was "a-payin' for a dead horse." His neighbors were sorry for him in their own way, but their efforts to cheer him were clumsy.

Mort Bennett, the most influential man in the San Pablo country, would pull at his long beard of which he was so proud, would chuckle hoarsely, and say:

"Better fill that casin' up with bowlders offen your twenty-acre piece an' build a fence outen the timbers in that derrick, Cyrus. Your ol' dad drilled the wrong way for oil, I always told him. He'd ought to've run that casin' along the top of the ground to the Coalingy fields an' he might 'a' struck one of the Associated's tanks!"

If the boys were there they would laugh at this; but Nancy never laughed, because she understood; and she knew of all the things for which that ugly skeleton of a derrick stood in Cyrus Pater's mind. She would walk with him to the gate, or "down the road a piece," and talk lightly; and when they said good-by she would smile up at him and say:

"I'm mighty glad you never struck oil in that old hole, Cyrus, because the oil boom has caused a lot of crooked business up here and changed good boys into stock grafters. We're ranchers in the Valley and we're honest—and that's better than being rich and nothing more."

Cyrus wished he could believe that; but he had some doubts of it, even when Nancy said it. He was to remember it later, however, when the girl's simple dogma played a part in the benevolent exploitation. It is too bad Nancy does not come into this story much, because you would like Nancy, as Cyrus Pater did. He wanted to marry her, as a matter of fact, and that was one reason why he was taking things pretty seriously.

Nancy had been "away to school"; she had a wider horizon than most of the neighbor girls, and Cyrus coveted for her some of the surroundings she understood and wanted. For himself, he was tired of the continual struggle to meet payments and taxes and bills, without ever an outlook toward comfort or betterment. He was not ambitious to make a fortune, but he was not lazy. He worked hard early and late that winter and spring, and tried to forget the derrick and the rusting machinery and the costly hole below; and he gave honest labor another fair trial.

When he harvested the barley in the summer, however, and painfully figured out a budget, he found that he was starting his second year with a bigger debt than before, with overdue payments crowding him, with new equipment a crying need, and with all the signs pointing to another winter of small rains ahead. Cyrus threw down his stubby pencil, pulled his hat over his eyes and slammed out of the house.

He had passed the Comfort place a mile south and turned west into the foothills before he could shake off his disappointment and anger and begin to think of a way out. Wild plans ran through his head and were abandoned. One by one he discarded ideas for new and better crops. His soil was too heavy for truck; he had no water for alfalfa; he was on the wrong side of the Valley for oranges; the ranch was too thoroughly exhausted for wheat. Three rainy winters would give him bumper barley crops, and with the money he might——

"But then," he said aloud, "everybody in the San Joaquin would have barley and it would drop to forty cents a hundred!"

He walked on slowly with his head bent. At the top of the hill behind the ranch he paused and looked down on it. Below him ran an arroyo that cut one side of the place, crossing his west line immediately above the oil derrick. Down this arroyo a two-inch pipe ran from a spring above him—a spring that had been dry for several years.

At right angles to the arroyo and almost on his east boundary were the two eight-inch tubes of the Midway Oil Carrying Company, winding over the hills from the fields in the south, spanning the ravine on a trestle, and then burrowing underground for the long journey across the ranches and roads northward to the company's refineries.

Occasionally a pocket of air in the line would kick and gurgle. By putting a hand on the pipes Cyrus could feel faintly the regular throb of the oil as the pumps in the Garvey station, three miles south, forced it forward.

Here were two solid streams of crude oil surging by his poverty-stricken acres night and day—day and night—enough in them to fuel the boilers of a navy; and half a mile away was that skeleton derrick, weather-beaten and useless, marking the spot where all the things he might have had were sunk in a ten-inch casing—mocking him! He kicked the pipes at his feet and swore.

"Damn you and the whole business!" he jerked out viciously. "If it hadn't 'a' been for oil——" He walked along the line to where it crossed the arroyo and sat down on the trestle, swinging his feet and meditating. Below him, on the bed of the coulee, there was a splotch of black sand, and on this there fell at intervals a drop of heavy oil from a leak in the pipe. Cyrus looked at it without interest for a time; then he began to study it, raising his eyes and following the arroyo to where it passed the derrick on the southwest bench. Suppose, now——

He crossed his feet and took out a pipe, filled and lighted it, and puffed the smoke slowly. He had heard of many schemes carried out in the southern fields—here was one that would fascinate a crook! His father stoutly and to the last had maintained that there was oil sand somewhere under the Pater place; perhaps a few feet more would disclose it. To make the drilling of those few feet possible, a subterfuge—to interest some speculator—might be adopted.

All they had, father and son, and all they could borrow, had been gambled on that hole. Every cent they could come by honestly his father had used, even when it had meant reduction to a bare living, to justify his faith; and this faith he had bequeathed to young Cyrus—this and the crazy tower of timbers looming above the dry well. Perhaps the old man had been right. Was it worth while to put his conscience in pawn for money enough to find out? Cyrus wondered.

He continued to debate the question as he plodded down the hill that night, and he thought of it often in the next few days, but without answering his own question affirmatively.

Then he came home from San Pablo one day to discover a horse and buggy at the long hitching rail in front, and to find a stranger sitting patiently on a bench on the porch awaiting him. Cyrus knew everybody in the Valley—his visitor was an outsider. The conclusion he reached, that it was an agent for some farm implement or possibly for a war encyclopedia hot from the press, was strengthened instantly when the newcomer, catching sight of him, rose and walked briskly his way.

Cyrus saw that he was dressed in store clothes, that he carried

"That's What I Call Businesslike, Mr. Pater. What Can You Do for Me—Exactly?"

Digitized by Google

his hands easily, and that his toes turned out when he walked—all marks of a city man. He was thinly built, clad in gray, and with a loosely tied string cravat about a high batwing collar. Under his soft dark hat there gleamed a pair of alert eyes primly spectacled. Some indefinable air of mingled friendliness and humility caused Cyrus to classify him as a preacher—though why, he could not have told. Cyrus stopped awkwardly after tying his own horse.

"Howdy?" he said.

His visitor came forward, with a pocket case in his hand, and gave the young rancher a card.

"Mr. Pater?"

"That's my name," Cyrus said, fumbling with the card.

"I'm R. B. Bussenius, Mr. Pater—Southwestern Development and Refining Company, of Los Angeles. You've heard of the company?"

Cyrus had not.

"I—guess I have. What can I do for you?"

The thin man rubbed his hands briskly.

"That's what I call businesslike, Mr. Pater. What can you do for me—exactly! That's it—I should say so!"

Cyrus eyed him.

"Want to sit down on the porch again?"

Mr. Bussenius wheeled and took Cyrus' arm.

"Thanks. I can tell you in two minutes what you can do for me; in fact, less than that. I should say so!"

He bounced busily into the chair he had just quitted and took out a folded map, which he spread wide. Cyrus sat down on the edge of the porch and leaned against a post.

"Well?" he asked.

"What you can do for me I can put into five words, Mr. Pater. Let me make you rich!"

Cyrus laughed without much mirth.

"You might 'a' saved yourself a trip out here, mister, if that's what you came for. I don't want to buy anything—most particularly oil stock," he said.

Mr. Bussenius looked round him and leaned forward.

"Nobody in the house, is there?"

"No."

"How about selling oil stock—eh?"

"Selling? I ain't got any oil stock to sell."

"Just give me a little time, Mr. Pater. I want you to look at this map here and then I can make it clearer. I should ——"

Pater took one corner of the map.

"I should say so!" he interrupted good-humoredly.

The thin man clapped him on the shoulder.

"Snatched the words right out of my mouth that time," he chuckled. "Now see here!"

Using a pencil for a pointer he sketched for Cyrus the oil belt to the south of them. Then he quickly ringed a number of black dots to the west, showing where oil had been found recently, jumped directly across the spot he indicated as the location of the Pater Ranch, and touched several points where drilling operations were going on to the east.

"In other words," he went on, "you're right in the line of development. This is good prospecting ground; it's better than that—it's a cinch that the oil belt runs through here. The minute one of these holes to the east shows color you'll be run over by option buyers. You'll be flooded with offers. You'll be driven crazy, and so will your neighbors. I'm the advance guard; I'm beating them all to it. I should say so!"

"Is that all?" Cyrus asked.

"How do you mean, Mr. Pater? I guess you can see what I'm driving at."

"Want me to sell you an option, eh?"

"Guess again."

"I'm right out of guesses."

Bussenius lowered his voice.

"I want you and your neighbors to do your own prospecting—develop your own field and reap all the profits. There's oil here; why wait for the sharpers to come and steal the gold fillings from your teeth? You get me, eh?"

Cyrus pointed off through the dusk to the looming derrick in the corner of the place.

"I'll bet we've done all the prospecting on the Pater Ranch that'll ever be done in this part of the Valley, mister. You couldn't get any of my neighbors into an oil scheme with a traction engine. That dry hole of ours ——"

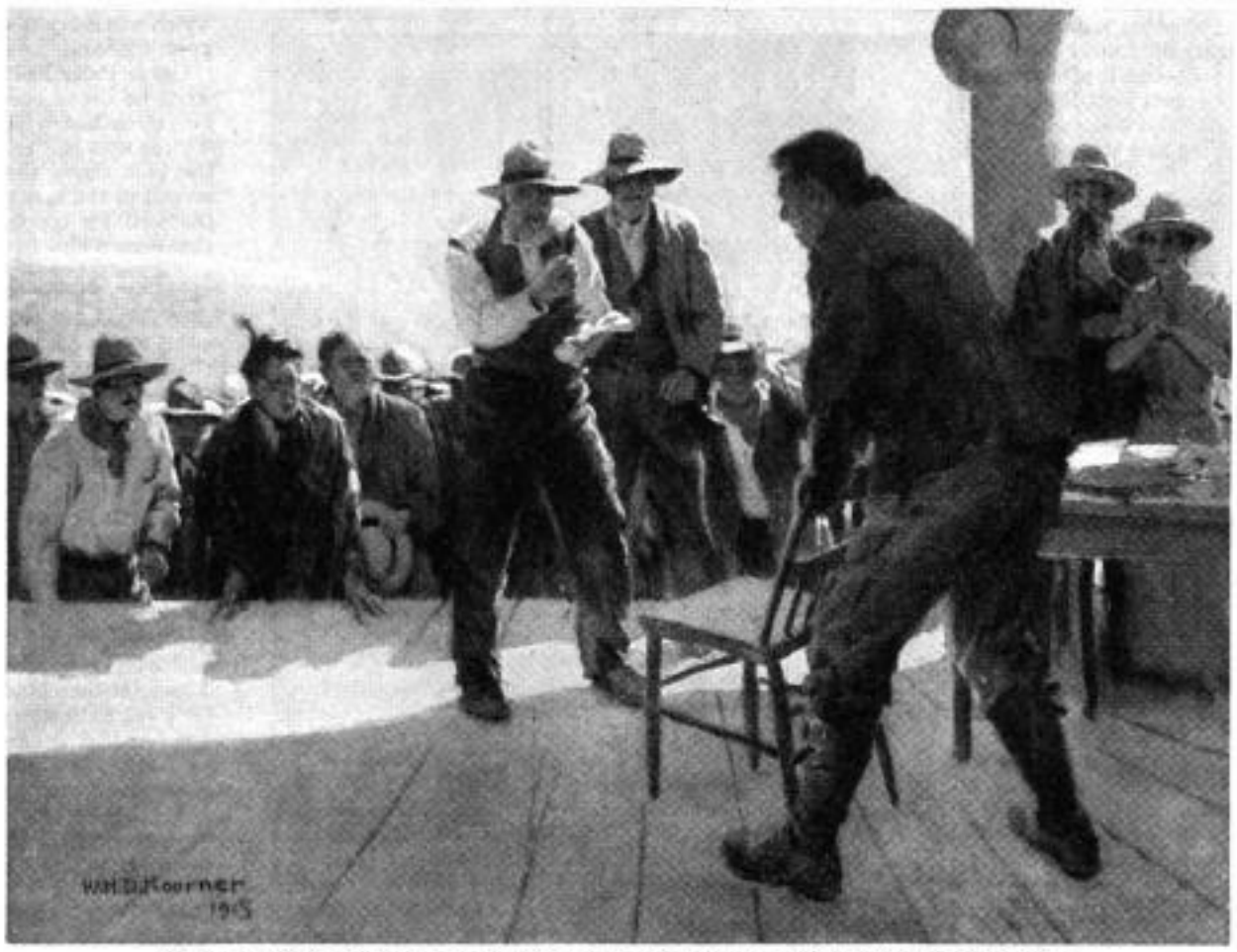
"Is what brought me here. Wait a minute, Pater. I know all about your father and his oil well. He died too soon—that's all. Our company has had engineers over this field; I'm following them up. I am the exploiter—a sort of benevolent exploiter."

Cyrus nodded. A benevolent exploiter was a new one on him; but whatever that agent might be, his words were as water on a parched tongue.

"Your company thinks there's oil sand here, then?"

"We know it. We propose to furnish the brains and the engineering skill, and the detail work to develop oil. You provide the ground—that hole is down nine hundred feet now, isn't it?—and your neighbors provide the funds. Perfectly simple; perfectly agreeable; sure of returns!"

"Perfectly simple," Cyrus acquiesced; "all but getting the neighbors. I know 'em—you don't. When you mention oil stock to them you want to have your horse's head turned down the road and your buggy whip in your hand."



"I Didn't Sell You Stock and I Didn't Ask Any of You to Buy In. I'll Go as Far as I Can"

The benevolent Bussenius dropped his map on the porch floor and hitched his chair nearer. In crisp tones ameliorated by a homely smile he began to talk. Two minutes had Cyrus interested; three minutes had him concerned; five minutes had him hypnotized. The visitor extended himself, and when he was fully extended he could have sold the patent rights in a washing machine to Hetty Green.

For the time being Cyrus was his father over again, dreaming of riches. The whole thing was so well constructed, so plausible, so certain. He was being offered the opportunity that knocks but once. No one else would do what the Southwestern Development and Refining Company proposed to do—and for no other consideration than a contract to sell oil exclusively to that high-motived corporation at the prevailing market price. And Cyrus set this gilded and gaudy project over against slow starvation as a barley producer.

It was dark before the benevolent exploiter, laying one hand on his host's knee, finished his few brief words.

"I should say so!" he concluded.

Cyrus rose slowly.

"I'll go down and put up the horses," he said; "that is, if you can stand batchin' quarters overnight."

II

THE power of music to sooth the savage breast is negligible compared with the influence of the siren song of the smooth stock salesman on the senses of the unsophisticated rustic. Old Cyrus Pater's neighbors had laughed at him after the first few months had failed to develop anything but a small stream of water in his oil hole; but he had never made more than half-hearted attempts to induce them to share the risks of his venture. Had he been able to put his own faith into them—which obviously he was not—very few of them would have refused the ground-floor opportunity. No man parts with money in a gamble for quick returns more readily than he who accumulates it with difficulty. Somebody had to perfect a substitute for the Louisiana Lottery to meet that condition—and the wildcatter improved on the original model.

Cyrus Pater was not amazed at his own enthusiasm for the San Pablo Oil Company—properly organized, chartered and gold-sealed—but he was at the readiness with which his neighbors fell into it; for he himself was convinced by cold logic based on scientific data—furnished by R. B. Bussenius, of course—while his neighbors had nothing to go on but the word of the benevolent exploiter. So Cyrus was puzzled. That often happens.

Meantime, though he marveled that the San Pablo Valley folks were so willing to invest, he jumped into the business of spending their money with a reckless impatience to justify his own faith. He was vice-president and treasurer, without salary, and he worked early and late. The old derrick was partially rebuilt, new machinery was ordered, received and installed, and the casing began to drop into the hole that had so long been a source of bitter regret to him.

Then Bussenius, who had reluctantly—but not too reluctantly—accepted the position of president and fiscal agent, sent for an engineer from the Midway fields and agreed with him that a second well should be started immediately half a mile north of the old one.

Cyrus might have noticed that this expert—an uncomfortable and seedy individual with his pockets full of soiled papers—looked at Bussenius always before answering a question; and he might have traced in the language of the scientific man's report, received a week later, the fine, benevolent, exploiting hand of the president of the company. But he did not. None of them did. The new hole was started forthwith.

Cyrus believed they were going to strike oil. Perhaps the virus was in his blood—had been there all the time, only needing the spellbinding of a professional promoter to quicken it. Being young and hopeful he brought to the enterprise much that his father had lacked. His enthusiasm was contagious, and R. B. Bussenius played on it as an organist plays the bass—you do not see his feet, but they are touching the heavy notes that form the body of the harmony.

Oh, you may well believe that R. B. Bussenius was a regular exploiter even when he was working the benevolent end of that complex game! When stock sales lagged he would call by for Cyrus, with oil-smeared overalls and the whole make-up, and take him along on his tours round the countryside. No one could doubt Cyrus; he did not doubt himself. Yet he was unconscious that the San Pablo Oil Company was being built on him. He scrupulously avoided recommending the investment; he never urged a hesitant rancher; he merely attended as a lay figure for the promoter to use in setting the stage.

The money scarcely rolled in, but it came. Bussenius was satisfied. With his five per cent commissions on stock sales, no matter how they were made, and with what he could steal without attracting attention, he was making a comfortable thing out of it—enough to take care of the engineer from the Midway fields at any rate, and to buy a fair brand of cigars with which to round out the picture of benevolent exploitation.

A considerable share of the money received from the neighbors round San Pablo went into development. This, according to Mr. Bussenius himself, proved that the exploitation was benevolent and that there was nothing in it for his Southwestern Development and Refining Company save the advantage of being able—see contracts duly made and recorded—to buy all the oil developed, at the market price.

Digitized by Google

You see—thus President Bussenius expressed himself—the competition for control of promising oil districts was so intense that the Southwestern Company could afford to assist the people of the San Pablo neighborhood in finding oil, in return for the privilege of buying it from them at the price they could get from anyone else in the world who wanted oil. That was what he said, but not the way he said it. As he benevolently exploited it, the scheme was entirely convincing.

So the money came in, in small amounts but steadily, and went into the two holes, and into advertising booklets and correspondence, and commissions for Fiscal Agent Bussenius, and salary for President Bussenius, and wages for the drillers. And the holes were sunk slowly, and more casing was purchased, and stockholders began to drop in to watch operations and drove away shaking their heads; but there was no oil.

Courage oozed from Cyrus. The time came when he watched progress with uneasiness, then with trepidation, then with real anxiety. He questioned the drillers, and their cryptic answers did not reassure him. He spent more and more time gravitating between the two derricks—scrutinizing the noses of the bits as they came up for sharpening, examining the mud from the bailers, sniffing above the casings for gas, and sloshing round in the sump for traces of oil scum on the water.

Once or twice his heart jumped—but it always sank again. And then Nancy Bennett sent Eddie over to tell him that Widow Whitesides was worrying about her oil stock, and urging him to go and see her.

Cyrus went. The vinegarish old lady received him stiffly, her hands tightly clasped on her calico lap, her bright little eyes snapping.

"I'm glad you come, Cyrus Pater," she began. "I been countin' on goin' over to your paw's place to find out about them oil wells, because my Letty is sick in Fresno and I need money right bad. I guess I'll have to get you to take back them shares of stock and give me what I paid for 'em."

Cyrus swallowed hard. Mrs. Whitesides owned a busy tongue. If she started gossiping he saw breakers ahead.

"Of course I'll get your money for you, Mrs. Whitesides," he said; "but I'll have to buy your stock myself. You see, the company can't do it."

"No; I don't see it!" she snapped. "That Mr. Bussen'us is a powerful fast talker, but I didn't miss what he said about givin' me back my investment if I wasn't satisfied."

"But you ought to be satisfied! The company is drilling two wells, and it isn't in reason that we won't strike oil in one of them."

"You tell me that, Cyrus Pater!" the old lady exclaimed reprovingly. "You saw your old paw diggin' away there a mortal sight longer'n three months and you didn't believe he'd strike oil; and he never did strike it! What's more, I been hearin' talk about this San Pablo Oil Company scheme, and it ain't me only who's feelin' that this deestrict used to get along pretty well before your Mr. Bussen'us come to it. Anyhow I consider that my Letty has got as good a right to bein' took care of as your oil company—that's all I've got to say!"

Cyrus bought her stock, though it took most of his savings to do it; and he added her shares to those he had already purchased in moments of enthusiasm for the company's prospects. He lay awake that night trying to reassure himself. The effort was not entirely successful.

The next day he sought Bussenius; and the slim, brisk promoter—looking more like a preacher than ever—succeeded for the moment in strengthening him against discouragement. But before evening it chanced that a farmer and his wife drove down from North End to visit old Mrs. Whitesides, and the succeeding morning found them on the Pater front porch very early, offering stock certificates for money. Cyrus lost patience and answered them shortly. The farmer's wife turned to her husband.

"I told you so all the time," she said acidly. "Now I guess you'll listen to me and look in on Lawyer Badgett on the way home. Good day to you, Cyrus!"

The young rancher telephoned to Bussenius to hurry out from town and to bring the books with him.

"What's up, Cyrus, my boy?" Bussenius asked soothingly.

"I want to find out where we stand now," he answered. "Phil Pound was here just now wanting his money back, and he and his wife are going to get Lawyer Badgett after us."

He heard Bussenius' hearty professional laugh.

"They can't do anything about it, son. I should say not!"

"I don't guess they can—not in law; but they can make it a lot more uncomfortable for me than I care about. Are you coming out or shall I come in?"

"I'll come out, Cyrus. Don't get worried. I'll be out right after noon."

Noon came and the afternoon waned and there was no sign of Bussenius; so Cyrus hitched up the bay mare and drove in after the benevolent exploiter. The first man he met in San Pablo was old Mort Bennett, Nancy's father.

"Well, Cyrus," he said, pulling at his long beard, "it took your friend Bussenius four months to land me, but he got me to-day. I was sort of waiting till I could get stock cheap—and now I'm in heavy. I guess I caught the oil craze from you somehow!"

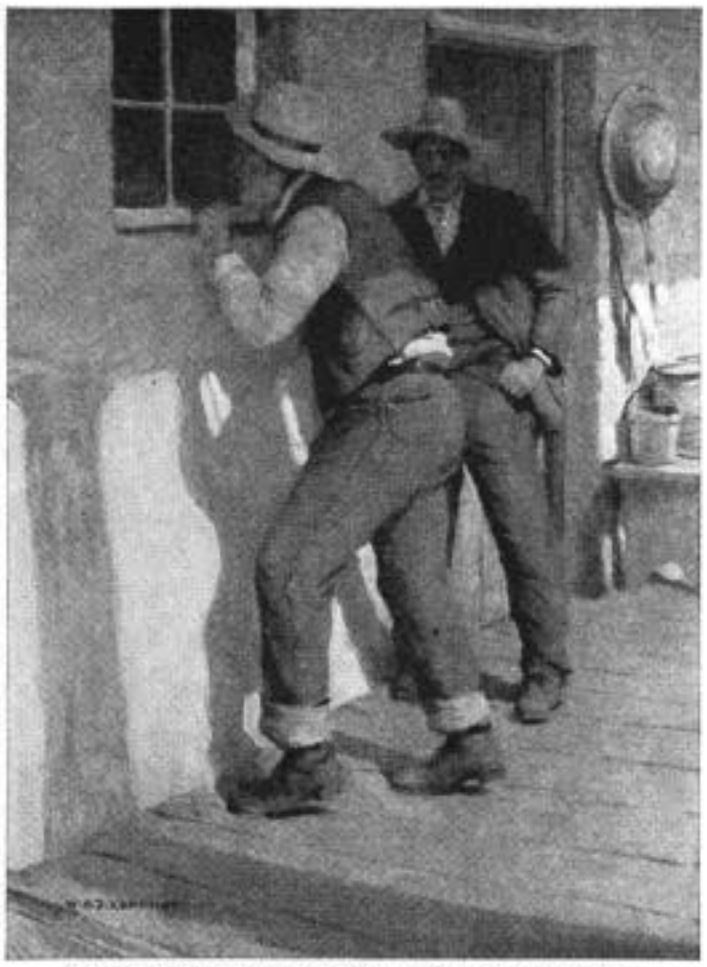
Cyrus gripped the seat rail of the buggy.

"You mean you've bought stock?"

"Bought Bussenius out. He said you and him couldn't get along very well about the business; so he's gone back to Los Angeles. I hold the majority of the stock, accordin' to the books."

III

THERE is a northbound train through San Pablo at a few minutes before midnight, and there were times in the next few hours, as he pored over the books of the oil company, that Cyrus Pater seriously considered boarding it and running away. If the truth were known it was probably more habit than honor that restrained him, for Cyrus is one hero who falls short of perfection; and the revelations



When He Wakened, Zed Marley and John Cousins Were Calling to Him to Show Himself

of that evening, coupled with an omission to eat supper, created a large and painful feeling of vacancy in the young rancher's stomach in the neighborhood of the pit. It was his habit to stay with the old Pater place, and habit is hard to break. Otherwise he might have fled northward in the night; and many words concerning him would never have been written—unless in the San Pablo Item.

Instead, he stayed. He browsed through the books, which he found in the town office of the oil company, and made what he could of them. Little as it was, it was too much. Bussenius the benevolent had done prosperously. He had sold stock by mail at double the market price existing in San Pablo and had pocketed the difference. From letters it appeared that this branch of the benevolent exploitation had been a thriving one. He had held out stock supposed to have been sold to Cyrus' neighbors, peddled it to others and retained the profits. He had raised his own salary—and paid it, as fiscal agent. He had adopted resolutions and drafted budgets of which Cyrus had never heard, and each of them had yielded some measure of cash.

Cyrus found his own scrawling signature attached to reports of directors' meetings, which he had signed without reading, and he blushed to see how he had been tricked thereby. And, to end his career in a blaze of glory, Bussenius had voted all the promoter's stock to himself and sold that to Mort Bennett. According to the books, as Bennett had well said, the old farmer now held a majority of the stock of the San Pablo Oil Company, Incorporated.

The only answer to your carping criticism at this point that such things simply cannot be done is that they simply are done. Cyrus Pater knew as much about promoting a stock company and developing oil as he knew about Debussy's Afternoon of a Faun. Bussenius had convinced him easily that it would be wise for them to retain control of the company and transact most of its business themselves. After that Bussenius had been the company.

The directors required by law had been elected, but they were small fry. All of them trusted Cyrus, and Cyrus trusted Bussenius; and Bussenius was a benevolent exploiter—for he said so himself. And there you are! It may not be possible, but it is true; and if you yell too loudly about its improbability others will have strong suspicions that somewhere in your trunk there is concealed a large bundle of green-and-gold-sealed certificates showing that you are the owner of so many shares in the Such-and-Such Gold Mining and Reduction Company, of Goldfield, Nevada!

Cyrus Pater, to resume, had a bad night. In addition to being poor and debt burdened he was now the sole residuary legatee to a world of trouble. His own cash was gone; his neighbors were his partners; their enterprise seemed doomed to failure; their treasury was looted; Mrs. Whitesides was at large in the community, with an unbridled tongue; and now old Mort Bennett, the most influential man round about and the father of Nancy—which was much more important—was in the thing up to his ears!

Cyrus Pater had an exceedingly bad night and when he drove home at dawn he was desperate. For three hours he had been meditating on the scheme that had come to him as he had stood on the hills above the ranch a few days before the arrival of the benevolent exploiter—a plan to salt the well by tapping the Midway Oil Carrying Company's pipe line. It seemed the only way out.

That was the scheme! He went up again that blue morning and looked the ground over. From the trestle where the pipe line crossed the arroyo he could see the whole thing laid out to his hand. Under him the splotch of black sand was still fed by the slow drip-drip from the leak. A few yards below, the two-inch pipe from the spring broke over the bank and went down the arroyo, past the oil derrick, half a mile west; and two short tunnels would enable him to make a complete connection between the crude oil in the pipe line and the dry well in which his whole fortune and future were sunk. By tapping the line he could steal enough oil and divert it into the dry well to make a strike possible.

A few hours would suffice to send stock soaring and to bring speculators into the country in a cloud. To sell the company out would be a simple matter—for Mort Bennett was in control and the sight of a few hundred dollars profit in a month would be sufficient, Cyrus thought, to swing the old man's votes that way.

Then, when the neighbors were all satisfied and foreign capital was in charge, it would only be necessary to break the connection, cover all traces of the deceit, and leave the newcomers to get out the best way they could. Cyrus quieted his stirring conscience by the somewhat devious reasoning that somebody had to suffer and that rich oil speculators could bear the burden far more easily than could he and his fellows. Conscience, in truth, was not much of a factor.

The situation was desperate—Cyrus was beside himself with anxiety. He flew at the necessary work as soon as it was dark that night and in a week had completed the underground. He congratulated himself that it was well done—from above, the most searching eye could not have detected the connections.

Then a heavy rain set in; the drillers were driven from their work and the whole enterprise was temporarily estopped. Cyrus was worn out by his night work and his worry, but now he was given a new cause for anxiety.

Old Mort Bennett, who was no such business incompetent as Cyrus, had put an expert on the company's books, and it was only a question of hours when the first audit would be finished. It would suggest questions to Bennett—questions of a personal and penetrating nature; it would bare a scandal; it would quicken the tongue of old Mrs. Whitesides. And by this time Cyrus had given up all hope of striking oil sand in the well; he marveled that he had ever been led to enthusiasm for the wild project.

He went to bed early that rainy afternoon and his exhaustion made him dream. He thought Nancy discovered him, in his tunnel near the dry well, driving the connecting pipe into the casing, and he woke with perspiration beading his face. Relaxed from the strain of the past week he had time to stop and think; and it was not nice thinking. The rain imprisoned him with his conscience, which stirred to tweak his soul and twist the tail of his scheme. He began to realize suddenly that, unless he pushed the plan to completion in a desperate hurry, he was going to have a fight with himself; and he jumped up, threw on a raincoat and stumbled off up the rise toward the arroyo.

(Continued on Page 72)

Digitized by Google

TROUPIN' WITH DAN CUPID

A Romance of the Humming Bird—By L. B. Yates

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

UNDER the skillful direction of the Humming Bird, Quintus Philucius Perkins had bet the major part of a ten-thousand-dollar bank roll. It was his first visit to the race track, and he emerged from the maelstrom of the betting ring with his whole being shaken from its original moorings. He was experiencing all the sensations of a man who, at the supreme moment, has been dragged back from the greedy suction of a whirlpool.

Q. Philucius was a diminutive, saffron-colored individual whose peaked countenance was decorated with little sorrel whiskers. He had never before put down a bet of any kind in his life. One might even go farther and add to the mystery of this untoward departure by stating that, besides being cashier of the Boville National Bank, Q. Philucius was also superintendent of the Righteousness League in his home town.

A prying bank examiner might have diagnosed the why of this new plunger's advent on the turf; but fortunately this narrative does not have to deal with that particular phase of the case, it being sufficient to state he had hardly purchased a day badge and passed through the main entrance when the Humming Bird "made" him and took him in tow.

Out on the lawn the little man, with something more than a supreme effort, shook himself together. The cyclonic happening of the last half hour focused itself before his mind's eye as a mental moving picture. In a certain hazy manner he realized that he had taken a desperate chance to rehabilitate himself; and, now that he had essayed the fatal plunge, he began to wonder what uncanny, hypnotic influence caused him to fall so far under the magic spell of the Humming Bird's argumentative powers that he had risked his all on one fell throw of the racing dice. The Bird could have relieved his mind on that score; but if he did so it is not recorded.

"Were you—ahem!—were you ever the—er—the—er—what I mean to say—that is—ahem!—were you ever the victim of misplaced confidence?" stammered Q. Philucius in uneasy tones as he nervously adjusted the Henry Clay collar he wore, and pulled to an exact perpendicular the black pedagogic tie decorating it.

"You've got me goin', pal," responded the Bird affably. "You ramble along with words like a corn doctor at a convention. You've gotta slip it to me in United States. Go back an' try it over again."

"What I meant to say was, did any of those bunko persons ever relieve you of your available funds?" stuttered Q. Philucius in hasty amendment.

"Oh," vouchsafed the Bird airily, "you broke through th' barrier th' first time. Why, sure; I fell overboard before I found me sea legs. Th' first time I blowed into Frisco, I ain't off the ferryboat when one o' them deep-sea pirates sells me th' hat-checkin' privilege in a Jewish synagogue; an' th' last time I visited little old New York I was showin' a gent th' way to his hotel when a gink lifts th' only twenty-caser I had to work with. That was th' office for me to duck back to th' track. Them regular towners are tough amarabalis to deal for. This is th' onliest game, pal, for a square guy."

A little negro exercising boy had just warmed up a racer and came jogging slowly back, close to the outer rails. He was humming in subdued staccato an old and familiar refrain:

Ebbery gam'lin' man, he knows
Easy come an' easy goes.

The melody came to Q. Philucius on the ill wind of prophecy. He shivered.

"I don't see how I came to bet all that money," he droned. "It's an awful lot to risk on one race. If anything should happen I ——"

"Nix on that!" retorted the Humming Bird with a certain swift understanding that amazed his companion. "Nix on th' talk-talk stuff! You bet because you thought I was right, and you need money so bad that if Wall Street and th' race tracks was closed up you'd gone out with a club into some dark alley to get it; but throw that all in th' deadwood. You'll go home to-night with a bank roll that'd choke a dog. This beagle we're bettin' on will win by a Sabbath day's journey and you'll be trottin' on th' dollar side. Whoopee! There they go! They're off an' we beat th' barrier. Yip, yip! Shorty has took him over to th' rail and is settin' sail! Berdooey Bow don't wake him up. Shorty-boy, let him just roll along an' sleep."

Q. Philucius rose on his tiptoes and nervously grasped the Bird's shoulder.

"I'm nearsighted," he gasped. "I can see only a dim blur across the track. I feel as though I was going to faint. Where is our horse now?"

"In front by two lengths at th' half pole!" chortled the Bird jubilantly. "He's just wingin' along, old pal; runnin' to his work like I told you he would. He's a bear in th' jungles to-day; money from home an' gravy in th' dish!"

Mentally stampeded, Q. Philucius took a firmer hold on the Bird's coat collar, while his little feet beat a nervous tattoo on the brick pavement as he hopped up and down in a futile endeavor to see over the heads of other racing enthusiasts forming a solid phalanx along the quarter-stretch fence.

"Is he still in front? Is he winning?" he croaked weakly as the Bird announced in stentorian tones that the horses had reached the head of the stretch.

"You bet you, pal!" hummed his erstwhile mentor. "If you was as sure of salvation as that this horse will cop th' kale, you'd have first call on an orchestra chair in paradise now. He's bid 'em all good-by, an' he's comin' home like Bill Bryan runnin' for office. Whoopee! Set steady on him, Shorty! Let him rate along—don't pull th' bat, 'cause he ain't no whip horse. Just hand-ride him, Shorty—hand-ride him, boy! An' whisper the tidin's in his ear!"

The Humming Bird's exhortation took on the volume of a foghorn as he continued to shout instructions to the jockey. It rose and fell, and reëchoed its way across the inner field, swelling the chorus of shrieking partisans who rocked the grand stand with earnest appeals to the horses of their choice. Then, all at once, his voice trailed off to a whisper, and he wheeled about so quickly that he tore himself loose from the tenacious grasp of his companion.

"What's the matter? Has anything gone wrong?" stuttered the little man, swiftly diagnosing the look of consternation that swept across the Bird's countenance. "Tell me quickly! I can't stand this suspense—it's just horrible!"

For answer the Humming Bird, with one swift motion, batted the saffron one's hat almost over his eye.

"Root! You sucker, root!" he hissed. "If you think you're lucky now's th' time to make motions. Here they come; an' it looks as though th' jock on the favorite has caught Shorty nappin'. Root! You rabbit, root!"

The Divinity Stood Pantomimically Exhorting Old Melodrama to Come Home and Win

Down the last sixteenth thundered two horses locked as a team. It was one of those desperate finishes that lift men and women off their feet and rend the atmosphere with the din of pandemonium. As the rival racers flashed past the spot where the Humming Bird and his companion stood they were head and head, neither having the advantage. As they swept under the wire no man except the judges could tell which horse had won.

A moment of tense suspense and then the numbers rose slowly on the result board. As Q. Philucius saw the topmost one he emitted a wail of dismay, crumpling up against the Humming Bird. The latter, with lips tightly compressed, was gazing off into vacancy.

"I'm ruined—ruined—ruined forever and ever!" sobbed the little man hysterically. "You don't know what it means to me! I—I can never face them at home. I'm an outlawed man! If you only knew ——" Then his voice trailed away off as he whispered in a dull monotone: "I—I—I'm twenty thousand dollars short. I can't get back; I'd better end it all here."

He made a swift movement toward his hip pocket, where the eagle eye of the Humming Bird caught the faint outline of a pistol; and that gentleman was not slow to appreciate what would happen to him should a race-track tragedy be enacted in his immediate vicinity, and which could in any way be traced to his activities. He reached forth and grasped the disconsolate one firmly by the lapels of his coat, dragging him by main force out of the crowd to a vacant spot farther down, by the fence.

"If you ain't careful you'll scramble th' eggs for fair," he hissed with a rising inflection, accompanying each word with an admonitory shake that made the little man's teeth rattle. "When you ain't hep to what's happenin', why don't you lay back an' play dead? Now looky here; them numbers up there only indicates which horse finished first. It ain't th' official result, at all, at all. Why, you blamed ape, he could be disqualified, couldn't he? You get me, eh? Well, now, all you've got to do is to wait right in this spot until I come back. I have an ace up me sleeve. The judges are me friends. When they find out that we have all our kale down they'll switch th' placin' so's th' money'll come our way. You just wait here an' don't stir out of this spot till I make th' pass."

With a final glance intended to convey reproof and patronizing toleration, the Bird pushed his way back into

"I'm Ruined—Ruined—Ruined Forever and Ever! You Don't Know What it Means! I Can Never Face Them at Home"

Digitized by Google

the crowd; and, once out of sight of his victim, he made a bee line for the gate. It was no time to stand on the order of his going.

"Them small-town rubes are th' limit!" panted the Bird as, with hurried steps, he reached the end of the stand nearest the main entrance. "Here's a guy aimin' to put his light out because he goes kerflooey! Huh! It was up to me to make a quick stall and to show some indications of speed in th' get-away. If he hadda bumped hisself off, an' me round, I'd 'a' been barred for life. I guess I'd better beat it before th' track gets heavy. I never was no account in th' mud."

As he passed the steps leading to the stand, a murmur of subdued applause, drowned in its infancy by a succeeding storm of catcalls and hisses, stayed his departure momentarily, and the Bird faced about quickly to diagnose the situation. Out on the track the riders were dismounting and carrying their equipment to the scales. Shorty Sheridan, the jockey who had ridden the horse of the Bird's choice, having already weighed in, was climbing the steps that led to the pagoda occupied by the judges.

"S'help if Shorty ain't goin' to claim a foul!" ejaculated the Bird wonderingly. "Gosh a'might'! It mightn't be th' blow-off, after all, and th' corpse might come to life. Uh-huh! There goes Charley Kelly, that rode th' favorite. He always was a rough-ridin' goat, an' th' judges is liable to pan him. I guess I'd better linger."

The Bird shifted uneasily from one foot to the other as he waited for the official dictum that meant so much to him. The horse he had persuaded the newcomer to bet on had been touted by him for months with a view to reaping a rich reward. Being of a philosophic turn of mind, he had to exercise all his self-control to forbear pondering on the difference that a single nod of a race horse had made to his finances.

The minutes seemed to lengthen into hours, and the tension grew as he watched the gesticulations of the officials arguing pro and con. Then all at once the presiding judge waved his hand, with a downward motion, to the man who stood by the indication board across the track. The numbers were lowered and that of the favorite and winner removed. He had been disqualified.

With one long-drawn yelp of delight the Bird sprang nimbly from the steps where he had climbed, the better to view the proceedings, and sped with flying feet toward the spot where he had left Q. Philucius Perkins. The excitement of the last few moments had proved too much for that worthy. He was leaning almost halfway across the low fence that separated the quarter stretch from the outer rails. To all appearance he had passed into a veritable trance, gazing at nothing in particular with lackluster eyes.

"Come out of it! Come out of it!" bawled the Humming Bird as he danced about the little banker in indescribable ecstasy. "Wake up, little man, an' join the chorus! What did I tell you? Didn't I keep you out of th' poorhouse? You see what it is now to hook up with a guy what knows where he's at; but I had an awful time, wigwaggin' them judges an' gettin' Shorty to go into the stand an' claim a foul. I wouldn't of pulled that stuff for no one else on earth; but I knowed you was in bad an' I wanted to get you out. Shake yourself together an' get busy cashin' them tickets."

With a determined effort, Q. Philucius Perkins straightened up, passing palsied fingers across a bloodless countenance.

"It was a terrible strain—a terrible, terrible strain!" he mumbled weakly. "You can't appreciate my feelings, sir. I owe you so much—everything, in fact. I hardly know how to thank you or repay you."

"That'll be all right!" attested the Bird with a declamatory wave of the hand. "That'll be all right! Your next play is to brace up an' not act as though you was bein' chased by a ghost. Slip me about a thousand bucks' worth of them tickets for meself an' five hundred for Shorty Sheridan, th' jock. That'll give you enough to square yourself, won't it?"

"Oh, plenty—abundance," gurgled Q. Philucius as he produced the tickets. "You're welcome to anything, my dear sir, that you think will be fair and just. No matter how much, I know that I can't adequately repay you. The fact of the matter is, I ——"

The Humming Bird again interrupted, however, cutting off the little man's valedictory.

"Forget it! Forget it!" he broke in shortly. "Just get th' rest of them tickets turned into real money an' beat it away from here. It's a dollar to a rotten apple you've got a wife an' kids at home that need you a blame' sight more than the race track. Nobody will ever mistake you for a gambler, any more than they will me for a minister of the Gospel. You're even now; an', take it from me, you've had the luckiest turn you'll ever have if you live to be a thousand years old. If you had another close call like that you wouldn't need to pump yourself full of lead, because you'd die of heart disease before you got your gat halfway out of your pocket. What did you say your name was?"

"My name?" quavered the little man. "My name! Why, I thought I told you when we first met. It's Quintus Philucius Perkins."

"Well, on your way, Philucius," admonished the Humming Bird; "on your way! Th' climate about here don't suit your constitution. You belong where the farmers are still livin' off hog an' hominy, an' are happy. If I was in your place, whenever I got close enough to see a race-track fence after this I'd take it on th' run!"

"Besides Which, Miss Lady, Do You Know I'm the Original Holiday Maker From Holidayville?"

II

WITH the tangible results of his latest adventure bulging his pockets, and at peace with all mankind, the Humming Bird, having recrossed the ferry, swung jauntily up Market Street. There was perhaps nothing to distinguish him from thousands of young fellows one might meet between Golden Gate Park and the water front. With youth and purchasing power, he had all the world before him. Best or worst of all—whichever you will—up to this time of writing the Humming Bird was heart-whole and fancy-free.

At the corner of Sansome Street, where it merges into the main thoroughfare, the wonderful thing happened. From big stores employees were pouring forth at the close of the day's work; and at that very moment a scantily clad young gentleman, with whom the Bird had no previous acquaintance or quarrel, bent his sturdy little back and let fly a shining arrow. That weapon sped true to its mark.

The Humming Bird paused irresolutely, standing for an instant as though spellbound, his eyes focused on a retreating figure. Then, with a spurious attempt at nonchalance, he pulled himself together.

"It ain't me," he protested with exceeding warmth. "It ain't me; it's somebody else. I ain't troupin' with Dan Cupid nor fallin' for no frail."

Be it recorded, nevertheless, that, as the vision flitted gracefully onward, the Humming Bird followed—followed—while the most masterful of all musicians was playing a marvelous melody on his heartstrings—followed, because the mightiest of all magicians was beckoning; but, most of all, he followed because, for the first time in his variegated career, and all unwittingly, he came to the turn of the road, and beneath him in the valley lay, smiling upward, the verdure-clad meadows and sun-kissed glories of Heart's Desire.

And now for the divinity: She was a wonderful combination of bewildering beauty, augmented by a trim tailor-made costume. Passers-by accorded her more than a casual glance as she skimmed gracefully along; and the Bird, being only human, followed blindly, as mayhap many a better man had done before.

At Powell Street the revelation paused to wait for the car that climbs the cable up the hill; and the Humming Bird, who had unconsciously quickened his pace so that he might not lose sight of her, was forced to pull up abruptly.

"The play comin' up this way ain't natural," he soliloquized. "Far be it from me that any dame should hang my scalp in her belt; but she sure looks good enough to bet on. If she don't favor th' best two-year-old I ever owned in me life, I can't spell horse. It won't hurt nothin' for me to trail along. Of course I ain't fallin' for no skirt. Whenever me couplin' tears loose, before th' engine is clear of th' yards, I'll let somebody know."

And so, having struck a balance with his conscience, the Bird boarded the hind end of the car, while the unconscious object of his admiration took a seat outside in front, next the motorman.

At the apex of the second hill the girl alighted and walked rapidly over to a large apartment house standing on the opposite corner. The Humming Bird strolled down on the far side of the street and reconnoitered.

"Rents about seventy-five iron men a month, pay in advance an' give a bushel of references," mused the Bird as he took a mental invoice of the surroundings; but before he had reached the corner of the block, the goddess emerged and passed quickly to the grocery store on the opposite side.

She had scarcely entered when the Bird slid rapidly across and shot into the vestibule of the building she had just left. With lightning rapidity he scanned the names on the letter boxes in the hall, slipping out again with the same celerity that marked his advent. The Humming Bird grinned to himself as he stole back to the shadows of the corner. Adventure was about to be crowned by discovery.

Again he watched the girl cross to the apartment house, but he noted with satisfaction that she returned empty handed. The Humming Bird, sensing his next move, chuckled and waited expectantly.

In a few moments a red-headed boy with a basket of groceries came out of the store and started across the street. The Humming Bird bounced from his hiding place and intercepted him.

"'Lo, kid!" he exclaimed airily as he planted himself between that worthy and his obvious destination. "'Lo, old pal! Is you goin' over to Miss Hawkins' place? If you are I guess there ain't nobody to home. I've been ringing her bell for the last ten minutes an' there ain't no answer. You don't happen to know where she has went, do you?"

"Naw; I ain't goin' to Miss Hawkins'," retorted the red-headed boy suspiciously. "She don't deal with us. Did you think I was keeping cases on all th' old maids on Nob Hill? What are you stallin' about anyway? I ain't no boob; I'm alive—hand it to me!"

For answer the Bird broke into a hearty laugh.

"You're all right, pal," he chortled; "if you had what was comin' to you you'd be herdin' butterflies. I kin see you some day with a ten-carat Montana boy nailed to a blue sweater, and circus parades will take to th' side streets when they hear you comin'. You'll get to the big show through th' main entrance, all right. Come clean, pal—come clean! I ain't a-goin' to insult you by intimatin' that you don't know where you're headed for."

"Does anything go with th' language?" supplemented the boy impatiently. "If it don't there ain't nothin' doin'."

"Anything go?" hummed the Bird as he produced a healthy-looking roll. "Anything go? I should say it did! My fingers ain't stiff." He peeled off a crisp new ten-dollar bill. "If that ain't enough climb aboard an' help yourself."

The boy's eyes bulged as he reached for the money. He gripped it in a freckled fist and buried it deeply in the capacious pockets of his overalls.

"I'm next," he attested with uncanny perspicacity; "I heard you th' first time. Her name is Miss Letitia Vandaleur, an' she lives wit' her mudder, Flat Five, lookin' out on de alley. Her old man died when she was a kid. Folks thought he was a millionaire, but he wasn't; an' I guess they ain't got much left. She works down to the Tennant Hardware Company—cashier there; an' she's de swellest girl! Why, say ——"

"You're a wise guinea, you are!" broke in the Bird with an admirably feigned air of supreme disgust. "I'll bet, th' day you was born, somebody told your mother that if you lived long enough you'd be President of th' United States. If I was you I'd have th' first sawbones I met feel the knobs on me nut. You might find out somethin'. Here I am tryin' to get a line on old Miss Hawkins, and I figured you was holdin' out on me. She's me aunt, and I ain't seen her since I was halter-broke. I wanted to spring a surprise on th' old lady, an' here you are so damned smart that you'd put a treeful of owls on th' hummer.

"Keep th' kale I handed you—I don't need it; but after this, whenever you kid anything, put on your ice-cream clothes an' kid th' weather."

Digitized by Google

"Honest t' Gawd, mister," interpolated the red-headed boy earnestly, "honest t' Gawd, I ——"

"Lay off!" retorted the Bird with biting emphasis as he turned away. "Go on back to countin' eleven for a dozen an' dealin' shorts for th' suckers. That's your long suit. Then, with a little more trainin', you'll be a high-class burglar some day."

He wheeled down the hill, chuckling as he went.

"That's one guy in th' air anyway," he vouchsafed to himself. "I guess it's up to me to play th' hand out. It wouldn't create no riot if I was to send her a few flowers or such. Of course it's a society stunt, but most girls is strong for that kind of stuff."

He turned into the Saint Jerome and made his way directly to the flower stand.

"How much does them roses set me back?" he queried of the attendant in charge, pointing to a huge vase of American Beauties.

"Best are now sellin' for four dollars a dozen," replied that individual.

"Send two dozen every day to this address," exclaimed the Humming Bird hastily; "send 'em until th' bill is wore out." He tossed a fifty-dollar gold certificate carelessly on the counter.

"Be sure you don't make no flivver on her name!" he warned. "That's right; you got it—Miss Letitia Vandaleur, th' Kenworthy Apartments."

"You will, of course, inclose your card?" suggested the salesman diffidently. "It's the usual thing to do, and ——"

"There ain't goin' to be no card," declared the Humming Bird emphatically. "Th' game ain't goin' to be played that way at all, at all." He turned as though to go, but paused. "Say, wait a minute," he amended; "hold th' deal! Who's that guy that don't never sign his name? I used to know it, but I've plumb forgotten it. It's Any-somethin'-or-other."

"Oh, you mean Anonymous?" suggested the man behind the counter.

"That's the *hombre*," affirmed the Humming Bird with supreme conviction; "that's th' monniker! Just make out a bunch of cards for him an' tie one to every box you send out. That guy won't never savvy that we has jobbed him; an' what he don't know won't hurt him."

III

FOR many days thereafter the race track knew not the Bird or his activities; and, further, this being a reliable record of accomplishment, it is only fitting to state that most of that worthy's time was spent between the street corner opposite the Kenworthy Apartments and the one more nearly contiguous to the Tennant Hardware Company's store.

Notwithstanding this untoward devotion, however, the course of his true love was beset with obstacles, the salient reason being that the lady in the case might as well have been in the antipodes so far as having any inkling she was the central figure of a romance.

In the morning, when she sallied forth to work, the Humming Bird, lurking in the distance, gallantly escorted her thereto, but never obtruded his presence at a closer range than that of half a block. With all his versatility of resource, for once in his life he felt completely at a disadvantage. The ocean of love is wider than the combined Seven Seas, and the hero of this tale was drifting about on a sailless and rudderless craft.

All things must have an end, however. The Humming Bird was not what the world would call a forehanded man and the product of the episode quoted in the opening chapter did not last forever; so it was on the morning of Thanksgiving Day that he found himself facing the ancient problem. He was down to bedrock; and, taking a rapid invoice of his finances, it did not take him long to discover that the one-time plethoric bank roll had dwindled to a few paltry dollars. Then, and only then, did the Humming Bird realize that there was an insistent call to return to the scene of his former labors.

"If a feller happens to hit it lucky," he soliloquized, "he can run two bucks into two million. All ye gotta do is to land a couple o' winners an' the rest is as easy as fallin' downstairs. Saint James is a lay-down in the first, an' he should be a fat price. Bein' Thanksgivin', it should be a regular day anyway for an angel to fly into th' aviary."

After crossing the ferry he took the train that went directly to the track. As is usual on holidays, the car was crowded; and when the Humming Bird slid into the only vacant seat he noticed that a lady had preëmpted the other half. While the engine puffed noisily out of the darkened shed he stole a swift sidelong glance at his companion.

Up to this writing, no man had ever accused the Humming Bird of being a craven; but now he curled up within himself, while he could feel his heart beating a swift rataplan against his left suspender buckle. The goddess, looking if possible more bewitching than ever, was sitting beside him!

For a brief instant his faculties seemed to go numb, and then a *soupçon* of his old assurance returned. Undoubtedly it was the appointed time. There was no use talking; the gods had dealt the cards and it devolved on him to play them.

Cunningly the Bird manipulated the newspaper he held in his hand until it brushed against the vanity case that lay on the girl's lap and knocked it off onto the floor. Then, with elaborate apologies, he recovered and restored it.

"Excuse me, lady," he stammered as he dusted the bag off with what seemed to be unnecessary care. "I had an awful time makin' this train an' I'm flustered to beat th' band. Say, do you know, I was scared stiff for fear I was a-goin' to miss th' first race!"

The girl bowed her acknowledgments, thanking him in conventional tones, but so graciously withal that the Bird felt justified in continuing the conversation. That part of it, however, was not such a hard task for him as one might suppose. The stern demands of his profession exacted versatility and supreme judgment, where snapshotting human nature was concerned. His *nom de course* had not been bestowed on him unworthily.

Once in his stride, he rattled along and played about with words in a manner marvelous to contemplate. Older and wiser heads than that possessed by the goddess had fallen under the magic spell of the Bird's word painting. In any other line of endeavor he would have risen to rapid eminence; and his terse and timely comments on passing events, twisting thought as he only could into novel expression, facilitated his rapid progress into the good graces of his companion.

And, say what you will, youth is a wonderful thing; and the girl, without any thought of transgressing the proprieties in such cases made and provided, let down the bars to her other and more primitive self, and joined merrily in the Bird's sallies. To her he was an entirely new character—one of the kind who had never invaded her world before.

If there be any eighth heaven of delight the Humming Bird felt he had reached that haven; because, not having dipped into the psychology of these things, and being unaware that devotion after all is a natural instinct and that sooner or later every man will find something to worship, the circumstances surrounding the occasion added inspiration and the Bird was at his best.

A wonderful and subtle picture he drew of the romance of racing to those who made it a livelihood. He chattered along of his famous stable and of the number of big stakes that had been annexed by his champions. Moreover, when it came to a matter of juggling millions from one hand to the other the Bird yielded to no man.

"Besides which," he amended hastily after a glowing account of his turf triumphs, "besides which, Miss Lady, do you know I'm the original Holiday Maker from Holidayville?"

The girl laughed.

"I'm afraid I'm a very bad girl to-day," she confided naïvely. "Mother has a horror of any woman who attends the races. I imagine I fibbed to her in spirit, because she thinks I have gone over to the Greek Theater to attend the exercises there. Still, I could not resist the temptation to come to the races. I love the horses, and a holiday like this is the only opportunity I have of seeing them. I suppose you think I'm very silly."

"Nix!" retorted the Bird with supreme conviction. "Everybody likes 'em—that is, everybody who ain't crazy. You certainly ain't makin' no mistake, sister, when you declare yourself for th' speed thing. Was you ever here before?"

"Only once," replied the divinity. "On last Christmas Day I came over with a gentleman who travels for our house, and had a most delightful day."

"You never had a bet down, then, I reckon?" interpolated the Bird. "It ain't likely that a guy like him would know much about th' game."

"Oh, indeed, yes," she broke in. "I'm ashamed to say I had a small wager on every race. Mr. Galbraith insisted on putting up two dollars on each event for me, and he really appeared to know a good deal about the horses. At the end of the day I was six dollars winner."

"Two dollars to a race!" exclaimed the Bird with every manifestation of contempt. "Two dollars to a race, huh? That gink must 'a' had an awful cramp in his arm! If he got mixed up with th' real thing—he'd 'a' faded away like frost off a doorstep. I've seen his kind lots o' times. They ain't got no savvy—most of 'em 'd hand a dollar cigar to a canary. You just wait till we get to the track and there sure'll be somethin' stirrin'!"

As the train pulled up at the platform immediately before the main entrance to the track, the Humming Bird, with elaborate courtesy, helped his companion to alight and immediately made a bee line for the ticket office.

"Just wait here a minute," he cautioned, "an' I'll get you a badge. There's an awful mob in line an' you'd have to wait all day to get it yourself. I'll shillaber up in front an' horn my way into that end of th' line."

Without waiting for the divinity to protest he rushed over to the window and returned quickly, waving aside all attempts of the girl to reimburse him. It was a heroic undertaking. His bank roll totaled only two dollars; after making the purchase one dollar remained. Still, he comforted himself with the thought that the dollar could be bet on the chances of Saint James in the first race, but even here he counted without his host, because he had hardly passed the turnstiles when he was confronted by the venders of programs. The Bird purchased two, which barred him very effectually—in his present financial condition at least—from further participation in the sport of kings.

His optimism never wavered, however; and as he escorted the vision to the end of the grand stand farthest away from the paddock he felt all the self-appreciation of a conquering hero.

"So you wasn't only once to the races before?" he chattered as he pointed away off to the opposite side of the track where, in one long shed called Irish Row, the horses of the various poorer owners were stabled, from the center stall of which he could see the head of his solitary badge horse protruding. "You see, it's different with me," he continued. "I been with th' ponies all me life an', as I told you, I've got one of the biggest strings here. D'you see that long row opposite? Well, they're all mine. Costs a lot o' money t' keep 'em? I should say it did! But then, all you've gotta do is to win a race or two every week, and then you've got money to throw to the cuckoos.

"Now you just sit here a minute," resumed the Bird; "just sit here till I go down

(Continued on Page 52)

"What are You Stallin' About Anyway? I Ain't No Boob; I'm Alice—Hand it to Me!"

Digitized by Google

VOTE FOR SHIMADA!

Phases of a National Congressional Campaign in Japan

By Samuel G. Blythe

ONE evening early in March I chanced to be on the Isezakichio, in Yokohama. It was just at dusk. The electric lights had been turned on and the ballyhoo men in front of the moving-picture houses shouted the attractions of their various establishments, and excitedly called attention to the pink and purple and yellow pictures displayed above their doors to give a foretaste of the thrills within—pictures whereln out-of-perspective Japanese soldiers were gallantly rescuing futurist Japanese ladies from the demoniac clutches of cubist Japanese villains. At every corner native street fakers were insistently barking their wares, which included medicines, cosmetics, pipes—about the same line of stuff sold by American street fakers, and about the same line of sharpers selling it.

An artist, working in various lumps of brightly colored sugar paste, modeled, with slim and expert fingers, any candy beast or bird desired; and groups of children stood about and shuddered at the fearsomeness of his bright green dragons, and laughed at the comical blue monkeys. There were fountain-pen sellers, offering pens guaranteed to last forever for a few sen a pen; auctioneers; jewelry purveyors, who had rings that looked like gold for seven and a half cents each; and a merchandise lottery, where you trustfully paid so much for a number and invariably received a prize from an imposing shelf behind the managers—a prize that never was one of the valuable things displayed, but always either a soap box, with Mount Fuji stamped on it, or a bottle of liquid face bleach.

Men squatted on the pavement and demonstrated the peculiar merits of the writing brushes they had for sale, rapidly and with many flourishes painting sample convoluted characters, and promising that any purchaser would find himself equally facile, because of the transcendent merits of their brushes. A smooth and smiling young man who wore a kimono and a raffish bowler hat was endeavoring to induce the gaping Japanese to have their fortunes told by means of the bumps on their shaved heads. The thwack-thwack of the flat paddles the auctioneers use in knocking down their goods made a continual din. A band blared Japanese ragtime from a balcony in front of the largest moving-picture palace, which displayed a sign reading: "Foreign Flims Onle!"

The fried-fish shops stank greasily. Stewed devilfish was offered in plentiful supply, and various seaweed concoctions and sweetmeats of all sorts, in stall after stall. Standing on the bridge at one end, the street seemed to proceed through a forest of tall thin trees, growing slantwise, from which hung red and blue and yellow and purple foliage. These were streamers, on which were painted enticements in Japanese characters urging the pleasure-faring Japanese to go no farther, but to stop at this particular place and spend their rin.

A Campaign Rally in Yokohama

ONE enterprising showman had a large yellow gas bag, shaped like a Zeppelin, floating above his door; and the barker called strident attention to it as an accurate model of the Japanese type of dirigible, the Parseval. The jinrikisha men trotted through the crowds and added to the tumult with their continuous warning cries of Hy-ee-ah-ha!

If you shut your eyes it was easy to imagine yourself in Coney Island. Open them and you were on Theater Street, in Yokohama, where the Japanese go to be amused.

I saw many men, their clogs making a hurried flicflac on the pavement, turning into a little alley that led off to the left; so I turned off into the little alley and followed them. We went past a little Shrine of the Fox, where some devout Japanese had placed a dish of rice and soy for the propitiation of that astute god; and presently I saw a large building, from which there hung many white streamers, each streamer screaming something in big black Japanese characters. The Japanese jammed into this building; and I jammed in too. It was a large rectangular hall, with a stage on one of the long sides and a gallery extending above on three sides; and it was filled with silent Japanese, sitting in stolid rows or standing behind the seats, all with their hats on, and many of them smoking cigarettes or their minute pipes.

Police Forcing an Entrance Through the Crowd in Front of the Houses of Parliament to Allow Members of the Diet to Attend the Diet Session

Back of the stage there were more streamers—a dozen of them; and they all seemed to convey the same exhortation to my un-Japanese eye. No person was on the stage; but there was a small table, a pitcher and a glass. It was plain enough. I had happened on a political meeting. The national campaign for the election of members of the lower house of the Diet, or Parliament, was then at its fiercest, with but two weeks to run before election day; and here apparently was a place where the voters of Yokohama were to be told why they should support some aspiring statesmen and patriots.

"A political meeting?" I said to a Japanese who stood beside me and who looked as though he could talk English—you can tell them at a glance, these English-speaking natives, and there are many of them, two hundred to one of the foreigners who can speak Japanese, probably more than that by ratio.

"Yes; a political meeting," he answered, politely bowing and sucking in his breath.

"What party?"

"Government party."

"What do those streamers say?" I asked, pointing to the long white strips of cloth that flaunted their exhortations in Japanese characters of gigantic size.

"They say: Vote for Shimada!"

"Vote for Shimada!" I repeated. "Why, isn't Shimada of the Opposition?"

"Not now," replied the Japanese. "He is now in support of Count Okuma and Baron Kato."

Shimada! I know Shimada—the smartest Japanese politician of the lot, who has had a seat continuously in the Japanese lower house since that lower house was first organized in 1890; Shimada, the adroit debater, the tireless orator—if they had Shimada in the United States Senate their filibusters would be easier—who can talk one hour or ten hours or twenty, and then have plenty of talk left; Shimada, who was in Washington not so long ago—a Japanese Uncle Joe Cannon, without the age; and a Japanese James Hamilton Lewis, without the whiskers; and a Japanese Jim Mann, without the grouch.

Imagine the political sagacity of a man who can stay in Parliament for almost twenty-five years in Japan, where the mutations of politics are so various that even the Japanese are in doubt as to where they stand from day to day, and where new parties come up overnight and die at the dusk—an adaptable citizen, Shimada, and a campaigner to whom any American spellbinder might look for points.

"Is Shimada to speak?"

"It is so announced."

So I waited; and soon after six o'clock, when the hall could not hold another person, and the shuffle of the clogs of hundreds outside who could not get in drowned every other sound, Shimada appeared, clad in his kimono and accompanied by another candidate and a fat and fussy chairman. The chairman spoke. Occasionally there was handclapping. The other candidate read something from a paper and had little applause.

Then Shimada rose, a short, broad-shouldered man, with the square face of a certain type of Japanese, a continual smile, and a flow of language that is inexhaustible. Shimada spoke. He had great applause. As he made each point he stopped and took a sip of water in the most approved style of the American platform orator. He used many gestures. He was impassioned, coldly analytical, ingratiating, jocose and earnest.

"What is he saying?" I asked my Japanese friend.

"He says," replied that willing interpreter, "that the prosperity and security of Japan depend on the indorsement of the candidates offered by the government for membership of the lower house of Parliament, and particularly on the return of himself. He says that the Opposition party—the Seiyukai—has been tried and found wanting; that it has been profligate in its expenditure of the money of the people; that it has no regard for the welfare of Japan, but seeks to hold its power in order to line the pockets of its members with the people's wealth; that the Doshikai is the true party of progress; and that the fate of Japan is trembling in the balance at this election. He promises, if he is elected, to safeguard the interests of the people and to administer their affairs wisely and honestly; and he appeals to their patriotism and their love of progress to send him back to Parliament, where he has represented them for so many years."

How familiar it all sounded! There was Shimada, in a hall just off the Isezakichio, in Yokohama, a candidate for Congress, talking the same kind of talk that a thousand or so Americans will be talking in the United States in the Congressional campaign a year from next fall. Among other things, politics has its share in making the whole world kin.

I learned that the Seiyukai had had a meeting in the same hall on the day before, when the Seiyukai candidates had had a big crowd also, and had put up their streamers and made their appeals. The general election was to be held on March twenty-fifth; and excitement, as both the Japanese and the American journalists put it, was at fever heat at this time, a fortnight before that date.

Few Voters but Lots of Enthusiasm

SO NEXT day I sought out a Japanese friend, wise in Japanese politics, told him about the meeting I had attended, and asked him:

"How many of the men who were at that meeting, or at the Seiyukai meeting on the night before, can vote at the election?"

"Possibly fifteen per cent of them," he replied. "Maybe not more than ten per cent; maybe as high as twenty per cent—but no more than that."

The population of Japan, exclusive of colonies, in 1909 was 50,255,000, and at the present time is probably fifty-three or fifty-three and a half million, as the annual rate of increase is about six hundred and fifty thousand. Figuring, as we do, that one in five is a male of voting age, there should be a voting population in Japan, if suffrage were universal, of at least ten million. Instead, suffrage is not universal; it is largely restricted.

In round numbers about a million and a half of the Japanese have the franchise; and of these, at a general election like the one held in March of this year, about eighty per cent vote. Before a Japanese can vote he must be at least twenty-five years old and pay ten yen a year, or five dollars, of direct taxation. There are other restrictions, also; but these are the general terms. Therefore, it is remarkable to see so great an interest in politics among a people who mostly have no vote or any sort of say in political matters.

The explanation of that is this: The Japanese newspapers are largely political. Every Japanese journalist is a statesman and all are constantly writing of politics. Almost the entire population of Japan can read. Even the coolies read the newspapers. Thus, though their interest in politics must remain vicarious, it is none the less great; and they eagerly go to political meetings and discuss political affairs, though they have no part in either the affairs or the politics of them, except to pay their taxes and

Digitized by Google

have their riots when there is an attempt to raise street-car fares a third of a cent, or some other momentous question comes along.

The Imperial Japanese Diet had its first sitting in 1890, and the one that will be elected before this article appears in print will be the thirty-first since that time. With the Restoration, in 1868, the Emperor proclaimed an imperial oath of five articles, in which he swore, on and to the spirits of his imperial ancestors, that he would govern the country by means of a legislative assembly, or Diet, and with due regard to public opinion. A Constitution was granted in 1889, and there was an election that provided a Diet, which had its first sitting in 1890.

Theoretically Japan is an absolutism, over which an emperor reigns by virtue of succession; but, to some extent as it has worked out, it is a constitutional monarchy. However, the keynote to the Constitution is the Emperor himself. He exercises supreme power, but executes the laws by the aid of his Cabinet, makes those laws by the aid of his legislative assembly, and submits them to his judiciary for interpretation, in practically the same manner that the President of the United States or the King of England governs.

The imperial theory in Japan is that the Emperor is divinely descended and in direct succession from the Sun Goddess, who was in turn born from one of the eyes of Izanagi, who, with his consort, Izanami, were the two deities who, at the beginning of all things, descended from the High Heavenly Plain and produced the Land of Oyashima, which is now Japan.

Theoretically the Emperor, being divinely descended, is absolute and infallible. Actually the Emperor is directed by the Elder Statesmen, or Privy Council, and by his Cabinet, just as the King of England is directed by his Ministry. Publicly and popularly there is strict adherence to the divinely descended idea; but the Japanese statesmen of later days, though not recanting from this belief—in public, at any rate—have seen to it that the Emperor has adequate counsel, instruction and direction.

The chief obstacle to a fairly democratic government in Japan, with the exception of its ceremonial headship, as vested in the Emperor, is the continuance of the Elder Statesmen, four of whom are alive as this is written, and one of whom, Prince Yamagata, has very great influence close to the throne. As I shall show later in this article, once the Elder Statesmen have the grace to pass over to their revered ancestors, Japan will be a constitutional monarchy and reasonably democratic, with restricted suffrage, and with the legislative assembly and the Cabinet doing the governing and lawmaking.

The Make-Up of the House of Peers

PRIVATELY the leading Japanese statesmen are not so sure about the divine descent of the Emperor. They are ready, in any event, to exercise mundane influences whenever possible and leave the divinity of it for the ceremonies and the ceremonials.

The Imperial Diet, corresponding to the Congress of the United States and to the Parliament of England, consists of a House of Peers and a House of Representatives. There are three hundred and seventy-nine members of the House of Peers, consisting of thirteen Imperial Princes; sixteen Princes; thirty-one Marquises; seventeen Counts; seventy Viscounts; sixty-three Barons; forty-five representatives of the highest taxpaying residents in the various prefectures, who are nominated by themselves; and a hundred and twenty-four men "of erudition or distinguished life," who are named by the Emperor on the suggestion of his various advisers. These serve for life. The House of Peers, unlike the House of Representatives, cannot be dissolved. It can be prorogued only.

The House of Representatives has three hundred and eighty-one members, who represent forty-seven prefectures. The basis of representation is one for each hundred and thirty thousand of population. This applies for urban districts, though any incorporated city of thirty thousand inhabitants is a unit. There is a general congressional election each four years if the House has not been dissolved in the meantime; and the members have a salary of two thousand yen, or a thousand dollars a year. The Diet can sit only three months in any year. During the remaining nine months, as the Constitution has it, in the event of "urgent necessity, to maintain public safety, or to avert public calamities," the Emperor may issue decrees "to take the place of law," which is the little safeguard the statesmen who contrived the Constitution put in to maintain their own balance of power. It is sometimes hard to deal with a House of Representatives; but usually the Emperor is amenable to the wishes of his Cabinet.

A Corner of the Crowd in Hibiya Park, at the Time of a Political Crisis

Political parties come up overnight, last a short time, and vanish either by absorption or by disintegration. National politics is so new in Japan, and national political thought so scrambled, that it is a matter of no difficulty to form a new party on slight occasion or with tenuous propaganda. Out of these small parties, by coalition and by absorption, other parties grow. At the present time there are two principal parties—the Seiyukai, which is the Opposition party, and is led by Mr. T. Hara, a former Cabinet minister and journalist, and a very astute person; and the Doshikai, which is led by Baron Kato, the present Minister of Foreign Affairs, and is a party made up of various other parties.

In addition to these there are the Kokuminto, which is one of the older parties; the Chuseikai, a sort of government party; a Count Okuma party—and various independent parties, some of which represent nothing but one man.

Some spellings give the names of these parties as Seiyukwai, Doshi-kwai, Chusei-kwai and Kokumin-to; but mostly the simplified spellings are used as I have used them, and shall. Differing from England, there is no necessity or custom for having the Ministry of the same political faith as the majority party. The Premier is the Minister President of State and presides over the Cabinet. The other Departments are: Foreign Affairs; Home Affairs; Finance; War; Navy; Justice; Education; Agriculture; and Commerce and Communications, which has control of the railroads, telegraphs, telephones and postal service.

Though there is no connection, by virtue of political membership *per se*, between the Ministry and the House of Representatives, so far as representation of the majority party is concerned, the Ministry can be and is sometimes dissolved by imperial decree whenever it loses in the House.

On the other hand, the Ministry can and does, through the Emperor, dissolve the House and bring about a general election.

That is what happened last December. The present Ministry, of which Count Okuma is the head, and of which Baron Kato is the Minister for Foreign Affairs and leader of the Doshikai party, found itself largely in the minority when the House met. The Seiyukai had the majority. The Doshikai had been formed by Baron Kato as an opposition to the powerful Seiyukai, who call themselves the Friends of the Constitution, out of numerous smaller parties predisposed toward the Ministry.

The rock on which the two parties split, and which forced a dissolution, was what is known as the Two Divisions Bill, which contemplated the addition of two divisions to the present army. There were other differences, but the inciting cause is usually given as the Two Divisions Bill.

The Seiyukai was skillfully led by Hara. It opposed every government measure. Finally the Ministry saw that things had come to a deadlock, and that none of its program could be secured, and determined to dissolve the House and go before the voters, in the hope that a larger number of government supporters might be secured.

The Rush for Coronation Honors

NOW, the House was not at all pleased over this idea. The coronation of the present Emperor is set for next November, and the statesmen in the House were eager to retain their seats and have a share in the honors, decorations, titles and other marks of distinction which are sure to come with that event. They did not want to be dissolved a wee mite, with the possibility of defeat ahead of them in another contest at the polls.

This worked two ways, for, after the House was dissolved and the date for the general election was set, it was noticed that a large number of rich and important persons announced themselves as candidates, hoping, no doubt, to win elections and have their share of the coronation honors. The result was that, two weeks before the election, there were six hundred and eighty-one candidates for the three hundred and eighty-one seats to be voted for, and more were coming in every day.

There is no legal requirement for the candidacy of any Japanese who is eligible as a taxpayer and is old enough; no petitions based on total votes, and no nominations are required. Any time the spirit moves a Japanese who is eligible to become a candidate, and he thinks the gods are propitious, all he is required to do is to announce himself and start his campaign. If he is a member of the Seiyukai or the Doshikai, of course his name must be considered by the leaders of those parties; but even though he is refused a chance by those leaders he may become a candidate on his own initiative, and they cannot stop him if he can finance himself.

A method of announcement that is in considerable favor in Tokio and the larger cities is the *gogai*. A gogai is an extra edition of a newspaper. The intending candidate writes or has written for him a neat and adequate appreciation of himself, wherein his own immaculate virtues and a detraction of his opponents are set forth; and wherein, further, the exceeding demerits of those aspiring gentlemen are illuminated in frank terms.

He goes to a newspaper office. This pronunciamiento is put in type and is issued as a gogai, or extra. The newsboys, with their clusters of bells jangling at their belts, rush about the streets shouting their extra—"Gogai! Gogai!" And the citizens of the prefecture interested are duly informed, to the profit of the gogai sellers and perhaps to the increment of the candidate himself.

Other methods more familiar with our Western practice of politics are used. Then come the campaign speeches. Almost every Japanese, and certainly every Japanese statesman, considers himself an orator; and they go after those million voters and a half with placards, pamphlets, meetings, circulars, and in various other ways. The Government sends out its orators. The Seiyukai has its

(Continued on Page 40)

Speaker on the Balcony of a Restaurant Building in Hibiya Park Denouncing the Naval Policy and Demanding the Resignation of the Cabinet

Digitized by Google

THE BUSHER ABROAD

Cairns, Barroom Falls, Brizz Bay, Sidney Melbourne and the Grate Australian Bite

By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

All of a Sudden They Swoop Down on to the Boat and Peck at a Mans Head

ON THE SHIP BORD. Dec. 27.

FRIEND AL: Well Al the boys is playing shovvel bord and I hope there in joying themself and steve Evans was just in my room a little wile a go and wanted I should be his pardner in the game and I says Do you think Im going to hang a round and play games with a bunch of cheap stiffs like them that give a man his own shirt for a xmas present. I says All as I want is for us to hurry up and get to australia and the sooner as we get there I will quit the trip and start home.

Then Evans says Well you know I did not have nothing to do with giveing you your shirt and I want you should play pardners with me and may be we can give some of them cheap stiffs a good triming and show them up and I says no not under no condision I will play shovvel bord or nothing else with a bunch like them cheap stiffs and he says Well you will half to play base ball with them next summer and then I told him a bout me having made my mind up to quit base ball and go in to some busness where a man gets treated sqare and he says What busness was you going in to and I says I haven't deside it and then Evans give me a pretty good idear Al and may be I will take it up but I got all winter to think about what do I want to do.

But Evans says I should ought to get a job on 1 of the news papers and write some of my pones for them and may be they would send me out to the ball pk. and have me write some of my pones a bout the ball game and then I could get back at some of these no good bums by rosting them in the paper.

Evans says of coarse the paper what ever 1 give me the job probily would not pay me more then twict what Comiskey pays me the 1st yr. but after that when the paper seen I was O. K. they would probily raze me clear up and give me as much is the reporters gets. And besides that if I was working on a news paper I would not never half to be worring a bout how long my arm was going to last but all as I would half to think a bout would be how long is my brains going to last and Evans says they should ought to last a life time if I did not work them no harder then when I was pitching and he ment I dont need nothing but my fast ball when I am working right.

But I dont know yet what Im going to do and may be I will open up a billard rm. in Chicago and I guess it would be a gold mind on acct. of how poplar I am with the fans and why not after the showing up I give the cubs. but any way Im going to quit the trip when we get up to australia and go home to Florrie and little Al where I bellong and a mans a sucker to ever leave your home when you got a wife and baby let a lone the bills Florries probily ran up on me wile I been a way.

Well Al we stoped off at thursday ilands yest. and was there 3 hrs. and I and Evans palled a round to gather and I would not have nothing to do with no body but him on acct. of he being the only 1 that wasent in on that dirty trick of giveing me my own shirt for a present and Evans him self says it was a dirty trick because they couldent be no other kind of a trick played with that shirt.

Wear a hole day behind time Evans says because we come to thursday ilands Friday and the reason they call it thursday ilands is on acct. of the boats being do there thursday but he says wear libel to make up time before we get to australia because its down grade the rest of the way.

They wasent much to see a round the ilands but we found out that this is the place where they catch all the perls like wommen wares on there rings and stick pins and I never knowed before that you fish for perls like you do blue gills but I all ways thot they come from out of a mind like a gold mind or dimond mind but Evans says there little fish like a scrimp and after there catched they scrivle up and get hard and of coarse they all ready been dead a long wile before they sell them in the jewlry store. But we wns here at the wrong time of yr. and the perls dont bite only in may and Aug.

Well old pal they can take there perls and all the rest of there trip and jump in the Ocean with them as far is Im conserned and base ball to. Im threw with them Al or that is I will be as soon is we get to australia provide it I can borry enough money off of Comiskey or Callahan so as I can get home. This is a fine trip Al where you cant get no male from your own famly and you can pitch your head off and they dont even say thanks and the stuff you get to eat in the diffrunt countrys posons you and your to sick wile your on the Ship bord to in joy your meals only of coarse thats just the peopl that the ruff Ocean water makes them sick and it dont bother me no more then walking up and down state St. And a bunch of no good stiffs traveling a round with you. Next time they get me on 1 of these trips it will be wile Im a sleep and not even then. Just because I was a sucker onct but I wont be 1 again. Live and let lern as they say.

I cant hardly wait til we get up to australia and the 1st train leaveing out of there that will be the 1 Im on if I half to higher a taxi cab from the Doc to where ever the trains leaves at. And may be I will probily get to Chicago by the time as soon is this letter gets to you and the other 1 I havent maled it yet because we been on the Ocean all the wile.

Your old pal, JACK.

ON THE SHIP BORD. Dec. 30.

FRIEND AL: Well Al Im going to stay on the trip after all but thats in the condishon that Mcgraw does what he promused and heres what he promused. How I come to be talking to him Steve Evans called me to 1 side wile I was out on the porch yest. and says he just found out that Mcgraw wasent in on that dirty trick a bout giveing me my own shirt and Mcgraw was sore at the men that done it and he wanted to talk to me so I says all right I will talk to him if your sure he wasent 1 of them cheap stiffs Evans says No he was sure. So he called Mcgraw to where we was standing and Evans left I and him to gather and went a way and left us a lone and Mcgraw says What do you want and I says I just found out you wasent 1 of them peopl that give me the shirt and he says No of coarse not and I wouldent do no dirty trick like that. I says Well Im going to quit the trip and go home from australia and he says what for and I told him on acct of them cheap stiffs giveing me that shirt.

Then Mcgraw says Your not giveing me no sqare deal if you quit the trip because Im the 1 youll be hurting against and I havent did nothing to you.

Then I says Well I dont want to be on no trip where I half to assosiate with the cheap bums thats on this trip and Mcgraw says Well you dont half to have nothing to do with them but I want you to stick on the trip because I cant get a long with out you and I was figureing on useing you in the game at Brizz Bay. Thats the 1st place we stop at when we get to Australia Al and we get there the next day after tommorow. Mcgraw says They will be a lot of englich lords and this in that out to the game and I want to win the game in the front of them so I was counting on you to pitch.

I says Well I would like to win for you but I got no chanct to win when your club keeps kicking the ball a round in back of me.

Then Mcgraw says Well I will tell you what Ill do with you and if you win the game for me I will give you a real present and not no dirty shirt and if you stick on the trip all the way threw I will give you a diffrunt present evry time you win a game for me.

So you see Al Mcgraws O. K. and on the sqare and he is giveing me a sqare deal and when a man treats you right Im going to treat him right to. I wisht they was some way I could get a way from the White Sox and pitch for Mcgraw all the wile and if he give me a present for evry game I won for him in the reglar season I would have enough so as I wouldent half to throw a way no money on xmas presents for my friends only of coarse Im all ways glad to do the right thing by my friends if nessary. But of coarse theys no chanct for me to get a way from the White Sox because even if Comiskey and Callahan was willing to leave go of me they would half to get wavers and the minut they ast for wavers the other clubs would clame me when you said Jack Robison.

So it looks like as if I would stick on the trip Al and I can pall a round with Steve Evans and Mcgraw and not have nothing to do with the rest of them and have a good time and I guess Ill stick on the trip only I wont know til I pitch that game at Brizz Bay and see how I come out and is Mcgraw going to keep his promus.

I will beat them Al if the luck brakes even and if they dont kick the game a way in back of me.

I Let Him Feel of My Arm and My Cuff

Digitized by Google

We was on land most all day the day before yest. at a place name Cairns and we went site seen out to Barroom falls and seen a lot of bannanna and pin apple orchids where pin apples and bannannas grows right on the trees and thats better then buying them when you dont know when you buy them weather there O. K. or rotten til you get them home.

Of coarse you dont half to eat them when they aint good and some times you dont half to throw a hole bannanna a way but you can eat a round the bad spots only a man dont like to pay for a ½ doz. bannannas and come to find out the white part of them would only make a bout 3 hole bannannas if you put them all to gather.

Well Al I will male you all the letters I all ready got ready for you as soon is we get to Brizz Bay and I will write an other letter and tell you how I come out and I will chase them out of the ball pk. if my arm feels good.

Your Pal, JACK.

ON THE SHIP BORD. Jan. 2.

AL: Well old Pal wear threw with Brizz Bay and now wear on the way to Sidney some thing I dont know what the rest of the name is. But Im feeling so good Al that I dont care weather its Sidney this or that or what is it.

Well Al it was just like I told you and I told you that if I went in there when my arm was feeling O. K. I would make them White Sox think they was in a earth quack or some thing. We beat them 2 to 1 and we beat there best pitcher Jim Scott and made him look like a sucker but that aint all that come off Al and Id of rather had them beat us then to not have the rest of it come off and heres what come off Al. We got in to Brizz Bay the night before last night and it was to late to go any wheres but yest. A. M. we was tooken up to the hotel and a man give Mcgraw a pile of letters and post cards as big is the but bag and a bunch of news papers to and when I herd Mcgraw calling the names off of the peopl for who the male was for I couldent hardily stand still but I was a scarred all the wile that of coarse they would not be nothing for me but finely all of a sudden he says Jack Keefe and give me a letter and it was from Florrie.

Well Al I set there feeling of it for a long wile before I opened it up because I kept thinking supose little Als dead or some thing the matter with him and thats why she wrote the letter to tell me a bout it but finely I opened the letter up and read it and they wasent nothing like that in it but there all O. K. Florrie and little Al and the Allens to tho the Allens could have a bad cold or some thing with out me getting worred sick over them. But the letter opened up dear Jack and then she went on and says I dont supose youll speak to I and your baby when you get home on acct of you going all the way a round the world and back wile I and the baby aint nothing but roobs that stays home all the wile but I thot may be you would like to hear how the babys geting a long tho I guess you dont care nothing a bout none of us when you run off and leave us all winter with $250.00 dollars and expect us to pay rent and buy cloths and stuff to eat.

And then she says she was writeing to ask me to give her a check for the other $250.00 dollars I got in the bank because they was a story a round town that the bank where I got the money in it is in bad shape and libel to blow up any minut after the 1 of Feb. so if I got the check to her by the 1 of Feb. she could get the money out of the bank before it blowed up.

Then she says I should write her the check as soon is I wasent to busy holding hands and spooning with the qeens and princes in the diffrunt countrys so you see Al shes a little bit jellus and then she says little Al was just fine and all O. K. and got 4 teeth but theys a hole lot of things he should ought to have besides teeth and she cant buy them til she gets some more money and the Allens sends there regards but they can keep a hold of them.

Well Al I bet I must of read the letter over 1 doz. times and theys a little black spot in 1 cor. of it where may be little Al got a hold of it and then after I got threw reading it I set down and wrote her back a long letter and dident say nothing a bout the qeens and princes because it wont do her no harm to think Im haveing a good time tho I aint saw nothing yet that looks like qeens and princes but most of them looks like a wash womman or some thing. I all so sent her a check for the other $250.00 dollars I got in the bank and now I aint got nothing in the bank but she will get the check before the 1 of Feb. and its better to have her spend the money then the pres. of the bank go south with it and besides by the time we get back home it will be pretty near time to open the season.

Well Al I felt a 100 per % better after I got Florries letter and seen that her and the baby was all O. K. and I wouldent of cared if the White Sox had been lucky enough to beat me but they wasent Al and I beat them and Mcgraw come acrost with a present just like he promused and what do you think he give me Al. He give me a bran new shirt to ware with my evening dress sute and it aint no stiff boozem that you half to work ½ a day getting the buttons fixed in it but this 1 is as soft like silk and got a million rinkles in it and he give me some white buttons a long with it that works on a wire and the buttons matchs the shirt and the shirts white to.

And I dont half to send this shirt to the landry evry time theys some thing drops on it but I can wash it my self on acct it dont half to be irrened because a landry would probily irren all the rinkles out of it and there what makes the shirt so pretty.

Well Al Im feeling 100 per % better and base ball would be O. K. if all mgrs. was like Mcgraw and I wisht I could pitch for his club all the year a round because now there getting on to how I pitch and give me some kind of decent suport and the White Sox dident never have a chanct with us yest. we road a round all the A. M. in automobiles and seen what they was to be seen and then was tooken out to the pk. before noon and played the game and Mcgraw says to me You will half to make this a qick 1 because if you dont get the game over in 1 hr. and ½ we wont get nothing to eat before we half to get back on the boat so I says All right I wont try to strike no body out but I will try and make them hit the 1st. 1 and they wont get a good hold of it because my arm feels good and I will zip them threw there like they was shot out of a cannon and Mcgraw says dont waist your breth teling me a bout it but get out there and show me some thing.

Well Al I guess I showed him all right and if I hadent been in no hurry I bet I could of struck a bout 20 of them out but I kept sticking the 1st. 1 over with a good jump on it and all as they could do was pop them up in the air and they only hit 3 out of the in field all day and they wouldent of got there 1 run only I got carelest when I was pitching to Speaker in the 8 and he hit 1 down the foul line and made 3 bases on it and come in on a fly ball and he would of been out 20 ft. if this here Maggie had of throwed the ball to the plate insted of trying for a record and see how far could he throw it.

But there 1 run dident do them no good and they couldent of scored again if the game had of went 50 inings and we got both our runs in the 3d. and Weaver and Egan kicked a couple and Doyle got a hold of 1 and Scott was lucky we dident get a doz. runs insted of 2.

Well Al Im feeling better then I felt on the hole trip and I cant hardly wait til Mcgraw leaves me get in there again and he will half to come acrost with an other present and it wont be no shirt next time because hes all ready gave me a shirt and I wonder what will he give me.

Your Pal, JACK.

P. S. I forgot to tell you what I done to dutch Schaefer when he come up in the 5st. ining and they was a man on 2d. and 3d. He come up grining like usul and he hollers hello shirt at me and I says I will shirt you and I shot my fast 1 right clost in to him and he fell over scarred to deth and then I give him 2 more fast balls and he fouled them and then I waisted a fast 1 and then I come with my slow 1 and I wisht you could of saw him Al and I thot for a minut he would brake his spinul collins going after it. all the way in to the bench I kept hollering at him. I says You will shirt me will you and he was so sore he couldent say nothing back. what could he of said.

SIDNEY. Jan. 4.

OLD PAL: well old Pal I guess I forgot to wish you a happy New yr. in my last letter but better late then ever as they say so happy New yr. Al for you and Bertha the both of you and I dont wish you nothing but luck. This is Sun. and some of the boys is out over looking the harber and they wanted I should go a long because they say its the gratest harber in the world but what if it is Al Ive saw enough water with out going out and looking at a harber and besides Im not buying no harbers no matter how good they are hey Al.

Theys no ball game today because this is like N. Y. and Philly and Washington and them places and you cant play no ball on Sun. so Im seting in the australia Hotel and writeing this letter but they was a game yest. and the White Sox win it 15 to 4 and I ast Mcgraw before the game to leave me go in there and pitch and he says No he dident want to kill me with work but I guess after the game started he was afrade Hern and this here Faber that pitched for the giants would get killed by some thing else besides work I mean batted balls and Donlin and Maggie and this here indian Thorp run back and 4th. a round the out field so much shaging 3 base hits that there tung was hanging out.

They played the game out to the crickit pk. and some of the australia crickit players was out there practicing when we come to the pk. and I stood and watched them a wile and honest Al if I played that game they wouldent never get me out and tommorow Im going to try it and heres how it come off that Im going to try it.

1 of the crickit players come up to where I was standing and says what do you think of the game and I says its a grate game for a baby or some thing and the man says Yes I supose it looks easy when you never tride it and I says weather I tride it or not and he says Why dont you get up there and try it onct because we will give you a bat and see if you can hit it and I was going to only the crickit players had to get off of the grounds then because the ball game was going to start.

So I and the man fixed it up and Im going out early tommorow and try it and we got a bet up on it and Mcgraw says he will lone me the money if I loose the bet but I wont loose it Al because all as I got to do is make 5 runs before they get me out.

And I says to the man how much will you bet and he says O a bout 2 lbs. and I says 2 lbs. of what and come to find out they call there money lbs. insted of dollars so wear betting 2 lbs. a peace and thats a bout $10.00 a peace and Al its just like stealing the money because I will tell you how the games played and a man that couldent make 5 runs easy should ought to be clening the sts. or some thing.

They dont throw the ball but role it a long on the ground like when your boleing only the balls little like a base ball and you stand up there with a bat as big is a bord in front of 3 sticks stuck in to the ground and you got to keep them sticks from geting hit and you dont half to take a swing at the ball if you dont want to but you can stand up there all day til you get 1 you like and if you dont hit it far you dont half to run if you dont feel like it but wait til you hit 1 far enough so as you can run and theys 3 more sticks a bout 50 ft. a way and you half to run back and 4th. bet. the sticks and evry trip you make before the ball gets back thats 1 run.

And of coarse they cant curve the ball or put no stuff on it or nothing because it comes a long on the ground so how can a man miss it Al and if they leave me up there long enough I will get a 1000 runs only I dont want to ware myself all out because probily Im going to pitch tommorow. That $10.00 bucks will come in handy Al and I wont half to throw none of it a way on acct of not knowing what to

They Says He Was Like Ed Rulebacks Fast Ball and He Dident Never Come Near Enough for Them to Hit

Digitized by Google

do with it. Well Al I guess I will go out and walk a round a wile before dinner, and male this letter.

Your pal, JACK.

SIDNEY. Jan. 5

FRIEND AL: I only got a couple minuts to write to you Al because wear going to catch the train for Melbourne but I just want to tell you what kind of robbers they got a round here and the sooner we get out of this town we cant get away to soon to sute me. I dident pitch today because Mcgraw is saveing me to pitch over to Melbourne where the gov. of australia lives at.

They was a game bet. the giants and a australia club and of coarse Mcgraw wouldent leave me pitch that game because I would of felt like a murder and he wouldent leave no real pitcher pitch but he pitched him self and this here Wiltse pitched for the australias and the giants beat them and then the White Sox beat Mcgraws club 10 to 5 and its lucky for the White Sox that Mcgraw was saveing me so as the gov. can see me in axion.

But what I was going to tell you a bout is the robbers game they pulled off on me and they should ought to call this here game hold up insted of crickit and for all as I know crickit means hold up in the australia languige. Well Al I and Mcgraw and Steve Evans went out to the pk. early and the man I had the bet with was there all ready laying for us and no wonder after what he had frammed up on me and they was a hole lot of other men with him drest up in there crickit sutes and there catcher wore big shinn gards like as if he was afrade he was going to get his shinns hurt and all as they do is role the ball to him and they ast me did I want to practice a wile before the bet was on and I says no I dident need no practice in no baby game so Mcgraw put up 2 lbs. for me and the man who I was beting with put up 2 lbs. in steve Evanss hands and I picked out 1 of there crazy bats.

And the man says now you under stand do you that your out if them little sticks on top of the big sticks is knocked off of the top of the big sticks and I says all right and they says I wouldent need no pardner but could run back and 4th. a lone so the man that does the boleing got up back of the sticks that was the other sticks from the sticks I was standing in front of them and he wound up and come over hand with the ball and it come bounceing a long the ground and I could see right a way that the grounds was no good because the ball bounced crook it.

I left the 1st 1 go by and layed for the next 1 and it come just right and I took a toe hold and started to cut in to it and I bet Al if I had ever of got a hold of it I would of lost the ball for them but wile I was swinging my bat back to take my wallop I knocked the sticks down with my bat and got my bat tangled up with the sticks and of coarse the ball come along and hit the sticks to because I couldent get my bat lose to hit it and the man who I was beting with says well you dident last long and I says what do you mean I knocked the sticks down with my bat dident I and he says Yes and your out and I says Im not no such a thing and he says all right I will give you an other chanct.

Then Mcgraw cuts in and says No you lost Jack and you got to pay and so Evans give the man the money and I was so sore I dident know what to say and finely I says this is a fine robbers game and why dont you buy your self a gun and go a round sticking peopl up and the man says I will give you a chanct to get even and I says no you wont give me no chanct to get even and steal some more of my money and then he was going to give my money back only Mcgraw wouldent let him.

Mcgraw says we better get a way before they take another 2 lbs. off me and I says yes we better before they take my uneform.

And then I says to the man I thot you was a gentle man and he says Well I couldent make no such a miss take as that a bout you and I says no I guess you couldent and he dident have no come back so we come a way and left him and now I owe Mcgraw $10.00 and I was going to have the man arest it only Mcgraw wouldent let me and Mcgraw says he seen right a way it was a robbers game and give me the wink to not have nothing to do with it but I dident see him give me the wink.

Well Al I will know enough after this to not monky with no crickit game and monky with a game where they make there rules to sute them self and if any body says crickit to me I will hall off and bust them in the jaw. Steve Evans says Well I thing your in better shape then before you played crickit and I says why and he says because they took 2 lbs. off of you but I wasent up there long enough to loose no wait and besides you couldent take off no wait in baby game like that. Well Al a mans never old enough to lern as they say but I bet they wont play that same trick twict on me. You know me old Pal.

Your friend, JACK.

MELBOURNE. Jan. 7.

FRIEND AL: Well Al we been haveing a big time here and I guess even Callahan and Comiskeys glad I come a long even if I give them an other beating this P. M. and we beat them 12 to 8 and I could of shut them out just as easy is roleing on a log only I let up when we was 10 or 11 runs a head but its not on the field where I come in handy to them but entertaneing there friends and the peopl they meet and so 4th.

Well Al dutch Schaefer come up to me yest. A. M. after we got here and says they was going to be a party last night at the Melbourne saviges club and would I write a pone for the saviges and I hadent spoke to Schaefer since them cheap stiffs give me my shirt back and so I says no I wont write no pone for you or have nothing to do with you and he says why not and I says I guess you know why not and he says I supose your still thinking a bout that shirt yet and I says Yes and then Schaefer says he dident have nothing to do with it and I says You were the 1 that give it to me and he says Yes but when I give it to you I thot it was some thing else or I wouldent of gave it to you and I says what did you think it was and he says the boys had boughten a new shirt for me at Vanila and thats what they thot they was giveing me but they had gave it to Stewart the oficer on the ship Bord to rap it up and he had stole it for him self and stuck the old 1 in the packige and they was all sore at him but what could they do because if they had of balled him out a bout it he probily would of got mad back at them and ran the boat right up passed australia and may be clear up to the north pole and froze us to deth and the boys dident care nothing a bout them self but they was a frade to take the chanct on acct of the wommen on the bord of the Ship bord.

So you see Al the boys was trying to treat me O. K. only this here Stewart was a crook and I wisht I had of knew a bout it before we got to Sidney and left the boat and you can bet I wouldent of gave him no ¼ for a tip.

So when Schaefer showed me where it wasent the boys falt a bout the shirt I and him shook hands and I says sure I would write them a pone and I wrote a dandy Al but 1st. I want to tell you a bout what come off yest. P. M. We got here a bout 11 a clock and was drove to the orental Hotel and then we was drove to the city Hall and the mare and council give us a lunch and then they told us that we was invitted up to have tea with Mr and Mrs Dennis the gov. and I says I dident want no tea but Callahan says I had to go a long so we all went a long up to where the gov. lives at and sure enough there was the gov. and Mrs Dennis and we was interduced to them and they was tickeled to deth.

Mr Dennis says to me You certunly look like a athalete and I let him feel of my arm and my caff and he says he wisht he was musseled up like me and I says you would half to be if you was a big league pitcher but I dont supose you fool a round much out doors and he says no he dident have no time and I says Well then whats the diffrunts weather your a big strong man or a little scrimp only if you had my build peopl turns a round to look at you on the st. and the girls would pester you to deth and he says Well I guess I better not interduce you to lady Dennis and I says No Ill get a long better if I dont never meet no more wommen ladys or what ever they are.

But after words I got interduced to the Mrs and she says the same thing her old man says a bout me being big and strong and Mr Dennis come up to us wile we was talking and says this young man is pestered by wommen and she says O my I beg your pardon and she laughed and walked a way from me and I dident get no chanct to see her and tell her diffrunt because of coarse I would just as leave talk to her and what I ment was a bout the girls writeing notes to me or calling me up at the hotel in the diffrunt towns we stop at in the summer.

Well Al we finely come a way from the Dennisis and then I went back to the hotel and fixed up my pone and I dident have much time but I frammed up some thing pretty good and read it to them down to the saviges club last night and heres what I give them:

Wear makeing a trip a round the world
To show the Nat. game
to the peopl of the diffrunt countrys
Is why we came.

Wear glad to be here in Melbourne
For boys youre got a grate town
And boys I want to tell you
Of your town you should be proud.

Mcgraw says Im going to pitch tommorow.
And I hope you will all come out
And your presents and your cheers
Will surly help me out.

I will show you boys my fast 1
and onct in a wile my curve
But when my fast 1 is zipping threw there
You might say I dont need no curve.

So heres to the saviges club
Youve showed us a roil good time
old Glorys the best country in the world
But Melbournes not so far behind.

Well Al I was the hit of the entertanemunt and they was pretty near all of them out there to the pk. today and I guess I all ready told you a bout me beating the White Sox 12 to 8 and it could of been 12 to 0 as well is not and now Mcgraw owes me an other present and he says he will get it for me when we get it to Adeline and we leave for there tommorow night and I havent no idear what is it hes going to get.

Your Pal, JACK.

ON THE SHIP BORD. Jan. 9.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I guess theys a million peopl wishs they was a pitcher like me and what do you think Im wishing now Al Im wishing I wasent no pitcher at all but a catcher and if I had of been a catcher and not no pitcher I wouldent be in no danger like Im in now. May be Al you wont know me the next time you see me and may be my face will be diffrunt and it will ether be me or some body else a long on the trip thats got to suffer and its just my luck to be the 1. I bet if I had of knew what we was runing in to I wouldent never of got on the boat at Adeline but they wasent no body told me a bout the danger and here I am takeing a chanct with the rest of them that is all accept the catchers the lucky stiffs and they aint in no danger like the rest of us.

Well Al we got on to the boat at Adeline this P. M. and we hadent been on the boat more then a couple hrs. when I found out a bout what wear going to run in to and I found out wile I and dutch Schaefer was talking to 1 of the crews on the boat. Schaefer says some thing a bout the Ocean water being smoothe and the crew says yes its all O. K. today but tommorow we will be in the grate australian Bite and then theys libel to be trouble and when Schaefer herd him I thot Schaefer was going to fant and I drug him over to a chair and pretty soon he come to again and then I ast him what was libel to come off.

Then Schaefer says You herd what that man said dident you and I say Yes and Schaefer says Well you know what it means dont you and I says no I dident and he says Well it means wear going to run right threw the grate australian Bite insted of going a round it and I says Well what a bout it and he says Well you know what a Bite is dont you and I says Yes I know what a flee bite or a muskeeto bite is and Schaefer says Well this is a million times worst then them and if you dont know what it is youll find out tommorrow when you see it.

Well Al I had to cox him a long wile before he would tell me the truth on acct he says it made him sick to talk a bout it but finely he told me.

They Should Ought to Call This Here Game Hold Up Insted of Crickit

(Continued on Page 65)

Digitized by Google

THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XXX

ANNA almost threw herself from the railway carriage into Norgate's arms. She kissed him on both cheeks, held him for a moment away from her, then passed her arm affectionately through his. "You dear!" she exclaimed. "Oh, how weary I am of it! Nearly a week in the train! And how well you are looking! I am not going to stay a single second bothering about luggage. Marie, give the porter my dressing case. Here are the keys; you can see to everything."

Norgate, carried almost off his feet by the delight of her welcome, led her away toward a taxicab.

"I am starving," she told him. "I would have nothing at Dover except a cup of tea. I knew that you would meet me, and I thought that we would have our first meal in England together. You shall take me somewhere where we can have supper and tell me all the news. I don't look too hideous, do I, in my traveling clothes?"

"You look adorable," he assured her, "and I believe you know it."

"I have done my best," she confessed demurely. "Marie took so much trouble with my hair. We had the most delightful coupé all to ourselves. Fancy, we are back again in London! I have been to Italy, I have spoken to kings and prime ministers, and I am back again with you. And queerly enough, not until to-morrow shall I see the one person who really rules Italy."

"Who is that?" he asked.

"I am not sure that I shall tell you everything," she decided. "You have not opened your mouth to me yet. I shall wait until supper time. Have you changed your mind since I went away?"

"I shall never change it," he assured her eagerly. "We are in a taxicab and I know it's most unusual and improper, but ——"

"If you hadn't kissed me," she declared a moment later as she leaned forward to look in the glass, "I should not have eaten a mouthful of supper."

They drove to the Milan grillroom. It was a little early for the theater people so they were almost alone in the place. Anna drew a great sigh of content as she settled down in her chair.

"I think I must have been lonely for a long time," she whispered; "it is so delightful to get back and be with you. Tell me what you have been doing."

"I have been promoted," Norgate announced. "My prospective alliance with you has completed Selingman's confidence in me. I have been intrusted with several commissions."

He told her of his adventures. She listened breathlessly to the account of his dinner in Soho.

"It is queer how all this is working out," she observed. "I knew that the trouble was to come through Austria. The Emperor was very anxious indeed that it should not. He wanted to have his country brought reluctantly into the struggle. Even at this moment I believe that if he thought there was the slightest chance of England's becoming embroiled he would travel to Berlin himself to plead with the Kaiser. I really don't understand why sometimes, but the one thing in Austria that would be thoroughly unpopular would be a war with England."

"Tell me about your mission?" he asked.

"To a certain point," she confessed with a little grimace, "it was unsuccessful. I have brought a reply to the personal letter I took over to the King. I have talked with the high official with whom everything is supposed to rest. What I have brought with me, however, and what I heard from him, are nothing but repetitions of the assurances given to our ambassador. The few private words which I was to get I have failed to obtain, simply because the one person who could have spoken them is here in London."

"Who is that?" he inquired curiously.

"The Contessa di Strozzi," she told him. "It is she who has directed the foreign policy of Italy for the last ten years. Nothing is done without her. And where do you think she is? Why, here in London. She is staying at the Italian Embassy. Signor Cardina is her cousin. The great ball to-morrow night, of which you have read, is in her honor. You shall be my escort."

"The Contessa di Strozzi!" he exclaimed. "Why, she spent last season in Paris. I saw a great deal of her."

"How odd!" Anna murmured. "But how delightful! We shall be able to talk to her together, you and I."

"It is rather a coincidence," he admitted. "She had a sort of craze to visit some of the places in Paris where it is necessary for a woman to go incognita, and I was always her escort. I heard from her only a few weeks ago and she told me that she was coming to London."

Anna shook her head at him gayly.

"You are Frightening Me, Captain Fielder. I am Going to Take You Off to Play Bridge"

"Well," she said, "I won't indulge in any ante-jealousies. I only hope that through her we shall get to know the truth. Are things here still quiet?"

"Absolutely."

"Also in Paris. Francis, I feel so helpless. On my way I thought of staying over, of going to see the Minister of War and placing certain facts before him. And then I realized how little use it would all be. They won't believe us, Francis. They would simply call us alarmists. They won't believe that the storm is gathering."

"Don't I know it!" Norgate assented earnestly. "Why, Hebblethwaite here has always been a great friend of mine. I have done all I can to influence him. He simply laughs in my face. He admits that there was a slight uneasiness at the Cabinet meeting, and that White referred to a certain mysterious activity throughout Germany. Nevertheless, he went down to Walton Heath to play golf."

She made a little grimace.

"Your great Drake," she reminded him, "played bowls when the Armada sailed. Your Cabinet Ministers will be playing golf or tennis. Oh, what a careless country you are—a careless, haphazard, blind, pig-headed nation to watch over the destinies of such an empire! I'm so tired of politics, dear; I am so tired of all the big things that concern other people. They press upon one. Now it is finished. You and I are alone. You love me, don't you? Remind me of it. If you will I will discuss the subject you mentioned the other day. Of course I shall say 'No!' I am not nearly ready to be married yet. But I should like to hear your arguments."

Their heads drew closer and closer together. They were almost touching when Selingman and Rosa Morgen came in. Selingman paused before their table.

"Well, well, young people!" he exclaimed. "Forgive me, Baroness, if I am somewhat failing in respect, but the doings of this young man have become some concern of mine."

Her greeting was tinged with a certain condescension. She had suddenly stiffened. There was something of the *grande dame* in the poise of her head and in the way she held up the tips of her fingers.

"You do not disapprove, I trust?"

"Baroness," Selingman declared earnestly, "it is an alliance for which no words can express my approval, and it comes at the most desirable moment. It has riveted to us and our interests one whose services will never be forgotten. May I venture to hope that your journey to Italy has been productive?"

"Not so entirely as we had hoped," Anna replied; "yet the position there is not unfavorable."

Selingman glanced toward the table at which Miss Morgen had already seated herself.

"I must not neglect my duties," he remarked, turning away.

"Especially," Anna murmured, glancing across the room, "when they might so easily be construed into pleasures."

Selingman beamed amiably.

"The young lady," he said, "is more than ornamental, she is extremely useful. From the fact that I may not be privileged to present her to you I must be careful that she shall not consider herself neglected. And so good night, Baroness! Good night, Norgate!"

He passed on. The Baroness watched him as he took his place opposite his companion.

"Is it my fancy," Norgate asked, "or does Selingman not meet entirely with your approval?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"It is not that," she replied. "He is a great man in his way, the Napoleon of the bourgeoisie; but then he is one of them himself. He collects the whole scheme of information as to the social life and opinions—the domestic particulars, I call them—of your country. Details of your industries are at his finger tips. He and I do not come into contact. I am the trusted agent of both sovereigns, but it is only in high diplomatic affairs that I ever intervene. Selingman, it is true, may be considered the greatest spy that ever breathed, but a spy he is. If only we could persuade your too-amiable officials to believe one-tenth of what we could tell them, I think our friend there would breakfast in an English fortress, if you have such a thing."

Norgate shook his head.

"We should place him under police supervision," he declared, "and let him go. It's just our way, that's all."

She waved the subject of Selingman to one side, but almost at that moment he stood once more before them. He held an evening paper in his hand.

"I bring you the news," he announced. "A terrible tragedy has happened. The Archduke of Austria and his consort have been assassinated on their tour through Bosnia."

For a moment neither Anna nor Norgate moved. Norgate felt a strange sense of sickening excitement. It was as though the curtain had been rung up!

"Is the assassin's name there?" he asked.

"The crime," Selingman replied, "appears to have been committed by a young Servian."

XXXI

THEY paused at last, and walked out of the most wonderful ballroom in London into the gardens, aglow with fairy lanterns whose brilliance was already fading before the rising moon. They found a seat under a tall elm tree and Anna leaned back breathless. It was a queer mixture of sounds that came to their listening ears—in the near distance the music of a wonderful orchestra rising and falling; farther away the roar of the great city, still alive and awake outside the boundary of those gray stone walls.

"Of course," she murmured, "this is the one thing that completes my subjugation. Fancy an Englishman being able to waltz! Almost in that beautiful room I fancied myself back in Vienna, except that it was more wonderful because it was you."

"You are turning my head," he whispered. "This is like a night out of paradise. And to think that we are really in the middle of London!"

"Ah, do not mention London!" she begged. "Else I shall begin to think of Sodom and Gomorrah. After all, why need one live for anything except the present?"

"There is the Contessa," he reminded her disconsolately.

She sighed.

"How horrid of you!"

"Let us forget her then," he begged. "We will go into the marquee there and have supper, and afterward dance again.

Digitized by Google

We'll steal to-night out of the calendar. We'll call it ours and play with it as we please."

She shook her head.

"No," she decided, "you have reminded me of our duty and you are quite right. You were brought here to talk to the Contessa. I do not know why, but she is in a curiously impenetrable frame of mind. I tried so hard to get her to talk to me, but it was useless, so you must see what you can do. Fortunately she seems to be absolutely delighted to have met you again. You have a dance with her, have you not?"

"The next one too," he sighed.

Anna rose quickly to her feet. "How absurd of me to forget! Take me inside, please, and go and look for her at once."

"It's all very well," Norgate grumbled, "but the last time I saw her she was about three deep among the notabilities. I really don't feel that I ought to jostle dukes and ambassadors to claim a dance."

"You must not be so foolish," Anna insisted. "The Contessa cares nothing for dukes and ambassadors, but she is most ridiculously fond of good-looking young men. Mind, you will do better with her if you speak entirely outside all of us. She is a very peculiar woman. If one could only read the secrets she has stored up in her brain! Sometimes she is so lavish with them, and at other times, and with other people, it seems as though it would take an earthquake to force a sentence from her lips. There she is, see, in that corner. Never mind the people round her; go and do your duty."

Norgate found it easier than he had expected. The Contessa no sooner saw him coming than she rose to her feet and welcomed him. She laid her fingers upon his arm and they moved away toward the ballroom.

"I am afraid," he apologized, "that I am rather an intruder. You all seemed so interested in listening to the Duke."

"On the contrary, I welcome you as a deliverer," she declared. "I have heard those stories so often, and worse than having heard them is the necessity always to smile. The Duke is a dear good person, and he has been exceedingly kind to me during the whole of my stay; but oh, how one sometimes does weary of this London of yours! Yet I love it. Do you know that you were almost the first person I asked for when I arrived here? They told me that you were in Berlin."

"I was," he admitted. "I am in the act of being transferred."

"Fortunate person!" she murmured. "You speak the languages of all capitals, but I cannot fancy you in Berlin."

They had reached the edge of the ballroom. He hesitated.

"Do you care to dance or shall we go outside and talk?"

She smiled at him.

"Both, may we not? You dear, discreet person, when I think of the strange places where I have danced with you! But perhaps it is better not to remember!"

They moved away to the music and later on found their way into the garden. The Contessa was a little thoughtful.

"You are a great friend of Anna's, are you not?" she inquired.

"We are engaged to be married," he answered simply.

She made a little grimace.

"Ah!" she sighed. "You nice men, it comes to you all! You amuse yourselves with us for a time, and then the real feeling comes, and where are we? But it is queer too," she went on thoughtfully, "that Anna should marry an Englishman, especially just now."

"Why 'especially just now'?"

The Contessa evaded the question.

"Anna seemed always," she said, "to prefer the men of her own country. Oh, what music! Shall we have one turn more, Mr. Francis Norgate? It is the waltz they played—— But who could expect a man to remember!"

They plunged again into the crowd of dancers. The Contessa was breathless yet exhilarated when at last they emerged.

"But you dance, as ever, wonderfully!" she cried. "You make me think of those days in Paris. You make me even sad."

"They remain," he assured her, "one of the most pleasant memories of my life."

She patted his hand affectionately. Then her tone changed.

"Almost," she declared, "you have driven all other things out of my mind. What is it that Anna is so anxious to know from me? You are in her confidence, she tells me."

"Entirely."

"That again is strange," the Contessa continued, "when one considers your nationality. Yet Anna herself has assured me of it. Do you know that she is a person whom I very much envy? Her life is so full of variety. Fate has already more than made up to her for that unhappy marriage—a marriage that took place only in name. She is the special protégée of the Emperor. No woman at Vienna is more trusted."

"I am not sure," Norgate observed, "that she was altogether satisfied with her visit to Rome."

"That's the Queerest Way of Setting About Building a Factory I Ever Saw"

The Contessa's fan fluttered slowly backward and forward. She looked for a moment or two idly upon the brilliant scene. The smooth garden paths, the sheltered seats, the lawns themselves, were crowded with little throngs of women in exquisite *toilettes* and men in uniform and court dress. There were well-known faces everywhere. It was the crowning triumph of a wonderful London season.

"Anna's was a very difficult mission," the Contessa pointed out confidentially. "There is really no secret about these matters. The whole world knows of Italy's position. A few months ago, at the time of what you call the Balkan crisis, Germany pressed us very hard for a definite assurance of our support, under any conditions, of the Triple Alliance. Our reply was unacceptable in Berlin. It may have helped to keep the peace; one cannot tell. The Kaiser's present letter is simply a repetition of his feverish attempt to probe our intentions."

"But at present," Norgate ventured, "there is no Balkan crisis."

The Contessa looked at him lazily out of the corners of her sleepy eyes.

"Is there not?" she asked simply. "I have been away from Italy for a week or so and my friends there trust nothing to letters. Yesterday I had a dispatch begging me to return. I go to-morrow morning. I do not know whether it is because of the pressure of affairs or because my friends weary themselves a little without me."

"One might easily imagine the latter," Norgate remarked. "But is it indeed any secret to you that there is a great feeling of uneasiness throughout the Continent, an extraordinary state of animation, a bustle—although a secret bustle—of preparation in Germany?"

"I have heard rumors of this," the Contessa confessed.

"When one bears these things in mind and looks a little into the future," Norgate continued, "one might easily believe that the reply to that still unanswered letter of the Kaiser's might well become historical."

"You would like me, would you not," she asked, "to tell you what that reply will most certainly be?"

"Very much!"

"You are an Englishman," she remarked thoughtfully, "and intriguing with Anna. I fear that I do not understand the position."

"Must you understand it?"

"Perhaps not," she admitted. "It really matters very little. I will speak to you just in the only way I can speak, as a private individual. I tell you that I do not believe that Italy will ever, under any circumstances, join in any war against England or any war that has for its object the crushing of France. In the minds of men high up in my country the Triple Alliance was the most selfish alliance that any country has ever entered into; but so long as the other two powers understood the situation it was scarcely Italy's part to point out the fact that she gained everything by it and risked nothing. Italy has sheltered herself for years under its provisions, but neither at the time of signing it nor at any other time had she the slightest intention of joining in an aggressive war at the request of her allies. You see her government felt itself safe in promising to fulfill its obligations in case of an attack by any other power upon Germany or Austria, because it was perfectly certain to every person of common sense that no such aggressive attack would ever be made. You read Austria's demands from Servia in the paper this morning?"

"I did," Norgate replied. "No one in the world could find them reasonable."

"They are not meant to be reasonable," the Contessa pointed out. "They are the foundation from which the world quarrel shall spring. Russia must intervene to protect Servia from their hideous injustice. Germany and Austria will throw down the gage. Germany may be right or she may be wrong, but she believes she can count on Great Britain's neutrality. She needs our help and believes she will get it. That is because German diplomacy always believes that it is going to get what it wants. Now in a few words I will tell you what the German Emperor would give me a province to know. I will tell you that, no matter what the temptation, what the proffered reward may be, Italy will not join in this war on the side of Germany and Austria."

"You are very kind, Contessa," Norgate said simply, "and I shall respect your confidence."

She rose and laid her fingers upon his arm.

"To people I like," she declared, "I speak frankly. I give away no secrets; I merely say what I believe. And now I must leave you for a much subtler person and a much subtler conversation. Prince Herschfeld is waiting to talk to me. Perhaps he too would like to know the answer that will go to his master, but how can I tell?"

The Ambassador had paused before them. The Contessa rose and accepted his arm.

"I shall take away with me to-night at least two charming memories," she assured him as she gathered up her skirts. "My two dances, Mr. Norgate, have been delightful. Now I am equally sure of entertainment of another sort from Prince Herschfeld."

The Prince bowed.

"Ah, madame," he sighed, "it is so hard to compete with youth! I fear that the feet of Mr. Norgate will be nimbler than my brain to-night."

She nodded sympathetically.

"You are immersed in affairs, of course," she murmured. "*Au revoir*, Mr. Norgate! Give my love to Anna. Some day I hope that I shall welcome you both in Rome."

XXXII

NORGATE pushed his way through a confused medley of crates that had just been unloaded and made his way across the warehouse to Selingman's office. Selingman was engaged for a few minutes, but presently opened the door of his sanctum and beckoned to his visitor.

"Well, my young friend," he exclaimed, "you have brought news? Sit down. This is a busy morning and we have had large shipments from Germany. I have appointments with buyers most of the day, yet I can talk to you for a little time. You were at the ball last night?"

"I was permitted to escort the Baroness von Haase," Norgate replied.

Selingman nodded ponderously.

"I ask you no questions," he said. "The Baroness works on a higher plane. I know more than you would believe, however. I know why the dear lady went to Rome, and I know why she was at the ball. I know in what respect you were probably able to help her. But I ask no questions. We work toward a common end, but we work at opposite ends of the pole. Curiosity alone would be gratified if you were to tell me everything that occurred."

"You keep yourself marvelously well informed as to most things, don't you, Mr. Selingman?" Norgate remarked.

"Platitudes, young man, platitudes!" Selingman declared. "Words of air! What purpose have they? You know who I am. I hold in my hand a thousand strings. Any one that I pull will bring an answering message to my brain. Come, what is it you wish to say to me?"

"I am doing my work for you," Norgate remarked, "and doing it extraordinarily well. I do not object to being checked up a certain amount, but I am getting fed up with Boko."

"Who is Boko?" Selingman demanded.

"I must apologize," Norgate replied. "That's a nickname only. Boko is a little red-faced man who looks like a child's toy and changes his clothes about seven times a day. He is with me from the moment I rise in the morning

Digitized by Google

until I go to bed at night, and he is getting on my nerves. I am fast drifting into the frame of mind when one looks under the bed before one can sleep."

"Young man," Selingman said, "a month ago you were a person of no importance. To-day, so far as I am concerned, you are a treasure casket. You hold secrets. You have a great value to us. Everyone in your position is watched; it is part of our system. If the man for whom you have found so picturesque a nickname annoys you he shall be changed. That is the most I can promise you."

"You don't trust me altogether then?" Norgate observed coolly.

Selingman tapped on the table in front of him with his pudgy forefinger.

"Norgate," he declared solemnly, "trust is a personal matter. I have no personal feelings. I am a machine. All the work I do is done by machinery—the machinery of thought, the machinery of action. These are the only means by which sentiment can be barred and the curious fluctuations of human temperament guarded against. If you were my son, or if you had dropped straight down from heaven with a letter of introduction from the proper quarters, you would still be under my surveillance."

"That seems to settle the matter," Norgate confessed, "so I suppose I mustn't grumble. Yours is rather a bloodless philosophy."

"Perhaps," Selingman assented. "You see me as I sit here, a merchant of crockery, and I am a kind person. If I saw suffering I should pause to ease it. If a wounded insect lay in my path I should step out of my way to avoid it. But if my dearest friend or my nearest relation seemed likely to me to do one fraction of harm to the great cause, I should without one second's compunction arrange for his removal as inevitably and with as little hesitation as I leave this place at one o'clock for my luncheon."

Norgate shrugged his shoulders.

"One apparently runs risks in serving you," he remarked.

"What risks?" Selingman asked keenly.

"The risk of being misunderstood, of making mistakes."

"Pooh!" Selingman exclaimed. "I do not like the man who talks of risks. Let us dismiss this conversation. I have work for you."

Norgate assumed a more interested attitude.

"I am ready," he said. "Go on, please."

"A movement is on foot," Selingman proceeded, "to establish manufactories in this country for the purpose of producing my crockery. A very large company will be formed, a great part of the money toward which is already subscribed. We have examined several sites with a view to building factories, but I have not cared at present to open up direct negotiations. A rumor of our enterprise is about, and the price of the land we require would advance considerably if the prospective purchaser were known. The land is situated, half an acre at Willesden, three-quarters of an acre at Golders Green and an acre at Highgate. I wish you to see the agents for the sale of these properties. I have ascertained indirectly the price, which you will find against each lot, with the agent's name," Selingman continued, passing to Norgate a folded slip of foolscap. "You will carry on the deals in your own name and pay the deposits yourself. Try to secure all three plots to-day, so that the lawyers can prepare the deeds and my builder can make some preparatory plans there immediately."

Norgate accepted the little bundle of papers with some surprise. Inclosed with them was a thick wad of banknotes.

"There are two thousand pounds there for your deposits," Selingman continued. "If you need more telephone to me, but understand I want to start to work laying the foundations at once."

"I'll do the best I can," Norgate promised; "but this is rather a change for me, isn't it? Will Boko come along?"

Selingman smiled for a moment, but immediately afterward his face was almost stern.

"Young man," he said, "from the moment you pledged your brains to my service every action of your day has been recorded. From one of my pigeonholes I could draw out a paper and tell you where you lunched yesterday, where you dined the day before, whom you met and with whom you talked. So it will be until our work is finished."

"So long as I know," Norgate sighed, rising to his feet, "I'll try to get used to him."

Norgate found no particular difficulty in carrying out the commissions intrusted to him. The sale of land is not an everyday affair, and he found the agents exceedingly polite and prompt. The man with whom he arranged the purchase of about three-quarters of an acre of building land at Golders Green on the conclusion of the transaction exhibited some little curiosity.

"Queer thing," he remarked, "but I sold half an acre, a month or two ago, to a man who came very much as you come to-day. Might have been a foreigner. Said he was going to put up a factory to make boots and shoes. He is not going to start to build until next year, but he wanted a very solid floor on which to stand heavy machinery. Look here."

The agent climbed upon a pile of bricks and Norgate followed his example. There was a boarded space before them, with scaffolding poles all round but no other signs of building, and the interior consisted merely of a perfectly smooth concrete floor.

"That's the queerest way of setting about building a factory I ever saw," the man pointed out.

Norgate, who was not greatly interested, assented. The agent escorted him back to his taxicab.

"Of course it's not my business," he admitted, "and you needn't say anything about this to your principals, but I hope they don't stop with laying down concrete floors. Of course money for the property is the chief thing we want; but we do want factories and the employment of labor, and the sooner the better. This fellow—Reynolds, he said his name was—pays up for the property all right, has that concrete floor prepared, and clears out."

"Raising the money to build, perhaps," Norgate remarked. "I don't think there's any secret about my people's intentions. They are going to build factories for the manufacture of crockery."

The agent brightened up.

"Well, that's a new industry anyway. Crockery, eh?"

"It's a big German firm in Cannon Street," Norgate explained. "They are going to make the stuff here. That ought to be better for our people."

The young man nodded.

"I expect they're afraid of tariff reform," he suggested. "Those Germans see a long way ahead sometimes."

"I am beginning to believe that they do," Norgate assented, as he stepped into the taxi.

XXXIII

NORGATE walked into the club rather late that afternoon. Selingman and Prince Lenemaur were talking together in the little drawing-room. They called him in, and a few minutes later the Prince took his leave.

"Well, that's all arranged," Norgate reported. "I have bought the three sites. There was only one thing the fellow down at Golders Green was anxious about."

"And that?"

"He hoped you weren't just going to put down a concrete floor and then shut the place up."

Mr. Selingman's amiable imperturbability was for once disturbed.

"What did the fellow mean?" he inquired.

"Haven't an idea," Norgate replied; "but he made me stand on a pile of bricks and look at a strip of land which someone else had bought upon a hill close by. I suppose they want the factories built as quickly as possible, and workpeople round the place."

"I shall have two hundred men at work to-morrow morning," Selingman remarked. "If that agent had not been a very ignorant person he would have known that a concrete floor is a necessity to any factory where heavy machinery is used."

"Is it?" Norgate asked simply.

"Any other question?" Selingman demanded.

"None at all."

"Then we will go and play bridge."

They cut into the same rubber. Selingman, however, was not at first entirely himself. He played his cards in silence and he once very nearly revoked. Mrs. Benedek took him to task.

"Dear man," she said, "we rely upon you so much and to-day you fail to amuse us. What is there upon your mind? Let us console you if we can."

"It is nothing," Selingman assured her. "My company is planning big developments in connection with our business, and the details afford me much food for thought. My attention, I fear, sometimes wanders. Forgive me, and I will make amends. When the day comes that my new factories start work I will give such a party as was never seen. I will invite you all and we shall have a celebration that everyone will talk of. And meanwhile, behold, I will wander no longer! I declare no trumps."

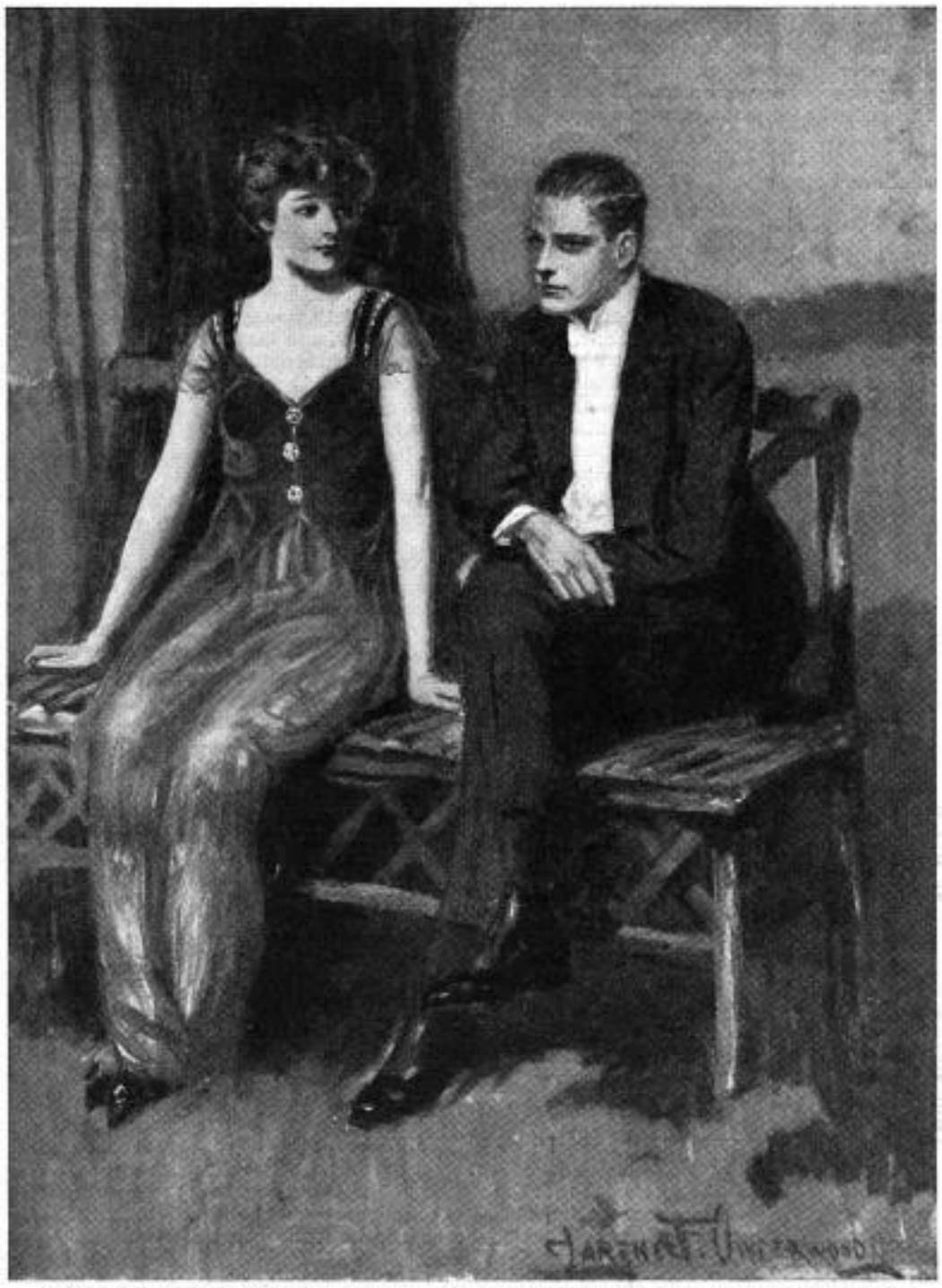
Selingman for a time was himself again. When he cut out, however, he fidgeted a little restlessly round the room and watched Norgate share the same fate with an air of relief. He laid his hand upon the latter's arm.

"Come into the other room, Norgate," he invited; "I have something to say to you."

Norgate obeyed at once, but the room was already occupied. A little blond lady was entertaining a soldier friend to tea. As the two men entered she withdrew her head from somewhat suspicious proximity to her companion's and greeted Selingman with innocent surprise.

"How queer that you should come in just then, Mr. Selingman!" she exclaimed. "We were talking about Germany, Captain Fielder and I."

(Continued on Page 70)



"We'll Steal To-Night Out of the Calendar. We'll Call It Ours and Play With It as We Please"

Digitized by Google

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year (Except in Toronto, $1.50). Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 8, 1915

The Nelson Touch

BEFORE the Battle of the Nile, Nelson spent the time from June seventh to August first in searching the Mediterranean for the French fleet. In one night the two forces passed through the same tract of water almost within modern gunshot; but the weather was thick. For some days they were hardly more than a hundred miles apart, each unaware of the presence of the other. The battle was fought on August first, but Nelson's dispatch announcing the victory did not reach London until October second.

Before Trafalgar, he chased the French and Spanish ships the length of the Mediterranean and across the Atlantic and back—once, in the West Indies, being within comparatively few miles of them without knowing it. Throughout his fighting career, in fact, a great affliction and a great anxiety beset him: the affliction of not being able to locate the enemy except by pretty literally bumping into him, and anxiety about the wind—whether it would let him go forward or hold him back, and how to take advantage of it so that it would give him a tactical superiority over the enemy when he closed with him.

All of which shows how vastly different the implements of naval warfare were in his day. Scouting aëroplanes and wireless telegraphy keep a commander minutely informed of an enemy's whereabouts and movements, even across the breadth of a main ocean. With steam power, wind has almost no place in his tactics. To a fighting man like Nelson these new conditions might seem fairly Elysian; but no doubt the basic problems are just what they were in his day.

In the few months that have elapsed to this writing, warfare by land has become as sordid and revolting as one of those contests between lumberjacks, where the two fighters, locked in each other's arms, lie for hours on the ground, each waiting for the other's tense grip to relax sufficiently for his nose to be bitten off or his eye gouged out. Possibly at sea there is chance for a Nelson touch.

The Champions

COMMENT in the sporting pages on the downfall of our distinguished Afro-American fellow citizen, Jack Johnson, leaves us in some confusion. Critics seem quite unanimously of opinion that this event, by transferring the supreme laurel of pugilism from Mr. Johnson's dusky pate to the alabaster brow of a Caucasian, is a thing of high importance to the white race.

They seem, also, quite unanimously of opinion that Mr. Johnson would have beaten his white antagonist handily if he had not for some years followed an injudicious and deleterious mode of living. We are puzzled to discover a cause for racial pride in the circumstance that a white man was able to whip a black man only after the latter had impaired his constitution by dissipation. Possibly the white man's supremacy consists in his having mainly supplied the liquor that undermined Mr. Johnson's prowess.

Championship, deleterious living, constitutional impairment and defeat appear to be the natural process of pugilism, in view of which our unsportsmanly mind could never see a reason for applauding one champion more than another, or the victor more than the vanquished. The latter is merely a few laps farther along on the same road, and the holder of the title at a given time is simply that contestant who has not yet reached the stage where excessive food and drink have dulled his punch.

The sporting pages inform us that Mr. Johnson's overthrow will much increase public interest in pugilism. If that is so we deeply deplore the unwieldy paunch that undid him—not that boxing is not as good a sport as many another, but it has accumulated an atmosphere we could get along without.

The Slav at the Gate

EUROPE'S center of gravity has shifted about considerably—from Athens to Rome; then to Madrid, Vienna, Paris. For the last thirty years no doubt Berlin has been the weightiest city on the Continent. It is entirely possible that the center of gravity will slip over to Petrograd in the course of a century or so. Far from viewing this possibility with alarm, we like to think the Slav has up his sleeve a finer civilization than any yet seen.

Two men sit down to discuss a matter of business. Presently one of them exclaims: "Brother, I am a drunken, lying scoundrel!"—and bursts into tears. Then for half an hour they discuss the immortality of the soul with intensest concern, after which they settle their business. It is only in Russian literature that you come across life-like characters of that naïve sort. Many Russians say Dostoyevsky was the most national of their authors.

His novel The Brothers Karamzov early postulates that Mitya will probably murder his father. For some six hundred pages various characters, with various emotional reactions, ponder and discuss this probability. Father and son themselves discuss it, the latter with almost insane agitation. The father is murdered; circumstantial evidence against the son is overwhelming. Then the cunning valet who did the murder explains, quite casually, how he accomplished it and exhibits the stolen money that constituted his motive.

One would have to dig down through many centuries of sophistication to find anything like it in Anglo-Saxon character. Even half-French Turgenieff sees humanity in the elemental aspect of grown children in the hands of fate. Tolstoy earnestly recommended the Sermon on the Mount as a substitute for the Compiled Statutes.

The Slavs are the youngest of articulate people. Probably the most is to be hoped for from them.

Using Women's Brains

THERE is still a rather prevalent notion that half of the world's brain power is quite sufficient to manage all of its more important affairs satisfactorily, and that the other half should be excluded. To support this notion, as John Stuart Mill wrote: "It is not sufficient to maintain that women, on the average, are less gifted with certain of the higher mental faculties than men, or that a smaller number of women than of men are fit for occupation of the highest intellectual character. It is necessary to maintain that no women at all are fit for them, and that the most eminent women are inferior in mental faculties to the most mediocre of men."

We do not mean now particularly female suffrage. We mean the total education of women—in spite of the big advances in that field which have occurred since Mill wrote. Especially in comfortably-off families, there is undoubtedly a prejudice against seriously educating women for any immediately productive work.

That the young daughter of the family should be seriously trained to earn a living is rather shocking to papa and mamma. It conflicts with their conventional ideal of her as a social ornament. She may study the same books that her brother does and pass the same examinations, but what is finally required of her is something utterly different from what is required of her brother; and because of that her total education is entirely different from his. She expects to win the race that is set before her by charm, not by intellect. Practically she meets more incentives to do her hair prettily than to develop her mind.

We do not think any fair-minded person who takes stock of the charming women of his acquaintance will deny that a considerable portion of the world's brain power is practically unused. In view of the muddle the world gets into with what brain power it does practically use, this seems a large preventable loss.

Democracy and Education

WE ARE beginning to form an ideal of higher education which would be realized by a college at which each boy started with five dollars and a suit of overalls, the college supplying him with a wheelbarrow and a spade, or some like implements, and strictly requiring him to support himself as he went along.

Professors complain that universities are more or less filled with loafers on whom educational opportunities provided at large expense are pretty much thrown away. On the other hand, in spite of our nominally free public schools and state universities, and the chances for self-support at endowed colleges, a large number of boys who earnestly want higher educational training, and who, therefore, would presumably profit by it, are unable to get it.

The sensible scheme would be to turn the loafers out and put the workers in; but there seems no practicable way of doing it. Equality in opportunity—especially in educational opportunity—ought to be the first aim of democracy; but we are a long way from achieving it. We bestow opportunity on many who will not profit by it and withhold it from many who might use it to advantage.

When a boy reaches college age, if he does not value higher education enough really to work for it he should not have it. The reasonable presumption is that he will not get enough out of it to pay him for the time expended; and dragging him through a four-year course by main force, to satisfy his parents' ambition rather than his own, is probably an injustice to him.

As a general proposition, supporting a boy above eighteen is a questionable proceeding anyway. As a rule, it is probably better, by that time, to give him some practice in standing on his own legs. In medicine, for example, a youth who really starts right is supposed to have a four-year literary course and a four-year medical course; then at least a year's experience in a general hospital and a couple of years in specializing—preferably somewhere in Europe.

So far as equality of opportunity goes, this differs in degree rather than in kind from the ancient English system of requiring that a youth who aspired to a good job must have an earl for a grandfather.

Working Together

MEN differ from most other animals in that coöperating with one another is the basic condition on which they live. The strongest and most skillful carpenter could hardly in a lifetime build a common log cabin without drawing on the labor of other men. To fashion with his own unaided hands a tool that would fell and trim a tree would take a long time.

Robinson Crusoe took with him to his island the embodied labor of hundreds of other hands. Set any man down solitary and naked on a section of the most fertile land in the Northern Mississippi Valley, and he would perish of cold and hunger in a short time. The natural resources of the United States barely sustained a few thousand Indians, who were always at the edge of famine; and even they worked together to some extent, or they could not have lived at all.

Nations live by the labor of other nations, as individuals by that of other individuals. Our religion came from Asia Minor, our political system mostly from England. Britons invented the steam engine and the railroad locomotive, by which we thrive. Bell could not have invented the telephone nor Wright the flying machine if many foreign minds had not worked on electricity and aëronautics.

There is hardly an article in our possession and no thought at all in our minds to which foreigners have not in some way contributed. The more extensively we coöperate the more we prosper materially, intellectually and spiritually. As any other nation thrives in any of those respects, so do we thrive. We are richer because an Italian, with German knowledge, thought out wireless telegraphy, a Russian wrote some great novels.

The militarist notion that one nation thrives at the expense of another might appeal to a society of monkeys, with goods consisting simply of what the earth voluntarily produced; but it has no sanction from intelligent human beings.

Rural Credit

NEW YORK has already organized a state bank to issue and sell bonds based on real-estate loans. Mr. Harding, of the Federal Reserve Board—himself a Southern banker of wide experience—recommends a like course to all states where facilities for borrowing on farm mortgages are inadequate. Except that Mr. Harding suggests state guaranty of the bonds the idea is eminently practical and points the proper way to meet the needs for rural land credit wherever those needs are not met now.

In most of the territory where agricultural values are well established and well known to investors there is normally no lack of funds for farm loans at reasonable rates. In other regions borrowers could probably get money at lower rates if their credit were mobilized through a state land bank and the security properly introduced to investors.

No state or national guaranty is needed. What is needed is to bring the merit of the investment before people with surplus money, and to put it in the form most convenient and attractive to them. The investment will then find its proper level in the market without intervention by the state or the nation.

Digitized by Google

AN AMERICAN PRIVATE IN THE GERMAN ARMY—By Karl N. Llewellyn

IN TIMES of peace we think of him chiefly as a necessary adjunct of the kitchen, almost as much a part of the household as the maid. But you see the maid, and speak to her from time to time, and regard her as an individual; him you perceive dimly, more as a background than anything else; perhaps because his connection with your kitchen so often comes to pass, and not to stay! Then, too, because you see him so often. Everywhere you go his uniform is on the street, and in time you get to taking the uniform for the man in it. You regard him as a type, and think no more about it. Even when he stirs your emotions he does so not in his own person but rather as a tiny part of a great whole whose parts you do not perceive: When he sings, for instance, and the simple chorus in at the window half rouses, half lulls you in the early, early morning; or when you pass the column on its way back from drill, and you curse your luck in being caught to lee of it; or, most of all, when that line of sparkling blue goose-steps passes on parade, impressive, precise, almost automatic. To you he is but a uniformed automaton. That's how you think of him—and you are wrong. That's how I thought of him till I became one of him, and knew him, and knew him to be a man.

How did that come about? At the outbreak of the war I decided to quit Paris and volunteer in the German Army. Just why, it is hard to put on paper. The odds against Germany, three years of my boyhood spent in that country, an old liking and desire for soldiering—these were among the reasons. And Paris was no longer Paris; the city of life and mirth was become sober.

It hardly seemed French in those first days, save for the democracy you saw throughout. About that democracy there was something inspiring. I have seen a cab—cabs being the only means of transportation, and hard to get—seen one with three laborers, in all the dirty reek of unwashedness, stop to pick up a clean-cut officer who happened to be bound for the same station; and the other way about too. After lugging my own bag a mile or so I rode to my station with a conscript and his wife on a market truck. The truckman "wanted to do something for his country, if he was old."

Looking for a Chance to Enlist

THE coming of war changed Germany too. The train on which I crossed the frontier was full of German and Austrian refugees from England. Now, instead of regulation strict inspection of baggage, we found refreshments of all sorts in the customs hall, and gracious damsels to minister to our needs. That had been taken care of by the city or by its various patriotic organizations. Nor did we hunger from that time on, for every station we passed was provided with similar means, more or less elaborate, for helping the soldier boys. My companions, being refugees, were welcome to the supplies; whereas I tasted of the good things of a soldier's life by mere declaration of intention.

It was not so easy to carry the volunteering beyond the stage of intention. At each garrison town I climbed out of the train and consulted some officer on the platform. At each town the answer was: "There's no more enlisting here; we are all full!" Until Osnabrück; there a medical examination and six hours of standing in line procured for me a place among the twelve hundred thousand German "volunteers for the war," and eight cents a day, with a cot in the barracks.

A cot, I said—rather I should say half a cot, for the bunks were iron double-deckers, each with a straw tick, which fortunately was already stuffed before our arrival. There were a dozen of these bunks in a big bare room, with as many stools and lockers, and two washstands and tables. The place was horrible with dirt and filth, for two sets of soldiers had slept there for a couple of days each before being transported to the front. Whether they were too hurried to clean up or whether they thought we needed a little hazing, and just left us something to do, I do not know.

So there I was, a recruit in the Seventy-eighth Infantry, tucked in between anything from a farmer to an incipient university professor and sharing with the man in uniform his work and his play. There I met him as an equal and learned what he thought about it all—there and at the front and in the hospital.

And the first thing he thought about it all was that he wanted to get into the fight!

All the troops were that way—actives, reserves, volunteers, and what not. I think the purest joy of the whole campaign was that of the active troops when they were called back from maneuvers to their garrisons. That meant that war was in the air; that meant the cessation of routine and drudgery, a chance to show what the German soldier was worth. Why else the festive march to the troop train—the regimental music on ahead, the singing and the joking, the girls right and left of the column all the way, for the Germans march through the city in fours; and the flowers—flowers in the soldiers' rifles, flowers in their helmets, flowers in their belts and buttonholes and knapsacks and boots, and flowers showered down on them from windows as they passed by?

Everyone was sure the war would be over in a month or two. Each one was sure, too, that, whatever happened to some other poor fellow, he himself would come back all right. And, besides, was not the Fatherland at stake?

The enthusiasm lasted through the whole trip out. A troop train, with its cars decorated with boughs and flowers, with the men at the doors laughing, cheering, answering the calls from the crowd, is a wonderful sight to see. But it was a lot more wonderful still to be a part of it. The cars were not pretty in themselves, most of them being cattle cars with cross-benches to sit on, and straw on the floor for such as cared to sleep on it. It wasn't easy to get room enough to sleep, until we hit upon the scheme of using our tent canvas as a hammock. That solved the problem until the inevitable catastrophe of ripped canvas and a sore back. However, such accidents couldn't dampen the spirits of the troops.

There were the inscriptions on the cars to cheer you up: "In case of bad weather the war will take place in the ballroom," or, touching on the eight nations with whom Germany was at war, including Monaco, "Declarations of war received here."

Then there was the food, of all kinds. First, the black bread and meat which the men had brought with them—and be it here said that no bread can compare with black bread. Then the products of brick hearths we rigged up in the cars or on the platforms, where each man could cook any food he had been able to "require," as the Germans term it—ungodly messes of potatoes and carrots and sugar beets that we could eat only because we had cooked them ourselves.

The Singing Bavarian Soldier

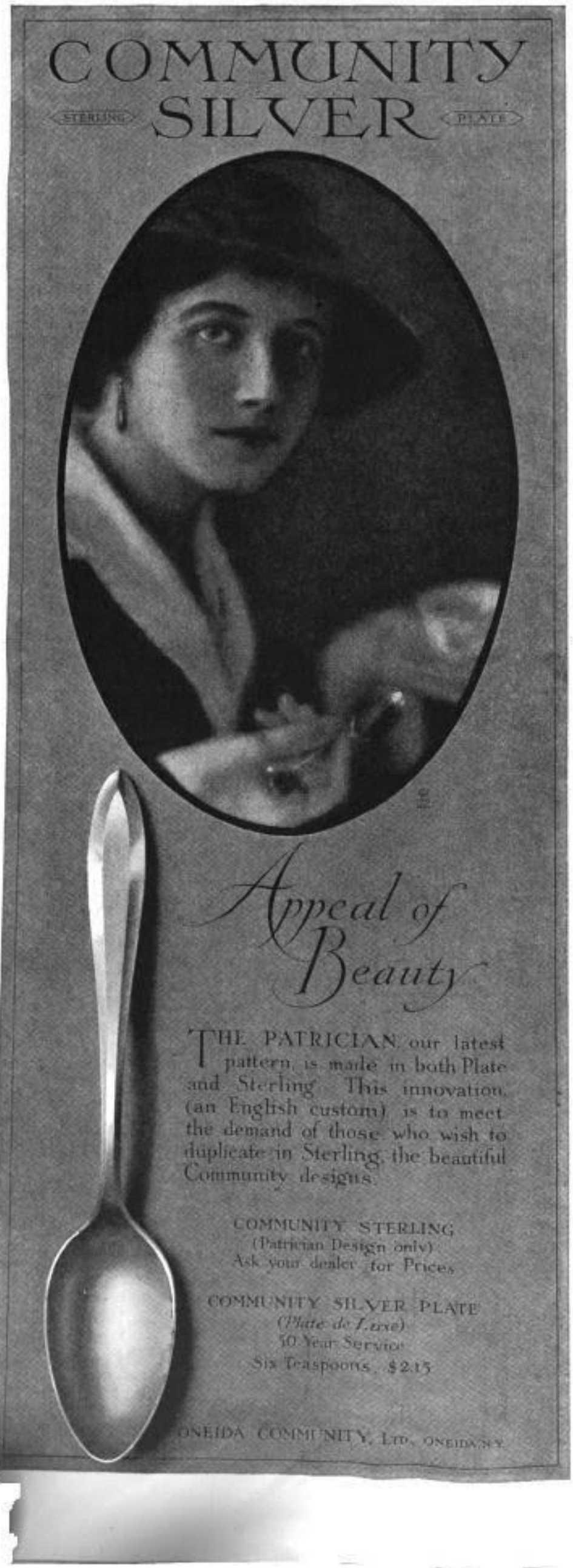
THE government soup stations, here and there along the route, consisted of long, low, new-built sheds, with benches and tables and tables and benches as far as you could see. Oftentimes half a dozen transports lay there at once, and you came in contact for the first time with men from all the four quarters of the empire, under the same dull gray war uniform. Cooks staggering under huge kettles handed out broth or stew to endless lines of men hungry, good-humored, and full of ironical advice to the man behind on how to get there first. And here let me say a word in defense of the army stew. It isn't pretty, I grant, that ever-recurring thick rice stew with a chunk of mutton or beef here and there. But it tastes all right, though you get it for the thirtieth time in one month. And once in a while there is a pea soup with bacon that even mother can't beat.

At the soup station, as always where Germans are gathered together, we sang. One day my company's glee club was singing the beautiful crude soldier ballads. They were giving us a song of the sweetheart and the homeland—you might almost say *the* song of the sweetheart in the homeland—*Sieh Ich in Finsterer Mitternacht!* And all at once I heard sobbing—and looked up into the tear-stained faces of Bavarian soldiers. It does one good to know those simple-hearted, whole-souled Bavarians—soldiers on their way to the fray, overflowing with the strength of their manhood, and brought to tears by a simple song of home.

You have heard a lot about the way the Germans sing. Well, it is true—all of it. Singing is a part of the German soldier's life, a part you cannot imagine him without. The first thing we did when we were quartered in a village was to hunt the place over till we found some asthmatic old harmonium. Then we would gather round it and sing until we could no longer hear the harmonium wheeze.

We also sang on the march. When men are tired and hungry, when the knapsack rides them like an old man of

Digitized by Google


COMMUNITY
STERLING SILVER PLATE
Appeal of Beauty
THE PATRICIAN our latest pattern, is made in both Plate and Sterling. This innovation, (an English custom) is to meet the demand of those who wish to duplicate in Sterling, the beautiful Community designs.
COMMUNITY STERLING
(Patrician Design only)
Ask your dealer for Prices
COMMUNITY SILVER PLATE
(Plate de Luxe)
50 Year Service
Six Teaspoons, $2.15
ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD., ONEIDA, N.Y.

the sea, when the deadly monotony of boots, boots, boots is torturing their very souls, without even regularity to rest them; when they have not the strength, not even the will, to look up and away—then someone pulls out a harmonica and pipes into Musketeers are Happy Fellows, or Lippe-Detmold. At first they scarcely notice it; but as the rhythm dins into their numbed wits one can see the drawn faces take on a new expression—to right and left they are falling into step, unthinking, following the instinct that tells them that rhythm means rest. The tune is ended, and then is taken up again, louder, and again, and again. And with the tune the words sing through their minds, with the beating of the words comes the desire, the will to sing, fighting its way up from the depths of consciousness, up through that load of crushing weariness, fighting its way free—and they do sing. That song is followed by another and then another, each one cheering them, giving them new strength. How could they have made those August marches without song!

Or there was the field at Tourcoing. We had been ordered north, a whole division of us, to make an attack on the English trenches near Ypres. Before we went into action our general wished to speak to us. So in a steady, melancholy drizzle we assembled. Company upon company, regiment upon regiment, marched up, wheeled into line and took up their positions on the broad field of mud. We stood waiting there in that sticky, water-soaked clay until we were sunk in up to our ankles. Our baggage on our backs, we endured that greatest hardship of the soldier's life, eternal waiting, while ever more men filled in the gaps, until the ranks of helmeted heads stretched out as far as you could see in the waning light, wavering as one or another of the men slowly pulled his feet out of the sucking mud to take up another position, and sink anew.

Then someone began to sing. It was as though that were what we had been waiting for, longing for. The mighty hymn swept across the field in the darkness, across the field and out and up to heaven; borne by the voices of fifteen thousand men out from the hearts of fifteen thousand men: A Mighty Fortress is Our God. But at times this singing has its ludicrous aspect, too, for a private the world over is a Bromide. I shall never forget the faces of the good folk of Cologne as our transport steamed through their city, up to their matchless cathedral, the men singing:

"Oh Cologne, thou lovely city,
Lovely city of Cologne!
And there must I needs leave behind me
My dearest sweetheart all alone."

For weeks and months one troop train had followed another into that station, and every trainload had struck up the same song. In spite of that, the people were kind to us there, fed us with sandwiches and what-not, and gave us postcards on which to write home.

Getting Used to Horrors

From Cologne it wasn't far across the frontier. And with the frontier began the desolation of war. It is hard to say just what the German private thought about that desolation. Those that came first were unloaded at once and marched through Belgium. There was nothing in Nature to show that war was on, and the mere fact that a man's gun is loaded doesn't make him realize it. It was like some particularly exciting maneuver until the first shell burst. And then the turmoil of new impressions was so great that the men were almost dazed. Before the daze was over came those enormous marches; so that by the time they got a chance to think they were adjusted to the new conditions and didn't even notice what might have horrified them a week earlier.

Those that came after had already had news from the advance troops, and they were prepared for almost anything. Theirs was that morbid curiosity that makes people crowd round to see the results of a collision; that used to make the Parisians flock to the Morgue to stare at the bodies exposed there; that made the Belgians take their children for a week-end holiday in the ruined sections of Louvain. So what they saw from the train moved them little. About all you heard was: "Well, we can be thankful that it didn't come through our country." Wrecked houses, shell holes in fields, mass graves! When you dare not, lest it should weaken you, let yourself be shocked even at the wounds and dead bodies of your own comrades, how can you find pity for the others? And one man's share of pity is so insufficient, so immeasurably tiny, that he cannot grasp what goes on about him. Even the civil population was numbed. How could the soldier be otherwise?

There is the bar of language too. When you don't understand a man it is so easy to leave him alone. Where the soldiers did understand some French, or where they stayed in one spot long enough to know the inhabitants, the relations were those of mutual aid.

"You have no reason to complain," said an old matron to me once at Aumenancourt-le-Grand, and a wonderful old woman she was. "We are treating you as if you were our own *pioupious*." And her eyes filled with tears, as did so many eyes where people found a chance to talk. "It is not we that made the war; it is not you. My boy was a soldier too; he's a prisoner now in Germany." And when I tried to tell her that we treated our prisoners well and that her boy was safe, "Ah, yes!" with a sigh. "You say what's good of your own men; everybody does that," and she poured me another cup of coffee that I had brought her the beans to make.

Nervousness Under Fire

No, if the German private was not overflowing with humanitarian sympathy, neither was he filled with brutal love of destruction. He may have been either, the first time he was under fire, but that is no measure of anybody. The first shells have a remarkable effect. You have been marching, marching under tension, expecting you hardly know what, and suddenly the whine of a shrapnel breaks in on you with the crash of its explosion on the still air, and then another and another and another. Whether you realize what they are or not, whether they are near you or not, you duck, dodge, want to run anywhere, anyhow, and run fast. That this is war becomes a fact all vivid and threatening. The tension is snapped.

There is the unexpectedness, the newness, the noise, the uncertainty of what will follow, all in that one instant.

Imagine a theater full of people in that tense hush as the curtain rises, and let a pistol crack all unexpectedly. There you have something of the same effect.

Rifle balls affect you differently. You feel a queer emptiness where your stomach ought to be. You know that they mean you, and you want to disappear, but you don't know how. Then you get hold of yourself, and stiffen up, and go ahead. That is contagious. The officer's example counts for much. He seems to find himself more quickly than do the men—the result of experience in hunting, perhaps, or in dueling. The fact of his fearlessness gives you confidence.

He probably knows what is coming, and if he is quiet you can afford to be.

Once settled, you no longer need him. There was one lieutenant whose men, being in bad cover, were getting nervous under fire, which for tactical reasons they were not allowed to return. To quiet them we saw him calmly stand up in full sight of the enemies' riflemen: "Why, you see, the Red Breeches are shooting high. They always shoot high! Much more dangerous to be back with the reserves. Here you can't get ——" There he lay, dead. But his example had done its work; his men were ready to advance.

That advance! It was the first disillusionment, and a pretty bitter one. None of that music-playing, colors-flying, quick-time work you read about; none of the enthusiasm that sets danger sweetly at naught. Instead a terrible nervous strain, with your comrade shot beside you, whom you may not help; and a pounding undercurrent of thought you try to force back: "Are they going to get me now?" You have an ever-growing impulse just to stay put and shoot—you persuade yourself you could do much more good by staying in half-cover and shooting; and it comforts you to hear the rifle go off—but your line is advancing, and you must advance too. As you stumble up bullets whistle by your head; there is no dodging them. You are close in now, you are winded and weary. You start to shoot again, but find your magazine is empty—no time to reload, for it's up and advance again.

Charge! And with the last breath you have, out with it: "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" You are in his trenches, the enemy is retreating.

Digitized by Google

Then without warning comes the revulsion of feeling. You were very humanitarian on the attack. You would have loved to carry your wounded neighbor back out of range, though it broke your back—purely out of pity for him, of course! Now there they are, the men that were shooting at you, running, running wildly! It isn't nice; it isn't civilized; but there is a fiendish joy in watching them drop or turn somersaults as you shoot, a joy the greater from your sense of new-gained safety after peril.

There is dormant, I believe, in most of us a savage love of shooting at a live mark—the hunting instinct. When it comes upon us for the first time we cannot answer for ourselves. But it fades as quickly as does the glamour of war. War seems to be turning into the old drudgery of peace-time service when you march and march and march, until you drop in your tracks and sleep a sodden sleep for the few hours of rest you are allowed; when you march till even fighting scarcely rouses your leaden eyes from fatigue, till the only joy that you know all day is the sight of the field kitchen waiting for you, with a fresh-cooked hot stew and coffee—which often you cannot keep awake long enough to eat.

I suppose there is no institution to which the German soldier is more grateful than to the field kitchen. It makes it possible for him to wake up to a cup of something hot before the grueling day begins, to save for sleep the precious hours of quiet after a forced march. It makes it possible for him to have a cheering, though simple—very simple—dinner, even in the trenches where there is no firewood within miles, and the lighting of fires is forbidden him. The lumbering clink-clank of that old "goulash gun" on wheels was what made it possible for the Germans, marching in full kit, to keep up with the French retreat in August; and I believe that it was the field kitchens also that enabled them to stand the wet trenches of December with so little sickness.

But the glamour of war fades when, instead of being quartered in some pleasant city where you can spend your pay on all your heart's desire, you are set to bury dead men; when you have so many to bury that you cannot even dig graves for them, and have to throw them, half a dozen together, into the shell holes and just heap dirt on top; when you are handling bodies which have lain for days under the sun that sweetens the French grapes; when the only thing to drown the reek is smoke, and your tobacco gave out a week before. The glamour fades when, before you can occupy a fort abandoned by the enemy, you have to spend hours at coolies' work to get it sanitary enough even to stand in. The glamour fades when your march is so fast that you can't rest, that you can't get a line from home because the baggage is left behind and the postal service can't keep up, that you can't even write to your dear ones to tell them that you have come through all right up to now, and when even the field kitchen is sometimes missing and you have to live off the country the enemy scoured before you—and mourn your friend the while, the man who stood beside you.

The Infinite Fatigue of War

Yet, through all that, the men had the feeling that we were winning, that we were saving home and Fatherland; that what we were doing was for a purpose high and noble, was worth all it cost and more. But how much harder the heartrending retreat after the sixth of September, and the trench warfare, the stand-still, man-eating fight that began then and lasts to-day!

At first our men refused to dig trenches. They were tired—and yet what is war but being tired, almost unto death, yet overcoming it when there is need?—they were tired, and the work was unnecessary. It was cruelty to put upon them more work than they had to do; that wasn't what war was for. And weren't they sure to advance that day or the next; hadn't they been doing it all month? Then what use for trenches?

Yet they had to dig; the officers saw farther than they. They dug not only for themselves but for others. I have spent no more disheartening days—and none more good for the soul—than those when we slaved from dawn to sunset—if in sight of the enemy, from sunset to dawn—digging rifle pits, or communication trenches, or shelters, or bombproofs, which another company moved into and slept in.

Not that it was drudgery all the time. Even among the hardships of the August campaign there was wine, wine of a quality unknown to most of the troops, and in quantities as in Valhalla—though, if I remember rightly, they drank mead in Valhalla.

You couldn't talk for two minutes to a German soldier who had been through those days without his telling you about the wine. Nor was he done with talking of the wine in general; he went into the details of each particular village where he had been quartered, of the *château* into whose cellar he had penetrated with a few others. He told how, ignorant of the labels, the soldiers had gone from one end of the cellar to the other, knocking off the head of any bottle that "looked good." If they liked it, they drank it; if not, they just tossed it away. Once a whole cask of costly liquor had drained away, because nobody thought of turning it off.

Was that wanton destructiveness, vandalism? Think a minute. Wasn't it simply the reckless embarrassment of any commoner who suddenly has more of a thing he has long desired than he knows how to handle? Don't we see equally wanton things every day in the way our newly rich use or misuse their money—things just as foolish as carrying champagne in your knapsack under the rays of the broiling sun, and at noon drinking it all warm with your bread? It seems to me that we have here a trait common to us all rather than a characteristic peculiar to barbarians.

Knocked Out of the Mushroom

Indeed I rather admire the way old Eckermeyer used wine. He and several others of his *Landwehr* regiment were wounded in an attack on a French position. They managed with mutual help to get into the hollow of a stream, sheltered from shells by a bridge. But none could get any farther except Eckermeyer. So, setting out to a farmhouse, he routed out as much wine as he could carry and brought it back to the others. Then they had a pleasant little chat round the bottle until the Red Cross men came and carried them away.

The memory of these Bacchic splendors lingered. The chief use to which we put the French bayonets we found lying about here and there, aside from using them as pokers for the field kitchens, was to probe the soil of gardens in search for hidden wine. I have seen a patient, plodding private spend an hour on one plot, sometimes with success. And not only wine we found. Near Courcy, where we were stationed for some time, thirty thousand francs in gold were found buried, by a man in my company. These were returned to the owner by our colonel, although I must confess his act aroused considerable dissatisfaction among the men.

Even in the trenches the life was varied to some extent. There were other things besides mud and drudgery. The trenches worked up so close to each other in some places that the sappers, working at night, of course, didn't dare pound in the stakes on which they built up their barbed-wire entanglement. The operations had to be conducted in perfect silence to avoid inviting a shower of the enemies' "blue beans." Thus the entanglement stood loose on the ground before the rifle pits. As a result the Germans woke up one morning to find it gone. The French had come in the night, dragged it away, and set it up in front of their own trenches. After a while their vigilance relaxed, in turn, and the entanglement came back to us. Now German ingenuity got to work. The Germans carried wires back from the stakes to the trenches, which wires were taken under the sentry's particular observation. The next time the French tried the game the sentry reported motion in the wires, and a volley stopped that motion. But that wasn't all. One night they got hold of it in spite of us. Some hardy French sapper had made his way through the entanglement and cut our anchor wires!

Then there was the case of Hagemann. He was stationed as lookout in a hole we had dug in and almost through a great mound christened the Mushroom. Just as the relief was marching up a shell shot into Hagemann's cubby-hole, but without bursting—only three in ten of the French shells used to burst. But the air pressure knocked him outside; and there he came somersaulting down the Mushroom and landed right in front of the lieutenant in charge of the relief.

With all that, there is little enough incident in the trenches, aside from the daily

This is *Automatic* Electric Washer Model No. 4, short folding bench type.

This is *Automatic* Electric Washer Model No. 1

Banish Washday Worry

THINK of it! Just a delightful hour or two with an *Automatic* Washer instead of a long morning's hard work. An *Automatic* is the quick, easy and cheap way to wash clothes—no muss and fuss, no sloppy floors and slovenly appearance. You just guide the operation and your clothes will be washed beautifully without the slightest chance of harm.

An *Automatic* soon pays for itself—not only makes play of washday, but means an actual saving to you of $100 or more a year.

This is *Automatic* Electric Washer Model No. 6—long bench type.

There are six models in the *Automatic* Washer family. Three of them are Electric Washers and three are Power Washers. The Electric Washer and the Power Washer do the washing in exactly the same way. The difference is just in the source of power. The Power Washer is equipped with a pulley for connection to a gas engine or other power, while the Electric Washer is equipped with an electric motor operated by electricity from ordinary lamp socket.

While improvements and refinements have been made from year to year, the basic principle of the *Automatic* is unchanged. It was right in the very beginning and is right today. The design has been kept simple by adding no useless frills. Every feature is either absolutely necessary or extremely useful and is limited to the fewest possible parts, all of which insures simplicity and lasting satisfaction.

The *Automatic* Wringer has a large, strong, maple frame and best quality rolls. It has extra length coil springs to protect the rolls from strain. The wringer is reversible and controlled by a conveniently placed lever.

This is *Automatic* Power Washer—Model No. 5, long bench type.

Get this free book

We have an interesting story to tell you about the *Automatic*. You will enjoy reading it, so write today for our free booklet, No. 500, "Why Mrs. Jones Bought an *Automatic* Washer." On request, we shall be pleased to send you the name of the *Automatic* dealer in your city.

Dealers: We want good dealers wherever we have no present representation. Rightly priced and guaranteed, the *Automatic* is a quick-selling, satisfactory line to handle. Write for our special dealer proposition now.

Automatic Electric Washer Co., Inc., Newton, Iowa, U. S. A.

DETACH THE COUPON AND SEND IT NOW—NO OBLIGATION

Automatic Electric Washer Co., Inc.
Newton, Iowa, U. S. A.
Please Send Me Your Booklet (1) Name _____
Write your address on margin of this page.

Digitized by Google

Ten Minutes Before Dinner

When the Housewife Serves Van Camp's

All winter we've urged you to please the men, by serving Baked Beans as they like them.

Now our plea is to please yourself.

Now come the days when cooking isn't pleasant. You like to linger out-doors. Many a time a hearty, ready-cooked meal will help you.

The ideal meal for the hungry is Baked Beans. It's more nourishing than meat.

Serve the new-style Beans, the zestful kind, the kind that men enjoy. That kind can't be served too often. On many a hot day, when mealtime comes, you'll be glad to think of these meals on the shelf.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

Until you know Van Camp's, Baked Beans will never gain their rightful place in your home.

Old-time baked beans—crisp, mushy and broken—were not served very often. Only the strongest digestions could deal with them at all. They were never half-baked.

The Van Camp chefs created a new kind. The beans are picked out by analysis. The sauce we bake with them has a wondrous zest.

They are baked in steam ovens—baked for hours in small parcels—at very high heat. They come out whole and mellow and easy to digest.

Van Camp's has multiplied Baked Bean popularity. The dish is a delicacy. The folks at your table will welcome Van Camp's as often as you will serve them.

Please learn the difference, if you do not know it. A single meal will reveal it so you can't forget.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.

(375)

routine. Come in at sundown, shouldering past the company you relieve, giving them the latest bits of gossip as you pass; stand on guard or dig until your eyes rebel and you have to smoke or drink coffee or eat to keep awake; roll into the shelter when your turn comes—it's foul of air, but warm to a certain extent—and sink into a dreamless sleep—unless you are plagued by the toothache; get up unwashed and weary to the new day, and stand more guard; clean your kit, if you can; snooze, or, if you have any paper, write a line home and try to tell the folks there how it looks; eat if you have any food, and wish something would happen.

At first, you see, the trenches were a comfort. You could rest in them, and you needed rest. You had time to write home how much you needed tobacco, and time to wait until that tobacco reached you. You had leisure to think, to begin to take in all that marching campaign of August, to grasp the fullness of incident so great at first that it escaped you; to enjoy your memories, in short, and pat yourself on the back for having gone through so much.

And above all, you had a chance to wash, wash, wash! Men who had not been out of their clothes for a month, men whose boots stuck to their feet, who were an offense to themselves, now in rest day in the second line could draw bucket after bucket from the well, buckets full of real water. See two of them strip and get to work with a brush, though it be a shoebrush, each laboring over the other until something like the normal white of skin again became visible. Of course there wasn't any soap; but who cares about soap when he's got water, when he's really got water?

And that luxury of a bath could be repeated almost any day you wanted it; in between times you could sleep. You don't know how much sleep you can do without until you have to. But a month averaging well under five hours a night, with a working day of the other nineteen, wears any man down. Here was a chance to make up for it. You had no lights; consequently you could work only in the daytime. From sundown to sunup and the rest days the time could be spent in one long, glorious, snoring sleep. And it was—until the bugs came, and the wet.

Christmas Trees in the Trenches

The shelters in the trenches were good quarters as long as the straw stacks in the neighborhood held out. If your straw floor got dirty or damp, you renewed it; and a queer sight they were, in the dark, these huge bundles of straw arriving seemingly all by themselves, for a field-gray uniform is practically invisible at night. But with the end of the straw stacks there was no more protection against foulness and, more important, no protection against vermin. Pungent oils, and such other things as you could get from home, hindered but did not eradicate.

Then came rain and the all-encasing mud. And thus solid comfort in the trenches found its end—except, perhaps, at Christmas time.

Christmas is the great home festival in Germany. All over the country the people felt the need of sending to the warriors on that day all of home that could be carried. For a week the postal service accepted ten-pound packages. Many a man was remembered all too well, and had to call on his comrades to carry some of his truck; all were remembered to some extent. How many of the packages went to the front labeled "To someone who has received nothing else"! And those who had more divided with those who had less.

Everything was there—candles for the little Christmas trees they cut themselves, goodies of all kinds—mothers were sure to send sons' favorite things to eat, too. I shall never forget the face of that sergeant who on Christmas Eve received a photograph of his wife and the baby girl who had been born since he left home. And, what counts for most, there was everywhere a closer fellowship even than before. Every man felt the need of making his comrades do duty for the home folks, and of himself doing duty for their families.

So they made merry and they sang. Have you heard how their song was carried over the snow-clad fields to the English trenches, and how the English soldiers were filled with Christmas longings; how some of them ventured over and spent the evening round their enemies' Christmas tree? And of how the German private sang and grew

NATIONAL OATS
—you can taste the difference

WINNERS
"Sketch the Girl"
CONTEST

Open to Everybody

1st	Mrs. Katherine Guest, 1711 Perry St., Jacksonville, Fla.	$500.00
2nd	Arthur Willard, 3820 Eliot Ave., St. Louis, Mo.	250.00
3rd	Edwin A. Grotman, Mt. Wolf, York County, Pa.	125.00
4th	Mrs. Ida M. Buffum, 4 Poplar St., Providence, R. I.	75.00
5th	Edie Godfrey, 315 Fair St., Algona, Iowa	50.00
6th	H. B. Stough, Chadron, Nebraska	25.00

School Children

1st	Emily M. Nichols, 14 years, 116 Crawford St., Portsmouth, Va.	$250.00
2nd	Gladys Knox, 14 years, 1712 Stokes St., Nashville, Tenn.	100.00
3rd	Celia Klein, 15 years, 613 17th St., Denver, Colo.	75.00
4th	Leslie McDougall, 14 years, Marenci, Arizona	30.00
5th	Mabel Blair, 13 years, 4219 E. 22nd St., Kansas City, Mo.	15.00
6th	Gladys Parker, 14 years, 316 West Elm St., Tyler, Texas	5.00

Checks for the first six prizes, each classification, listed above, also checks for the 200 cash prizes of $5.00 each in OPEN-TO-EVERYBODY Contest and 2,500 prizes of $1.00 each in SCHOOL CHILDREN'S Contest, will be mailed to the winners on May 15th. A Souvenir Prize will be mailed to every child contestant under sixteen who failed to win a cash prize.

SEVENTY-TWO THOUSAND sketches were entered, every one of which represents a splendid effort—that's characteristic of NATIONAL OATS eaters; they have well-nourished bodies that put vigor and enthusiasm in all their actions. NATIONAL OATS is pure, rolled, white oats—richer, cleaner, sweeter and more delicious in flavor than ordinary Oatmeal or Rolled Oats.

EAT
NATIONAL OATS
You Can Taste the Difference

Most grocers sell NATIONAL OATS. If yours does not, he can get it for you.

National Oats Company
Address—St. Louis

Digitized by Google

When You Buy Shotgun Shells

YOU probably have a favorite brand of shells. You ask for them by name when you buy. But has it ever occurred to you that the maker and loader of those shells expects you to go further than that?

He knows that there is a difference in shotgun powders. He knows that experienced men, old hands with a shotgun, buy not only shells, *but also powder, by name.*

So for your convenience he uses various recognized brands of powder in loading. For your guidance he prints the name of the powder with which a box of shells is loaded upon the top wad of every shell and on the outside of the box.

The next time you buy shells ask for

Infallible
Smokeless Shotgun Powder

It will improve your shooting either at the traps or in the field. It is a powder of unusual uniformity. You always know what to expect when you shoot it.

It gives uniformity in recoil, and *light* recoil. It gives uniformity in patterns, and *even* patterns. It gives uniformity in velocity, and *high* velocity. It is water-proof, weather-proof and age-proof. You can depend upon it always. When you buy shells ask for Infallible Smokeless Shotgun Powder. Look for the name on the wad and on the box.

Get these two interesting books: "Trapshooting" treats of this delightful sport from the viewpoint of the veteran and the beginner. "Hercules Sporting Powders" is of interest to everyone who owns a rifle, shotgun or revolver. Free for the asking. Write for your copies today.

HERCULES POWDER CO.
12 W. 10th Street
Wilmington, Del.

strong in the thought of the Fatherland, till the terrible late December attacks of the French were flatly repulsed.

Don't you see? He isn't the brutal, soulless braggart pictured to us so often, wantonly ravaging and ravishing. He isn't the haloed hero without fear and without reproach that many of his people seem to think him. Nor is he a machine, merely accepting and executing orders, an impersonal, spiritless automaton incapable of thought or feeling.

He is just a man, a plain man like you and me, "the backbone of the nation," fighting as best he knows how to save his country and his dear ones. He believes them in danger by no fault of theirs. If he be right, we must sympathize with him; if he be wrong, we must none the less honor him. He has given himself, his all, to a cause.

To this at least he has a right—that we try to understand before we judge.

First-Aid Paste

FIRST-AID service to the injured has just been given a new weapon, which promises to increase its efficiency enormously. This is simply a paste that will keep a wound from becoming infected in the minutes or hours—or perhaps even two or three days—before a doctor arrives to give regular treatment. An ugly tear or a deep cut may be suffered by a workman in a shop or in the woods, and the wound may become badly contaminated unless some kind of quick action is taken. The paste, jammed down into the open wound, will stave off trouble during the many hours of delay.

This first-aid paste was devised primarily for the wounded in the European War, because experience has shown that the longer the delay in treatment the more likely is the wound to be fatal. Though the paste was invented for battlefield first aid, to be applied by the soldiers themselves, it has been given its first trials in machine shops for treating ordinary accidents. Such promising results have been reported from the shops that general use of the paste has been started in the British Navy. Experience in a great number of cases there will quickly prove whether or not it will live up to the present rosy promise.

The paste is the invention of Sir W. Watson Cheyne, president of one of the most distinguished surgical societies in the world, and his associates on a special committee that undertook to find some way of improving first-aid treatment.

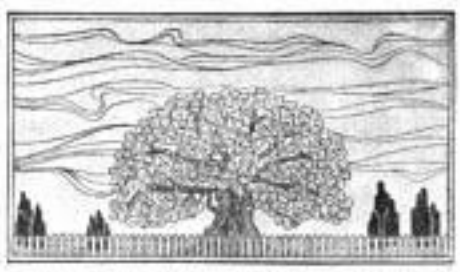
Their first conclusion was that some chemical mixture should be found which would spread through a wound of its own accord, and either kill or hold in check the bacteria already at work there until more elaborate sterilization was practicable.

A mixture that would do this would keep a wound in a condition practically unchanged for the many hours up to three or four days before professional treatment could be obtained, and so abolish or minimize the handicap the doctor must have in his race against infection.

Several antiseptics were found that would creep through tissues and so work their way through a wound. Carbolic acid appeared to be one of the most penetrating and efficacious of the antiseptics tested.

It was further concluded that the chemicals should be put into the wound in such a form as to stay there until removed by a doctor, and this demanded a paste mixture. Out of their experiments they finally hit on a paste with a basis of six parts of purified fat to one part of white wax, with which is mixed carbolic acid to twenty-per-cent strength.

Such a paste can be kept readily in small glass jars in a first-aid cabinet; and if the mass tests now under way in the British Navy give the same results as the laboratory and machine-shop tests already studied, the simple remedy is due to prevent an enormous amount of suffering from infected wounds.



Your Shoes Should be Like These!

YOU can make your shoes look better, wear better and feel better by having attached to them

O'Sullivan's Heels
of New LIVE Rubber

They wear two to three times as long as the best leather heels and preserve the shape and lengthen the life of your shoes.

O'Sullivan's absorb all the shocks and jars of walking, saving nervous strain and wear and tear on shoes and you.

O'SULLIVAN'S HEELS cost but fifty cents attached and can be obtained at any shoe store or cobbler's shop.

Many manufacturers attach O'SULLIVAN'S HEELS to shoes right at the factory. Such shoes are called O'Sullivanized Shoes and are carried by leading dealers throughout the country. If your dealer does not carry them, write to one of the manufacturers below.

Hazzard-O'Sullivanized

Style 094

One of our most attractive and popular English effects made of dark shade mahogany, Russia calf, low, broad English walking heel, with famous O'Sullivan's Heels, $3.50.

$3.50 and $4.00

Ask your dealer for the famous Hazzard shoes made with O'Sullivan's Heels right on them.

Write us for fully illustrated descriptive catalog.

R. P. HAZZARD COMPANY, GARDINER, MAINE

The CARTHEAN Shoe
O'Sullivanized

Carthean Shoes for women include every style from dainty dancing slippers to sturdy English walking boots. All of them have O'Sullivan's Heels attached, and are priced at $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00.

All shoe dealers have them or will get them from the makers,

DUNN & McCARTHY, Auburn, N. Y.

Walk-Over Shoes *O'Sullivanized*

For Men **$4.50** and Upward **For Women**

WALK-OVERS O'Sullivanized are made in low shoes for men and women—and in dainty Louis-heeled slippers.

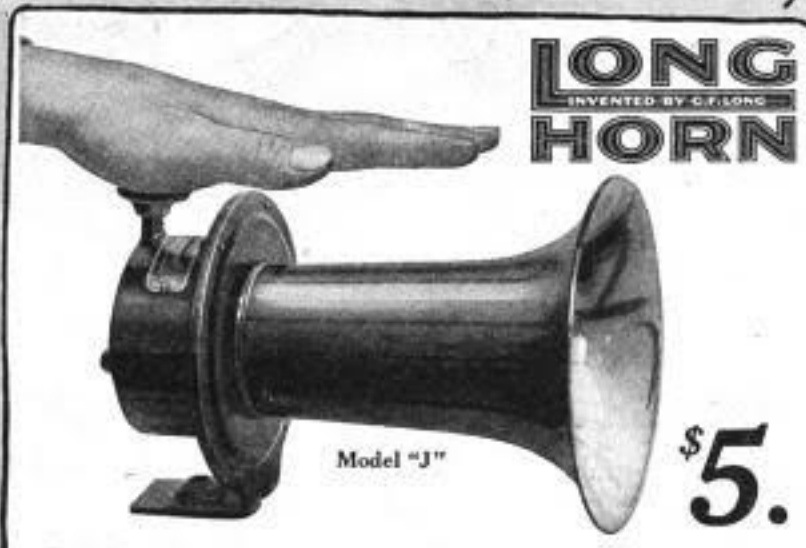
Your local Walk-Over dealer can supply you with these shoes.

GEO. E. KEITH CO., Campello, Mass.

Digitized by Google

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

One Firm
One Service
One Guarantee
back of every J-M Automobile Accessory



Model "J"

$5.

Is the Voice of your Horn Insured?

When a horn loses its voice it loses its power to warn. It becomes useless.

The voice of the Long Horn is perpetually strong, full-toned and far-carrying. It is insured for all time because Long Horn construction is *guaranteed*.

Here is the guarantee—"Should any part of the Long Horn illustrated (Model J) ever prove defective, we will do more than repair it—we will give the purchaser a new horn."

No such guarantee covers any other make of mechanical, hand-operated horn in existence. It means that $5 is the *first cost and only cost*. See the Long Horn dealer today. *Booklet on request.*

JOHNS-MANVILLE SHOCK ABSORBER

Smooths Out the Ruts and Bumps of Every Road

Jars and vibrations not only lessen your comfort but damage your car. This shock absorber supplies the springs with the extra flexibility that is needed to cushion or absorb these vibrations and to prevent their transmission to the body of the car. It saves the engine, springs and tires and materially increases your comfort. The Johns-Manville Shock Absorber fits springs up to 2¼ inches wide. Supplied with Spring Perch for attachment to Ford Cars. See your dealer. Write for booklet.

PER PAIR $15.

J-M Lens
(Glare-Blinding)
Entirely eliminates headlight glare. Puts more light where you want it. Per pair, $3.25.
J-M Non-Burn Brake Lining
Comes cut to size. Saves measuring, cutting and fitting. Absolutely dependable and proved more economical.
J-M Auto Clock
A guaranteed 8-day timepiece for $5.00. Choice of flush or dash mounting. Finished to match fittings of car.
J-M (Mezger) Soot-Proof Spark Plug
Soot-proof, heat-proof, leak-proof. Has held the preference of the hard-to-suit car owner 14 years. Price 75 cents.

OTHER J-M ACCESSORIES

Jones Speedometer	J-M Narco Tire and Top Repair Materials	J-M Packings and S. A. E. Gaskets
Carter Carburetor	J-M Dry Batteries	"Noark" Enclosed Fuses
J-M Tire Pump	J-M Fire Extinguisher	G-P Muffler Cut-Out
J-M Automobile Tape		

Write for booklets

3066

H.W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

294 Madison Avenue, New York

47 Branches Service Stations in All Large Cities

Out-of-Doors

In the Jewel Box

THAT gay gentleman, Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, Regent of France following the death of Louis XIV, in general organized his life on the principle that everybody loves a cheerful spender. At times, however, he would sigh with regret that the lower classes—peasantry or canaille—were disposed to be resentful about their taxes, he being well advised that if the taxes were taken away from him he could not continue his little suppers.

A friend of the Regent was the Duc de Saint-Simon, author of the best memoirs of his time and an excellent Boswell, alike to the Grand Monarch and the Gay Regent. This worthy duck, duke or duc was ever a steadfast counselor to the mighty, always to be mighty and always, so to speak, to throw out a front. One conversation between the Duc de Saint-Simon and the Regent was on the question of buying another diamond for the enrichment of the crown jewels of France—and incidentally for the pleasance of the Regent and the ladies. Saint-Simon describes the matter thus:

"By extremely rare good fortune a servant employed in the diamond mines of the Great Mogul found means to secrete about his person a diamond of prodigious size. To complete his good fortune he safely arrived in Europe with his diamond. He showed it to several princes, none of whom were rich enough to buy, and carried it at last to England, where the King desired it, but could not resolve to purchase it. A model of it in crystal was made in England; and the man, the diamond and this model were introduced to the financier, John Law, then prominent in Paris, who proposed to the Regent that he should purchase the jewel for the King. The price dismayed the Regent, who refused to buy.

"The state of the finances was an obstacle on which the Regent much insisted. He feared blame for making so considerable a purchase while the most pressing necessities could only be provided for with much trouble. I praised his sentiment, but said that he ought not to regard the greatest king of Europe as he would a private gentleman; that this was a glory for his regency that would last forever; that, whatever might be the state of the finances, the saving obtained by the refusal of the jewel would not much relieve them—in fact, I did not quit Monsieur le Duc d'Orléans until he had promised that the jewel should be bought. . . . The bargain was concluded on these terms. Monsieur le Duc d'Orléans was agreeably surprised by the applause the public gave to an acquisition so beautiful and so unique. The jewel is known as the Regent's Diamond."

America's Crown Jewels

We don't have kings and crown jewels and regents in this little old republic of our own. Mostly we have business; but we have been so successful, and are now so great and rich, that, before long, it will be up to us to hand down to later generations some objective proof of our own greatness and richness. We must some time be able to say that we can afford all these unused things of value, and can lock them up to show to other generations—that is to say, like most rich and successful persons, some time in our career we shall want to offer proof that we do not have to save the nickels any more, and that now and then we can afford a little leisure.

What are our American jewels? Some time they will be cathedrals, museums and art galleries. Meantime—and also some time—they will be our splendid mountains, our wildernesses, our sporting out-of-doors, where a man can wear a blue shirt and say: "Hang the expense! I'm off for the hills!"

Speaking of jewels, however, are you familiar with the Sierras? the Rockies? Do you know how exceedingly beautiful Nature is in some of the most favored portions of those countries—how extremely fascinating they are in the best of Nature's mood? In the high mountains the air is so brilliant it carries an actual sting, almost like that of diamond rays. The grass and the trees are as green as emeralds—not less. The blue of the cloudless sky—so much bluer than you ever can see blue in lower or moister countries—is deep sapphire, or sapphire plus something.

"Mighty classy car! Got her insured?"
"What do you mean—insured?"
"Fire, theft, liability, collision, etc. Ever think of all the expensive things an automobile can do and have done to it?"

"No! Never thought anything about it!"
"Well, you'll think about it if you just graze someone on a street crossing and get a shyster lawyer threatening a fake lawsuit!"

"You can't insure against that, can you?"
"Certainly—or suppose a leaky carburetor or gas tank starts a fire somewhere on a lonely road——"

"Say, I——"
"—or you smash a rig or back into another car——"
"For Heaven's sake——"
"—or if you come out of the house some night and find your car has been stolen!"
"Well, what can I do about it?"

"You can insure against it all in the automobile policies of the 'Two Hartfords'—the fire and theft portions in the 'Old Hartford,' which has protected your family for more than a century, and the other hazards in its associate, the new Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company, which is bound to maintain the 'Hartford's traditions.'"

Hartford Fire Insurance Co.
and
Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co.
Hartford, Conn.

The Hartford Agent in your locality is a good man to know.

COUPON—SIGN—TEAR OFF—MAIL

The Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co.
P 5 Hartford, Conn.

Gentlemen: Send me your booklet, "Criminal and Financial Liability of Motorists."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Digitized by Google

7 Vital New Features

Given in Goodyear Motorcycle TIRES

1915 Goodyears mark the summit of motorcycle tire achievement. Even without these 7 big improvements, Goodyears won all notable records for speed and endurance.

15% Price Reduction

And now, in spite of these extra costly features, Goodyears in the 3-inch size have been lowered 15 per cent in price. Goodyear popularity — mammoth production — made possible this tire saving for you.

3 to 1 Demand

The demand for Goodyear Motorcycle Tires is almost 3 to 1 of any other make.

Last year their sales were greater than all other makes *combined*.

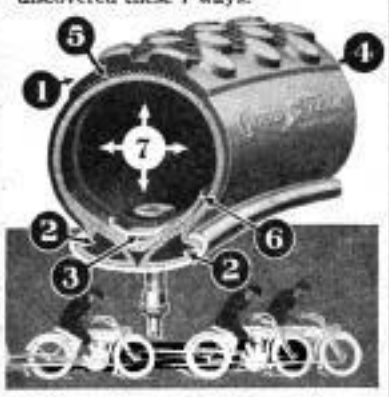
Goodyear sales were 39 per cent more than the previous year.

They were six times as great as four years before.

And 3 out of 4 new motorcycles came equipped with Goodyears.

Riders judged them under all conditions. And they did not think that men could make them better.

Yet Goodyear experts—whose research costs us $100,000 yearly—discovered these 7 ways.



Mileage Increased—(1) by giving a heavier, tougher tread.

Creeping Prevented—(2) by stiffer, firmer beads. (3) by equipping the tube with a metal valve spreader. It clutches the casing and rim like a vise.

Ply-Separation Prevented — (4) by welding each ply at the splice—the same as in the famous Goodyear automobile tires.

Fabric Fortified and Shocks Absorbed —(5) by adding a breaker strip of heavy rubber-impregnated duck, between the tread and carcass, as in Goodyear automobile tires.

Chafing Prevented—(6) by perfecting a feather edge flap. (7) by giving a 30 per cent heavier inner tube of supreme-quality stock.

$50,000 More Value

We are giving $50,000 more value in 1915 Goodyear Motorcycle Tires.

For these 7 features cost us much of what we save by multiplied output.

Yet we are content to give them freely —for they are winning new thousands to Goodyears.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
Motorcycle Tires

When you buy motorcycle tires—when you buy a motorcycle—be sure that you insist on Goodyears.

They cost you no more than lesser tires, remember. And any dealer can supply you Goodyears or can get them from a nearby Goodyear branch at once.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Akron, Ohio
Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires

The sunset is made up of a million giant opals. Topaz and tourmaline lurk in all the rocks. Lapis lazuli and aquamarine lie at the bottom of all the lakes. Have you never sat on the high shoulder of some hill, up near the clouds, where the wind blew clean, and felt the same fascination you experienced when you looked at a mass of glittering gems—jewels accumulated by some monarch who could afford to buy them and keep them—just as this Republic can afford to buy and keep the best of its mountain landscapes?

It is enough simply to be alive in the high Sierras, in the upper Rockies—above the timber line, up near the snow. Lower down, also, the scent of the pines, the taste of the white water, the sight of the blue, wavering pennant of the camp fire—these are almost delight enough; but if carnal man demands trout for the table, why, then it is boots and saddle, and, rod under leg, one rides even deeper into the wilderness.

Who has not felt, betimes, the spell of the mountain river, roaring down out of its high sources, white over the rocks, deep and cool green in the pools? It is in human nature to want to follow any such stream clear to the head. There never were trout so large that one did not think there were trout a little larger farther up. One baskets a trout or so from this pool, almost grudging the time, because it is simply necessary to go on and on. That is ambition—that is human nature. But what a glorious experience it is to follow a mountain river back into the high mountains, with no strings to draw one back to camp at any given day; to go back into the mountains beyond the tin-can zone—a difficult thing from Panama to Nome today!

I recall a little trip not long ago where we followed a bold river back and up until it became a thread with lakes strung on it—until we had reached the last lake, almost up to the clouds. Such an experience is more than a mere fishing trip—it is touch with the rare and beautiful things, the condensed wealth of the world.

Old John the Ranger

Old John the Ranger knew there were trout there; but it almost made no difference when we looked out over the lake from a high shore, studying the bars for good fishing places. Old John grumbled a bit when he saw the head of the lake still stained a trifle with glacier water.

"Just the luck!" said he. "I've caught some old whales right up there."

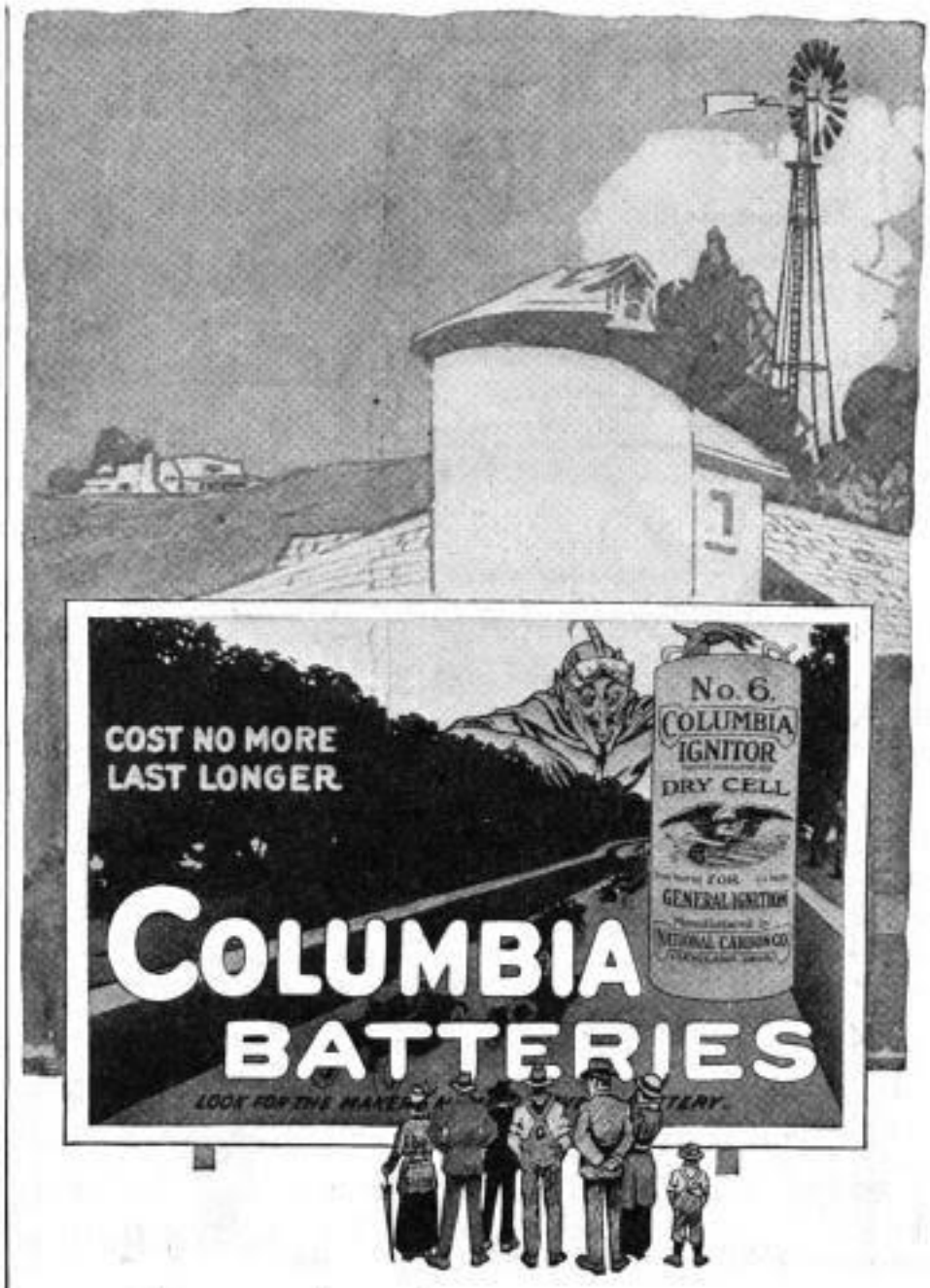
There were no tin cans on this lake. It has seen but few visitors in all its many, many days. Its shores have never been laid out for the use of man. As beautiful as apples of gold in pictures of silver, it was roughset in great bowlders which had come down in the snowslides years past. These rocks, hid deep in alders and willows, lay for half a mile, to weary and entangle the angler—if any angler can be weary. The cover came so close to the water that it was impossible to get out a back cast; but we hardly looked where we were going. Out in the lake, beyond reaching distance from the shore, the trout were rising—and there was no boat or raft!

All anglers are resourceful, and there was need of resource here. We studied the shore line, regarding some of the giant bowlders, big as a church, which had rolled on out into deep water; and—for thus does Nature leave her secrets unguarded ever—leading out to one of these big bowlders we found a sort of giant stair of lesser stones. A step here, a jump there, and we were on a flat-topped rock, with room to cast, and over twenty feet of water as clear as any diamond in the world.

Old John chews tobacco and fishes with worms. I have never seen on a human face an expression of greater content than that on his as he sat down and, reaching into his pocket for a plug of twist, bit off one vast and blissful chew.

There did not seem to be any trout at all. Out beyond us the transparent water became less and less so, until it reached a twilight zone of translucence, fading into the opaque.

I cast a long line out as far as I could reach—cast again and again. A grand trout struck the fly and I brought him in steadily, brilliant and beautiful as a whole casket of spilled jewels. And back of him came a whole procession of dark, graceful forms, converging from below, beyond and on every side. We had been on the rock a couple of minutes and here were fifty trout in sight! I need say little more.



Bought— Wired— Forgotten

What is it that you tuck away in the corner in the dust and dark, never look at, never touch, never give a scrap of attention or care—

and yet is always ready, always steady, working for you at morning or midnight—for many months, often years?

COLUMBIA BATTERIES

You can't buy a better dry battery. The largest battery manufacturers in the world have been working for twenty-six years to insure and maintain Columbia superiority. They sign their name to the goods as a guaranty of quality.

For bells, buzzers, tractors, telephones, gas engines, gongs, automobiles, motor boats, hand lamps, barn lights and any other service where the dependability of the battery is a basic need—insist on getting Columbia Batteries. Cost no more—last longer.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio
FACTORIES IN U. S. A. AND CANADA

Convenient Fahnestock Spring Clip Binding Posts—No Extra Charge

Digitized by Google

EVERY BUYER GETS THE LOWEST PRICE

Purchaser of Office Equipment Assured of Fair Treatment Through One-Price Policy

Buying From Baker-Vawter Saves Much Time and Money

House loyalty makes every buyer anxious to match his wits against those of the seller in order to strike what appears to be a bargain. The big unanswered question is always, however: "Have I struck bottom with this fellow? Couldn't I have secured a bigger discount, a longer dating or better shipping terms?"

And very likely he could!

The seller with a wavering policy is generally willing to venture a little farther into the deep waters, in the hope that he may later find a helpful error in his figures, or that this order may be a stepping stone to future and more profitable favors.

But the Law of Averages is the Constitution of Business Dealings. On a year-in-year-out average, price paid for value received is bound to strike a balance—or the seller must go out of business.

And the time spent by the buyer in bothering over and discussing prices is money lost out of the business. That time could have been used to make money for the firm through constructive thinking.

Baker-Vawter Has Standardized Values.

To eliminate price haggling in every line is impossible. But the nature of the loose-leaf and steel filing equipment business has enabled Baker-Vawter to adopt a fair, square, one-price-to-all standard.

The conscientious buyer must, of course, have assurance that Baker-Vawter prices are as low as is consistent with the quality.

Baker-Vawter is a great loose leaf and steel filing equipment manufacturer with the most modern of specialized manufacturing facilities. It is the largest in the world, selling direct to over 55,000 users, rendering individual service to each. A huge volume of sales, the purchase of raw materials in enormous quantities, and the production of finished goods at the lowest possible manufacturing costs, to which is added only a small net profit per dollar based on the big output, give every buyer the assurance that Baker-Vawter prices are right.

Baker-Vawter's Costs are Known.

The Baker-Vawter Cost System gives exact costs, not estimates, on every item. Using these records as a basis, selling prices are fixed—with definite discounts for quantity—and no one has the power to shade the prices or terms.

Every buyer fares the same. Every buyer gets the lowest price. "Price-jockeying" is futile. No one pays for the shrewd buyer's bargain. Past business and idle promises count for naught. There are no favorites, whether the order amounts to $5 or $5,000.

This absolute price protection policy lowers Baker-Vawter's selling costs. The salesmen lose no time in price bickering. And the buyer saves his own time and always gets the lowest price without argument.

?

How much time are you losing trying to force down estimated prices?

Why not save that time—use it for matters that are more vital to your business—and yet be assured that you are buying at as low a price as the shrewdest buyers alive?

BAKER-VAWTER

LOOSE LEAF and STEEL FILING EQUIPMENT

"Buy from Baker-Vawter and waste no time shopping!"

Honest goods—honest prices—honest treatment

Twenty-seven years of specialized experience plus a National organization that will keep you in touch with all the latest and most practical improvements in efficient accounting practice, is a feature of Baker-Vawter Service which is yours gratis.

Baker-Vawter Company

World's largest manufacturer of loose leaf and steel filing equipment selling direct to the user

Factories West and East—address either
Benton Harbor, Mich. Holyoke, Mass.

Sales offices in 37 leading cities—one near you
Salesmen everywhere

The export department corresponds in any language

FREE

Just issued! "Making Your Ledger Produce"—52 pages of interesting, practical, money-saving business ideas. Sent free if requested on your business stationery. You will also be entitled to a "Symptom Blank"—the guide to greater office efficiency. Write today.

Old John and I took them out as we liked, methodically, carefully and reverently; I never saw even the roughest man who did not have reverence for a trout, and John was not of the rough. We stopped and admired them now and then, as anglers will. The climax of our entertainment came when old John, chewing most vigorously, gave an exclamation and nodded toward the arch of his rod. He had on two trout—one very large, for he was using a little fly above his baited hook.

"That blame' thing come right out from under this rock," said he, "and chased my fish; and then he grabbed that little fly—and looky yonder! There's another one just as big. We've been settin' on them all the while an' didn't know it."

Where those two great trout came from we never really did know, but John landed his double. And while he was doing so I cast a gentle fly over the other big one; he fastened, and was ours.

How blissful the slow and gentle ride back to camp after a day such as that, the old packhorse squattering along, with plenty of trout in the panniers! I presume trout do have something to do with the bliss of one's soul at such a time; but, none the less, I asserted that I caught old John looking at the sunset.

"Ain't it a fine day?" we said one to the other more than once àpropos of nothing in particular, save that it had indeed been a remarkably fine day.

I do not now remember how many trout we had, but I do remember the toothed, white sky line of the Sierras. And I know how green the pool was by our camp, and how blue the smoke looked when we came riding down. Apples of gold in pictures of silver!

And not long ago, at another time, it was in the Rockies—the Rockies where they rise high and sharp directly from the plains. Here and there from their tall sides come down little streams which, when they reach the lower valleys, wind among willows and through beaver meadows, and sometimes over gravel bars and between high banks. We were traveling by motor car and we paused at such a stream—just big enough for big trout; just deep enough to be crossed on the bars here and there; just wide enough for easy casting without entanglement—the sweetest, decentest trout water you ever saw out-of-doors.

"Now if only there really were trout," I began, "wouldn't it be ideal?"

Landing a Two-Pounder

"Two and three pounds—plenty of them," said Jack, who here was our leader. "Some womenfolks caught six here the other evening, right by the bridge. They lie right under the willows, hunting hoppers now."

It was late afternoon, but our party boded that we needed trout for breakfast. Therefore, while the rest assumed points of vantage along the shores, whence they could easily offer advice, criticism and derision if need be, I got into my waders, strung up as good a rod as the best maker in the world ever made, appending as good a reel as ever was made and using a tapered leader—a better one I never saw. Thereto I added a fly as much resembling a grasshopper as might be.

The water was cold when I stepped in—cold, and clear as crystal. The sky was blue, with some little white clouds, and a strong wind was coming down from the mountains where the Indians say the Old Windmaker lives. I did not really much care whether I caught any trout or not. Not so, however, the waiters on the bank, who were disposed to be utilitarian in their notions.

I struck one fine fish and lost him without seeing him at all; but round the very next bend, at a spot that was absolutely ideal in every regard—tell me, have you not almost always been disappointed with these ideal spots?—I raised a regular story-book trout in a story-book place. In these ideal surroundings, whether or not the rest of the picture was ideal, I certainly played him to such effect that by and by he was on the gravel bar—two pounds and better.

"Come on down here!" called out a voice, by this time a trifle more respectful. "They are jumping all over." This from the feminine contingent, who had always been a trifle vague as to how trout are taken, though well advised as to how they are eaten.

I waded down to the head of a big semi-circular pool. Pound trout, two-pound trout and pound-and-a-half whitefish were

Elgin Wonder Tales

Found in Search for Lost Torpedo

"SEVERAL years ago I was engaged in laying buoys for torpedo practice in Long Island Sound, when I dropped my Elgin watch in sixty feet of water. Some days later a diver, while searching for a sunken torpedo, picked the watch off the sandy bottom. I drained it, had it cleaned and oiled and am carrying it today—as good as ever."

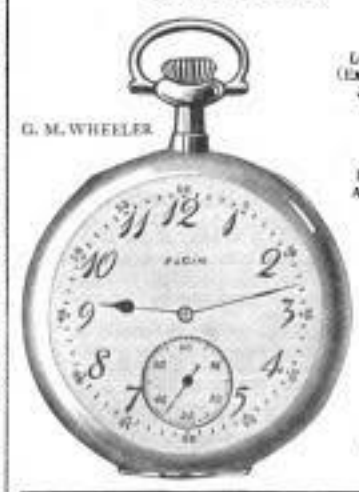
(Original letter on file at Elgin Headquarters.)

This naval officer's experience with Elgin reliability and sturdiness may give you a suggestion for that graduation gift or wedding present that is coming due this summer. Elgin Watches represent the highest skill in watchmaking. They possess heirloom possibilities and give lifelong service. Ask your local dealer, *your Elgineer.*

ELGIN
Watches
KEEP TIME

Write for Elgin Wonder Tale Booklet, sent free. Send stamped and addressed envelope for Elgin Poster Stamps.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO
Elgin, Illinois



LORD ELGIN (Extra thin model) *$100 to $115*

LADY ELGIN A wide range of prices

G. M. WHEELER *$25 to $50*

R. W. RAYMOND (R. R. Watch) *$15 to $75*

Digitized by Google

The First Alarm

of pipe trouble comes when the damage is already well under way. This happens hundreds of times—but not in houses or buildings piped with

BYERS
GENUINE WROUGHT IRON
FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED
PIPE

The most disheartening thing about a pipe failure is not the *immediate* inconvenience and expense. It is the *permanent* deterioration of the building remaining after even the most careful repairs.

In tens of thousands of homes and business structures where Byers has been installed during the past half century, pipe troubles have been practically unknown.

Byers rust-resisting, stress-defying quality is equalled only by the old irons proved by centuries of self-preservation.

For Byers pipe is made from iron, puddled as it has been for fifty years by the same honest hand controlled methods that were in use prior to the invention of modern cheapening processes.

Have your architect tell you the permanence of Byers; have your plumber explain the superior workmanship assured by its perfect cutting and threading qualities, guaranteeing always tight, safe joints.

Know your pipe before it goes in Write for the Byers Book and *know*.

A·M·BYERS COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1864
PITTSBURGH, PA.

23 Sullivan St. New York City | 11 Sleeper St. Boston, Mass. | 720 Fulton St. Chicago, Ill.

Distributors in all jobbing centers. Names on request.

breaking there on the evening feed. From their position on the steep bank, thirty feet above the pool, the watchers could see every fish distinctly, though I could not.

"A little farther down—no, to the right—no, this way—there he is!" Somebody on the bank was going to be a trout enthusiast if this kept up.

And it did keep up until our little party thought the basket had enough for breakfast. I do not recall any pleasanter trout party in all my life.

All of us true sportsmen pose a bit. We like to talk about the beauties of Nature and pretend that we do not care for the fish or birds at all. That is part of the doctrine of being a true sportsman, perhaps. Yet I find my own mental impressions so confused, whether by the trout or the sunset, whether by the green of the willows round us, or the blue of the sky above and the white of the glaciers between, that I am on the point of saying I cared not at all for those fish, and only for the sunset and the wind—and maybe the contented look of one or two who occasionally peered into the basket as we rode, to certify themselves that the breakfast was still there.

And there was another time, not so long ago, in another of our great wilderness refuges. Near by the beaten trails other anglers had whipped the life out of the stream. One man offered, however, who knew a thing or two. We went out in the afternoon, five or six miles, and caught thirty trout, some round a pound. I was delighted; but, as for him, he was scornful.

"You don't call those fish?" said he. "You wait. To-morrow I'll show you some real trout."

The next day we mounted our trusty buckboard and rode to the end of the trail. Then we drove five miles farther, up a cañon and across country where a team and buckboard could not possibly go—but where they did go, none the less. We came out on a strange mountain meadow. For three miles our mountain river flattened and lay calm. Off to the east rose the notched Absorakas.

Was Not the Regent Right?

"There's lots of 'em in here," said my companion. "I come here about once a year. I don't believe anybody's been here this summer. There's hardly any little ones in here at all. You won't catch one as little as a pound in weight."

It sounded like the imagination piscatorial at its best, but it was literally true. In all my life I have never seen such a stream as that for big trout; nor have I ever seen conditions more comfortable.

Two or three times I raised one big one which I thought was an earlier acquaintance. At last, from my position above, I could see him come up slowly and deliberately—a heavy, thick-shouldered fish; four and a quarter pounds he was. When I struck him I soon found the five-ounce rod did not control him, and he walked round pretty much as he pleased.

After a long struggle we got this heavy, dull fish into the net and incidentally added him to the two other fish that may or may not have been the ones I had raised on the same bank previously—at least, we declared they were. And when we went to camp for lunch, and cleaned up our trout, we found what had made our big trout so thoughtful. He had that morning eaten a bullfrog a little longer than my hand! I have sometimes heard it said that trout do not care for frogs.

When we lifted our box into the buckboard that evening it was heavy with trout, very heavy. Perhaps—for one ought to be honest in such matters—the heaviness of the box may have left my reason not wholly calm and dispassionate; but, though I cannot swear whether we had twenty-four or twenty-six trout, I can swear that never was mountain wind sweeter, never was mountain valley more beautiful, never was sky more blue or mountains more wholly delectable than those.

They are our jewels—these things set apart. Sometimes—unless I happen to be broke at the time—I am ready to say that saving the last cent you can is not all there is to life. Sometimes—especially when far back and high up in the wilderness—I am ready to say the old Regent was not so far wrong. There are a few things a great and rich people can afford just to lock up and lay away. You do not look at a jewel box every day—only once in a while; but it is comfortable to know that you have got jewels on the ice.

No. 461
Your City Today 1915
YOUR BANK
1-83
Pay to the order of The New Era Mfg. Co. $20.20
XXX TWENTY DOLLARS TWENTY CENTS Dollars
Signature
Writes and protects your checks at the same time
A new invention makes it possible for us to sell the New Era Check Writer at a price within reach of every business man, every storekeeper and even those who issue only personal checks.
The New Era writes and protects at the same time, makes neater checks, saves time and positively prevents loss.
New Era Check Writer
PAY TO THE ORDER OF
XXX TWENTY

$23,000,000 stolen in one year on raised checks—a great part by trusted employees!

A drop of acid and the stroke of a pen may wipe you out of business any day

Any day you may be wiped out of business by a raised check. The newspapers are full of such accounts—yet the newspapers hear of only 2% of the cases—the 2% where the crooks are caught.

You can never know when *your* turn may come. Crooks and even trusted employees, tempted by desire and the ease with which checks can be raised, are robbing business men everywhere.

U. S. Supreme Court decides you must stand the loss

The Supreme Court has decided that you must use all possible care in protecting your checks. All writing can easily be removed from any ordinary check, and any amount can be written in over your signature. $23,000,000 was stolen by check raisers in this way in one year alone. Can you afford to risk loss when positive protection now costs so little?

To men who have hesitated at the high prices of check writers

A new invention now places the wonderful New Era Check Writer within your reach. Our price, $20, saves you $15 to $45, as compared with machines selling from $35 to $65. And we firmly believe that the New Era is the most efficient, most durable, most positive in the protection it gives you, most compact, simplest and fastest machine on the market. It is guaranteed for two years by a man who is nationally known as one of America's big business men and who has sold 40,000,000 of a guaranteed article. Do not invite disaster by going without real check protection now that you can secure it for so little money. Mail coupon, or a postal now.

An Opportunity

Men of ability have made big money in selling Check Protection. Several important and valuable districts are available for experienced Salesmen who have made a record.

FREE! Every business man should write today for vital facts about check writing, check raising and check protection.

Let us show you how easily your checks can be raised and how to positively protect them. Let us tell you about the New Era Check Writer—how it prints, shreds and forces indelible ink into the fiber of the paper. Let us show you how it writes the full amount in dollars and cents in the body of the check, the only place where the amount is legal. See sample check above.

The New Era makes the neatest, easiest-to-read check ever made. Think how neat, *protected* checks put you in the class of Big Business—careful, alert, progressive.

Visible Writing—2-year guarantee

The New Era writes a word at each stroke and instantly shows you what you have written. We believe it is unequalled in speed, legibility and efficiency. Simple, compact, and durable. Guaranteed for 2 years. Lifted and operated with one hand. Always ready—never in the way.

Mail the coupon now

The price of the New Era is only $20—figure the saving yourself. A new invention makes this saving possible. Send in the coupon today for more facts. No obligation on your part. You owe it to your business to learn how easily checks are raised and how to protect yourself against loss.

New Era Mfg. Co.
456 Fourth Ave.
New York

$20.
Saves you $15. to $45.
as compared with machines selling from $35. to $65.

A Few New Era Users

National City Bank, N. Y.
New York Life Insurance Co., N. Y.
Bankers Trust Co., N. Y.
Reo Motor Car Co., N. Y.
The Credit Clearing House, N. Y.
Equitable Trust Co., N. Y.
Thompson-Starrett Co., N. Y.
The DeVinne Press, N. Y.
Winton Motor Car Co., N. Y.
World Film Corporation, N. Y.
Studebaker Co., South Bend, Ind.
Solvay Process Co., Syracuse, N. Y.
Hartford Fire Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.
Dodge Bros. Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.
City of Brockton, Brockton, Mass.
Remington Typewriter Co. N. Y.
Hundreds of other users in other cities.

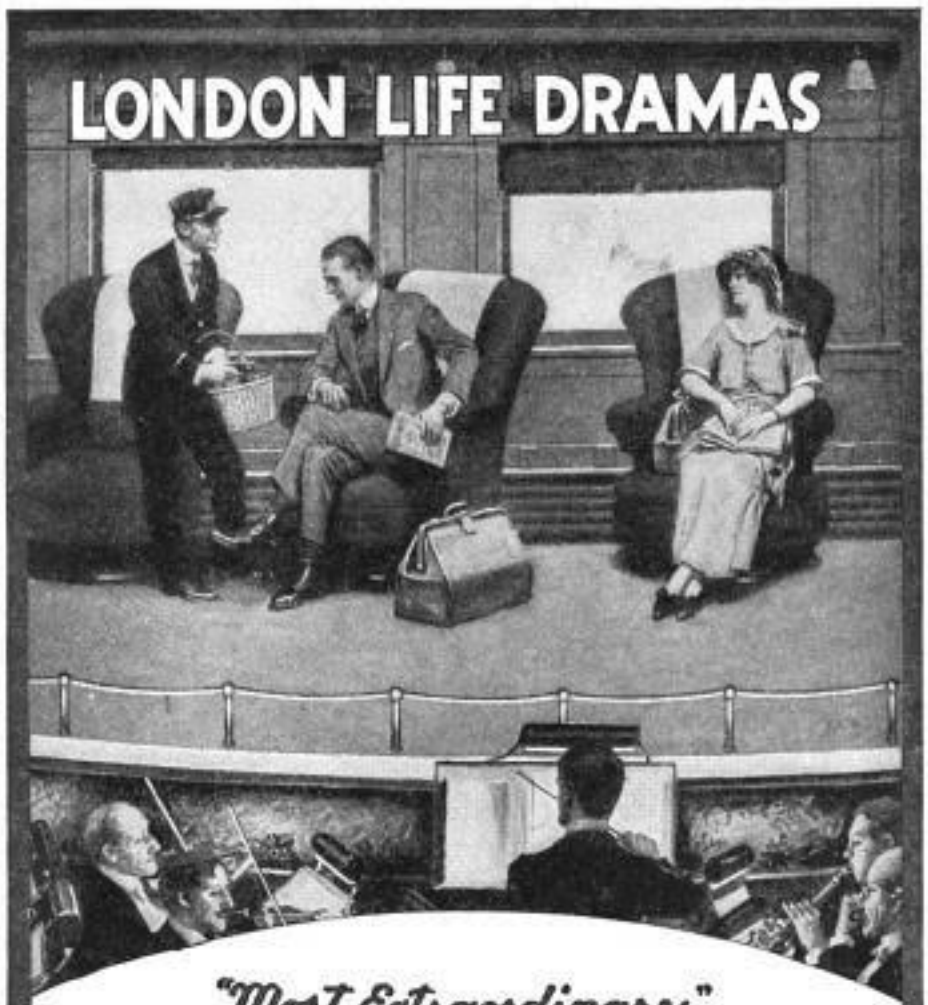
S.E.P. 4-8-15

Name
Address
City
State

New Era Mfg. Co.
456 Fourth Ave., New York

Send me more facts about check writing, check raising and positive check protection.

Digitized by Google



"Most Extraordinary"

ACT I

TRAIN BOY:—Cigars an' cigarettes! Choc'lates!

PASSENGER:—Here, son. Got any *good* cigarettes?

TRAIN BOY:—Right where I live, Boss. "London Life." The greatest yet. Ten cents, two nickels, one dime. The greatest—

PASSENGER:—Ring off the talk! SHOW me!

TRAIN BOY:—I'll take a chance with you. Break her open and light one. If it isn't the best y'ever smoked, keep the box, an' no charge. Is it a go?

PASSENGER:—You're on.

ACT II

TRAIN BOY:—Cigarettes an' cigars! Choc'lates! Hello, Boss! What's the verdict on "London Life"?

PASSENGER:—A Ten Strike! Give me three more boxes.

LONDON LIFE

CORK TIP
CIGARETTES

10 Cents Here - 10 Pence There

Anargyros
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

LAND is the simplest, most natural form of investment, as well as one of the oldest; and as a rough rule, the farther west you go, the more people invest in land. When you come to the Pacific Coast it still overshadows all other sorts of investment; though, of late years, trade in bonds and stocks seems to have increased there.

Development of orange and lemon lands in Southern California absorbed a great deal of money that on the Atlantic seaboard would probably have gone mostly into bonds, stocks and mortgages. Forehanded persons put their savings into English-walnut groves and olive trees. Then there was a lot of investing in lima-bean farms and vineyards. Farther north, round Fresno, raisin-grape land was a prime investment; and money was put into prune orchards at Santa Clara. Still farther on, round Sacramento, investors went in for deciduous fruits.

Within a few years there has been a tremendous investment in apple and pear orchards in Oregon. In several of the valleys there you may now see thousands of acres of young trees just coming into bearing, or only one or two years old. Meantime the citrus-fruit industry has pushed on beyond Sacramento.

To many men of modest means this sort of investment is exceedingly attractive, because it means a home and a permanent job. A man can apply his own labor directly on the investment and pay himself wages, besides a return on the capital—at least, if the crop and the market turn out as well as the prospectuses say they ought to. In truck gardening round Los Angeles a diligent family that understands the business can make a very comfortable living on a couple of acres, I am told.

Coast cities have increased rapidly in population of late. For example, from 1900 to 1910 Seattle gained a hundred and ninety-four per cent in population; and Los Angeles two hundred and eleven per cent—leading all cities above a hundred thousand inhabitants in ratio of gain. From a mere village of a few thousand population thirty years ago Los Angeles has grown to about half a million. Some of its suburbs, like Long Beach and Venice, have doubled and trebled in population within a few years. All of which, of course, involved a very brisk investment and speculation in town lots and plots which might be available later on.

A Wide-Open Game

As far back as eight years ago the twenty-mile valley between the city and the seashore was pretty thickly dotted with Heights and Views and Places, duly laid off in lots and needing nothing but inhabitants to be fine suburban communities. Much farther back than that, indeed, the wise Eastern visitor annually shook his head over the lot boom and predicted early disaster for it; but people came to buy and build and settle down in the sunshine, and the boom kept on. The panic of 1907, for example, scarcely dented it. Naturally pretty nearly every resident who could scrape up five hundred dollars, or even less, had a stake someway or other in the land, until the man who had not an equity of some kind in a lot or a theoretically subdivisible acreage was not in good form.

It was always a wide-open sort of game, into which everybody was invited. To an extent this applied even to down-town or central business property, investment in which is commonly restricted to persons of large means, because each transaction involves a large sum. In Los Angeles a dozen or so years ago several pieces of central business property were bought and improved on a plan somewhat different from any I have run across elsewhere.

The property was deeded to trustees and investors were invited to take units of one thousand dollars, or any multiple thereof. They got six per cent on the money as a first charge, and then a proportionate share of whatever profit might accrue from enhancement in value of the land or from rental of the buildings. Thus a small investor, instead of buying a single outlying lot, might put his thousand dollars into central business property. I believe the several ventures that adopted this plan were successful; but for some reason the plan has fallen into disuse.

Then a number of companies were formed to buy and develop urban or suburban land—selling stock to investors in denominations as low as one-dollar shares. The oldest and largest company was founded years ago by a musician who had discovered that he could make money by buying a town lot in the growing city, holding it a while and selling it. For years the company was very successful. Its general plan was to buy a tract just off the city's skirts, subdivide it, put in permanent improvements—such as paving, sewerage and electric lights—and sell the lots. With the swift growth of the city, each successive subdivision was quickly absorbed.

In time the company was paying dividends of thirty per cent a year or more. Its one-dollar shares sold round four dollars and a half, and its list of stockholders lengthened year by year, especially as it sold stock on partial payments. It put up a down-town office building and its activities increased on all sides. The balance sheet of December thirty-first last showed eighteen million dollars of assets, and there were then some eighteen thousand stockholders—largely, of course, small investors.

The business outran the ability of the management, however. Three years ago, stimulated by continuous success and by the copious stream of investors' money that flowed into the company's coffers, the management bought more than three thousand acres of unimproved land at two thousand dollars an acre. The purchase price came to six and a quarter million dollars. There were various estimates as to how many millions more would be required to put the property in condition for subdivision. The company paid about two and a quarter million dollars on the land, giving a mortgage for approximately four millions.

Model Villages Built to Order

When the mortgage came due, a year ago, the real-estate business was not so lively as it had been. Partly because of criticism of this purchase, the management was getting into much trouble. Twelve real-estate experts appraised the land at a little over three million dollars, or considerable less than the company still owed on it. There ensued a ventilation of the company's affairs. People began to remark then that the president, after all, was a musician rather than a business man.

Probably the land will be handed back to the estate from which it was bought, the two and a half million dollars or so—including interest—already paid on it will be charged to profit and loss, and the new management will realize a very substantial equity for the stockholders.

The loose business and accounting methods are, of course, of only local interest. More generally significant is the unfortunate purchase of the land, which shows how easy it is to overplay real estate, even in the best cities, and that there is as fine an opportunity to lose money as to make it in that field. Still, subdivision goes on.

Recently I was looking over a brand-new subdivision not a great many miles from this same tract. The business streets were finely paved with asphalt. There were broad, solid cement sidewalks and attractive masts for the electric lights on every street. Sewer pipes and water mains, of course, were all laid. Already there were half a dozen well-constructed and well-appearing business buildings and perhaps twenty or thirty neat bungalows. It looked like a town right out of a bandbox—trim and neat, and finished in all details. The gentleman who did it told me the site had been a barley field eighteen months before.

That is one great thing about the Coast boomer—he believes in his proposition sufficiently to spend a lot of money on it before he asks you to come in. This winter I dropped off at a four-year-old village in Oregon, with perhaps five or six hundred inhabitants, and found asphalt pavements and cement walks such as I should not expect to find in any town east of the Mississippi with less than four or five thousand inhabitants and fifty years' history.

At a new California town conversation chanced to turn on an old acquaintance.

Digitized by Google

One Idea

There's just one thought we want to give you in this advertisement.

Picture a big, clean factory with bright, happy workers, scientific methods, the most advanced mechanical equipment.

All fit together into one great idea—the production of the best possible medium-priced clothes for men. That has been the Clothcraft Idea since 1846.

Of course they never reach the "best possible"—no one can—but drop in at the store and see how nearly they have reached it in this season's models at $10 to $20. Ask us about No. 5130, the famous Clothcraft Blue Serge Special at $15.

CLOTHCRAFT
All Wool Clothes
$10 to $20 Ready to Wear

The Clothcraft Store
(IN YOUR TOWN)

Write to The Joseph & Feiss Co., 619 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, for the Clothcraft Style Prints, a sample of the all-wool serge used in Clothcraft "5130," and a personal note of introduction to the nearest Clothcraft Store.

"Too bad about him," said one of the town proprietors—"gone stony broke! He came out here with quite a bunch of money; but instead of getting in right he went off to"—mentioning the locality. "If he'd gone to any one of twenty other places he would have made a pile; but as it was he lost every dollar he had."

There are, of course, a great number of people who did get in right and made handsome profits; but the only thing to be said about town-lot speculations is that one must take his chances. Something more may be said about buying agricultural land of any sort—particularly fruit or vegetable land. Generally speaking, with both fruit and vegetables, the great point is not so much to raise the stuff as to market it to advantage. Marketing facilities are fully as important as the productivity of the land. A fine crop by no means implies a fine profit.

The other day I saw a statement of the results from a good crop in one of the best apple-growing districts of the country, which showed that the proprietor, by working hard himself and requisitioning most of the labor power of his family, had managed to keep from going into debt on the year's campaign.

People with agricultural lands to sell are quite apt to figure what the buyer may expect by taking the results on the best farm in the best year. Naturally not all farms nor all years are the best.

Radium Facts

RADIUM water is coming to be a common remedy for all sorts of disorders, though it is the operation of radium metal on cancer that is most widely known. Since the days soon after the discovery of radium, it has been appreciated that radioactivity probably explained why many noted spring waters have more beneficial effects than any chemical analysis ever justified. It is only lately that a noticeable movement has developed to manufacture radioactive water many times stronger than the action of the cure waters, and give it to patients in fixed doses.

American research work has indicated that when radium water is taken as a medicine it works its way through the entire body, and proceeds to accomplish effects quite different from those of the application of a little tube of radium imbedded in a cancerous growth. The particular value of the radium scattered through the body is yet subject to a great amount of study; but it now seems to rouse all the cells of the body to greater activity—a sort of tonic for them all. In no one disease is this internal use of radium entitled to the word cure, but in a score of diseases—such as rheumatism, gout, anæmia and neuralgia—the increased cell activity is often helpful.

A report just issued by the Radium Institute, of London, on similar experimental work, shows that radium water has given surprisingly good results in many cases of the terrible disease of arthritis deformans. Some cases did not show improvement, but most of the fresh cases improved remarkably.

The radium is not simply mixed in water, for a much less expensive and easier method is at hand. Radium metal and salts are thought to be in process of changing from one element to another. Ordinary metallic radium in the course of this changing makes what is called radium emanation—a radium gas. This emanation is easily absorbed by water. Consequently it is simply necessary to filter water through a mass of pitchblende ore—from which radium is extracted in Austria—or a quantity of the radium-bearing ore found in Colorado.

The water picks up the emanation and the ore can be used again and again—so slowly does radium wear out. This radium emanation disappears in a few days, escaping in all directions; but these operations all add to the value of the radium water, provided it is used soon after it has been prepared.

The latest research has indicated that much stronger doses of this radium-absorbing water are advisable than had at first been expected. It is possible to determine exactly the radioactive strength of a dose of the water. Heavy doses of strongly impregnated water have not yet been found to be harmful, though the limit of a prudent dose has been fixed.

Experiments of stimulating plant growth with radium have fixed a maximum dose beyond which the effect is to decrease growth rather than increase it.

IPSWICH

You Never Dreamed of Getting Good Socks at Two for a Quarter

Yet, these socks are good looking enough for anybody, no matter how rich. They are probably *more durable* and *more comfortable* than any socks you own, because they are SOFT-KNIT. Loosely twisted yarn cushions the feet—lessens corns and calluses—resists rubbing and cutting.

The fashion of SOFT-KNIT Socks is sure to become popular—they are so sensible, so comfortable, so very economical.

The dye in these stockings is absolutely the best—sanitary, non-crocking. Reinforced with tough yarns where the wear comes.

If Ipswich 15c socks fail to give good service, return them to us with dealer's name and we will replace them or refund your money, as you prefer.

№ 1650
IPSWICH 15¢ SOCKS
Guaranteed

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us 25c for two pairs, or $1.50 for a dozen; state size, color desired and name and address of your dealer. Prompt delivery, postpaid in the United States.

Also IPSWICH STOCKINGS

For Women

The most complete and best values in women's seamless 25c hosiery on the market because:
All have wide, loose tops.
All have strong, clear fabrics.
All have tough heels and toes.
All are sanitary dyed.
Over a dozen different kinds and weights in lisle, mercerized yarns and fibre-silks in black, tan, white and leading colors, at 25c.

36,000,000 pairs made annually for men, women and children, 15c to 50c.

Over 15,000,000 pairs of ladies' stockings gave entire satisfaction last year.

For Children

Tough, best yarns and strengthening dyes. *Sanitary* dye and finish (eliminating fear of poison). *Soft-Knit* to ease the tender feet. Our 15c and 25c ribbed stockings are the best in the market. Made in twelve different sizes—5 in. to 10½ in.
We recommend Ipswich to mothers of youngsters who are hard on hosiery. Make sure to get the proper size for your Little Men and Women.
Made in black, tan and white.

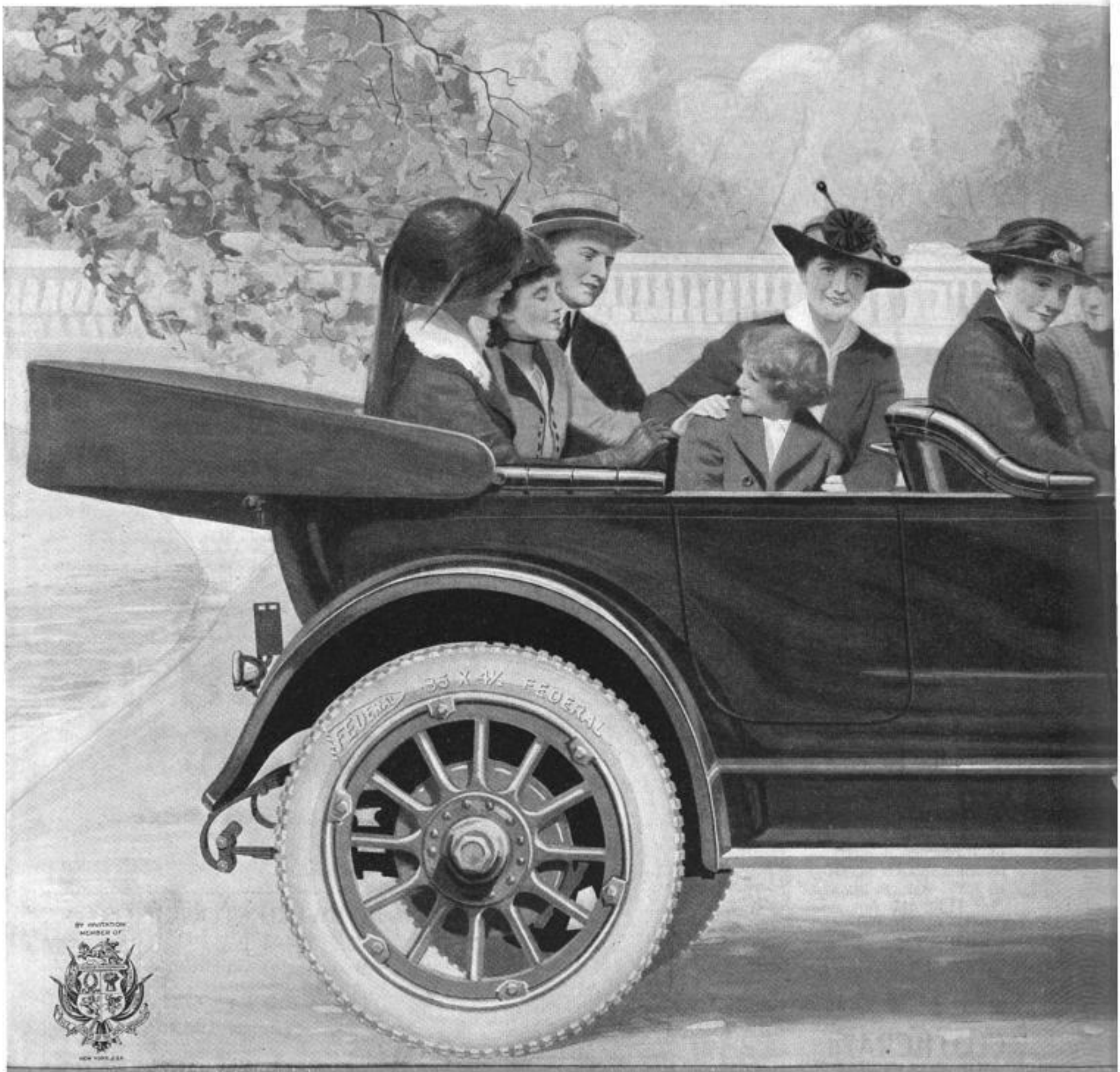
Over 8,000,000 pairs of these children's stockings gave satisfaction last year.

One week's spinning of Ipswich Yarn would encircle the earth more than 20 times.

Ask your dealer or write us

Ipswich Mills
(Founded 1822)
20 River St., Ipswich, Mass.
Oldest and one of the Largest Hosiery Mills in the United States

Digitized by Google



A Big Six at a Sm

IT is no longer necessary to invest a large sum of money in order to get a good six cylinder car.

That day passed when we surprised the public with this big, comfortable, substantial Six for only $1475!

The Overland Six is *larger* than most popular-priced Sixes.

In addition, it has *more* definite advantages.

To start with, the powerful six cylinder 45 horse-power motor is of the very latest en-bloc design.

It has high-tension magneto ignition.

This, for a popular-priced Six, is very unusual.

The wheel-base is unusually long—125 inches.

It comfort

It has larg

The rear t

The upho

Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 254
Made in U. S. A.

THE WILLYS-OVERLAND COMPANY, TOL
The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont

Digitized by Google

ll Price

r seats seven adults.

res—35" x 4½" all around.

are non-skid.

y is of the very best hair and the costly, bright French finish, black, hand-buffed leather.

O, OHIO

The highest-priced cars have no finer upholstery.

Such deep and soft upholstery, with the Overland underslung rear springs and large tires, insures complete comfort.

There has never been a Six, below $2000, that has more advantages than this one.

Our dealer has a new one for *you*. See it today.

Deliveries can be made immediately.

Brief Specifications

Seven-passenger touring car
125-inch wheel-base
Electrically started
Electrically lighted
Color—Royal blue, ivory white striping
One-man top
Pockets in all doors
Rain vision, ventilating type windshield, built in
Full floating rear axle
35 x 4½ inch tires; smooth tread in front; non-skid in rear
45 horsepower motor
High-tension magneto
Demountable rims
One extra rim
High-grade magnetic speedometer

OTHER MODELS

United States—$795 to $1600. All prices f. o. b. Toledo
In Canada—$1065 to $2150. All prices f. o. b. Hamilton, Ont.

Digitized by Google

A MIGHTY good doctor says to me once: "When it comes to curin' folks Nature is the real M. D. I'm only her assistant." That's the way I feel about curin' tobacco for VELVET.

Velvet Joe

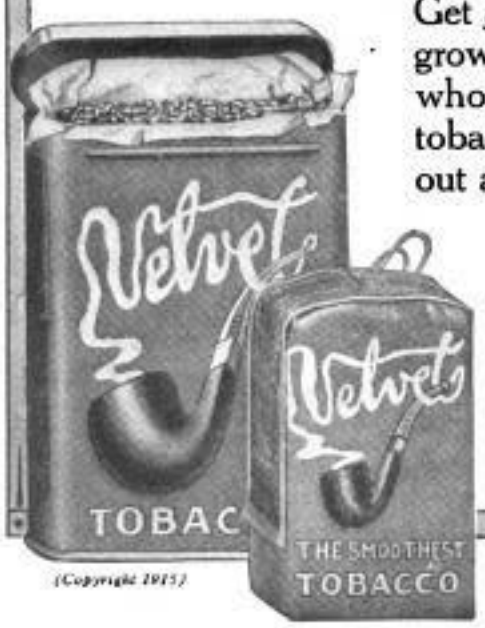
IT'S hard to show Nature anything about curing tobacco. So we have adopted Nature's own way to make VELVET the *smoothest* smoking tobacco—slow, patient ageing.

Men may "process," but they can't put into tobacco any finer pipe qualities than those Kentucky's limestone soil so richly gives to the *Burley de Luxe.*

But these qualities *can be* improved. They are brought out in their fullness in the aged-in-the-wood mellowness of cool, slow-burning VELVET.

For two years the finest Burley leaf remains in sealed wooden casks, and then only is it ready to be made into VELVET.

Get *your* tin *now*—join the growing ranks of the army who have found VELVET tobacco a delight without a single drawback.



(Copyright 1915)

Send a 2c stamp for "Pipe Philosophy"—a book of Velvet Joe's philosophy and verse.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

10c Tins
5c Metal-lined Bags
One-Pound Glass Humidors

VOTE FOR SHIMADA!

(Continued from Page 19)

corps of spellbinders. The candidates themselves make the welkin ring—or whatever in Japan corresponds to our well-known welkin—and the interest is as general as though all the coolies had a vote instead of no other relation to the government than ratepaying and the requirement to think the Emperor a god.

Japan took over many Western ideas faster than she could assimilate them; but Japan seems to have had no difficulty in getting into a full Western campaign swing. All the modern improvements were discernible in that campaign of which I saw a part, and some Japanese innovations. The prize was great. It is quite certain that there will be many coronation honors, and no people in the world are keener than the Japanese for decorations and titles—unless that people be our own.

One essential for political success in the cities of Japan is the support of the firemen. The firemen, in cities like Tokio, Yokohama, Osaka and Kobe, are great political powers, which is not to be wondered at when you consider that Tokio, for example, burns down about once in every ten years, owing to the flimsiness of the thousands of wooden houses, the way they are strung together, and the lack of adequate water supply.

A fire that burns a hundred or two hundred houses is no uncommon thing. The firemen are potential political factors in their wards, and the astute politician, seeking to go to the House of Representatives, consults the firemen and gets their support. Otherwise his chances are not so good as they might be.

The Japanese are strongly impressed with the value of house-to-house canvassing; and in the campaign I saw early in March there was considerable excitement because some candidates had put women into active political service. The newspapers commented on this innovation, which, however, shows the tendency of Japanese times; for during my visit a Japanese woman actually was allowed to sue a man for breach of promise and was awarded damages. This was the first time in the history of Japan that a woman had been granted any such privilege, or held to have any legal nuptial or prenuptial standing whatsoever; and the editors, writing solemnly about it, said it foreshadowed a feminist movement in Japan, which they viewed with alarm or tolerance, as the case happened to be. However, certain of the candidates did send out women to canvass for them—and that was not the only way they used women, either.

Shampoo Artists in Politics

A Japanese institution is the female hairdresser. There are hundreds of these women, who go from house to house arranging the hair of the Japanese women into those elaborate pergola and porte-cochère effects they esteem so highly.

The coiffure is so important that the Japanese women hold their hairdressers in great regard and seek to hold the friendship of skilled ones; for without a good hairdresser a Japanese woman is at a social disadvantage. Her elaborately arranged hair is the most noteworthy and consequential part of her scheme of personal adornment. Necessarily the hairdressers, coming into such intimate relations with the women of the households of electors, if properly retained, can exert an influence for their clients on the electors through the medium of their women.

The hairdressers are not the only workers, for the candidates employ shampooers and masseuses, and in some cases the midwives. There are about two thousand shampooers and masseuses in Tokio alone, and some five hundred midwives; and they have their spheres of influence, which can be controlled if proper arrangements are made.

Another useful political factor is the family doctor. He is in most cases on terms of intimacy with the families of his patients and he is not at all averse, in many instances, to adding to his income by some electioneering work, provided the emoluments offered by the candidate who approaches him meet with his professional and ethical ideas. School-teachers are employed also. They are supposed to retain a certain influence over former pupils who have grown up and become voters; and they are often very effective as canvassers. The numerous priests are often used.

In short, the alert Japanese candidate does not overlook a bet. He will even buy a few votes if he has the chance; and he ordinarily has the chance. It is quite possible, if one knows how to go about it, to buy votes in comfortable little blocks—delivery being guaranteed by the purveyors.

Meetings were held in all the large cities and in the country districts. Count Okuma, prevented from making a tour of the country by public business, made six speeches into a phonograph, and the ensuing records were sent to all parts of the empire. Opposition candidates followed this lead.

There was a vast outpouring of literature; and though there were few cart-tail orations many public meetings were held, and there was much more commotion than the small percentage of those directly concerned as voters would ordinarily indicate. Of course there was not the overpowering interest we take in the last weeks of a general election; but the newspapers presented a great deal of political argument and—for them—the voters were quite excited.

No party seemed to have any set platform. The ins wanted to stay in, and the outs wanted to get back. The Doshikai told of the iniquities of the Seiyukai, elaborated certain governmental scandals, and appealed for support for themselves in the way of sending back enough Doshikai candidates to give that party an opportunity to carry out its program. The Seiyukai derided the claims of the Doshikai and promised great things and even more vigilant opposition if they were kept in the majority.

Some Fancy Political Promisers

After these preliminaries these parties, and the other and smaller parties, promised whatever it seemed to the spokesmen that the people of the localities in which they were speaking desired. If they went into a province where there was no railroad they promised immediate railroad construction to that province. It is estimated that the candidates pledged the government to thirty or forty thousand miles of new railroads during that campaign. They made other similar promises, and each assumed all the political virtue there is existing in Japan.

This article was written before the date of the election, March twenty-fifth; and at the time it was written, on March ninth, it was the consensus of the expert political opinion of Japan that neither the Doshikai nor the Seiyukai would return a clear majority. It was expected that the Doshikai would gain some seats, and the Seiyukai lose some.

The Kokuminto will have some votes and will be in Opposition, also. This leaves the Doshikai, the Chuseikai and the Okuma parties, and the independents, to fill up the gap. The Chuseikai will act with the Doshikai, or for the present government. Wherefore there will be a little body of independents, in all probability, who will hold the balance of power; and wherefore, again, the government expects to have some advantage because of its dictation of the dispositions of the coronation honors.

Politics has not been very long an occupation or concern of the Japanese—that is, politics in the way of getting votes and handling the elected—but there are some very practical ideas among the leaders, one of which is the way the coronation honors may be used to get government support.

It is a moot question among the influential Japanese whether, if the present Ministry does not get a majority in the Lower House, it should resign when it has presented its policies again and has again been defeated by the combination of the Seiyukai and the Kokuminto, and such of the independents as may align themselves with the Opposition; or whether it should remain in power and again dissolve the House, and again force a general election.

The Ministry can do this. Defeat of its policies in the House carries no obligation to resign and go to the people—as in England, for example. If the Ministry sees fit it can dissolve the House; or it need do nothing but take its defeat. Of course, as this is written, all this is merely speculative; but the result of the election is pretty clearly foreshadowed. It is the general opinion that neither Ministerial nor Opposition supporters will be in a majority in the House, that the independents will hold the balance of power, and that the government

Digitized by Google

Dedicated to the Service of Mankind

IT helps mine the coal and the metals. It brings renewed fertility to the soil. It prepares the way for aqueducts. It digs the foundations of buildings. It affords healthful recreation.

It is a mighty, though kindly, power which finds its greatest service in hearty sport and productive industry.

It is called—

HERCULES POWDER

In one form or another, from one end of the country to the other, it daily renders mankind lasting service.

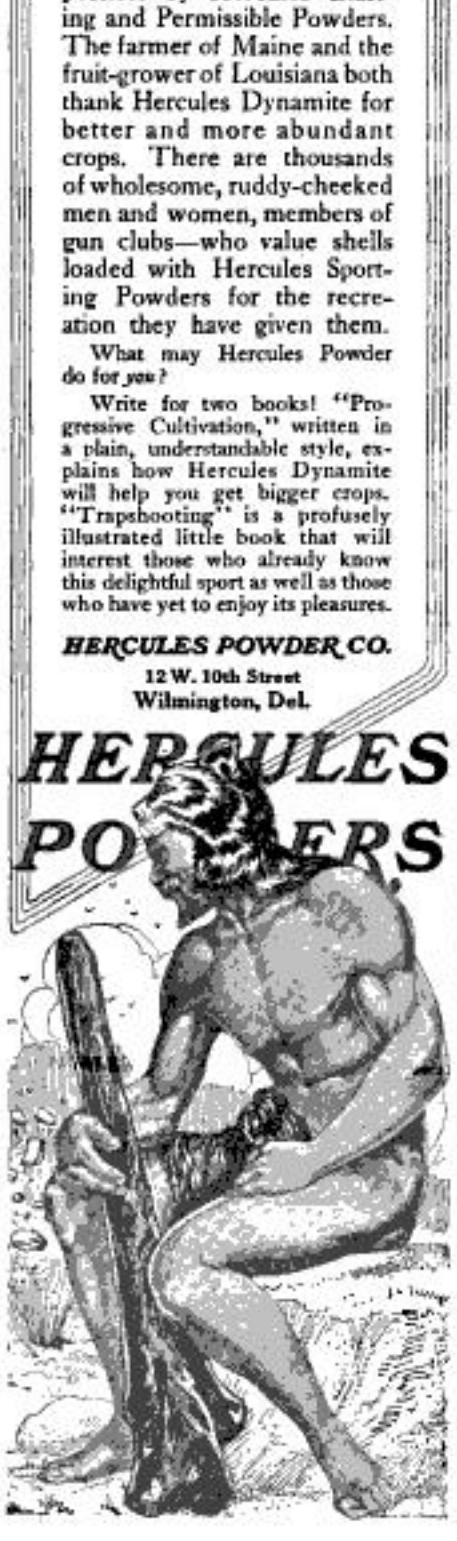
With the aid of Hercules Dynamite the mines of the West—from California to Alaska—give forth their precious ore. The great output of coal mines is made possible by Hercules Blasting and Permissible Powders. The farmer of Maine and the fruit-grower of Louisiana both thank Hercules Dynamite for better and more abundant crops. There are thousands of wholesome, ruddy-cheeked men and women, members of gun clubs—who value shells loaded with Hercules Sporting Powders for the recreation they have given them.

What may Hercules Powder do for *you?*

Write for two books! "Progressive Cultivation," written in a plain, understandable style, explains how Hercules Dynamite will help you get bigger crops. "Trapshooting" is a profusely illustrated little book that will interest those who already know this delightful sport as well as those who have yet to enjoy its pleasures.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

12 W. 10th Street
Wilmington, Del.



has most powerful means at its command for securing independent support.

The curious part of the campaign is the absence of any set political programs or platforms. Of course it is well-enough known, in a general way, what the Seiyukai and the Doshikai stand for, and what the government program is; but the candidates go on the principle that it is the best thing for them to promise the people of whatever locality they visit the exact things which interest the people of that locality and appeal to them most. More than in any other political campaign I have ever seen, these Japanese candidates are all things to all men.

The negotiations with China, which were progressing throughout the campaign, were of value to the government; and it was urged that if the people did not support the government the demands might fail. On the other hand, it was rather clearly established that a good portion of the delay in China by the Chinese negotiators was due to the hope that there might be an overwhelming defeat of the Japanese government which made the proposals, and perhaps a new Ministry. The Japanese publicists took cognizance of this situation, but said the demands would stand, no matter how the election went.

Besides, the present Ministry need not get out unless it wants to or the Emperor forces it out; and he is not likely to do that. Except as he is advised by that gallant old reactionary, Prince Yamagata, the first of the four Elder Statesmen, the Emperor is a very tractable person. Sometimes Prince Yamagata gives the politicians pause, because he is in closest possession of the imperial ear. It is claimed by the opponents of the present Okuma Ministry that this Ministry was appointed through the influence of the Genro, or Elder Statesmen.

The Seiyukai, or Opposition, is in sympathy with the Satsuma Clan, a very powerful factor in Japanese life in every way, and with the navy, which is largely a Satsuma institution. The Genro, or Elder Statesmen, are held to be the main support of the present Ministry. Wherefore it is but natural that the Seiyukai contend that the continued power of the Genro argues against the principle of constitutional government; and the Seiyukai proclaim themselves the Friends of the Constitution.

The Elder Statesmen

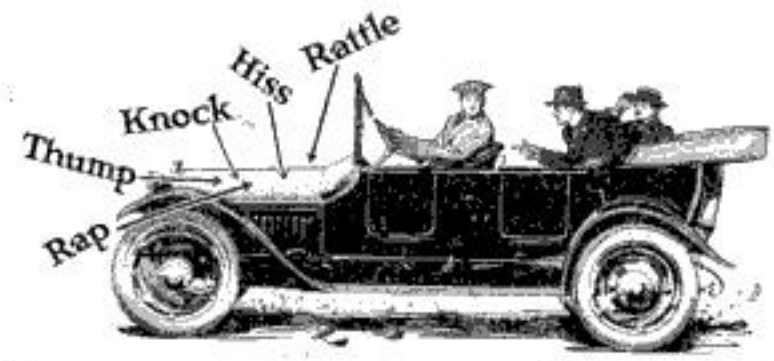
The influence of Yamagata, who, since the death of Ito, is the most powerful of any Japanese, and of the other Elder Statesmen, is due to the hanging-on of the old system of clan predominance, and explains the opposition of the Seiyukai to the present Ministry, dictated by Yamagata and his three colleagues of the Genro; for Yamagata is a Choshu man, while the Satsuma Clan is allied with the Seiyukai.

Four of the Genro remain, and they are thus characterized by the Japanese: "Yamagata has the power of silence, and Oyama is silent without power; Inouye has the authority of speech, and Matsukata speaks without authority."

Those who know of the inner workings of a Genro conference say they usually are conducted along that basis. Prince Yamagata listens to everything that is said and says very little. He is most uncommunicative for a Japanese. After the conference is over he may discuss with his intimates what was talked about, and his criticisms are usually sharp and severe. So far as Prince Oyama is concerned, the affairs of state do not trouble him. He is not interested and is glad when a matter is settled, one way or another, and he is assured that he will not be bothered any more about it. It is all a bore to Prince Oyama and any way out suits him, so long as he has his peace.

Marquis Inouye is an energetic and forceful old man. Likewise he is most voluble. If the Marquis arrives at a Genro conference with anything on his mind he does not rest until he has elaborated his ideas with copious speech. Then, having elucidated his ideas, he does not rest until those ideas are put in force, if that is possible. But, talkative and argumentative as he is, Marquis Inouye is not a marker to Marquis Matsukata, who talks and protests and insists and condemns and proposes more than all the others together. Still, Marquis Matsukata takes his part of it out in talking, for he does little to put his ideas in force.

A conference of the Elder Statesmen, as described by a Japanese, runs about like



Why worn motors never "come back"

YOUR smallest expense—lubrication—is your only protection against your heaviest expense—depreciation.

When motor wear comes, it comes to stay. The noises and rattle of worn-down motor parts grow worse—not better.

Metal worn off by friction is gone forever. That is why worn motors don't "come back."

A year's supply of the most efficient lubricating oil you can buy will cost you very little more than the cheapest oil on the market—maybe five dollars a year.

As a matter of fact, poor oils "use up" or "wear out" much more quickly than efficient oils—and so cost more than they appear to. And the very fact that they quickly "wear out" should be a warning signal.

Poor "wearing" oil means a quick-wearing motor.

Is it worth your while then to buy a cheap oil and risk serious and permanent depreciation in the value of your car?

It is part of our daily work to analyze the lubricating problems in large manufacturing plants, all over the world, and to specify the oils which will most efficiently meet the conditions in each case.

The same thorough engineering analysis has been put into the study of automobile lubrication.

The condensed lubrication Chart on this page is more than interested advice. It represents the best engineering practice based upon extended scientific research.

Among motorists who are intelligently watching expense, this Chart has for years been a standard guide to correct lubrication. If your car is not listed, a complete Chart will be sent at your request.

A plain question you must decide is this: Will you buy correct lubrication—or pay ultimately for the costly penalties of incorrect lubrication?

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

DOMESTIC BRANCHES:

Detroit, New York, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Boston, Chicago, Indianapolis, Pittsburgh

Correct Lubrication

Explanation: In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A". "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic." The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF CARS	1911		1912		1913		1914		1915	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott-Detroit	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Alco	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
Apperson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Auburn (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" (5 cyl.)							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
Avery	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Model C) 1 Ton							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
" (8 cyl.)									Arc.	Arc.
Cartercar	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Con'l	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Case	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chalmers	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.
Chandler							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chase (air)	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
" (water)							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chesterfield six									A	Arc.
Chevrolet					A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Colt	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Delaunay-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A		
Detroiter			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)									Arc.	Arc.
Dodge									E	E
E. M. F.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.						
Empire	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Fiat	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	A
Franklin	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" Con'l	B	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Gaylord	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
" Con'l	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A		
Geary							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Haynes	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile					A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Model 20)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
I. H. C. (air)					B	A	B	A	B	A
" (water)					A	A	A	A	A	A
International	B	B	B	A						
Interstate	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Jackson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Jeffery							A	A	A	Arc.
" Con'l			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Kelly-Springfield	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A
King	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)									Arc.	Arc.
" Con'l							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kissel Kar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " Con'l	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " (Model 48)							A	A	A	A
Kline Kar	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Lippard Stewart			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Locomobile	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	E	E	E	E
Lozier	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Lyons Knight							A	A	B	A
Mack	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	E	A	E
" (Model 5)							A	A	A	A
Marmon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (32-70 Series)									Arc.	Arc.
Mesa	B	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mitchell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moline-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Moon (4 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Overland	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige	A	Arc.	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)									Arc.	Arc.
Pathfinder					A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pierce-Arrow	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " Con'l	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pope Hartford	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Premier	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rambler	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
Regal	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Renault	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
S. G. V.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Saxon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Sears							E	E	E	E
Selden	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Simplex	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
" Knight			A	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
" " (Light 6)									A	Arc.
Stevens-Duryea	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Studebaker-Garford	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" " Knight			A	A	A	A				
Studebaker	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stutz			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
White	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Willys Knight							A	A	B	A
" Utility							A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for gasoline motor lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

For Electric Vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for motor and enclosed chains. For open chains and differential use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C."

Digitized by Google

Coolness and Comfort
that make summer bearable

YOU can get warm-weather coolness and comfort, freedom of body and contentment of mind, by wearing a Wilson Bros. Athletic Union Suit—perfected in comfort by the patented closed crotch.

The fabrics feel soft and cool to the body. The garment is light and roomy. Tailored to fit the form, yet allowing free play for body and limbs. Ideal underwear for men who hustle.

The crotch is closed—there are no open edges to bind or cut and no buttons to pinch or chafe. Just a single smooth thickness throughout the crotch—same material as garment. No seams to break, chafe or pull. Always orderly and smooth. A refined under-garment that combines comfort, coolness, dressiness and convenience.

Made in all desirable tub-tested, woven fabrics, sleeveless and half sleeves; knee and three-quarter lengths. For men, $1.00 up; boys, 50c up.

Sold by retailers who are seeking to build a reputation for merchandise of substantial quality. Go to them for your men's furnishings.

Other furnishings bearing the Wilson Bros mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Pajamas, Nightshirts, etc., each line measuring up to the exceptional standard which this house has ever maintained.

If you cannot find the dealer carrying these lines, write us and we will tell you where you can.

Wilson Bros—Chicago

this: After they are in conference Marquis Matsukata begins to talk, harangues all present, and urges his own ideas on the subject at hand. Prince Yamagata listens and says nothing. What Matsukata says makes no impression on him. The attitude of Marquis Inouye is that of amused tolerance. He smiles at the gesticulating Matsukata; and, if an Elder Statesman can be so undignified as to wink, he winks at Prince Yamagata, as though to say: "Listen to that old man talk, will you?"

Then Marquis Inouye has his energetic say. Matsukata may try to argue with him, but Inouye has no difficulty in beating him down. Prince Yamagata may not agree in all respects with what Inouye says, but he generally assents, with the remark: "Well, that may be so."

The dream of the younger men in Japan is for the removal of the influence of the Genro. Of course they do not want them to die, but they are fully cognizant of the fact that they cannot live forever. They say that when the Genro are done there will be no more of them and that the government of Japan will be democratic and constitutional in just that added measure; for there is no doubt that the Emperor is largely influenced at present, as was his father, by the advice and counsel of the Genro.

Another incident of politics in Japan is the mob. The mob may be voluntary or involuntary, so far as the government is concerned. It may protest against government action or it may protest against opposition to the government. It may be and often is organized by the government to demonstrate, or it may be and often is organized by the opposition to demonstrate. A Japanese mob very infrequently organizes itself, and then not to protest against governmental matters in the large, or national policies, but against an increase in street-car fares and such vital matters.

It is generally well known in Tokio when there is to be a mob demonstration, because most of the mobs are deliberately organized, either for or against. The result is that the one thousand who go to mob are watched by ten thousand who go to watch the mobbing; and the whole parcel is set down in the papers and in the dispatches as the mob. The Japanese mob goes about its mobbing in a decent and orderly fashion. They never mob the palace. That would be irreligious. At an appointed hour they are at an appointed place, usually one of the parks or in front of a government building.

Then they take off their clogs, hang them in the trees, and go to it. I could not get an explanation for the hanging of their clogs in the trees. Likely as not it is due to the kindly spirit of the Japanese, who might be tempted to slip off one of those clogs and use it as a weapon. A right handy weapon one of those wooden clogs would be, too. A friend who lives in Tokio told me that at the beginning of the war a man—a foreigner—sitting in a public restaurant, began a tirade in favor of the Germans. A Japanese sitting near by took off one of his clogs and let it fly, with the result that the pro-German argument stopped forthwith.

The Feminist Movement

The mobs surge in the fashion of all approved mobs, and their leaders howl speeches and imprecations. They throw a few stones, and then they take down their clogs from the trees and go home. But they are strong in the newspapers and in the dispatches. An anti-American mob, fussing about in Hibiya Park, in Tokio, can be a very fearsome thing when transplanted to the newspapers in America, some thousands of miles away; much more fearsome than it is in Tokio, especially as it is well-enough understood by the wise that the mob was made to order—or ordered to be made, as it were—and about as spontaneous as a conference of the Genro.

Another phase of this demonstration for political effect is the demonstration after a victory. For example, when Tsing-tau fell there was a demonstration, a great popular uprising of rejoicing and festivity; but not on the day Tsing-tau fell, as I am informed. The populace rose and rejoiced on the day following, after they had been told to rise and rejoice.

Commenting on new phases of this general election, Mr. K. Takahashi, a most talented and accurately informed publicist, said: "The three phenomena that more or less mark a new political awakening of Japan are the participation of women in the canvassing for votes, the appearance of literary men as candidates, and the active interest taken by educators in the election. They may not be new in Western countries, but they are decidedly so here, in our own peculiar way."

It seems there was a former instance when a woman canvasser for votes appeared; but women never appeared in numbers until the present campaign, as I have already said. In commenting on this Mr. Takahashi says:

"A great many people are asking, in some alarm, whether the new tendency of the women, if it becomes general, would not end in depriving their homes of much of their attraction and wholesome influence or whether it would not destroy the charm and gracefulness of the gentler sex. I do not think so, because a general election does not come every year, and when one does come the election period lasts only a few weeks, and therefore will not interfere with the work of the women at home."

Men of Letters in Politics

"Besides, women who go out canvassing are those who have a certain amount of self-confidence, born of intelligence and principle, and have the time to spare; so there can be little ground for objecting to their taking up the work. As for the fear that they may lose their attractiveness, if that virtue is to wear out so easily they do not deserve to be protected. Moreover, it may be said of women canvassers that the finer moral sensibility of their sex makes them incapable of the corrupt practices with which many men canvassers are charged nowadays. Though comparatively few in number, the canvassing women speak for one phase of new consciousness of their position that is palpitating in the mind of their sex, which is not unwelcome in view of the present status of that sex."

Thus, the feminist movement progresses in Japan. As for literary men, Mr. Takahashi thinks it is of little credit to them that their candidacies should be hailed with ridicule and curiosity; which, he asserts, is the sole result of their endeavors thus far. The average candidate has enough local or general reputation to obtain votes.

Not so with the literary men, to whom Mr. Takahashi pays his respects as follows: "Average literary men are to the public little more than mere bundles of narrow conceits, with a knack of speeding the pen, but with plenty of loose ways of life." He thinks, however, that nothing should prevent a literary man from going to Parliament, provided he has proper qualifications and can be elected.

Education has been kept apart from politics in Japan and educators have been indifferent to political affairs; but in this election the educators are interesting themselves, and that seems to Mr. Takahashi to be another encouraging sign of the times.

Japanese thought runs in many currents at present and is in a good deal of a mess; and so is Japanese politics; but, notwithstanding its casualness and the lack of political solidarity in its parties, there is a strong train of continuity, because of the great respect and profound reverence for the ruling power, the Emperor—the belief in his divine descent and his absolutism.

There have been many administrative changes and some scandals, and the party organizations have generally been evolved and organized round men rather than round principles; but party government in our sense will come, for the Japanese, in spite of his strong strain of idealism in religion and tradition and custom, is, at the bottom, since his introduction to the utilitarianism of the West, a practical person.

And he will see that a political party organized round a man or a set of men can survive only so long as those men survive—and usually not so long as that; while a political party that adopts a set of well-defined principles lives indefinitely, provided its principles are fundamental and not those of expediency.

Digitized by Google

"KODAK"

Is our Registered and common-law Trade-Mark and cannot be rightfully applied except to goods of our manufacture.

If a dealer tries to sell you a camera or films, or other goods not of our manufacture, under the Kodak name, you can be sure that he is trying to substitute an inferior article on the Kodak reputation.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Digitized by Google

"Look, John, here's another overcharge in Thompson's bill. Seems to me this thing happens too often to be 'just an error.'"

Suspicion—

a deadly poison in retailing

John and his wife are among your best customers. Their trade is profitable. You cannot afford to lose it. You cannot afford their suspicion.

It "just happened" there was an error in the statement sent to Mrs. John this month. It "just happened" once before. Of course, it wasn't intentional and you wouldn't have had it happen for the world, but—

"Why *should* there be an error in my statement?" is the thought running through Mrs. John's mind. "I'm one of Thompson's best customers; he should treat *me* right."

Whether the error is an overcharge or an undercharge, *you* are the loser. If it's an overcharge you are affronting your customer; if it's an undercharge you are cheating yourself.

Suspicion, doubt, mistrust—these are the poisons this error injects into Mrs. John's mind. They blind her to the honest service received at your hands. Errors, suspicion, doubt and mistrust are poisons that destroy the reputation it has taken you years of honest effort to establish.

Errors in your statements can be prevented by the use of a Burroughs Statement (Figuring) Machine. It will block any further possibility of poisoning or undermining your business through this suspicion, doubt or mistrust. The Burroughs produces an accurate, neat, business-like statement that inspires confidence in the minds of your customers. It saves time (and money) in handling all kinds of figure-work; and the time and money saved can be used in giving better service to your customers—in doing the things that yield you a profit.

Hundreds—yes, thousands—of business men like yourself have told us about the many advantages of handling their figure-work on a Burroughs Statement (Figuring) Machine. Two of our Information Bulletins, "Customers' Statements" and "Stopping Store Leaks," contain the best of this information. Either or both of them are yours for the asking.

Burroughs

Detroit Michigan

If a COLLEGE EDUCATION would be of benefit to you, or if you would like to obtain a course in any business college, agricultural school or musical conservatory, we'd like to tell you how about a thousand young people have obtained courses without one cent of expense to themselves and how you can do the same thing. You can do this in your leisure hours this Summer, and next Fall enter whatever educational institution you may select.

BOX 860, EDUCATIONAL DIVISION
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

THE GREAT FARMERS' STRIKE

(Continued from Page 5)

farms themselves—as their laboratory, the country children are filled with the delightful consciousness that they are working on the very problems out of which their living is made. Their parents know it too; and soon every such school becomes a continuation school in which every parent in the district is enrolled, whether he knows it or not.

Take the case of Manly Rudolph, for instance: He had made up his mind that just as soon as possible he would leave his father's farm near Eau Claire, Wisconsin, and find a job in town. The old way of farming had nauseated him—especially the job of hauling manure from the cow stables through a deep wallow from the barn to the formless but not by any means odorless heap in the yard.

Now, Dean Russell, of the Wisconsin Agricultural College, has adopted a plan for bringing good, scientific agricultural training to the boys of the farms in a fashion that in itself makes a big story. A two winters' course of twenty weeks is given in the county seat. Manly Rudolph enrolled in this short course at Eau Claire. When he saw the opportunities for the use of his brain in farming he became filled with a fine enthusiasm of the sort that does things—a German sort of enthusiasm for efficiency. His father caught the infection and let him have his way.

The boy has remodeled the barn, rendered it sanitary, is caring for the herd in an improved manner—incidentally perhaps making life better and more certain for the babies who consume the milk—and has replaced the wallow with a manure pit which neither offends the eye nor wastes the rich plant food that Manly now knows belongs to the fields, and not to the well from which the water supply comes, nor to the watercourse into which the drainage runs.

A Beneficent Contagion

Another of these boys, Julius Marten, is introducing successful alfalfa growing into that northern neighborhood, keeping a daily record of his herd of Guernseys and making a reputation for fine pedigreed Golden Glow seed corn. Orrin Kurth and Roy Russell are rivals of Julius Marten in alfalfa growing, and young Mr. Burnell has built a water system from which pipes run to all parts of the house and barn.

"Examples like these," says Dean Russell, "might be cited and multiplied from every county where the work is going on." They might be multiplied by thousands if one could get the facts from the numerous rural schools of the new kind that are spreading as though by some sort of beneficent contagion all over the United States.

Wherever the right sort of rural school has been established—or even when it is only half right—the Great Farmers' Strike has been called off. It is rather hard to explain why the getting of an education out of life adds so much to happiness and content; but the boy on the bleachers again comes to my assistance.

I suppose boys like nothing better than their education in baseball; but if they were required to learn to pitch out of a book there would be more hooky played than ball. Girls take great delight in feeding, washing, bathing and dressing their dolls, and thus getting a part of their education; but if they had to learn the management of dolls out of a book it would be rather dull. Bows and arrows as toys for Indian boys are obsolescent on the reservations. There is something false and unsatisfactory in them to the young warrior whose father either does not hunt at all or uses a repeating gun. He now gets no education out of them that correlates with life.

We Americans, in city and country, are only about thirty per cent efficient. Three cylinders are missing. We are developing only a third of our rated horse power. The greatest reason is that our education is a bow-and-arrow education in an age of forty-two-centimeter guns. Only a minute fraction of our body of young people ever go to college; and yet nearly all of them must pursue a course leading to college if it leads anywhere.

Really it often does not lead anywhere. We are learning to pitch out of books. With life all about us, we are studying what the book compilers opine dead thinkers thought

Kenyon

Genuine Palm Beach Suits and Auto Coats

Practical—Cool Serviceable

Genuine Palm Beach Cloth is washable and will not shrink

Nothing so delightful, so economical, for Summer wear

Style No. 425, shown on the left, $8.50. Style No. 2000-2, in the center, $8.50. Style No. 1009, on the right, $12.50.

We offer a variety of styles in natural tan, as well as light and dark shades in plain and fancy patterns.

Representative Dealers everywhere should be able to supply you with these models. If you are unable to secure them locally, write us for the address of a Dealer who sells these Kenyon Suits and Coats. We will send at the same time a large picture of other styles, and a small sample of the material.

Kenyon Outing and Motor Coats, Overcoats and Raincoats, Genuine Palm Beach and Tropical Suits, are made in all suitable weights and fabrics.

C. Kenyon Company

Wholesale Salesrooms:
5th Ave. Bldg., 5th Ave. and 23d St.
NEW YORK
CHICAGO: Congress and Franklin Sts.

How Silky His Coat!

That's the evidence of right feeding.

Austin's DOG BREAD

If you want your dog to be in good condition, gentle, clear eyed and good tempered, feed him Austin's Dog Bread. It contains all the elements necessary to his diet—lean meat, bone meal, and high-grade cereals. It never sours and every dog likes it.

Send Us Your Name and Address

and your dealer's name, and we'll send enough Austin's Dog Bread for your dog's dinner, and a most interesting Book, "About Dogs," for you.

AUSTIN DOG BREAD & ANIMAL FOOD CO.
256 Marginal Street Chelsea, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Like Pneumatic Heels

YOU literally walk on air. Such comfort is really unknown with ordinary rubber heels. Ample air cushions and a heel of wonderfully active and durable rubber raise walking to a hitherto unknown degree of delight and benefit.

Goodyear-Akron Wingfoots are to heels what pneumatic tires are to wheels. A fine car doesn't carry solid rubber tires—there's too much jar. For the self-same reason, these "air" heels have the advantage over "just rubber heels."

GOODYEAR AKRON
Wingfoot Rubber Heels

And they wear longer than leather heels. The rubber is wonderfully durable as well as resilient. The raised edges of the air cushions also add to the wearing quality. Heels simply cannot be made better.

Recommended by Shoemen

Leading makes of shoes now come already equipped with Goodyear-Akron Wingfoots. The following leading shoe manufacturers use them:

MANUFACTURER	BRAND
The Emerson Shoe Co.	"The Emerson Shoe"
E. T. Wright & Co., Inc.	"The Just Wright Shoe"
P. B. Keith Shoe Co.	"Keith's Konqueror"
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.	"Douglas Shoe"
The Excelsior Shoe Co.	
Emery & Marshall Co.	"E. & M."
Field Bros. & Gross Co.	"Walkabout"
J. H. Winchell Co.	
N. B. Thayer Shoe Co.	
E. E. Taylor Co.	
Stacy-Adams Co.	
Field-Lambert Co.	
Foss-Packard Co.	"The Foss Shoe"
Brockton Co-operative B. & S. Co.	
Isaac Prouty & Co., Inc.	"Matchless"
The Alden, Walker & Wilde Co.	
Newark Shoe Stores in All Cities	

All Sizes—Everywhere

Sold by all dealers and repairmen. Price, put on, 50c a pair. All sizes, in black and chocolate, for men and women, boys and girls. For city and outing shoes. Specify them next time. If your dealer is out of them, send us his name and tracing of your heel and we will see that you are supplied. Take no others if you are seeking utmost heel comfort.

All-Weather Tread Soles

Also the choice of large manufacturers. *More* than rubber soles. Ask for them. They complete the joy of walking.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio
Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires

(2237)

about the life of ages in which life was vastly different. We waste time on Greek and Latin when no man's life is long enough to learn half of what is available in English, which is vastly more important than anything ever written in Greek or Latin; and even then we do not learn either Latin or Greek!

We do this through weak-mindedness, under the hypnotism of literature and the customs of the past. Because Tom Brown and David Copperfield studied Latin we feel that it is good form to have our boys do the same. In other words, the bow-and-arrow system of education does not make as efficient men as the forty-two-centimeter-gun education.

Efficiency! That is the watchword of the day, and the deepest question in the world is that of national efficiency. The development of the efficiency of our rural communities to the highest percentage will be a world phenomenon second only to a similar uplift in the teeming rural population of Russia. I should not favor it if it had to be done at spiritual or intellectual loss; but it will bring illimitable gains, both spiritual and intellectual. Now we teach in the common schools reading, writing, arithmetic, history, language, geography, physiology—and that is about all. All these are better taught in the new kind of rural school than in the old kind.

I have mentioned language, reading, arithmetic and physiology. To-day the rural-school classes engaged on the problems related to the wheat crop are studying Russia, where more than a hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat are impounded by the Turks. They are studying the Dardanelles and their history, running back to times when old Ulysses drank delight of battle with his peers "far on the ringing plains of windy Troy." They are learning of the Balkan and Danubian regions, of the wheat of Canada and India, of the corn of Argentina, of our own fertile valleys.

In the Fields of Applied Science

They talk of Progreso and the nets of the Wilson Administration resulting in the liberation of the sisal fiber lying in bales in Yucatan, that our wheat may be bound by the red machines which go tinkling along trimming the pile of the fields into sheaves. Here are history and geography and current events, all merged with life—the life of the home not less than the life of the school.

There is more bacteriology in farming than in medicine; more chemistry than in pharmacy; more botany than any school course gives; more manual training than is given anywhere outside the technical schools—and all these things are woven in the web of life. Not since the Spartans reared their youth for the one use of warfare have any people had the training for efficiency that will come to the Americans through the sort of rural school which has already been planted here and there over the land, and which is sure to come in and possess it.

I should be sorry to see a sordid and money-grubbing life built up in these schools; but nothing like that takes place. I saw in the schools of Page County, Iowa, classes of little girls dressed up as ears of corn, giving a sort of agricultural miracle play. Their ritual was taken in part from the Song of Hiawatha, in part from Whittier's Corn Song, in part from other poems and prose works, and in part was made up of verse written by their teacher. It was art.

Out of such schools will come a new literature and a new drama. Indeed, the Little County Theater, established through the work of Mr. A. G. Arvold, a proponent of the new kind of rural school, at the North Dakota Agricultural College, is only the first of its sort. There will be many more. My raspberry essayist recited a very mushy love poem, which at least showed him to be no mere sordid materialist; and across the room was a farmer's boy engaged in making astronomical calculations so abstruse that I preferred not to discuss them. These schools were palpitant with life—a very wonderful life.

An immense ground swell of culture will come with this rural renaissance because of the germinal power of truth and the happiness people get from the search for truth. Book learning runs out between the fingers of the ordinary man like dry sand; it is only to the unusual mind, to which literature is an end and not a means, that our

1 Deviled Ham Rarebit
Cream-of-tartar Biscuit
Lettuce
Sliced Pineapple Coffee

2 Deviled Ham Croquettes
Muffins Pineapple-and-Cream-Cheese Salad
Layer Cake Chocolate

3 Deviled Ham Salad
Buttered Toast
Creamed Salt Fish
Baked Apples Tea

ORDER some from your grocer today. If he doesn't sell it, let us know. Send us his address and 15c for economical can (makes 12 to 24 sandwiches). Write for our new free book of delicious Little Red Devil Recipes. 'Phone your grocer now.

Three Brand New Sunday Night Suppers

DEVILED HAM RAREBIT—Beat three eggs, add half cup grated cheese, half cup Underwood Deviled Ham. Salt. Small cup cream. Thicken in double boiler; serve on toast.

DEVILED HAM CROQUETTES—Chop some pieces of veal very fine. To two parts veal add one part Underwood Deviled Ham, a beaten egg, half cup milk. Salt to taste. Mix with fine cracker crumbs to a paste thick enough to knead into small croquettes. Roll in egg and crumbs, fry quickly in deep fat. Serve with tomato sauce.

DEVILED HAM SALAD—Two tablespoonfuls Underwood Deviled Ham; one large beet sliced thin; one bunch watercress dried, washed, and chopped fine. Mix with enough mayonnaise to moisten. Serve on lettuce.

WM. UNDERWOOD CO., 52 Fulton St., Boston, Mass.

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

"Branded with the Devil but Fit for the Gods"

Elbert Hubbard in his study at East Aurora

A Fresh Air Fan

Robbins & Myers "Standard" 12-inch Oscillator

Elbert Hubbard is a Fan "fan." He believes in fresh air—in keeping cool. Says he: "On my desk these summer days—and also the year 'round—you'll find a Robbins & Myers 'STANDARD' Fan."

Fans differ. One way to buy a fan is to say: "I want to see a fan." But the way that makes you a veritable expert in electric fans—the way that brings you a fan with nineteen years' fan experience wrought into it—is to say: "Show me a Robbins & Myers 'STANDARD' Fan."

Elbert Hubbard

Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Fans

Look for the Flag on the Guard

Keeping cool the Robbins & Myers way costs you but a few cents a week. You can get a Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" for any room, and for direct or alternating current. All styles for all uses—ceiling, desk, bracket, oscillating, exhaust. Whatever or wherever the fan need, there's a Robbins & Myers that meets it best. Price $9.00 up.

Robbins & Myers dealers are everywhere—one near you. To be sure of getting the very fan you need, write today for our free book, "Keep Cool," by Elbert Hubbard. It will give you many a good suggestion. With it we will also send name of dealer nearest you. Buying this way you buy once and for all, because you get a fan that is noiseless, efficient, durable. Send for the book today.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO., Springfield, Ohio

BRANCHES—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Rochester, San Francisco. Agencies in All Principal Cities.

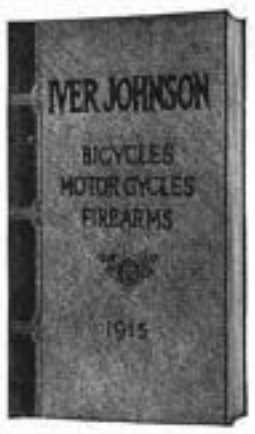
Digitized by Google

IVER JOHNSON

The Boy in you says, "Get the Book"

It's a pretty tame man that wouldn't enjoy reading and owning this 84-page book. It tells what quality means in a revolver, what safety means, what accuracy and dependability mean. In other words it describes the Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver.

The Iver Johnson "Champion" Single Barreled Shotgun and our new Double Gun are shown and their many good features explained.



After reading the chapters on bicycles, you will understand why most racing men ride the Iver Johnson and why our bicycles have held front rank since bicycles were invented.

You will be impressed with the talk on the Iver Johnson Motorcycle. It tells of a masterpiece of engineering. It is our belief that no better motorcycle will ever be built. Slight changes may be made, but basally the Iver Johnson Motorcycle is perfect.

Send for this big Book—
it is free

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
147 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.
99 Chambers St., New York 717 Market St., San Francisco

6 DAYS AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION $30
First-class hotel. Room & bath. Bus and baggage free. Admissions to Fair and Joy Zone Attractions. Tours of San Francisco Bay and Cities. All for the $30. Transportation and tour advice free. Guaranteed service. Highest references. Tour Companies' trade solicited.
SECURE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW. Write or wire for information.
EXPO. TOUR SERVICE CO., 155 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

LUXEBERRY WHITE ENAMEL
Whitest White · *Stays White*

Berry Brothers celebrated finishes have been the choice of home owners, architects and painters for over 57 years. Our valuable hints on home finishing are free to you from nearest Berry Brothers dealer or direct.

BERRY BROTHERS
World's Largest Varnish Makers
Established 1858
Factories: Detroit, Mich., Walkerville, Ont., San Francisco, Cal.

LIQUID GRANITE
Lasting Waterproof Floor Varnish

present system of schools adequately ministers. Such minds are sometimes among the most precious gifts to the race, but they have had too much to say about how other minds should be trained. No greater happiness can come to nine people out of ten than the consciousness of doing well the day's work. Children are but young men and women; and they are happiest when they are conscious of being useful.

In the six Cook County, Illinois, rural schools, in which the new departure was in the beginning tried out by Superintendent Tobin, the first work in agriculture consisted of seed-corn testing, seed-corn curing, canning clubs, rope tying, and some manual-training work—a small beginning but of incalculable importance. The people at once developed an enormous interest in the schools. Farmers brought in more seed corn than the schools could test. There was no more crying of children when the time came to go to school; under the renaissance the attendance was nearly perfect. Happiness came with a correlation of the school work with the life work of the homes.

There is in this country an organization for the promotion of the use of schoolhouses as social centers. It is a fine movement and has already accomplished much good. This new kind of rural school, however, is making social centers of the schools without really meaning to do anything of the sort. Go to the Highlands-Mendota Beach rural school, in Dane County, Wisconsin, and you will see how Miss Grace Wyman has made over a neighborhood through the school.

One bitter January day Miss Wyman looked from her rostrum at twenty-six discontented, sulky pupils. The schoolhouse was a dingy old barn of a thing, with only one room and no place even to hang wraps. The heating system was a stove in one corner, out of which proceeded some heat but no comfort; the basement was a damp hole in the ground—in fact, it was a typical American rural school. And, to make it still more accurately typical, across the windswept ice of Lake Mendota could be seen, like many-towered Camelot, the vast assemblage of buildings of the greatest state university in America, on which Wisconsin had poured out millions, with a splendid enthusiasm for education.

What Miss Wyman Accomplished

So much for the dome; so pitifully little for the basement! The stove smoked, and the children rubbed their eyes and looked so unhappy that Miss Wyman made up her mind that she would do something.

She did. The first thing was to give an exhibition, so as to get the people together. Now that community is known as a country district that found itself. Go to the school now and you will find a remodeled schoolhouse, the project for which was carried at the first school meeting after the exhibition. The first thing Miss Wyman had to do was to remove the local feeling that the school was good enough. Now that community will never be satisfied with improvements. Here is a picture of what a glance over the room now shows:

Many things are going on at the same time, but all is orderly. One pupil is busy with a typewriter, a girl is sewing at a table and another is using a sewing machine. A primary class in reading is reciting to one of the older girls; a boy is putting outlines of a class lesson on the blackboard; the teacher is conducting a recitation. There is a buzz, but it is the sound of orderly industry.

The clock strikes and the classes pass to their seats. The girl leaves the typewriter and another takes her place. The sewing machine changes hands. There is a piano in the room; and somewhere about is a workbench equipped with tools costing the enormous amount of twelve dollars and seventy-five cents, but worth everything to the boys. There is also a cooking outfit costing five dollars and fifteen cents but containing twenty articles, with which the girls carry on their domestic-economy work.

"We have socialized our school," said one influential patron to me. "We never knew what it was to have educational advantages in the district until we socialized it."

Roosevelt's Country Life Commission rendered the verdict that the first great need of the country is a new kind of rural school. Mrs. Mary T. Harvey, a Missouri teacher, believed this to be true; and, going to a county superintendent at Kirksville, she said: "Give me, for three years, your worst district!" He gave her the Porter School, which was then in much worse condition than was the Highlands-Mendota Beach school when Miss Wyman began building it anew.

Mrs. Harvey has made herself a national reputation in the Porter School. Much more than Miss Wyman, I think, she has ruralized her school. The attack was the same—the movement to make the physical condition of the school plant respectable. Miss Field began her work in Page County in the same way; and, in fact, it seems almost the inevitable point of departure from the old to the new.

The medium of Mrs. Harvey's teaching is agriculture. The school is the laboratory and counting room of the neighborhood. Young people now go thence to short courses at the Agricultural College. Every morning wagons gather up the children within a six-mile radius and deliver them at the schoolhouse door.

Moreover, Mrs. Harvey has passed the crisis of her work in winning by a narrow margin in a school election in which those made ill by too much progress tried to vote out of existence the new kind of school, the farmers' club, the farmwomen's club, the literary clubs, the school farm and garden, and the school wagons that transport the children.

The Great Rural Renaissance

Mrs. Harvey's first act in the Porter District was to find a house and settle down as a resident of her parish. In the state of Washington and elsewhere the school manse, or teacher's house, is coming to be a common thing; and it will one day be the regular thing, with its school glebe, or farm. The rural teachers will be a man and his wife. Their work will be so clearly profitable to the people of the district that they will give money to schools as freely as to barns and silos, and for very similar reasons.

There are already hundreds of county agents in the United States receiving salaries running from fifteen hundred to six thousand dollars a year. They are educators, and they are doing the sort of work that must eventually be done mainly in the rural schools. When the teachers do that sort of work they will receive, as a matter of course, that sort of pay—not by any system forced on the school districts but by the will of the people themselves.

To be sure, most rural teachers receive very small salaries; but really they get more than most of them are worth while engaged in their present unfruitful labors. They can do better work, however. Miss Field started with a hundred and twenty very ordinary rural teachers. After she had been making over the schools for five years I asked her how many of the original force she still retained, and was told that about two-thirds of them had stuck.

This is a greater proportion than will be found to persist for five years in most counties. And these teachers were now happy, proud, were paid much better salaries than formerly, and some of them had had the opportunity to take good city positions—and had refused.

The great Rural Renaissance is on; the Farmers' Strike is off. When the movement has completed its development city people will begin to return to the farms in order that their children may have the advantages of the country schools. And out of a country life of that sort will come great national changes. When the farmers begin to think in a body—or even in two or three bodies—their thought will stir the nation to its foundations.

Digitized by Google

"I Sing in my Kitchen!"

. "Some of my happiest hours are there. The drudgery and weariness are gone since my Hoosier Cabinet came. It has cut my work in two—

"Now I have afternoon freedom instead of all-day servitude."

The thought of *eight hundred thousand* women who use the Hoosier is voiced in letters like these:

"It is the last word in kitchen convenience," wrote one.

"My automatic servant."

"Saves miles of steps for my tired feet," from a white-haired woman of seventy.

"Puts my kitchen at fingers' ends."

"I've had mine fifteen years. Money wouldn't buy it if I couldn't get another"—and so on through thousands of letters.

You're bound to buy a kitchen cabinet before long—common sense and economy will persuade you. When the day comes buy a Hoosier.

Write today for the booklet that describes it.

Its sturdier construction makes its first cost your only cost. *One* Hoosier lasts a lifetime.

Experiment if you must with little things you buy often, but don't risk buying a kitchen cabinet—a lifelong labor-saving machine—until you see a Hoosier.

There's a sound reason why nearly a million women have chosen the Hoosier—and that is your best reason for buying one.

The low price is backed by this broad guarantee—*"Your money back unless you are delighted with any Hoosier you buy."*

This is "White Beauty"

HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINET

Sit Down at Your Work—Save Miles of Steps

5 Styles of Hoosiers

Each a remarkable value at its price

One fits your need and purse

The pure aluminum table slides out sixteen inches beyond the base—and only aluminum is good enough for this table which we back with this Hoosier guarantee—though this one feature costs us $100,000 extra every year.

Around you are your salt, sugar, flour and other supplies, at fingers' ends—and forty labor-saving features, seventeen of which we control. You can store four hundred articles in the Hoosier—all in instant reach.

And Only One Dollar Now

Brings All This Hoosier Convenience to You—

The balance of the low cash price is payable in a few weekly dues of a single dollar—no interest; no fees of any kind. One dollar now brings all this convenience to your own home. Don't let such a little stand in the way of so much. Take steps now to get your Hoosier from our dealer in your town on this easy plan.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING CO., 155 Sidney St., New Castle, Ind.

Branch: Pacific Building, San Francisco — 4500 Agents in United States and Canada

FREE Booklet

Write today for "You and Your Kitchen." Learn all about the Hoosier—how women everywhere have freed themselves from long kitchen hours and drudgery. Over 150,000 women have already asked for this book.

Your copy, with name of nearest dealer, will be sent postpaid if you merely send us a post card now.

(234)

Digitized by Google

In The Second Annual AJAX Tire Mileage Contest for Employed Drivers

208 PRIZE WINNING CHAUFFEURS AVERAGE 7,722 MILES

$5,000 IN CASH AWARDS

MILEAGE	PRIZE	AMOUNT	NAME OF DRIVER	ADDRESS	OWNER	CAR
21,985	First	$500	Garth C. Jensen	Stevens Pt., Wis.	John N. Welsby	Cadillac
21,483	Second	300	Frank Gray	Chicago, Ill.	Carl N. Gottfried	Peerless
21,039	Third	200	Alfred C. Smith	Springfield, Mass.	Oliver Smith, Livery	Cadillac
20,910	Fourth	100	Laurence Ross	Ticonderoga, N.Y.	William Henry	Maxwell
20,075	Fifth	100	E. C. Bode	St. Louis, Mo.	A. H. Bode, Livery	Packard
18,942	Sixth	100	Albert Nathan	New York City	F. L. Young	Stoddard
18,466	Seventh	100	H. W. Bode	St. Louis, Mo.	A. H. Bode, Livery	Packard
18,190	Eighth	100	Herman Bushey	Brockton, Mass.	Francis E. Shaw	Lenox
18,148	Ninth	50	Anthony B. Silvia	Haverhill, Mass.	Chas. W. Eaton	Simplex
17,452	Tenth	50	L. LaFountaine	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Wm. D. Hoxie	Stevens-Duryea
16,662	Eleventh	50	R. L. McNeal	Ticonderoga, N.Y.	James C. Leach	Stevens-Duryea
16,617	Twelfth	50	Merrill W. Garber	Fitchburg, Mass.	Douglas Crocker	Packard
16,461	Thirteenth	50	Charles W. Lewis	New York City	Donald McAleenan	Renault
16,384	Fourteenth	50	Harry Coghlan, Jr.	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Mrs. Anne Coghlan	Ford Coupé
16,071	Fifteenth	50	S. Lichtenstein	New York City	Harris L. Rosenthal	Simplex

30 CAPITAL PRIZE WINNERS AVERAGE 16,509 MILES
178 MINOR PRIZE WINNERS AVERAGE 6,241 MILES

SPACE does not permit the listing of each of the winners of the 208 prizes offered. The mileage records and the affidavits of owners have been canvassed and prizes awarded by the judges: Messrs. Alfred Reeves, General Manager National Automobile Chamber of Commerce; President R. A. Patteson, Tarrytown National Bank, and L.W. Scudder, Certified Public Accountant, New York.

To the many employed chauffeurs who entered this second Ajax Tire Mileage Contest, and thus helped to make it successful, we extend our appreciation.

Demonstrating Ajax Super Quality!

In the most difficult test by which tire quality can be measured—use on heavy cars driven by employed chauffeurs—the super *in-built* quality of Ajax Tires is demonstrated. The figures brought forward by the winners of the contest show that *higher* mileage is built into Ajax Tires—to be brought out in actual service.

What has been accomplished by chauffeurs for their owners is being duplicated over the country on hundreds of cars. The Ajax Tire Mileage Contest is interesting for the figures of mileage achieved and the evidence of Ajax *higher* quality. The contest results justify the confidence we have for the product we build, which confidence is expressed in the Ajax *written guarantee* of 5,000 miles.

AJAX TIRES

Guaranteed

in writing

5000 MILES

"While others are claiming Quality we are guaranteeing it."

Announcing A New Mileage Contest!

The third annual renewal of the Ajax Tire Mileage Contest for Employed Chauffeurs is announced. Five thousand dollars ($5,000) in cash prizes will be given in 208 awards. In event of ties, a prize identical with that tied for will be awarded each tying contestant. The contest is limited to employed car drivers who achieve the greatest mileage from Ajax Tires beyond 5,000 miles, previous to March 31st, 1916.

The judges and rules of the contest will be the same as governed the two previous Ajax contests. Ajax dealers will supply entry blanks and all detailed information, or same will be sent upon direct request to the Ajax-Grieb Rubber Co., 1796–98 Broadway, New York.

Drivers, enter now! It may be your good fortune to win an important prize, while conserving the interests of your employer.

AJAX-GRIEB RUBBER COMPANY

1796–1798 Broadway, New York

Atlanta, 4–6 W. Harris St.
Boston, 1084 Boylston St.
Brooklyn, 1182 Bedford Ave.
Chicago, 1507 Michigan Ave.
Cleveland, 18th & Euclid Aves.
Dallas, 2117 Commerce St.
Denver, 1518 Broadway
Des Moines, 909 Locust St.
Detroit, 507 Woodward Ave.
Indianapolis, 423 No. Capitol Ave.
Kansas City, Mo., 1730 Grand Ave.
Los Angeles, 1229 So. Olive St.
Minneapolis, 905 Marquette Ave.
Philadelphia, 316 No. Broad St.
Portland, Ore., 329 Ankeny St.
Seattle, 806 East Pike St.
San Francisco, Golden Gate & VanNess Aves.

Factories: Trenton, N. J.

Digitized by Google

MRS. MALLABY'S MISTAKE

(Continued from Page 11)

Again I gave her my word of honor, and again we earnestly shook hands upon it.

"And—and it wasn't bigamy or anything like that?" she asked with a rush.

"How could it be bigamy," I reproachfully replied, "when I've never even been engaged yet?"

"Then that's all right!" And without further ado she took the picture from me. It had grown dusk, but I could still see the eager interest in her eyes. Indeed, her eyes reminded me of two eagerly interested stars watching the earth take form.

"And you won't give me up?" I asked.

"Hiram," she cried, "I would die before I gave you up!"

And with greater earnestness than ever we shook hands on that too.

I think the next fortnight was the happiest I had ever spent up till that time. In fact I will go farther, and say I am certain the next fortnight was the happiest I had ever spent up till that time. In the first place, I made an arrangement with Mrs. Mallaby that until the farm had been on a paying basis for a full month my wages would be paid in full in the form of board and lodgings.

In the second place, I had daily spirited arguments with Uncle Ronald on how best to attain Pleasure and Profit on the Farm. And as all his theories were based upon the immediate expenditure of considerable sums of money—which Mrs. Mallaby did not possess—it was always an easy matter to reduce him to a sulky silence.

In the third place, the hens were laying well enough to balance our store account, so Mrs. Mallaby wasn't worrying about the immediate future.

And in the fourth, last, and most important place, we had a concert every evening, in which Nellie played the violin while I assisted at the piano. She was really a talented player, as I might have known from her contralto eyes; but the passages which pleased me most were the whispered words we exchanged—from the corners of our mouths—in relation to our secret, and Nellie's leaning over my shoulder to look at some particularly intricate score before playing it, and Uncle Ronald sitting more and more under Mrs. Mallaby's wing—figuratively speaking, of course—and frowning tremendously, all high forehead and eyeglass tape, at his everlasting study of Pleasure and Profit on the Farm.

I might have known it was too good to last, but I never dreamed that Emily would burst upon me that way while Nellie and I were in the chicken house looking for the hen who was eating her eggs. Even now I make a grimace whenever I think what might have happened if it hadn't been for Nellie, and while it is true that Nellie was helped a lot by the egg and the pepper it was not so much the egg and the pepper that saved me as it was that spirit of loyalty which Nellie had already indicated when she pledged me her word—on the stepladder—that she would die before she gave me up.

Mrs. Mallaby and Uncle Ronald were out looking for raspberries that afternoon, and Nellie and I were in the chicken house. In one hand Nellie had an egg, which I was presently to blow; and in the other hand she had a small bag of pepper, with which I intended to fill the empty shell. This loaded egg was then to be slipped under the suspected hen, and when she pecked the shell and got her beak full of pepper it was fondly hoped that she would never have the heart to eat an egg again.

Meanwhile I had discovered that one of the roosts was loose, and I was hammering it into place when I heard a car turn into the yard. I peeped through the corner of one of the whitewashed windows, and whom should I see but Emily and Jimmy Courtney! I remembered then, when it was too late, that like a fool I had mailed my golf club dues a few days before from North Telford. And Jimmy Courtney, of course, was treasurer of the golf club and a very particular friend of Emily's. In fact, when Emily had begun to assume her proprietary airs over me Jimmy Courtney had done a great deal of wailing, together with the concomitant gnashing of teeth.

"Oh-ho!" said Nellie, peeping over my shoulder. "Company!" And before I could stop her she had slipped outside with the egg in one hand and the package of pepper in the other. "Good afternoon," she said to Emily.

"Do you know where Mr. Townsend lives?" asked Emily at once.

"No, I don't," said Nellie, truthfully enough.

"He's a tall, dark young man with very white teeth, and he mails his letters from the North Telford post office. The postmaster said he lived somewhere along this road."

At that, still peeping through the whitewashed window, I saw Nellie's back stiffen. Whether it was telepathy or not I cannot tell you, but I do know that when Nellie's back stiffened it was because it had suddenly flashed into her mind that these two visitors were detectives, and that they were after me.

"No," she said, and instinctively she backed a step as though to get between them and the open door. "No, we haven't lived here very long ourselves."

Up till that moment I had been on the point of going out, but of course you can see that when Nellie denied all knowledge of me I couldn't very well go out. In fact, I couldn't go out at all without making Nellie look foolish—and why should I have wished to make Nellie look foolish when she was so loyally shielding me like another Sister Beatrice?

"Got thin, long legs," said Jim Courtney as though to refresh Nellie's recollection, "and the last time I saw him he was trying to raise a mustache."

"N-no," said Nellie, and, returning to indisputable ground, she added: "We haven't lived here very long ourselves."

It was a warm day and I had left my coat outside the chicken-house door. I suppose Emily saw this coat, because first her eyes roved that way and then she looked back at Nellie.

"Perhaps your brother knows," she suggested.

"I have no brother."

"But there's somebody in there," said Jim Courtney impatiently, and beetling his brows toward the chicken-house door he shouted: "Hey, you!"

In one side of the chicken house was a small door, and the moment Jim Courtney shouted "Hey, you!" I made for that door. But through some unlucky chance a barrel had been set against the outside of the door to keep it from blowing open, and I could open it only about three inches. Through this aperture, however, I thrust my arm and began to wriggle the barrel away. Nellie heard me struggling with that emharreled door. "Hey, you!" shouted Jim Courtney again, and though I couldn't see him I heard him get out of the car.

"Go back!" cried Nellie. "You can't go in our chicken house!"

There was no reply, but knowing Jim Courtney as well as I did I knew he was advancing. I knew this also from the crescendo of Nellie's voice.

"Go back! Go back! Go back!" she cried. By that time I had got the door about six inches open, and all at once there was a deuce of a howling sneeze from Mr. Courtney. The next moment Nellie had dashed into the chicken house and had fastened the door behind her. One spring and she was with me. "Quick!" she gasped, "I threw the egg and pepper at him!" One last shove and the back door opened. Then, like another Paul and Virginia, we gained the woods unseen and reached the slope that overlooks the river. There, thinking of James, the Well-Spiced Omelette, I was about to laugh, but as I was on the point of breaking into laughter Nellie burst into tears.

"Oh, Hiram!" she sobbed. "I'm a wicked girl and a story teller! But—w-w-w-what are you looking at?"

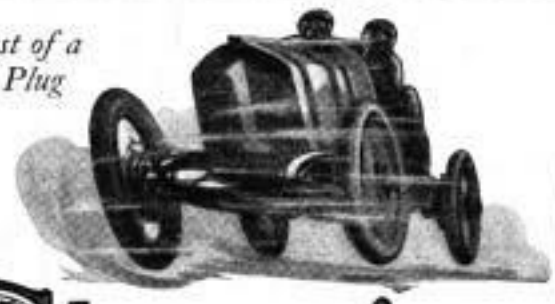
Curiosity proving the stronger emotion she forgot her tears and followed my startled glance down toward the river.

As I have already related, Uncle Ronald and Mrs. Mallaby had gone hunting for raspberries that afternoon, and through a vista of trees we could see them down by the river. Uncle Ronald was holding Mrs. Mallaby's hands, though perhaps she was only trying to pull him up, because Uncle Ronald was on his knees. It was one of those scenes which are not for outside eyes, so Nellie and I quickly turned and looked at each other instead.

"Let's—let's walk on!" she whispered.

We walked a little way under the trees, and there I stopped because I knew my time had come, too, because never before

The Test of a Spark Plug



Champion

"TOLEDO MADE FOR THE WHOLE WORLD'S TRADE"

$1.25

Champion Two-Piece Heavy Stone. All Sizes.

Same general construction as the "one-piece," but can be taken apart.

Spark Plugs

You would never think of subjecting your own motor to such strains as we put upon an engine, to discover any weakness in the spark plug which we design for it.

Even after perfection has apparently been attained, we test these Spark Plugs time and time again, in the motors for which they are intended, under every conceivable speed and load strain.

Nothing short of *super*-efficiency will satisfy *us*.

But that is why Champion Spark Plugs give such universal absolute satisfaction to users.

That is why Ford—Overland—Studebaker—Maxwell—Metz engineers, and the experts of sixty-odd other factories representing over 75 per cent of all American-made automobiles, see to it that their motors leave their factories equipped with Champions.

To accept a substitute when you replace your spark plugs, is to disregard this most definite expression of scientifically determined expert opinion.

$1.25

Champion One-Piece Heavy Stone. All Sizes.

For high-powered Automobiles, Trucks and Stationary Engines.

Our Guarantee: We guarantee complete satisfaction to the user—free repair, replacement or money back.

Insist on Champions. See your dealer or write direct to us.

Champion Spark Plug Company, 103 Avondale Avenue, Toledo, Ohio

DEALERS:—Ask your Jobber's Salesman for our Profit Sharing Agreement, or write to us for it at once.

Richmond Straight Cut

Cork Tip or Plain **CIGARETTES**

Fifteen Cents
THE Richmond STRAIGHT CUT CIGARETTES CORK TIP
This selection of unusually mild and delicate Virginia tobaccos was created 44 years ago for the gentlemen of the F. F. V's. These famous cigarettes embody the same irresistible charm today.
Also packed in attractive tin boxes, 50 for 40 cents; 100 for 75 cents. Sent prepaid, if your dealer cannot supply.
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.
Preferred by Gentlemen Now as Then

Digitized by Google

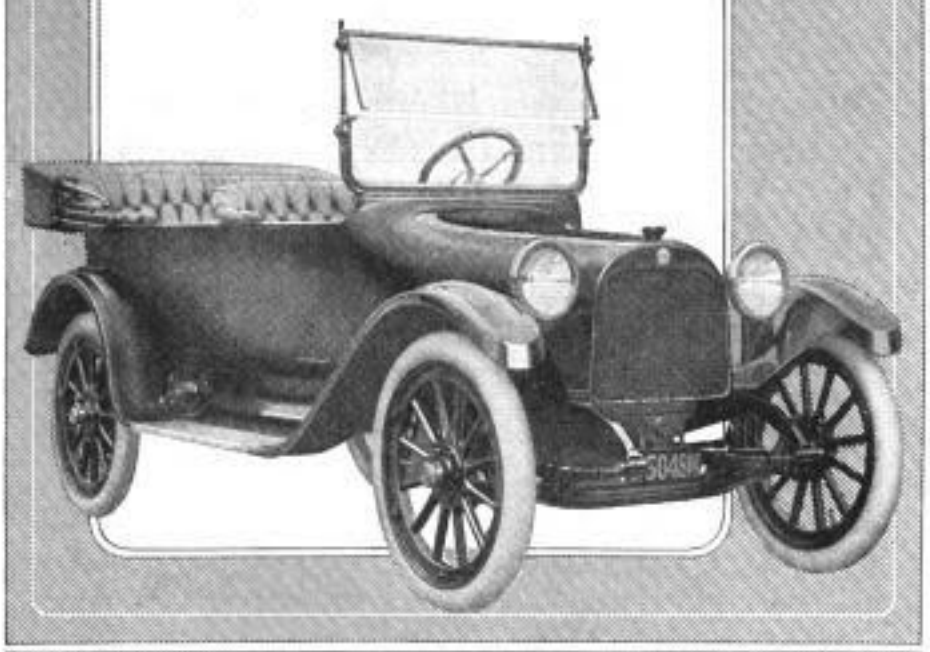
DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

Full of life and snap

It seems so eager for the road that you become unmindful of distances. It gets away instantaneously. It skims the road silently and smoothly, without motor vibration or sidesway at high speed. The buoyant springs and soft, full-leather cushions absorb the road shocks.

The motor is 30-35 horsepower.
The price of the car complete is $785
(f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



You Can See
the *whitening* effect of the OXYGEN when using
Calox
The OXYGEN Tooth Powder

Oxygen is nature's great purifier. That's why CALOX prevents dental troubles by removing the cause of tooth decay.

All Druggists, 25c.

Sample and Booklet Free if you mention your Druggist.

McKESSON & ROBBINS
91 Fulton St. New York

Esterbrook Pens
250 styles

Esterbrook's Relief No. 314 is an extraordinary pen that adjusts itself to any desired slant and writes smoother than the old goose quill. Made of special alloyed metal—won't corrode—and finished like a gold pen.

SEND 10c for useful metal box containing 12 of our most popular pens, including the famous Falcon 048.

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
New York Camden, N. J.

had I seen her eyes so deeply contralto; and yet from her manner one might not have thought that Nellie thought so—at first.

"Nellie ——" I began.

"That's not fair, Mr. Townsend," she said. "I doubt if I know your first name yet."

"My first name," I carefully answered, "is a secret which I shall not tell to anybody on this farm until I have first told it to the girl I love."

"Oh!" she said in a muffled little voice. "Excuse me!"

"And even then," I continued, "I shall only whisper it in her ear just after I have kissed her."

"Dear me!" she breathed. "Then I don't suppose I shall ever know!"

"You don't?" I cried. And after a few moments of confusion I told her my name. Not only that, but in order to make a clean breast of it I also told her why I had been running away. It was a recital which needed a wealth of telling, and the sun was beginning to set before I had fairly started.

"It'll soon be dark," said Nellie. "We must hurry back home. But, oh, Hiram—Jeffrey, I mean—you don't know how much better I feel now I know they can't come and take you! It's such a relief to have no secrets from each other!"

I felt the same way myself—or at least I should have felt the same way myself if I hadn't still been carrying the secret of my ownership of Bachelor's Blush. But as for that, it worried me not at all. I simply decided to forget it. And yet somehow I couldn't quite forget it when I found Uncle Ronald waiting for me in the yard, for Uncle Ronald had the frown of authority on his high forehead, and he was waiting for me—near the chopping block—like a lord high executioner waiting for the condemned man.

"One moment, Hiram," he said. "A few words with you, if you please, before you go into the house."

I stopped and looked at Uncle Ronald with real admiration, which he pretended not to notice, and I was still looking at him, while he, apparently, was carefully selecting his opening words, when an elderly farmer drove into the yard behind an old white horse.

"Mrs. Mallaby in?" he asked.

We waved him toward the kitchen, little suspecting who he was, but a moment later when we heard him talking—through the open window—I had very strong suspicions indeed as to who he was. Now, a caller is a caller in the country, where cats and dogs run to the window to view a passing team, and even Uncle Ronald bent his ear to catch the conversation which was going on in the kitchen.

"I on'y heerd ye were over here to-day," the elderly farmer was saying to Mrs. Mallaby. "Did ye buy this place too?"

"Buy this place too?" echoed Mrs. Mallaby. "What do you mean? I only bought one place."

"You're the lady who bought the old Thackell place, ain't ye?"

"Yes, I think that was the name—Thackell."

"'Course it is. I'm caretaker over theer. I was down in the Cedar Swamp the day ye were up with the agent, and that's how I missed ye. But I been expectin' ye to move in for more'n two weeks."

At this point Uncle Ronald left me, with much importance, and hurried into the kitchen.

"But I tell you I only bought one place," protested Mrs. Mallaby, "the first house on the North Telford Road."

"No, ma'am!" cried the elderly farmer with a decision that knew no error, "the place you bought is the fust house on the South Telford Road. You git your deed an' see!"

Nellie must have entered the kitchen, too, because the next voice I heard was hers.

"You mean to say that this isn't our farm?" she cried.

"No, miss. The house looks just the same, but the place your ma bought was the old Thackell place."

"Then if this isn't our farm," demanded Uncle Ronald, "in the name of heaven, whose farm is it?"

"Used to be the old Briggs place. But I understand a young city feller bought it the week before you bought yourn. I seen him once fox hunting—tall an' spindly, dark complected ——"

And just as I vanished round the corner of the woodshed—to do my chores—I heard a triple chorus of consternation come floating out of the kitchen window:

"Then this is Hiram's farm!"

"But, Hiram, why on earth did you do it?"

That was Mrs. Mallaby, after I had come in for supper, looking as innocent as I could and even attempting to whistle.

"I thought you'd been swindled," I humbly confessed, and I told them—in short—why I had done it. When I finished I think there were tears in Mrs. Mallaby's eyes, and I know there were tears in Nellie's. Uncle Ronald rose like a patriarch and gave me his hand.

"So that's why you did it," said Nellie's mother; "because you didn't want to turn two poor women out of doors!"

"At least," I truthfully answered, "that is one reason why I did it."

"And what's the other?"

"The other reason is that, as soon as you've found another man, Nellie and I are going to be married ——"

Mother and daughter fell upon each other's neck in a furious embrace, as rosy as a couple of sunsets. "Whoever heard of such a thing!" squealed Mrs. Mallaby. "Uncle Ronald and I are engaged too!" Her beaming eyes fell upon the table. "What a poor little supper!" she cried. "You two men go outside—we're going to have a regular feast to-night!"

We went outside, Uncle Ronald and I, and as though by common consent we walked to the brow of the hill where we could see the sunset over Bachelor's Blush.

"Pleasure and Profit on the Farm," I murmured, and I slyly winked over at the sunset.

But Uncle Ronald didn't take it that way.

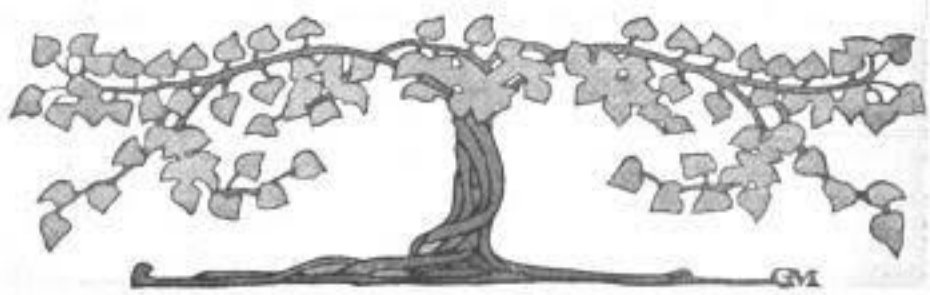
"Isn't it a fact!" he mused. "Isn't—it—a—fact!"

Troubled Waters

POURING oil on the waters to quiet big waves has a practical substitute now in the pumping of air bubbles into the troubled waters. This air-bubble scheme has gone through experimental stages with considerable success and is now being given practical applications. The most promising opportunities for the idea are in connection with landing piers on shores where ordinarily or frequently big waves make it unsafe for vessels to land.

The apparatus required is simple enough. On shore is a machine for pumping air, a reservoir of compressed air, and pipes leading from the reservoir to the sea bottom in front of the pier. When a vessel wishes to approach the pier, and the sea is running high, the apparatus is started and air is pumped out through the pipes, bubbling up through holes in the ends of pipe lines. These air bubbles seem to have the ability to break up the mass of water sweeping in with each roller, and so make it safe for the ship to approach the pier. The theory of the air bubbles is that, though water moving in a solid mass carries mighty force, spray carries little force; and the air bubbles create a condition midway between solid water and spray.

Other applications of the air-bubble system planned are for lighthouse landings, for stretches of coast that are being destroyed by the force of the surf during storms, and for salvage operations on wrecked vessels.



Digitized by Google

Mr. Business Man—
I dare you to see this moving picture.

Dare you to go look at *yourself* on the screen!

Dare you to take your wife and daughter—and "the boy"—to see what is happening all about us in business every day.

"The Absentee," a fine, big Master-Picture, with Robert Edeson in the title rôle, puts business before you like a beetle with a pin through it.

Go look yourself over. See the beautiful, glittering wings of you—but don't be blind to the claws (that may not be what naturalists call them, but you understand me, I'm sure)!

I looked at the picture of an April afternoon—when my mind was not over-active. Then I went and walked around the park—and didn't realize it was raining!

"The Absentee" is that kind of a picture. It gives you a mental Turkish bath, then rubs your conscience down with a rough towel. It's a great picture to see. Full of very beautiful scenes—interspersed with some that have prongs in them.

And you get to the office next morning with a new point of view and more vim and vitality than you've had for a long time.

Yes, Mr. Business Man,—go to see ***"The Absentee."*** There's not a dull inch of film in the 48,000.

Most of us Americans *are* business men—whether we are clerks or work at a bench or follow a plough.

Personally—aside from the pleasure of looking at it—I got a *lot* out of the picture. I'm pretty sure you'll get a lot, too. Go to see

THE ABSENTEE—produced by the Majestic Motion Picture Corporation—with Robert Edeson.

And, oh, papa dear,—how sweet she is when she cries!

And there you are!

A young girl in a moving picture theatre whispers a half dozen words to her father—and, in a breath, you *know* more than I could tell you in *pages* of Mae Marsh, the heroine of this week's second Master-Picture—***"The Victim."***

Just think of all that means!

What amazing charm and magnetism and, as the little girl said, "sweetness" it takes to show through a veil of tears. I suppose thousands and thousands of people have come actually to *love* Mae Marsh from just seeing her on the screen.

But, bless me!—here's half my space gone and I've told you nothing of "The Victim."

It's not a big production—or very long. It runs just short of an hour. But such a wholesome, well filled, solid, substantial hour!

There's a fine young hero (Bobby Harron;—he is, or ought to be, a friend of yours, too) and a very *real*, very villainous villain.

And plenty of excitement—oh, *plenty*.

And an ending where dreams come true. (The heroine cries again there—but that time for happiness—and she *is* sweet.)

Yes—it's a good picture; the kind you could whistle if it were music.

And—

You'll want to see it again.

There aren't many better moving pictures about than

THE VICTIM—with Robert Harron and Mae Marsh.

And whether you pay 10c or a quarter or a dollar to look at it—you will be mighty glad you spent the money!

A good many people have written, asking where they can see **Mutual Master-Pictures.**

Frankly—the rush for them since people began to find out how good they are has put us away behind in our bookings.

The surest way is to have a chat with the man in the box office at the theatre you usually go to. Ask him to get them for you regularly—and to let you know when he is to show them.

He will—if you say to him: "I want to see

Mutual Master-Pictures"

American Film Manufacturing Company
Majestic Motion Picture Company
New York Motion Picture Corporation
Reliance Motion Picture Corporation
Thanhouser Film Corporation

MUTUAL MASTER-PICTURES

Truly,

H. E. Aitken

President
MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION, *New York*

Digitized by Google

A New Friend For Every Lover of the Big Out-Doors

A Detachable Bicycle Motor—think what that means! A thoroughly practical, easily operated motor that you can attach to any bicycle or tandem in five minutes. It will take you anywhere you want to go at a speed of 4 to 20 miles an hour and will run 100 to 125 miles on a gallon of gasoline. The

Pedals used only at starting **Smith Motor Wheel** *Just sit still and steer*

travels boulevards or rough roads and climbs hills with ease. Full control from one small thumb lever on handle bars of bicycle. Because the Smith Motor Wheel is so cleanly, simple, vibrationless and affords all the pleasures of bicycling **with the work left out,** "Motorwheeling" is fast becoming the most popular out-door sport in America.

Write for "Motorwheeling," the big, free catalog, and learn where you can see and ride a Smith Motor Wheel

A. O. Smith Company, Motor Wheel Division 55 Milwaukee, Wis.

One of the Largest Manufacturers of Automobile Parts in the World

How One Boy Made Five Hundred Dollars

is told in an interesting pamphlet which we will send you on request.

IT is the story of a boy whose business faculties were awakened by his experience as a salesman for the Curtis publications.

The narrative ends as follows:

"What Ernst Shultz did, many other boys have done and are doing. The plan used by him not only gave him a comfortable bank account but a lot of fun, a host of friends and business lessons invaluable."

If you are an alert boy and want to earn money outside of school hours, let us tell you about Ernst Shultz's plan. Write today to

Sales Division, Box 881
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

ERNST SHULTZ

TROUPIN' WITH DAN CUPID

(Continued from Page 17)

an' find out somethin'. I think I have a sure winner in this first race, an' I was figgerin' on bettin' a thousand or so on his nose. You just sit still till I come back an' I'll see that you have a bet down, all right, all right."

"Oh, you mustn't think of it—I really could not permit it!" protested the girl. "You see, you and I are strangers—we have never been formally introduced or anything. It's awfully kind of you, but you really must not." She lifted an admonitory finger and shook it gravely at the Humming Bird. "Why, you never saw me before in your life," she reiterated; "you don't even know my name."

"You lose both ways," vouchsafed the Bird airily. "Supposin' I was to tell you that I come of a long line of mind readers—seventh daughters of seventh sons, an' all that kind o' thing? Supposin' I was to make one great big guess an' tell you that your name was Miss Letitia Vandaleur, an' where you live, an' where you work? Then perhaps you'd go round tellin' folks I never saw you before! But that's not here or there; I ain't goin' to leave you up in the grand stand playin' solitaire with yourself. Just do as I say an' wait till I come back."

Before she could urge any further objection he had wheeled down the steps and disappeared in the direction of the betting ring.

Fourteen starters were charted to go in the opening scramble. The Humming Bird scanned the names of the candidates anxiously. He was not looking for winners now, but rather for one that would be sure to lose.

"That old Blackthorn horse has only one good leg left," he soliloquized; "an', no matter what they hand him, th' other three are sure to get hot before he hits th' half-mile pole. I guess th' little lady up in th' stand had better have a ticket on him."

From an inside pocket he drew forth a bunch of blank bookmaker's tickets, of which he always kept a stock on hand. In many respects they were the mainstays of his somewhat precarious profession, and in cases of dire necessity were trenchant tools for the undoing of the Egyptians. As he was about to retrace his steps he was greeted by a brother turf adviser.

"Where you been, Bird?" he interrogated. "Where you been? We ain't seen you round here for a dog's age."

"Oh, I've been off—'way off yonder, Billy," stammered the Humming Bird; "'way, 'way off—a long ways from here."

His face was radiant with the spirit of the old, old story—the story that has changed hovels into mansions, and prisons into palaces.

"Diggin' up some new territory, huh?"

"Yep," acquiesced the Humming Bird. "New territory—that's what it is. But so long, Billy—so long. I gotta go. I'm in a hurry. I'll tell you all about it some day, when th' appointed time comes."

He sprang nimbly up the steps and made his way hastily back to the girl.

"I think Blackthorn is a pipe," he counseled. "I have a thousand on for myself, and here's a ticket for you, calling for five hundred to fifty. If that old goat lobs home in front you'll have enough money to start a riot in a millinery store."

He refused to accept anything in the nature of protestation, again referring nonchalantly to his plunging operations, and absolutely declining to view the amount wagered by him in any other light than that of a piker's bet.

That phase of the case being arranged satisfactorily, he settled down to make the most of opportunity.

Blackthorn trailed in a miserable last; but this happening did not seem in any way to dampen the Humming Bird's enthusiasm.

"We can't win all the time," he explained nonchalantly. "We'll have to go lookin' for our money where we lost it. Sit here and enjoy yourself while I go along and see what I can do with th' next bunch of beagles."

Then the Humming Bird hastened back to the betting ring, and the real work of the day, so far as he was concerned, commenced.

However, try as he would, strenuous endeavor was not rewarded. The inclosure seemed crowded with regulars, but strange faces were few and far between. The Bird reluctantly admitted to himself, after a

BUTTER-KIST Pop Corn Machine

revolutionizes pop-corn making —and selling

Butter-Kist is the last word in popping corn. Its irresistible appeal has captivated millions. Never again will they be satisfied with any but Butter-Kist Pop-Corn.

The unexampled quality of this pop-corn is due to the automatic machine. It pops corn scientifically. Each crisp, white morsel is Butter-Kist with pure creamery butter. The motion attracts crowds. The machine operator does nothing but hand out bags of pop-corn in exchange for nickels and dimes.

Storekeepers—Merchants! Do You Want $25 to $60 Extra Profits Each Week?

The machine is doing this every week for hundreds—even more than this for some. Records prove Butter-Kist Pop-Corn nets much more profit per square foot than anything else in the store.

Seventy cents on every dollar's worth of pop-corn you sell is clear, clean profit. Every bag is a repeater insurance. The Butter-Kist habit brings the customers back in droves.

All-year, spot-cash business. No stock to carry. Big, constant demand. Besides all this, Butter-Kist is a great trade-builder. Brings you new customers, increases entire store profits.

Superbly built, beautifies any store or business establishment. Mahogany, Oak or Ivory White cabinet with plate glass. Metal parts highly polished and nickeled.

Pay From Your Sales

A small payment down puts this Butter-Kist Pop-Corn machine in your store with all Butter-Kist privileges. Soon pays for itself out of the money it earns.

Get the Butter-Kist Book Free

Facts, figures, complete description of business, photographs, proofs of profits, etc., shown in our new book, "The Little Gold Mine." Sent free, postpaid. Tell us your line and we'll show how this fits it. Remember, every day gained means $5 to $15 more sales.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. COMPANY
1657 Van Buren Street Indianapolis, Ind.

DIM-A-LITE

Turn Down Your Electric Lights — Anywhere

Turn them up or down—just like gas—with a Dim-a-lite. Somebody ill? Keep a dim light in the sick room. A dimmed light in the bathroom over night is almost a necessity. Baby's room should have a subdued light to ensure quick action when required. And why grope around the hall and stairways when business or pleasure necessitates your returning home late? Keep the lights dimmed. The Dim-a-lite

Gives 5 changes of light
Full Half Dim Night Light Out

The Dim-a-lite saves from 30% to 80% current and fits any socket or current. You can screw any lamp into a Dim-a-lite. It is unbreakable. Sold by electrical supply, hardware, department and drug stores.

Costs $1.00. Fully Guaranteed

If your dealer can't supply you, send your order direct. Write for interesting Book No. 50.

WIRT COMPANY
Mfrs. and Patentees Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 133, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

Digitized by Google

$18 Heats 8 Room House All Winter

½ to ⅔ Coal Bill Saving Guaranteed

Cut-Out View UNDERFEED Furnace

THIS letter will make you sit up and take notice. It is one of thousands just like it. And you can have your coal bills cut, and your home uniformly heated in just the same clean, modern, economical UNDERFEED way.

You simply cannot be blind to such saving and efficiency. Read the letter:

"Binghamton, N. Y., R. F. D. No. 3
Gentlemen:—In regard to my experience with the Williamson UNDERFEED furnace would state that I have heated 8 rooms the entire season at a cost of $18. Have had uniform heat and plenty of it in all the rooms, with little attention, no gas and very few ashes. It has cost me less to run the furnace than to run my cook stove.
"Yours very truly,
"O. A. ELWELL, Near Port Dickinson."

WILLIAMSON NEW-FEED UNDERFEED Furnaces and Boilers — CUT COAL BILLS ½ to ⅔

The Williamson New-Feed UNDERFEED is a veritable triumph among modern heating systems. Replaces old-fashioned overfed grates, stoves and other heating "devices." And does it at a saving of time, labor and money. Remember, a saving of one-half to two-thirds on coal bills is actually guaranteed.

The "Why" of it All

In the New-Feed UNDERFEED the new coal is fed from below. The clean, live fire and coals are always on top, right against the most effective radiating surfaces. The fire does not have to fight its way up. Dust, smoke and gases are consumed and turned into real usable heat by the clean, hot coals through which they must pass.

Burns Cheaper Grades of Coal

With the New-Feed UNDERFEED you can burn the cheaper grades of coal with the same, if not better results, than the most expensive grades. It burns any size of hard or soft coal from slack and pea or buckwheat up—burns it all to a clean white ash—no clinkers—no partly burned coals.

Learn more about it. Use the coupon. It brings you the interesting book "From Overfed to UNDERFEED" which also shows in detail just how the New-Feed can be operated with wonderful success by a boy of 12.

For money saved—GUARANTEED—send the coupon NOW!

THE WILLIAMSON HEATER CO.
(Formerly The Peck-Williamson Co.)
231 FIFTH AVENUE — CINCINNATI, O.

The Williamson Heater Co.
231 Fifth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Tell me how to cut my coal bills from one-half to two-thirds with a Williamson New-Feed UNDERFEED.
Warm Air _____ Steam or Hot Water _____
(Mark an X after system interested in)
Name _____
Address _____
My dealer's name is _____

No "Exposition Prices"

Visitors to the Panama-Pacific Exposition will find rates at Hotel Oakland surprisingly low compared with other hotels appealing to the same discriminating patronage.

Just over the Bay from the Exposition—a delightful ferry trip direct to the Grounds. 500 rooms (all outside). Complete garage facilities. Service and cuisine unexcelled anywhere in America.

Rooms	Private Bath	Detached Bath
One person, per day	$2.00	$1.50 and up
Two persons, per day	3.50	2.50 and up

Two unusual booklets—"California Automobile Tours" (with excellent maps), and "Hotel Oakland," giving complete information—*sent free.*

Address: Victor Rotter, Manager
HOTEL OAKLAND, *Oakland, California*
Cable Address: OAKTEL

very careful survey, that none of the visitors gave evidence of being worth exploitation. Still, under the circumstances, he needed ready money. It was imperative that he should secure at least enough for immediate needs; and, with that end in view, he buttonholed a gambler who had recently arrived from the Middle West.

"Lemme take fifty, Irish," importuned the Humming Bird. "Lemme take fifty—quick! I need it awful bad; an' I'll hand it back to you Tuesday."

"Huh!" retorted the gambler. "What's the matter, Bird? Did they pluck you? Ain't ye been able to dig up a good thing or a live one?"

"I been lookin' for a good thing all day," droned the Bird mournfully, "but there ain't nothin' in sight. Slip me th' fifty, Irish—quick! Honest to Gawd! I'll give it back to you Tuesday."

The gambler produced his roll and peeled off the required amount.

"Been lookin' for a good thing?" he drawled. "Well, here's the kale, Bird; an' I'll give you a good thing along with it."

"What's that? What's that?" interrogated the Humming Bird anxiously.

"Well," responded the gambler, "I'll just lay you eight to five that you don't pay me back Tuesday. Ain't that a good thing?"

"Piker!" chortled the Humming Bird as he turned swiftly to move away. "You poor, pusillanimous old piker! Why, I can go over to Kelcey's book and they'll lay me forty to one that I don't never pay you back."

The Humming Bird ambled off, whistling happily, with his hat tilted away back from his forehead. He was in funds now—sufficient, at least, to maintain his social prestige. The money was sacred. He could not afford to risk any in the betting ring. Perhaps, indeed, the divinity might be persuaded to accompany him to dinner and subsequently to the theater. On the face of it, this seemed to be hoping for too much, but mentally he resolved to try.

Meantime, however, Miss Vandaleur found herself in possession of a fifty-dollar ticket before the commencement of each race, the Bird judiciously picking a horse that could not possibly be conceded a chance. He took his own imaginary losses philosophically and buoyed his companion up with the hope that she would hold a winning ticket before the day's sport was over.

In the sixth and last race, however, the Humming Bird picked an ancient horse named Melodrama as the very worst of a mediocre lot of selling-platers. Melodrama was ten years old and the custodian of many infirmities. For three long years it had not been recorded that he had caught the judge's eye first. The Humming Bird chuckled as he stole behind a post in the grand stand and wrote a ticket calling for twelve hundred dollars against fifty on Melodrama.

"It's a crime to con th' little girl this way," he soliloquized as he folded the ticket carefully, preparatory to rejoining her. "I know I ought to be arrested—but what's a feller goin' t' do when he's all in? If she ever was wised up to the fact that I was a hustler, an' broke, I couldn't hand her a peach on a stick. What's a feller goin' to do but play th' hand out an' ride chilly till I get another bank roll? She need never get next, an' it'll all come out in the suds.

"This here Melodrammer looks like the best bet o' th' day," vouchsafed the Bird as he passed the ticket over to the goddess. "I'm down pretty well on this race myself, because I'm four thousand in th' red, an' I'd like to break even. I think it's such a good thing that I'm goin' down to press th' bet a little—if you'll just excuse me a minute. I'll be back about the time the horses are off."

He hustled back along the quarter stretch in a last endeavor to discover a real subscriber. The horses were already at the post; and, almost before he realized this, a hoarse cry from the stand announced to all concerned that the barrier had gone up and they were on their way. The Humming Bird turned leisurely to ascend the steps; but halfway up he paused. Every man and woman about him was either smiling broadly or laughing, while from the inner field came the raucous shouts of many stableboys and helpers in high jubilation.

"What is it? What's comin' off? What's th' joke?" queried the Humming Bird of a man who stood next him.

"Turn round an' ye'll see for yourself," retorted that individual. "There's old

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

YOU know how it is with a boy—growing almost while you look at him—romping around all day—forever demanding "something to eat" and brutally critical of what is set before him.

There is never any difficulty in getting him to "eat plenty of bread"—*if the bread can be made to appeal to his palate.*

Try him with sandwiches of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter and see!

There is the nutriment he needs—the balanced food—the flavor of the finest Virginia and Spanish nuts, blended, delicately roasted, lightly salted and crushed to a smooth golden-brown butter.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter comes ready to serve in *vacuum-sealed jars*—three sizes, 10 cents, 15 cents, 25 cents (in the extreme West, a little more). At grocers' everywhere.

Makers of America's most famous Bacon—*Beech-Nut Bacon*

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-ko

Made in America — **GINGER ALE** — *Best in the World*

Have a Few Cold Bottles in the Car

as well as in the ice chest. Take some with you when you go out into the woods. It is a prime thirst quencher.

Clicquot is real ginger ale, made of ginger with the pure juices of lemon and limes, pure cane sugar and the cold, pure water from the deep Clicquot Springs. This water is mildly laxative. You can drink Clicquot Club when overheated, for the ginger stimulates your stomach just enough to overcome the "ice cold" shock. Two glasses to the bottle. Clicquot Club Ginger Ale mixes agreeably with almost *any* other good drink.

Sold by grocers and druggists who cater to the best families. Buy it by the case.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY . . . . . MILLIS, MASS.

New York Office, 100 Hudson Street
Chicago Office, 356 North Michigan Ave.

Digitized by Google

PAIGE

"The Standard of Value and Quality"

Design

THAT is the value-test—in all motor cars. It means quality. In Paige Cars it means even more. It means Paige Character. It means distinctiveness, comfort, vast power and flexibility, reliability, wealth of highest grade features and amazing value. Paige Character means the high ideals, the financial strength and the liberal policies of the Company that manufactures Paige Cars. Paige Design, in its demonstrated soundness and years of popular endorsement, means Economy—Economy in Purchase Price, Economy in Maintenance, Economy in Operation.

A Paige Car is always, everywhere an asset.

The supreme dollar-for-dollar value of Paige Cars is established by comparing them, feature for feature, with any and all other motor cars of lower, equal or higher price.

PAIGE DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO.
1200 McKinstry Ave., Detroit

SIX-"46"
$1395

FOUR "36"-$1075

UNMATCHED SPEED
EXTRA POWER—NO VIBRATION

"Some speed! Drives a 16 ft. boat 12 miles an hour," writes Mr. Sanders, Madison, Wis. Has power to spare—Does not shake the boat.

THE GREAT 2-CYLINDER
KOBAN
ROWBOAT MOTOR

Battery Ignition or Built-in Magneto

Fine record—absolutely reliable—easy starter—can't kick handle. Reverse by pressing a button. Both cylinders fire at same time—that's what removes vibration—3 H. P.—speed propeller. High-grade construction—correct mechanical principle. Koban Mfg. Co., 236 S. Water St. Milwaukee, Wis. Agents Wanted

'Ever-Ready'

EVERY blade a marvel. Shaves perfectly and repeatedly. Guaranteed keen and clean. Twelve in each Ever-Ready Safety Razor outfit at $1.00. Sold in packages of 6 for 50c, or 10 for 50c Fit your razor. Sold everywhere.

"YANKEE" Ratchet Breast Drill
Right- and left-hand Ratchet
Double right-hand Ratchet

No. 1555—3-jaw chuck
No. 555—2-jaw chuck
Price, $5.25

Two Speeds, changed instantly, with drill in work.

In **Double Ratchet** adjustment, any movement of crank, to or fro, and no matter how slight, causes drill to feed continuously.

Five adjustments, made with Shifter between the small gears: (1) Plain drill; (2) Left-hand ratchet; (3) Right-hand ratchet; (4) **Double ratchet**; (5) Gears locked.

"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

Your dealer can supply you

Write for "Yankee Tool Book" for mechanics and householders, or for "Yankee Tools in the Garage" for motorists.

NORTH BROS. MFG. COMPANY, Philadelphia

Melodrammer, that ain't won a race since Hickory Jim was a two-year-old—well, all he does is to beat the barrier ten lengths an' he's out there in front, steppin' to town! It looks like he'll win if he don't break a leg. Ain't that a joke?"

The Humming Bird's jaw dropped, his countenance became ashen, and his lips seemed to freeze purple.

"Ain't you mistook?" he whispered. "That ain't his colors in front! Ain't you mistook?"

"Not much!" retorted the first speaker oracularly. "Not much I ain't! Red jacket, with old-gold sleeves, and blue cap. Look at your program, kid. That's Melodrammer, all right enough."

And almost simultaneously the Humming Bird caught sight of the divinity—and what he saw caused him to swallow hard and dig his nails deeply into the palms of his clenched hands. More bewitching than ever, she stood, with parted lips and countenance aglow with the excitement of the moment, pantomimically exhorting old Melodrama to come home and win.

The Humming Bird's attention reverted to the race itself. Melodrama had passed the drawgate and was still five lengths in front. His nearest competitor was floundering futilely in the rear, with no possible chance to overtake him.

For the Bird it spelled the end; but then, after all, despite a previous condition of servitude, the Humming Bird was a very human boy, with all a boy's heart, to every one of whom at some time or another comes the message. There was nothing heroic about him and no effort to indulge in dramatic declamation. He was just one of those who had beheld a vision when the gates of a new paradise had swung partly open, giving him a fleeting glimpse of the golden mansions and glittering gleeways of Heart's Desire.

And, because it is not given to many writing men to diagnose the psychology of these things, which at best would be only to wander far afield; and, further, when one seeks the common glory of a woman's love, it has been written that he shall work out his own salvation in his own way—therefore, it is not fitting that in this place the curtain to the innermost recesses of a man's soul should be lifted. Is it not enough to state that, so far as the Bird was concerned, the Fates had built insurmountable barriers across rapture's roadway?

With one parting glance upward at the spot where the blue sunshade bobbed up and down the Humming Bird shoved his hands deep in his pockets, while something akin to a lump rose in his throat.

"Left at the post again!" he grimly maintained as he moved rapidly toward the nearest exit. "I never had a dream in me life that didn't have an alarm-clock finish! It's just hell—that's what it is!"

Purifying Water

A REMARKABLE endless chain of conservation has been fully planned by the research laboratories of a great coal-operating company in Pennsylvania. At the present time vast quantities of water pumped from its mines in the coke region are poured into the nearest streams. The cost of pumping is heavy and the streams are so polluted that down the stream the water can be used in boilers only after expensive treatment. The same company pays large sums for carrying good water to its coke ovens, to be used in drenching the ovens during the process of coke making.

The idea now is to extract from this mine water the chemicals that make it bad for ordinary purposes. The chemicals can be sold to pay part of the expense of pumping. The purified water is satisfactory for drenching the ovens and thus makes it unnecessary to buy other water supplies for that purpose. The streams will then become free of polluted mine water. Furthermore, waste heat from the coke ovens will do much of the job of extracting the chemicals from the mine pumpings. Chemists found that this sulphur water from the mines contained quantities of iron oxide, which is in demand as a pigment by paint makers. Sulphuric acid is another chemical in the water, and various additional ones were traced. A little laboratory developed a process for extracting the iron oxide, and the company is now considering the establishment of a big plant to follow this process. At first it is not expected to get out all the chemicals; but the chemists expect sooner or later to extract them all at a good profit.

TEMCO

Improved Master Vibrator

For FORD Cars

$12.50

What It Does

Your Ford car has a multiple vibrator system—one for each cylinder. To maintain even firing you have four adjustments to make. To prevent loss of power, your cylinders must fire evenly, not one too early and another too late.

With the Temco Improved Master Vibrator you get absolutely even firing and the maximum power from all cylinders, with but one adjustment to make instead of four.

What It Means

You often have trouble starting because you have certain laggard cylinders. And when you get into heavy going at slow speed and have one or two slow firing cylinders, you lose momentum before you get to a properly fired charge,—you stall or buck.

With the Temco Improved Master Vibrator you start as easily on one cylinder as another, you have a smooth stream of evenly applied power—a steady pull at all speeds.

Why Temco

The Temco Improved Master Vibrator has a combined lock and kick switch, special iridium platinum points which will not stick, moisture proof assembling plates, and much simpler adjustment. It is made of better material and is of better construction throughout. You get unsurpassed quality at a moderate price,—and this

Unlimited Guarantee

The Temco Improved Master Vibrator must fully, thoroughly and completely satisfy you in every way or you can return it and get your money back.

Write for full description. Buy of your dealer. If he can't supply you, we will do so direct on receipt of the price.

The Temco Electric Motor Co.
517 Sugar Street, Leipsic, Ohio

Wasting Time Is Costly

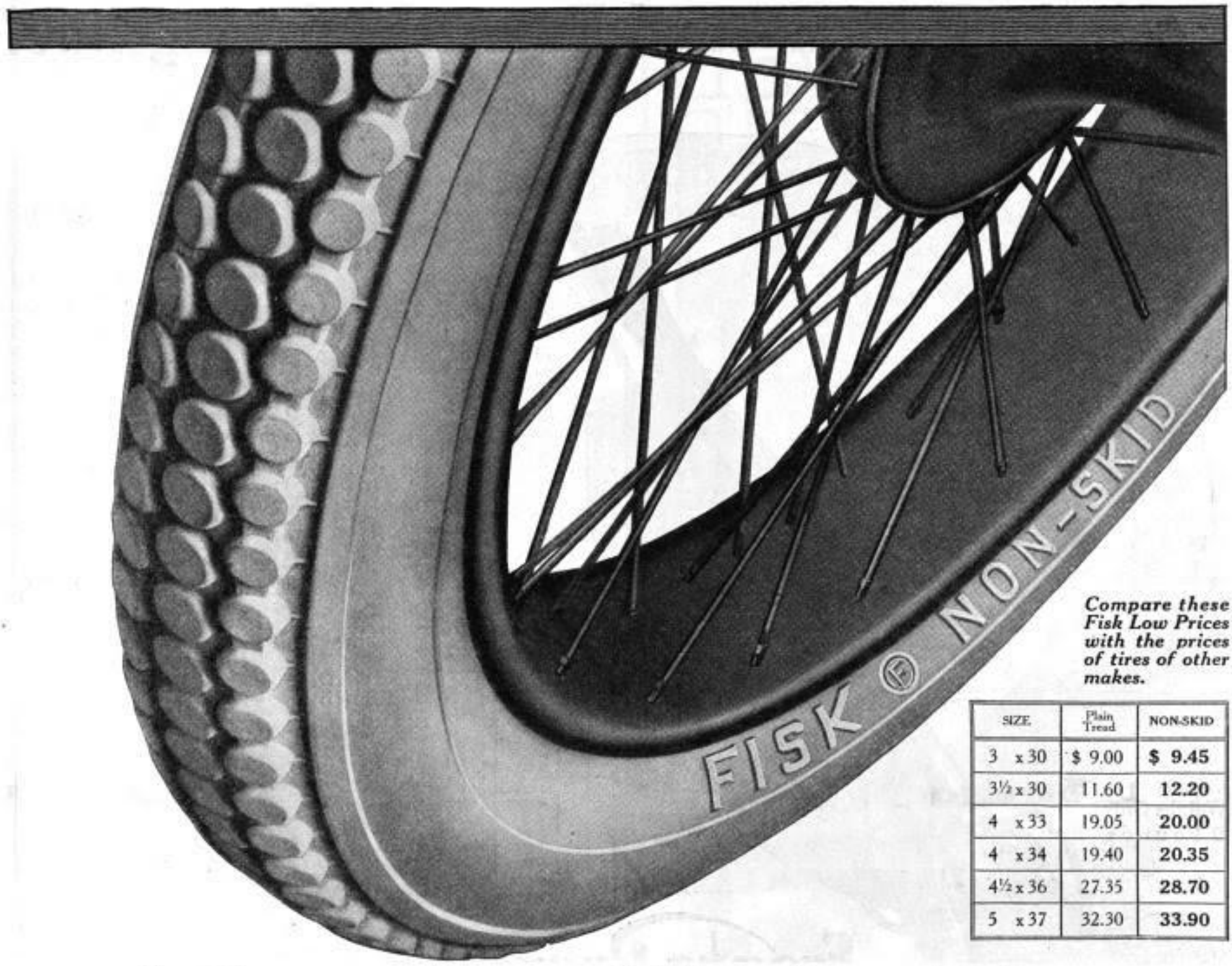
TIME wasted, or not put to profitable use, means that much cash out of your pocket, just as much as though you had lost it.

Why don't you convert your spare time into money? One or two evenings a week, or an hour each afternoon, used in getting new subscribers or renewing old subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Country Gentleman* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* will add materially to your earnings. Thousands of men and women are using this means to supplement their incomes, finding it pleasant, dignified and profitable. You can do likewise. You will be paid in commission and salary.

We will send information and instructions upon request. Address your inquiry to

Agency Division, Box 857
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

Digitized by Google



Compare these Fisk Low Prices with the prices of tires of other makes.

SIZE	Plain Tread	NON-SKID
3 x 30	$ 9.00	**$ 9.45**
3½ x 30	11.60	**12.20**
4 x 33	19.05	**20.00**
4 x 34	19.40	**20.35**
4½ x 36	27.35	**28.70**
5 x 37	32.30	**33.90**

A Comparison of Fisk Low Prices

THE Fisk Non-Skid, with Fisk Service, at the **Fisk Low Prices,** represents the utmost in tire value. The prices for the Non-Skid are less than charged a few months ago for the Fisk Smooth Tread and **less** than now asked for many smooth tread tires of other standard makes.

Fisk Non-Skid Designed Right

The Fisk Non-Skid is designed **right.** It possesses the mileage, durability and easy riding qualities of the Fisk Plain Tread, and in addition a remarkably effective development of traction and non-skid resistance—the kind that prevents serious accidents in an emergency.

FISK
NON-SKID
TIRES
WITH FISK SERVICE

Greatly increased production and distribution make possible these Fisk Low Prices. We hold to the high Quality that has always characterized Fisk Tires and made them the choice of wise and discriminating motorists everywhere.

Fisk Service is Unique

The service we render tire users is tangible and greatly appreciated. We do all we can to make your investment satisfactory to you, to increase your motoring pleasure to the point where the presence of tires is lost sight of. A thousand trained employees are located in Fisk Branches in all the principal cities to **serve you** with all the helpfulness that the word **serve** implies.

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

Factory and Home Office **Chicopee Falls, Mass.**

You Can Buy Fisk Tires From ALL Dealers—Fisk Branches in ALL Principal Cities

Digitized by Google

Push the Button—and Enjoy the Springtime!

9 A.M. And the Day's Work Done
The Push Button is the Symbol of Household Efficiency. Use it!
Frantz Premier
Weighs Only 9 Pounds

Frantz Premier Electric Cleaner—$25

West of the Rockies $27.50. Dominion of Canada $32.00

ONLY a few years ago, you had no choice about doing housework. You *had* to use the old broom and duster; you *had* to toil and fret; you *had* to turn the house topsy-turvy, to the discomfiture of the household. That's why the whole family looked forward with dread to the old-fashioned Spring housecleaning period.

But that day has happily passed. In over 100,000 homes, efficient housewives clean the Frantz-Premier way—the push-button way. They attach this nine-pound dirt devourer to any convenient lamp socket, guide it over rugs, carpets, on floors and stairs, and around and under furniture. By 9 A. M. the day's work is done. The time they save is theirs to enjoy as they choose. To them Spring cleaning is a thing of the past. They have a clean home every day. They are house managers, who run their house and are not run *by* it.

You, too, can enjoy this greater freedom by telephoning your nearest dealer for your Frantz-Premier today! You can safely do this because every machine is built complete in our own factory, and its guarantee covers not only mechanical perfection, but insures long, satisfactory service.

Ask your dealer to show you the sturdy, trouble-proof motor; and the new, air-driven, soft rubber lint picker or brush, which cannot injure the most expensive rug and is self-cleaning.

For thoroughly cleaning draperies, mattresses, upholstering, clothes, walls, radiators, etc., we have special attachments, per set $7.50.

The Frantz-Premier Co., Cleveland, U. S. A.

Principal Canadian Headquarters
The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

Digitized by Google

For King and Country

NO MAN'S LAND

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

II

UNTIL now our excursion to the trenches, aside from the discomfort of the weather and the mud, had been fairly safe, although there was always the chance of a shell. To that now was to be added a fresh hazard—the sniping that goes on all night long.

Our car moved quietly for a mile, paralleling the trenches. Then it stopped. The rest of the journey was to be on foot.

All traces of the storm had passed, except for the pools of mud which, gleaming like small lakes, filled shell holes in the road. An ammunition lorry had drawn up in the shadow of a hedge and was cautiously unloading. Evidently the night's movement of troops was over, for the roads were empty.

A few feet beyond the lorry we came up to the trenches. We were behind them, only head and shoulders above.

There was no sign of life or movement, except for the silent *fusées* that burst occasionally a little to our right. Walking was bad. The Belgian blocks of the road were coated with slippery mud, and from long use and erosion the stones themselves were rounded, so that our feet slipped over them. At the right was a shallow ditch three or four feet wide. Beyond that the railway embankment where, as Captain Fastrez had explained, the Belgian Army had taken up its position after being driven back across the Yser.

The embankment loomed shoulder high, and between it and the ditch were the trenches. There was no sound from them, but sentries halted us frequently. On such occasions the party stopped abruptly—for here sentries are apt to fire first and investigate afterward—and one officer advanced with the password.

There is always something grim and menacing about the attitude of the sentry as he waits on such occasions. His carbine is not over his shoulder, but in his hands, ready for use. The bayonet gleams. His eyes are fixed watchfully on the advance. A false move, and his overstrained nerves may send the carbine to his shoulder.

The House of the Barrier

We walked just behind the trenches in the moonlight for a mile. No one said anything. The wind was icy. Across the railroad embankment it chopped the inundation into small crested waves. Only by putting one's head down was it possible to battle ahead. From Dixmude came the intermittent red flashes of guns. But the trenches beside us were entirely silent.

At the end of a mile we stopped. The road turned abruptly to the right and crossed the railroad embankment, and at this crossing was the ruin of what had been the House of the Barrier, where in peaceful times the crossing tender lived.

It had been almost destroyed. The side toward the German lines was indeed a ruin, but one room was fairly whole. However, the door had been shot away. To enter, it was necessary to lift away an extemporized one of planks roughly nailed together, which leaned against the aperture.

The moving of the door showed more firelight, and a very small, shaded and smoky lamp on a stand. There were officers here again. The little house is slightly in advance of the trenches, and once inside it was possible to realize its exposed position. Standing as it does on the elevation of the railroad, it is constantly under fire. It is surrounded by barbed wire and flanked by trenches in which are *mitrailleuses*.

The walls were full of shell holes, stuffed with sacks of straw or boarded over. What had been windows were now jagged openings, similarly closed. The wind came through steadily, smoking the chimney of the lamp and making the flame flicker.

There was one chair.

I wish I could go farther. I wish I could say that shells were bursting overhead, and that I sat calmly in the one chair and made notes. I sat, true enough, but I sat because I was tired and my feet were wet. And instead of making notes I examined my new six-guinea silk rubber rain cape for barbed-wire tears. Not a shell came near. The German battery across had ceased firing at dusk that evening, and was playing pinochle four hundred yards away across the inundation. The snipers were writing letters home.

It is true that at any time an artilleryman might lose a game and go out and fire a gun to vent his spleen or to keep his hand in. And the snipers might begin to notice that the rain was over, and that there was suspicious activity at the House of the Barrier. And, to take away the impression of perfect peace, big guns were busy just north and south of us. Also, just where we were the Germans had made a terrific charge three nights before to capture an outpost. But the fact remains that I brought away not even a bullet hole through the crown of my soft felt hat.

When I had been thawed out they took me into the trenches. Because of the inundation directly in front, they are rather shallow, and at this point were built against the railroad embankment with earth, boards, and here and there a steel rail from the track. Some of them were covered, too, but not with bombproof material. The tops were merely shelters from the rain and biting wind.

The men lay or sat in them—it was impossible to stand. Some of them were like tiny houses into which the men crawled from the rear, and by placing a board, which served as a door, managed to keep out at least a part of the bitter wind.

Evening in the Trenches

In the first trench I was presented to a bearded major. He was lying flat and apologized for not being able to rise. There was a machine gun beside him. He told me with some pride that it was an American gun, and that it never jammed. When a machine gun jams the man in charge of it dies and his comrades die, and things happen with great rapidity. On the other side of him was a cat, curled up and sound asleep. There was a telephone instrument there. It was necessary to step over the wire that was strung upon the ground.

All night long he lies there with his gun, watching for the first movement in the trenches across. For here, near the House of the Barrier, has taken place some of the most furious fighting of this part of the line.

In the next division of the trench were three men. They were cleaning and oiling their rifles round a candle.

The surprise of all of these men at seeing a woman was almost absurd. Word went down the trenches that a woman was visiting. Heads popped out and cautious comments were made. It was concluded that I was visiting royalty, but the excitement died when it was discovered that I was not the Queen. Now and then, when a trench looked clean and dry, I was invited in. It was necessary to get down and crawl in on hands and knees.

Here was a man warming his hands over a tiny fire kindled in a tin pail. He had bored holes in the bottom of the pail for air, and was shielding the glow carefully with his overcoat.

Many people have written about the trenches—the mud, the odors, the inhumanity of compelling men to live under such foul conditions. Nothing that they have said can be too strong. Under the best conditions the life is ghastly, horrible, impossible.

That night, when from a semishielded position I could look across to the German line, the contrast between the condition of the men in the trenches and the beauty of the scenery was appalling. In each direction, as far as one could see, lay a gleaming lagoon of water. The moon made a silver path across it, and here and there on its borders were broken and twisted winter trees.

"It is beautiful," said Captain Fastrez beside me, in a low voice. "But it is full of the dead. They are taken out whenever it it possible; but it is not often possible."

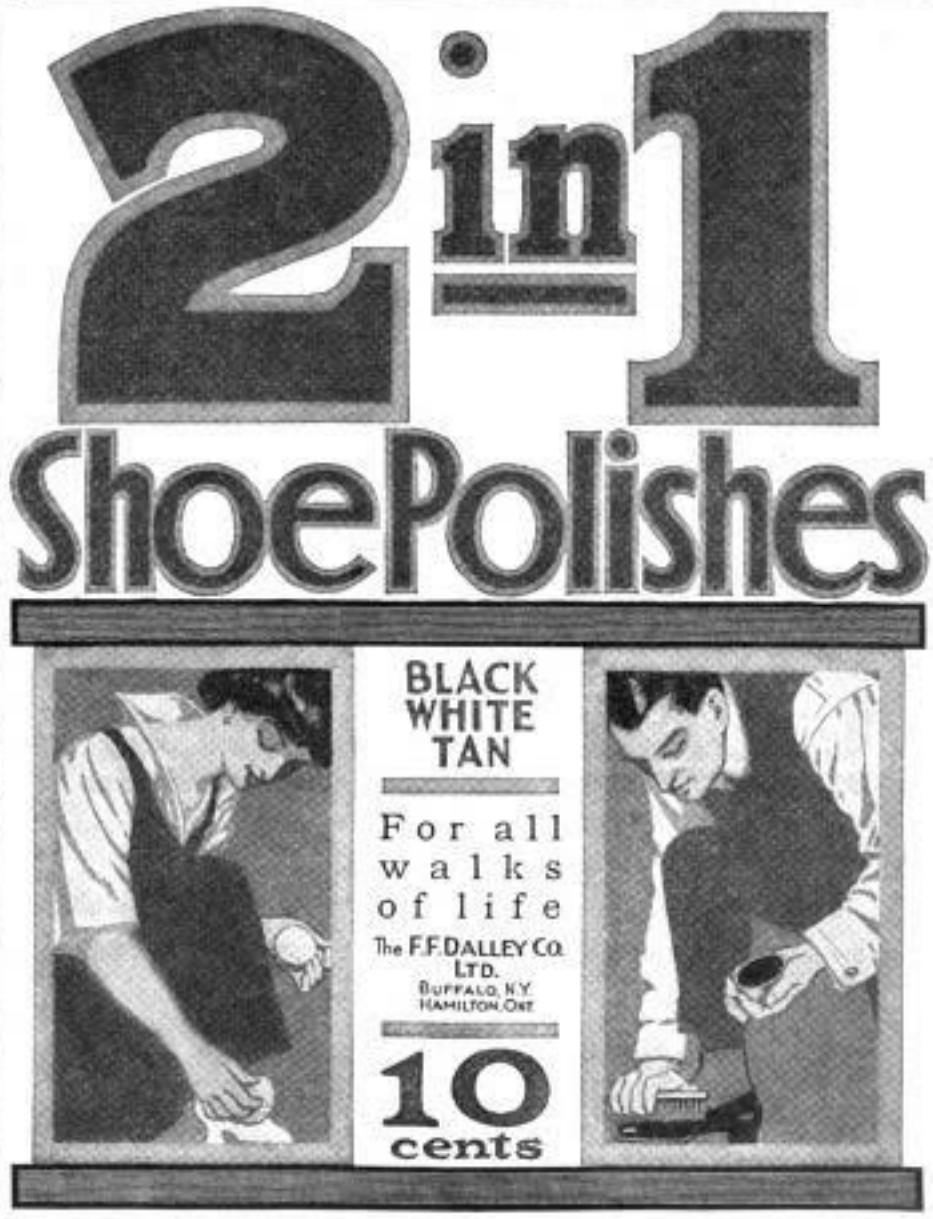
"And when there is an attack the attacking side must go through the water?"

"Not always, but in many places."

"What will happen if it freezes over?"

He explained that it was salt water, and would not freeze easily. And the cold of

ROW BOAT MOTOR
FERRO
DON'T GO ROWING, GO
FERROWING
All Play—No Work
That is why thousands of lovers of the water say: "Go Ferrowing, don't go rowing." And when you try it, you'll say the same. FERRO does all the work, you have all the fun. Just attach the sturdy little motor to any rowboat or canoe, set it humming and then sit wherever you please, and steer for the beauty spots.
The FERRO is an all-season, all-weather motor, easy to run and always reliable. By dependable performance wherever boats are used, it has won the name of "the motor that takes you there and brings you back."
When you think of rowboat motoring, think of the FERRO with its easy handling (a child could run it)—its speed (two to ten miles per hour)—its handsome appearance—its power and remember the features of better design and construction that you can get only in a FERRO—it's the rowboat motor that was built right first and priced afterward.
$85 With Bosch reversible waterproof Magneto.
$65 With waterproof battery ignition.
Bosch High Tension Magneto—reversible and waterproof.
Genuine Float Feed Carburetor—not a mixing valve.
Scientifically Built Muffler—quiet running, no lost power.
Weedless Propeller—gives a non-stop motor.
Any canoe fitted for FERRO more easily and cheaply than for other motors. No extras needed, just our "well" plans for your carpenter.
Catalog of full information on request. Also literature on marine engines if you're interested in larger boats. If you can't find dealer, write us direct for motor.
Some good territory still open for men who can qualify as Ferro agents. Write us at once, giving references.
The Ferro Machine & Foundry Co.
Makers of two and four cycle marine engines and portable rowboat motors
540 Hubbard Avenue Cleveland, Ohio



Digitized by Google

THE test of time inevitably evolves a certain name or trade-mark that becomes the standard by which all other products in the same field must be judged. With this honor goes proportionate responsibility. The integrity of the name K-W prohibits exaggerated claims.

In the Ford accessory field there is one name known to owners of Ford cars as the standard—a name that they think of when *Road Smoothers* or *Master Vibrators* are mentioned. The K-W Trade-Mark that goes on every K-W product is the symbol of quality, service and efficiency.

K-W Road Smoothers
NO SIDE-SWAY NO RE-BOUND

take the Kicks and Worry out of the road. They give you big, heavy car comfort in your light, economical Ford by combining these three essential features: a spring to effectively take up the shock; an anti-rebound air chamber to ease off the rebound of the spring, and anti-side-motion links to prevent rocking and swaying.

There is only one "Road Smoother" and that is the K-W. Sold by reliable dealers, everywhere. Write for illustrated booklet "That Satisfied Feeling."

The K-W Ignition Co., Cleveland, U.S.A.
Manufacturers of 125,000 K-W Master Vibrators

$15
Set of Four
One for each Wheel

Why send your money away for "bargain roofing" when you can get the best roofing at a reasonable price of your own local dealer whom you know?

A man in Iowa got a guarantee on a cheap roofing, but when he wanted the guarantee made good, the company had disappeared.

Buy materials that last

Certain-teed
Roofing

is guaranteed in writing 5 years for 1-ply, 10 years for 2-ply, and 15 years for 3-ply, and the responsibility of our big mills stands behind this guarantee. Its quality is the highest and its price the most reasonable.

At each of our big mills we make the following products:

Asphalt Roofings (all grades and prices)
Slate Surfaced Shingles
Asphalt Felts
Deadening Felts
Tarred Felts
Building Papers
Insulating Papers
Wall Boards
Plastic Roofing Cement
Asphalt Cement
Roof Coating
Metal Paints
Outdoor Paints
Shingle Stains
Tar Coating

General Roofing Mfg. Company
World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers

New York City Boston Chicago Pittsburgh
Philadelphia Atlanta Cleveland Detroit
St. Louis Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis
San Francisco Seattle London Hamburg Sydney

that part of the country is not the cold of America in the same latitude. It is not a cold of low temperature; it is a damp, penetrating cold that goes through garments of every weight and seems to chill the very blood in a man's body.

"How deep is the water?" I asked.

"It varies—from two to eight feet. Here it is shallow."

"I should think they would come over."

"The water is full of barbed wire," he said grimly. "And some, a great many, have tried—and failed."

As of the trenches, many have written of the stenches of this war. But the odor of that beautiful lagoon was horrible. I do not care to emphasize it. It is one of the things best forgotten. But any lingering belief I may have had in the grandeur and glory of war died that night beside that silver lake—died of an odor, and will never live again.

And now came a discussion.

The road crossing the railroad embankment turned sharply to the left and proceeded in front of the trenches. There was no shelter on that side of the embankment. The inundation bordered the road, and just beyond the inundation were the German trenches.

There were no trees, no shrubbery, no houses; just a flat road, paved with Belgian blocks, that gleamed in the moonlight.

At last the decision was made. We would go along the road, provided I realized from the first that it was dangerous. One or two could walk there with a good chance for safety, but not more. The little group had been augmented. It must break up; two might walk together, and then two a safe distance behind. Four would certainly be fired on.

I wanted to go. It was not a matter of courage. I had simply, parrot-fashion, mimicked the attitude of mind of the officers. One after another I had seen men go into danger with a shrug of the shoulders.

"If it comes it comes!" they said, and went on. So I, too, had become a fatalist. If I was to be shot it would happen, if I had to buy a rifle and try to clean it myself to fulfill my destiny.

The Sentry Agreement

So they let me go. I went farther than they expected, as it turned out. There was a great deal of indignation and relief when it was over. But that is later on.

A very tall Belgian officer took me in charge. It was necessary to work through a barbed-wire barricade, twisting and turning through its mazes. The moonlight helped. It was at once a comfort and an anxiety, for it seemed to me that my khaki-colored suit gleamed in it. The Belgian officers in their dark blue were less conspicuous. I thought they had an unfair advantage of me, and that it was idiotic of the British to wear and advocate anything so absurd as khaki. My cape ballooned like a sail in the wind. I felt at least double my ordinary size, and that even a sniper with a squint could hardly miss me. And, by way of comfort, I had one last instruction before I started:

"If a *fusée* goes up, stand perfectly still. If you move they will fire."

The entire safety of the excursion depended on a sort of tacit agreement that, in part at least, obtains as to sentries.

This is a new warfare, one of artillery, supported by infantry in trenches. And it has been necessary to make new laws for it. The winter deadlock has given rise to one of the most curious. It is a sort of *modus vivendi* by which each side protects its own sentries by leaving the enemy's sentries unmolested so long as there is no active fighting. They are always in plain view before the trenches. In case of a charge they are the first to be shot, of course. But long winter nights and days have gone by along certain parts of the front where the hostile trenches are close together, and the sentries, keeping their monotonous lookout, have been undisturbed.

No doubt by the time this article is published the situation will have changed to a certain extent; there will be more active fighting, larger bodies of men will be involved. The spring floods south of the inundation will have dried up. No Man's Land will have ceased to be a swamp and the deadlock will be broken.

But on that February night I put my faith in this agreement, and it held.

The tall Belgian officer asked me if I was frightened. I said I was not. This was not

(Continued on Page 61)

Here's the
DOUBLE RUBBER
the INNER TUBE
You've Been
Waiting For

Note the Six Plies

Made of alternate plies of red and grey rubber

The first inner tube to **combine in one tube** the **extra strength** and **toughness** of red rubber (pure Para—antimony cured) with the equally vital **high elasticity imperviousness to air** of grey rubber (pure Para sulphur cured).

The result is an inner tube

50% thicker, stronger and longer lived—

and one which is absolutely free from air leakage because **each** of the many plies **forms an air-tight tube in itself.**

The experienced motorist knows that the very best inner tube is the one he wants—that such a tube **saves bother** and **saves casings.**

Write for a free sample section of the **"DOUBLE RUBBER"—and judge it for yourself**—or ask your dealer. Genuine "Double Rubber" tubes have the red rubber outside with red and grey valve plate.

Double Fabric Tire Co.
AUBURN, 510 W. 11th St., INDIANA
Manufacturers also of the famous Interlock Inner Tires and Red Line Quality tire reinforcements

Let Us Help You Plan Your Trip To or From the Expositions

THE complete enjoyment of your trip to the California Expositions depends on the way you plan it—the country you arrange to see, and the water or all-rail routes you take

Your local ticket agent can not know the Pacific Coast and Northwest as we do—hence cannot assist you so well

Unlimited pleasures and sports await you—such as golfing, riding, fishing, shooting—sightseeing in general

There's an Inland Empire to see—West of the Rocky Mountains—but you must know how to see it right

So just write your name on a postal and mail it to us. Tell us how many days you have for the trip. Also ask for *Travel Book D* containing "Miss Spokane's Invitation to You"

Then await our complimentary suggestions, planned to meet your own individual case. *Address*
TRAVEL SERVICE BUREAU, SPOKANE, WASH.

Digitized by Google

Neighborizing the Farmer

One of the most significant facts of our telephone progress is that one-fourth of the 9,000,000 telephones in the Bell System are rural.

In the days when the telephone was merely a "city convenience," the farms of the country were so many separated units, far removed from the centers of population, and isolated by distance and lack of facilities for communication.

But, as the telephone reached out beyond cities and towns, it completely transformed farm life. It created new rural neighborhoods here, there and everywhere.

Stretching to the farthest corners of the states, it brought the remotest villages and isolated places into direct contact with the larger communities.

Today, the American farmer enjoys the same facilities for instant, direct communication as the city dweller. Though distances between farms are reckoned in miles as the crow flies, the telephone brings every one as close as next door. Though it be half a day's journey to the village, the farmer is but a telephone call away.

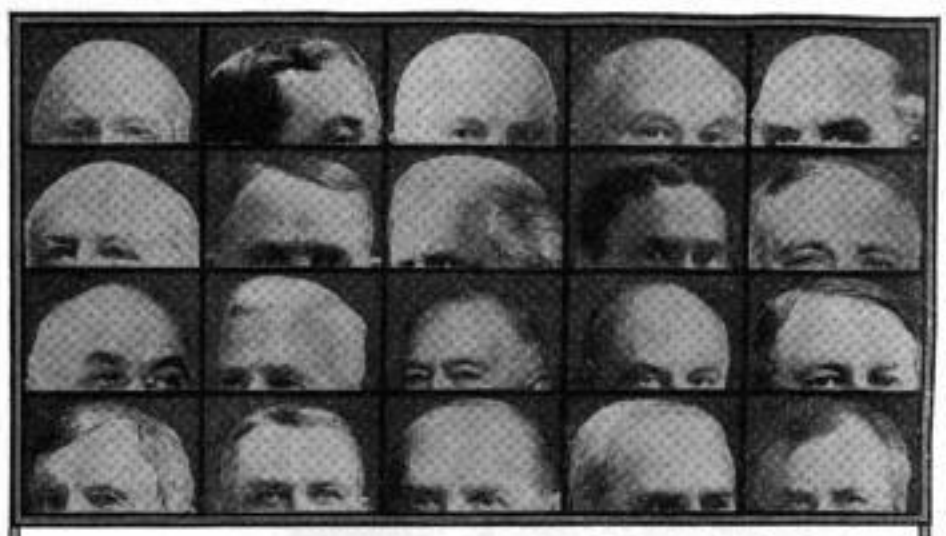
Aside from its neighborhood value, the telephone keeps the farmer in touch with the city and abreast of the times.

The Bell System has always recognized rural telephone development as an essential factor of Universal Service. It has co-operated with the farmer to achieve this aim.

The result is that the Bell System reaches more places than there are post offices and includes as many rural telephones as there are telephones of all kinds in Great Britain, France and Germany combined.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*



Have You a Millionaire's Head?

Here are the heads of twenty multi-millionaires in the United States. You see that each head has the same dome-like shape. This is not an accident—it is just one more absolute proof that the inner characteristics of men's souls are revealed in the outer characteristics of their bodies.

What kind of a head have you? Your real talents are shown not only by the shape of your head, but by your color, your features, your hands, your build, by your expression, everything about you. So also are revealed the talents and characteristics of all the people you know—those with whom you do business, those you know socially, your children and your wife. And what those outward characteristics mean you can now learn through the

Science of Character Analysis

Taught by mail in 21 concise lessons, illustrated

This is not a matter of guesswork. It is a science, based on psychology, physiology and biology. Many scientists, like William James, had an inkling of it in the past. From their work and from my study of medicine and related sciences, I evolved this new science of Character Analysis. I have tested it for 15 years. I have employed labor in organizations where thousands work. I have taught it to many who are now earning big salaries as employment experts. But I could not teach personally all who wanted to know. So the Review of Reviews suggested that I put it in a course of instruction by mail so that I myself could teach you in your own home, wherever you are, all that I have learned in these years of investigation and practice. And now—so soon after our first announcement—enrollments are pouring in from all kinds of people—the Governor of a State, the owner of one of the biggest newspapers in the United States; the vast majority of students are college graduates.

This is not a science that you can dispense with as you can with hydrostatics or chemistry. You need the knowledge it gives you in every act of your daily life. The man who knows other men wins. You already know how to judge character somewhat. Consider how much better off you will be if you can make rapidly and accurately a clear judgment of each person you meet. You need not say the wrong thing; you need make no mistakes in handling people; you will not employ the wrong man or form undesirable associations.

You'll use your own talents to the best advantage. You won't waste time stumbling against a stone wall of failure. And the mere study of this course will be as fascinating as any detective story, and much more interesting.

FREE—"Differences Between Blondes and Brunettes" To give you some idea of the nature of this course we have prepared a fascinating article on some of the mental and physical differences between Blondes and Brunettes. Send this coupon. This article will be sent to you at once, also full particulars about the course. But send today. Each day you miss this knowledge is a day of power lost.

Katherine M. H. Blackford
Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Pl., New York

SEP 2-6-15

Katherine M. H. Blackford
Review of Rev. Co.
30 Irving Pl., N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me full information regarding Science of Character Analysis.
Also FREE the "Differences Between Blondes and Brunettes."

Name _____

Address _____

To Every Employer of Young Men

We want to say something about this boy. For years he has been one of our most successful young salesmen.

By his own efforts he secured and has long held an exceptionally large number of customers for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.* He has served them regularly, has made his remittances to us promptly and has mastered the educational and physical requirements for membership in our League of Curtis Salesmen. During all this time he has maintained a better-than-average record in the public schools of New Jersey.

His *vocational training* from our Course in Salesmanship has resulted in an unusual development of reasoning faculties, resourcefulness, initiative, tact and general intelligence. He is a real salesman. Soon this boy will graduate from the High School. By that time he will have earned our League diploma of "Master Salesman"—no mean attainment.

JUST as Benjamin Franklin visited the joiners, the bricklayers, etc., that he might fix upon a profession or trade, so this boy is studying the occupations of his customers,—learning to distinguish between a vocation and a "job." Even now he is inquiring, ***"What sort of opportunities have employers to offer?"***

Thousands of Other Curtis Boys Are Asking This Question

To employers who have positions in office, sales department, workshop, factory or stock-room, which offer opportunity for advancement for boys willing to begin at the bottom and work up, we shall soon be able to refer other boys like Lawrence Eldridge.

Do You Want Employees Of This Sort?

BY arranging to interview such boys, you assume no obligation whatever,—you are free to employ or reject, according to your own judgment of their qualifications.

When one of our bright, industrious "master salesmen" like Lawrence Eldridge (no other sort of boy can attain this rank) wishes to find a permanent position in your city,

Shall We Refer Him To You?

Upon request full particulars of what is necessary for a boy to become a "Curtis Master Salesman," and of our vocational guidance plan, will be sent to any employer, vocational bureau, teacher or parent. We especially invite inquiry by each employer and manufacturer who will say: "When you have another boy like Lawrence Eldridge in my city send him to me for an interview."

Sales Division, Box 862

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Digitized by Google

"Soldiers cannot but want tobacco when they keep guard all night, or upon other hard duties in cold and tempestuous weather."

THESE words are not taken from a daily paper. They appear in a book, written nearly three centuries ago, when Europe, then, as now, was resounding to the clash of arms, and Virginia tobacco was lessening the soldier's hardships, as it is today.

A hundred years ago Napoleon's men, and Wellington's, prized the fragrant Virginia that our "boys" smoked at San Juan Hill.

For 300 years the glorious "ancestors" of honey-golden, fragrant DUKE'S Mixture have carried comfort to men in times of stress.

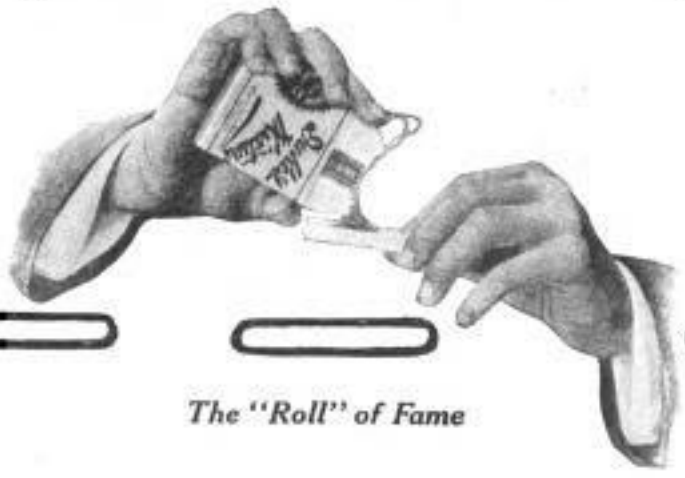
Roll yourself one of the forty, fresh cigarette-fuls from a sack of DUKE'S Mixture. Its mildness, its aroma, will fit your taste as if it had been blended for you. That is *Guaranteed.*

Smoke a few cigarettefuls (or pipefuls, if you like a straight Virginia pipe tobacco). Your dealer will cheerfully refund your money, if you are not entirely pleased with it.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

Copyright 1915

Duke's Mixture
Granulated Tobacco 5d



The "Roll" of Fame

Digitized by Google

(Continued from Page 58)

exactly the truth; but it was no time for the truth.

"They are not shooting," I said. "It looks perfectly safe."

He shrugged his shoulders and glanced toward the German trenches.

"They have been sleeping during the rain," he said briefly. "But when one of them wakes up, look out!"

After that there was little conversation, and what there was was in whispers.

As we proceeded the stench from the beautiful moonlit water grew overpowering. The officer told me the reason.

A little farther along a path of fascines had been built out over the inundation to an outpost halfway to the German trenches. The building of this narrow roadway had cost many lives.

Half a mile along the road we were sharply challenged by a sentry. When he had received the password he stood back and let us pass. Alone, in that bleak and exposed position, always in full view as he paced back and forward, carbine on shoulder, with not even a tree trunk or a hedge for shelter, the first to go at the whim of some German sniper or at any indication of an attack, he was a pathetic, almost a tragic, figure. He looked very young too. I stopped and asked him in a whisper how old he was.

He said he was nineteen!

He may have been. I know something about boys, and I think he was seventeen at the most. There are plenty of boys of that age doing just what that lad was doing.

Afterward I learned that it was no part of the original plan to take a woman over the fascine path to the outpost; that Captain Fastrez ground his teeth in impotent rage when he saw where I was being taken. But it was not possible to call or even to come up to us. So, blithely and unconsciously the tall Belgian officer and I turned to the right, and I was innocently on my way to the German trenches.

After a little I realized that this was rather more war than I had expected. The fascines were slippery; the path only four or five feet wide. On each side was the water, hideous with many secrets.

I stopped, a third of the way out, and looked back. It looked about as dangerous in one direction as another. So we went on. Once I slipped and fell. And now, looming out of the moonlight, I could see the outpost which was the object of our visit.

I have always been grateful to that Belgian lieutenant for his mistake. Just how grateful I might have been had anything untoward happened, I cannot say. But the excursion was worth all the risk, and more.

The Soldier Monk in His Tower

On a bit of high ground stands what was once the tiny hamlet of Oudstuyvenskerke—the ruins of two small white houses and the tower of the destroyed church—hardly a tower any more, for only three sides of it are standing and they are riddled with great shell holes.

Six hundred feet beyond this tower were the German trenches. The little island was hardly a hundred feet in its greatest dimension.

I wish I could make those people who think that war is good for a country see that Belgian outpost as I saw it that night under the moonlight. Perhaps we were under suspicion; I do not know. Suddenly the *fusées*, which had ceased for a time, began again, and with their white light added to that of the moon the desolate picture of that tiny island was a picture of the war. There was nothing lacking. There was the beauty of the moonlit waters, there was the tragedy of the destroyed houses and the church, and there was the horror of unburied bodies.

There was heroism, too, of the kind that will make Belgium live in history. For in the top of that church tower for three months a Capuchin monk has held his position alone and unrelieved. He has a telephone, and he gains access to his position in the tower by means of a rope ladder which he draws up after him.

Furious fighting has taken place again and again round the base of the tower. The German shells assail it constantly. But when I left Belgium the Capuchin monk, who has become a soldier, was still on duty; still telephoning the ranges of the gun; still notifying headquarters of German preparations for a charge.

Some day the church tower will fall and he will go with it, or it will be captured; one or the other is inevitable. Perhaps it has already happened; for not long ago I saw in the newspapers that furious fighting was taking place at this very spot.

He came down and I talked to him—a little man, regarding his situation as quite ordinary, and looking quaintly unpriestlike in his uniform of a Belgian officer with its tasseled cap. Some day a great story will be written of these priests of Belgium who have left their churches to fight.

We spoke in whispers. There was after all very little to say. It would have embarrassed him horribly had anyone told him that he was a heroic figure. And the ordinary small talk is not currency in such a situation.

We shook hands and I think I wished him luck. Then he went back again to the long hours and days of waiting.

I passed under his telephone wires. Some day he will telephone that a charge is coming. He will give all the particulars calmly, concisely. Then the message will break off abruptly. He will have sent his last warning. For that is the way these men at the advance posts die.

As we started again I was no longer frightened. Something of his courage had communicated itself to me, his courage and his philosophy, perhaps his faith.

The priest had become a soldier; but he was still a priest in his heart. For he had buried the German dead in one great grave before the church, and over them had put the cross of his belief.

It was rather absurd on the way back over that path of death to be escorted by a cat. It led the way over the fascines, treading daintily and cautiously. Perhaps one of the destroyed houses at the outpost had been its home, and with a cat's fondness for places it remained there, though everything it knew had gone; though battle and sudden death had usurped the place of its peaceful fireside, though that very fireside was become a heap of stone and plaster, open to winds and rain.

Back to Headquarters

Again and again in destroyed towns I have seen these forlorn cats stalking about, trying vainly to adjust themselves to new conditions, cold and hungry and homeless.

We were challenged repeatedly on the way back. Coming from the direction we did we were open to suspicion. It was necessary each time to halt some forty feet from the sentry, who stood with his rifle pointed at us. Then the officer advanced with the word.

Back again, then, along the road, past the youthful sentry, past other sentries, winding through the barbed-wire barricade, and at last, quite whole, to the House of the Barrier again. We had walked three miles in front of the Belgian advanced trenches, in full view of the Germans. There had been no protecting hedge or bank or tree between us and that ominous line across. And nothing whatever had happened.

Captain Fastrez was indignant. The officers in the House of the Barrier held up their hands. For men such a risk was legitimate, necessary. In a woman it was foolhardy. Nevertheless, now that it was safely over, they were keenly interested and rather amused. But I have learned that the gallant captain and the officer with him had arranged, in case shooting began, to jump into the water, and by splashing about draw the fire in their direction!

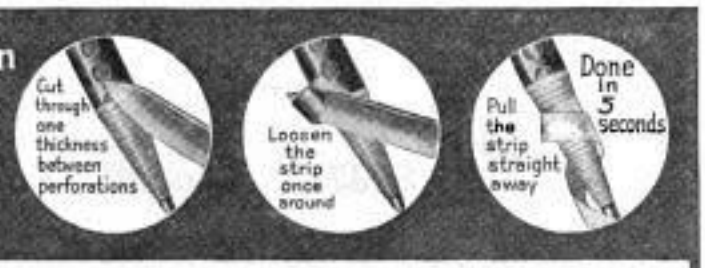
We went back to the automobile, a long walk over the shell-eaten roads in the teeth of a biting wind. But a glow of exultation kept me warm. I had been to the front. I had been far beyond the front, indeed, and I had seen such a picture of war and its desolation there in the center of No Man's Land as perhaps no one not connected with an army had seen before; such a picture as would live in my mind forever.

I saw other trenches that night as we followed the Belgian lines slowly northward toward Nieuport.

Save the varying conditions of discomfort, they were all similar. Always they were behind the railroad embankment. Always they were dirty and cold. Frequently they were full of mud and water. To reach them one waded through swamps and pools. Just beyond them there was always the moonlit stretch of water, now narrow, now wide, and here and there floating things that had been men.

I was to see the other trenches later on, French and English, all sordid and wretched. But only along the inundation was there that curious combination of beauty and

The modern way to sharpen a pencil


Cut through one thickness between perforations
Loosen the strip once around
Pull the strip straight away
Done in 5 seconds

Words to wise purchasing agents

Ford Motor Car Company
Cramp Ship Yards
New York Life Insurance Company
The New York World
The Chicago Tribune
American Tobacco Company

The purchasing agents of these concerns buy Blaisdell pencils with flattering regularity. Their buying is done on a scientific basis. They place their orders where they get the maximum of value. They have specified the Blaisdell only after the most searching comparative tests. If these shrewd purchasers cannot find a better pencil than the Blaisdell—or one as good—is your experience likely to be different?

Many of the world's greatest industrial and commercial organizations will use no pencil but the Blaisdell. Quality, convenience, economy in a pencil tell most where pencils are used in large quantities. And it is in such concerns that the Blaisdell has its staunchest friends.

Blaisdell pencils have quality. The heart of a pencil is the lead. In each grade of pencil Blaisdells have the best lead, at the price, in the world. Our special automatic machinery cuts the cost of manufacture and enables us to use these better leads. This accounts for the smoothness and the really remarkable lasting power of Blaisdell pencils.

Blaisdell pencils have convenience. Note the neatness and simplicity of sharpening Blaisdells, as illustrated above. This saves time and temper, no lead is cut away in the sharpening, fewer pencils are used.

Blaisdell pencils have economy. We have the figures to prove that Blaisdells are cheaper by a third than wooden pencils. These figures are based on actual comparative tests. We should be glad to investigate the pencil item for any purchasing agent (without cost or obligation) who will drop us a card.

Blaisdell 151 blue is the most popular pencil of its class in the world, outselling all others put together—a fine specimen of Blaisdell quality. Price 90c per dozen; $9 per gross. Order by number from your stationer.

There are Blaisdell pencils of every kind for every purpose, including Regular, Colored, Copying, Indelible, Extra Thick, China Marking, Metal Marking, Lumberman's and Railroad pencils. All grades and all degrees of hardness. Sold by leading stationers everywhere.

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company
PHILADELPHIA

You'll Tie to This Pipe

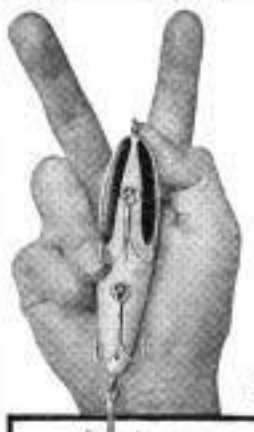
because it's right in principle and bound to stay clean and sweet and tractable. The construction of a Wellington keeps saliva away from the tobacco and away from the fire. All of the weed burns to a fine, dry ash and you'll get satisfaction whatever your choice for the load.

The Wellington

is the leader of the famous W D C line of pipes, made good for more than a half century. Every W D C pipe is genuine French briar—guaranteed not to burn through or crack. Buy and smoke a Wellington—then you'll be a Wellingtonfan. Many shapes, all prices—25c up. Also fitted with Bakelite bits. At all good dealers'.

William Demuth & Company
New York

Fishermen, Ho!



Get the big ones with WILSON'S WOBBLERS and HASTINGS LUCKY TACKLE

The latest is the
Wilson's Cupped Wobbler
A Surface Bait. New for 1915

THE head of this bait is hollowed out or cupped. As it is pulled through the water it skims close to the surface, at the same time wobbling from side to side because of the varying resistance of the water as it is cupped. The motion is that of an erratically wriggling minnow.

The bait shown in the hand above is the original Fluted Wilson's Wobbler—a semi-surface bait. Other styles are the Winged Wobbler, deep-water bait; the Luminous Wobbler, for night fishing; the Weedless Wobbler, for weedy places, and the Small Fluted Wobbler for those preferring a small bait. All styles are made in various colors. An outfit of these baits equips the bait caster for any weather and any water.

With Wilson's Wobblers use Hastings Lucky Tackle—the Hastings Special-Value Reel and the Seaterbrade Silk Casting Lines. These lines have both the core and the outer casing braided, giving much additional strength and durability. Sold by the dealers that sell Wilson's Wobblers. Write for Bait Casting Booklet and Tackle Folder. Free.

HASTINGS SPORTING GOODS WORKS
Hastings, Michigan

Digitized by Google

Divided front seats make individual arm chairs

To ride in this new *National* is like being transported in your library chairs

Instead of reading the specifications that promise, you hold the wheel that produces.

To imagine the joys of motoring, while reposing amid the comforts of home, is one thing. It is another thing to find a car without limitations that makes practice as good as the wish. To do this a car must be capable of more than merely "running."

This new *National* is such a car. It is a smooth running, luxurious craft that meets every road requirement without perceptible effort and without distracting your mind or discomforting your body. Its performance coincides with your desire.

Art folio of seven new and distinctive body styles sent on request

There is a certain smartness about *National* cars which tells of the fighting and racing strains in *National* blood. *National* designs include Touring Cars with "aisle-way" front seats, and the Parlor Car with individual, adjustable arm chairs. *National* sixes develop any part of fifty-five horsepower at a fuel efficiency up to 17 miles per gallon.

National Motor Vehicle Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

For Fifteen Years Successful Builders of Good Automobiles.

Self-Duplicating Profits

THERE are few lines in which it is so easy to get "repeat" orders as it is in the business of getting subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Country Gentleman* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

Here is a business in which, for each $1000 earned the first year, you can count on getting not less than $750 the second year from renewals, with almost no effort. Then, if you work as effectively the second year as you did the year you began, you will earn another $1000 from new readers, or a total of $1750.

There are college men and women who earn from $1000 to $1500 a year during vacation and in spare time, by Curtis subscription work. Numerous regular agents receive from $3000 to $5000 a year by devoting all of their time to the business. No experience is required for this work. Any man or woman of good address may engage in it; there are no limitations except those of your own time and energy. We'll tell you how to do the work.

ADDRESS AGENCY DIVISION, BOX 884

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

hideousness, of rippling water with the moonlight across it in a silver path, and in that water floating things that had been men.

In one place a cow and a pig were standing on ground a little bit raised. They had been there for weeks between the two armies. Neither side would shoot them, in the hope of some time obtaining them for food.

They looked peaceful, rather absurd.

Now so near that one must whisper, and now a quarter of a mile away, were the German trenches. We moved under their *fusées*, passing destroyed towns where shell holes have become vast graves.

One such town was most impressive. It had been a very beautiful town, rather larger than the others. At the foot of the main street ran the railroad embankment and the line of trenches. There was not a house left.

It had been, but a day or two before, the scene of a street fight, when the Germans, swarming across the inundation, had captured the trenches at the railroad and got into the town itself.

At the intersection of two streets, in a shell hole, twenty bodies had been thrown for burial. But that was not novel or new. Shell-hole graves and destroyed houses were nothing. The thing I shall never forget is the cemetery round the great church.

Continental cemeteries are always crowded. They are old, and graves almost touch one another. The crosses which mark them stand like rows of men in close formation.

This cemetery had been shelled. There was not a cross in place; they lay flung about in every grotesque position. The quiet God's Acre had become a hell. Graves were uncovered; the dust of centuries exposed. In one the cross had been lifted up by an explosion and had settled back again upside down, so that the Christ was inverted.

It was curious to stand in that chaos of destruction, that ribald havoc, that desecration of all we think of as sacred, and see, stretched from one broken tombstone to another, the telephone wires that connect the trenches at the foot of the street with headquarters and with the "château."

Ninety-six German soldiers had been buried in one shell hole in that cemetery. Close beside it there was another, a great gaping wound in the earth, half full of water from the evening's rain.

A Message From Captain Fastrez

An officer beside me looked down into it.

"See," he said, "they dig their own graves!"

It was almost morning. The automobile left the pathetic ruin of the town and turned back toward the "château." There was no talking; a sort of heaviness of spirit lay on us all. The officers were seeing again the destruction of their country through my shocked eyes. We were tired and cold, and I was heartsick.

A long drive through the dawn, and then the "château."

The officers were still up, waiting. They had prepared, against our arrival, sandwiches and hot drinks.

The American typewriters in the next room clicked and rattled. At the telephone board messages were coming in from the very places we had just left—from the instrument at the major's elbow as he lay in his trench beside the House of the Barrier; from the priest who had left his cell and become a soldier; from that desecrated and ruined graveyard with its gaping shell holes that waited, open-mouthed, for—what?

When we had eaten, Captain Fastrez rose and made a little speech. It was simply done, in the words of a soldier and a patriot speaking out of a full heart.

"You have seen to-night a part of what is happening to our country," he said. "You have seen what the invading hosts of Germany have made us suffer. But you have seen more than that. You have seen that the Belgian Army still exists; that it is still fighting and will continue to fight. The men in those trenches fought at Liège, at Louvain, at Antwerp, at the Yser. They will fight as long as there is a drop of Belgian blood to shed.

"Beyond the enemy's trenches lies our country, devastated; our national life destroyed; our people under the iron heel of Germany. But Belgium lives. Tell America, tell the world, that destroyed, injured as she is, Belgium lives and will rise again, greater than before!"

"I Am Going to Order A Box of Those Cigars—Sometime"

To get you to order your first box of my cigars, I have to overcome an enormous resistance. I have to say something to you that will make you say, "By George, I'll order *now*"—instead of "sometime."

I am going to try to say it now.

It is a fixed custom with men to buy cigars as they need them, at the most convenient store.

The tendency of the average smoker is to read my offer—decide to order from me—and put it off.

That is the case until he smokes his first box. After that his repeat orders come right along regularly, year after year. He has seen that buying cigars direct from my factory saves money and gives him better cigars.

Here is the situation. Imagine a cigar factory turning out thousands of cigars, a regular stream of them, box after box, every weekday all the year around.

How are these cigars going to be sold? Salesmen? No. I have no salesmen, not one. Stores? No. You cannot buy my cigars in stores. No wholesale house handles any part of my output. I do only a limited amount of advertising.

Yet the cigars move right out. They sell literally on their quality, to men whom I have never seen. Reorders from my customers and orders from friends of my customers keep me busy making cigars.

And if I could only get more men to *try them*—to accept my offer, which involves no obligation *at all*—I could not begin to make enough cigars to supply the demand that would result.

MY OFFER is: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

I make my Panatela with Genuine, Cuban Grown, Havana Tobacco. The filler is all Havana, long leaf. The wrapper is Sumatra. The cigar is rolled by hand by skilled adult male cigarmakers. It is a hand-made Havana filled cigar sold direct to you at about half what the same quality would cost in a retail store.

The cigars will sell themselves if you give them half a chance.

In ordering, please use business stationery or give reference and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

HERBERT D. SHIVERS

*21st and Market Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

*My regular customers will please note the new address. Increasing business has justified my moving to a new and larger factory on Philadelphia's main artery of traffic. I have occupied the new quarters since May 1st.

We will send you a can of

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

"Makes Old Cars New Motor Stars"

An application of Johnson's Prepared Wax to the **body, hood and fenders** of automobiles preserves and protects the varnish—it minimizes the labor of keeping cars in good condition. Its greatest advantage is the fact that

It Does Not Gather Dust

Johnson's Prepared Wax is clean and easy to use and economical—it imparts a hard, dry, high gloss which holds its lustre indefinitely, covers up small scratches and

"Sheds Water Like a Duck's Back"

You will find this Wax a splendid polish for

Floors	*Pianos*
Linoleum	*Furniture*
Woodwork	*Leather Goods*

For 10c we will send you postpaid enough Wax for polishing an automobile, a piano, several pieces of furniture or a small floor.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. SP, Racine, Wis.

A Fortune to the Inventor

who reads and heeds it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 6 cents postage. Write us at once.
E. G. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Digitized by Google

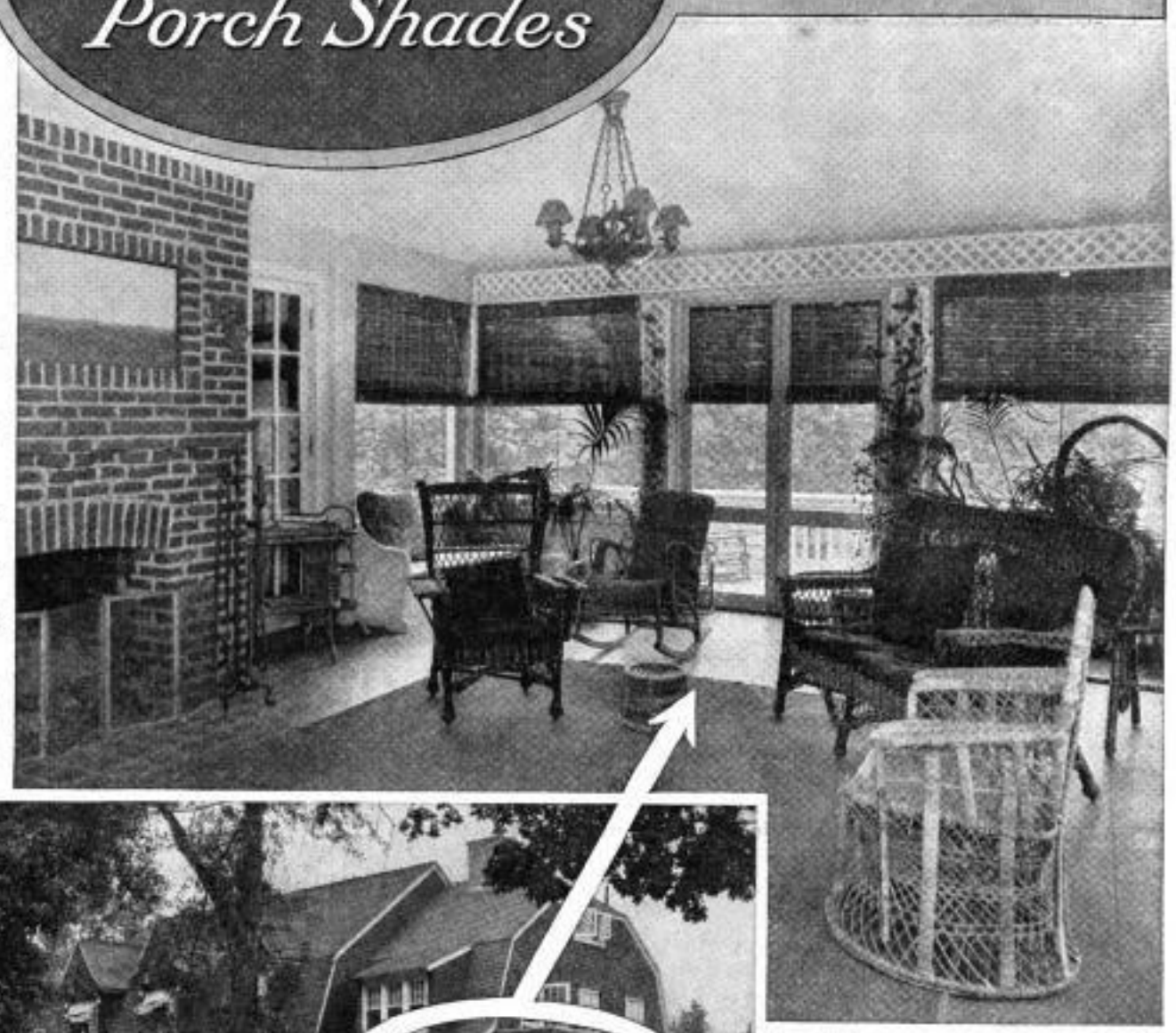
Vudor Porch Shades

They Make Hot Porches Cool

All Equipped with Vudor Safety Wind Device

Ideal for Sleeping Porches

Over 600,000 Vudors in daily use



Keep Out the Sun— Let In the Breeze

"Why doesn't somebody invent something to keep a house cool in summer?" you have panted on many a hot day.

Well, somebody did invent that very thing some years ago. It's Vudor Porch Shades. You could have had them before this summer. Many beautiful homes have them.

This summer let Vudor Porch Shades make your porch the coolest room in your house. Eat there, sleep there, rest there, cool off there in *outdoor air and seclusion.*

Vudor Reënforced Porch Shades are made of light, strong, wooden slats (not bamboo) lock-stitched together by heavy, rot-proof seine twine.

This lock weave, which holds slats permanently without slipping, is patented. All Shades have double warps at both edges and are reënforced by other double warps at intervals across the Shade—no other Shades are so reënforced. They can be raised or lowered as easily as an awning. Vudor Shades come stained indelibly in soft colors to harmonize perfectly with your house.

Residence (see larger view of porch above) of William H. Johns, Bayside, Long Island, N. Y. Equipped with Vudor Porch Shades at a cost of about $21.00

Residence of Fred. O. Giddings, Nashua, N. H., equipped with Vudor Porch Shades.

Residence of Adolph Rose, at Vicksburg, Miss., equipped with Vudor Porch Shades.

Residence of James V. Telles, Nashua, N. H., equipped with Vudor Porch Shades.

Residence of W. L. Harris, President New England Furniture and Carpet Co., Minneapolis, Minn., equipped with Vudor Porch Shades.

Residence of John W. Considine, at Seattle, Wash., equipped with Vudor Porch Shades.

Residence of Cornelia Ann Cunningham, Jacksonville, Florida, equipped with Vudor Porch Shades.

No Flapping in the Wind

Every Vudor Shade is equipped with a Vudor Safety Wind Device that does not have to be hooked or unhooked each time you roll the shade up and down. Vudor Shades will successfully endure the sun and rain of many seasons. They supply years of real porch comfort.

Send for Vudor Booklet and Realize the Possibilities That Are in Your Porch

The book is handsomely illustrated in colors and tells all about Vudor Porch Shades and Reënforced Hammocks. We will tell you the name of the nearest merchant who can sell you Vudor Porch Shades and send you sample name-plate to help you identify them. Mail coupon.

Merchants: Everybody who has ever cooled off on a Vudorized Porch wants Vudor Porch Shades. Sell them and let people know you sell them. If there is no Vudor dealer in your city, write us today for our definite dealer plan which will bring profitable business to your store.

This Vudor Name-Plate Marks the Genuine

Ten minutes and a screw-driver will put up Vudor Porch Shades or take them down

What Can I Do With My Porch?

HOUGH SHADE CORP., 228 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

Please send free booklet in colors, name-plate and name of Vudor dealer nearest me.

Name _____

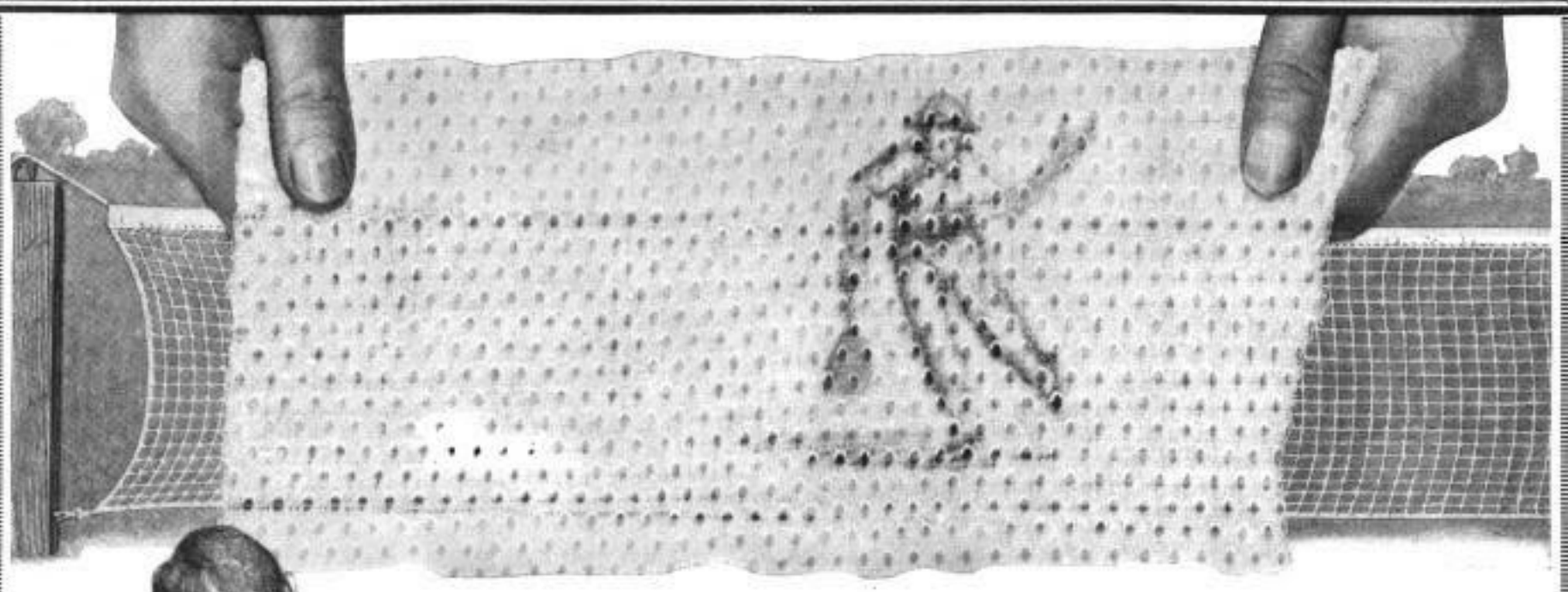
Address _____

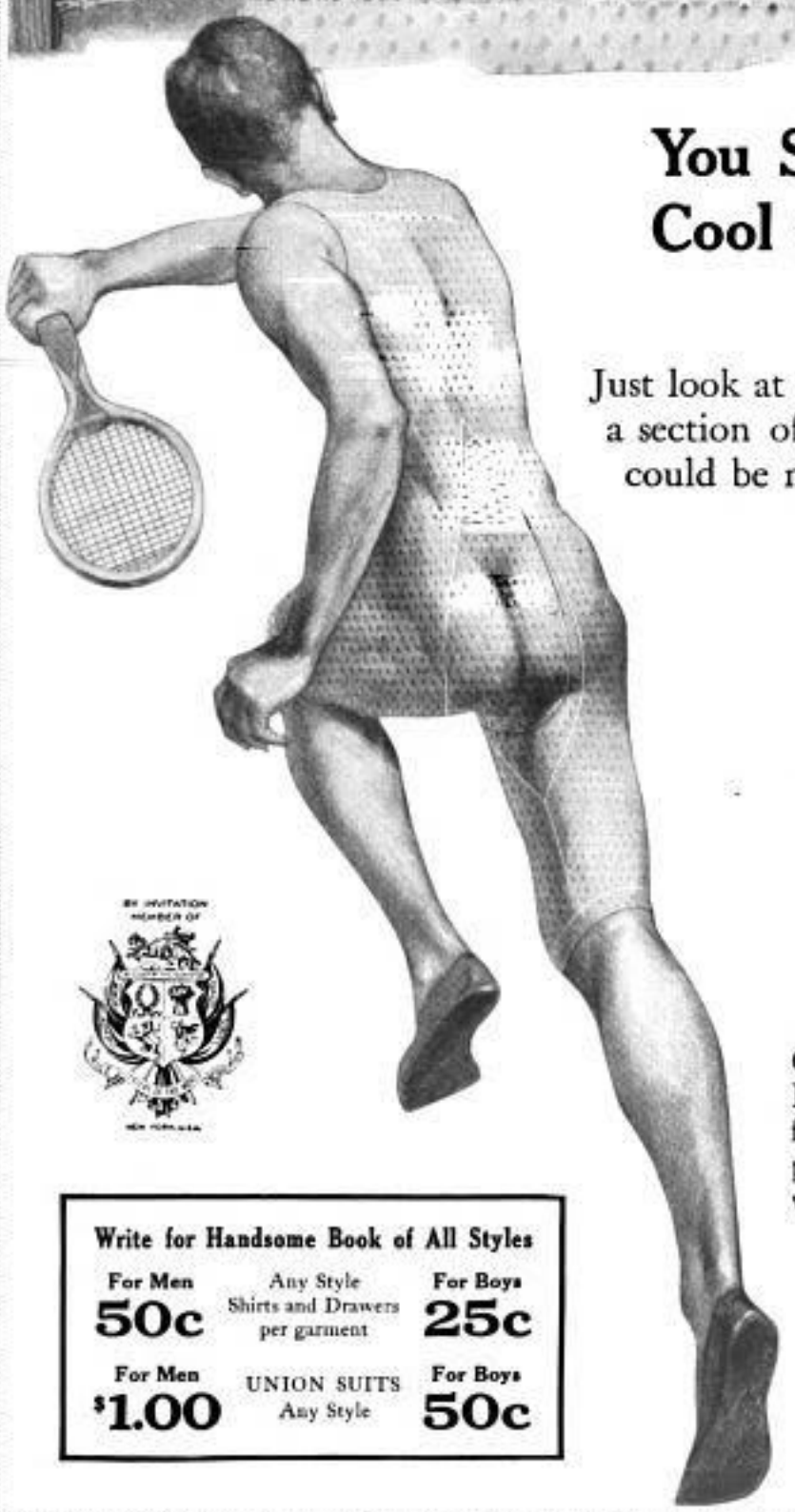
HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION, 228 Mill Street, Janesville, Wisconsin

We are the makers of the famous Vudor Hammocks which have reënforced centers and special end cords that double their life.

Digitized by Google

"CHALMERS Lets the Body Breathe"





You See Right Through this Light, Cool (Durable), Underwear Fabric

Buy Some Union Suits Now

Just look at the unique photograph reproduced above! It shows a section of Chalmers "Porosknit." What summer underwear could be more cool or comfortable?

This Label on Every Garment

CHALMERS
TRADE MARK
"Porosknit"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FABRIC PAT. DEC. 12, 1905.
DESIGN PAT. DEC. 19, 1905
GUARANTEED

For Comfort, These Union Suits

Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits give a dry, cool comfort. No cumbersome flaps gape open. There is no "short-waisted" feeling. The Closed Crotch cannot bind. It fits. It stays put. Full elasticity in the seat makes the garment give freely with every movement.

The open fabric not only lets the air in, but allows perspiration to evaporate as Nature intended. The soft, fine yarn, too, absorbs moisture, instead of sticking clammily to your skin. It is hygienic summer comfort *supreme* at small cost. As to durability—that is guaranteed. Chalmers "Porosknit" is imitated widely, duplicated *never*.

Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

For Men	Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment	For Boys
50c		**25c**
For Men	**UNION SUITS Any Style**	**For Boys**
$1.00		**50c**

Chalmers Knitting Co., 1 Bridge Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Union Suits, Fall and Winter Weights

Digitized by Google

The Simple Truth About "Acid-Mouth"

"Why do cavities appear in my teeth in spite of the fact I always brush them regularly?"

This is the *query* on the lips of thousands. Here's the *answer*—"Acid-Mouth."

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

is the dentifrice that acts against acid-condition of the mouth.

Modern preservation of the teeth *demanded* a dentifrice which would *save* teeth.

"If Pebeco did nothing more for me than rid my breath of tobacco odors it would still be my choice of all dentifrices. But the big reason above all why I use Pebeco is it keeps my teeth so sound I believe I have a good chance to keep them for life."

The undisguised, unsweetened taste of Pebeco will surprise you. It leaves a feeling of delightful hygienic mouth cleanliness.

Sample Tube and Test Papers FREE

A ten-day trial tube and acid-test papers to test your mouth for acid—sent free. May we have your name and address?

LEHN & FINK
122 William St. New York
MAKERS OF PEBECO
Canadian Office: 1 & 3 St. Helen St., Montreal

"Cheap Tires Don't Pay!

It has cost me more in repairs than a good tire would have cost in the first place. Hereafter I buy good tires—or walk."

VITALIC
Bicycle VITALIC Tires

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Have a tread that is good for thousands of miles of hard riding. A fabric so strong it can't blow out. An inner tube of rubber so heavy and pure that it can't leak air. Send for testing sample and prove these claims.

Free—Story "The Man Who Rode on Hit Rims"

Continental Rubber Works
1904 Liberty St. Erie, Pa.

THE BUSHER ABROAD

(Continued from Page 22)

You see Al they call this place the grate australian Bite on acct of a grate big bug that flys a round over the water and the bugs called a Bite bug on acct of how he bites and hes a bout as big like a egle only hes got a reglar mouth and fangs like a woof and he flys a round all the time waiting til he sees a boat and then he atacks the boat and bites 1 man and then hes satisfide and flys a way and waits for the next boat and some times he missus 1 boat but not very offten and he flys so qick that they aint no body cant get out of his way when he comes after you not even Cobb. And he aint never satisfide unlest he bites off 1 of your feechers your nose or ear or some thing. He bites his way right threw the window and scream or threw wood and the only thing thats got him stopped is irren and steal and thats why the catchers is O. K. because they can ware there mast over there faces.

Well Al Id of been all right if Schaefer had only of told me that sooner a bout the catchers masts keeping the bug out but he dident tell me that at 1st. or I could of got 1 of the catchers to leave me take there mast and wore it on my face tommorow and they couldent of got it a way from me with a shot gun but when he finely told me it was to late and when I seen I. V. Wingow and ast him to leave me look at his mast he all ready was wise and he says no he should say not and did I think he was a sucker. So you see Al him and jack Bliss and Slight wont be in no danger because they can ware there masts all day accept when there eating or they dont even half to take them off wile there eating if they want to eat salery or some thing like that that they can stick threw there mast and eat it.

Theys only 3 masts on the trip because I ast Callahan and he says thats all they was and he says What do you want of a mast have you deside it you cant pitch and I says I guess you know I can pitch and he says guess again so you see Al they aint no guessing a bout it but as I say I wisht I was a catcher now insted of a pitcher and if I ever get back to Chicago or some wheres where they sell masts Im going to buy 1 and carry it a round on trips with me after this and not take no chances.

Well Al they aint no danger of none of us geting killed because theys a Dr. on the Ship bord and he can rap up the place where the bug gets his fangs in to you so you wont blead to deth but Id pretty near as leave be dead is not have no nose or no ear and think how a man would look like Al and I wouldent never dast go home to Florrie.

Well Al it wasent long before evry body on the Ship bord knowed a bout what we was runing in to and we had a meeting a wile a go trying to figure up some thing to fight the bug with and steve Evans says that Crawford or Speaker or 1 of the good hitters should ought to stand out on the porch with a bat and take a wallop at the bug when he showed up because if you hit him in a certun spot on his head he will drop dead only it takes a man with a good eye to crack him just right.

Well Crawford and Speaker says they wouldent take no risk like that and then Schaefer says to me You think your a hitter dont you and I says no I dont think nothing of the kind and I aint no sucker nether. Then some body says we should all ought to try and proteck the wommen on the boat but Schaefer says the crews told him that the Bite dont never go after wommen because there ears is all ways to small to get a good bite at them and most of there nose is. So you see Al the wommen and the catchers is the only peopl that aint takeing no chanct and I wouldent be nervus if all the rest of us had a even chanct and the bug was as libel to bite 1 is the other but Schaefer says the bug aint as lightly to bite a homily man is a good looking man and I got a right to be nervus hey Al.

Well Al we cant do nothing but wait and see what happens and if you dont hear no more from me youll know what come off because I wont have the nerve to write and tell you if worst come worst. I wisht we hadent never left Adeline but still in all why should I be the 1 to get evry thing thats comeing and it seems like as if I should ought to have the luck onct in a wile and I dont never have none out there pitching.

RADNOR THE NEW
ARROW COLLAR
RATHER THE BEST OF THE LOW CUTAWAY FRONTED COLLARS WITH HIGH BACKS

2 FOR 25 CENTS

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Inc. MAKERS

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

Says the Salesman to the Customer's Wife:

"Here is our label, and under this strip of lining is the Stein-Bloch label."

The clothes are doubly endorsed, first by the makers and secondly by the merchant who sells them.

The Stein-Bloch label stands for Sixty Years of Knowing How.

Your merchant's label is there because he expects you to be so well pleased with the suit that you will return to him for your next one.

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Wholesale Tailors
Rochester, N. Y.
New York: Fifth Avenue Bldg.
Chicago: Republic Bldg.

Digitized by Google

Get this Guide Now

"MOSLER on Spark Plugs" tells at a glance just which kind, type and size of plug *your* engine needs. Until you equip with that *one best* plug you waste gas and current, lose speed and power, invite ignition trouble. Get this **free** guide now—at your dealer's or by mail—equip as it directs and see what real plug-service means. You can safely take advice from A. R. Mosler, the pioneer of the spark-plug industry, the inventor of the famous **Spit-Fire** and **Vesuvius** plugs.

Mosler's SPIT-FIRE $1.25 Literally *spits-fire* throughout the mixture, insuring swift, uniform, complete combustion and getting all the power out of the gas. Spark-length adjustable at will; proof against leakage, soot, water, oil and heat. Standard equipment on such cars as the Pierce-Arrow; ideal for Packard, Peerless, etc. Insist on the RED-TAG, which guarantees you the everlasting IRIDIUM PLATINUM points.

Mosler's VESUVIUS $1.00 Stone-insulated, open-end plug defies heat, oil, water and soot; absolutely gas-tight; continuous knife-edge electrode with innumerable sparking-points. Easy to clean, efficient, everlasting. Standard equipment on Pierce-Arrow, etc.

Ask Your Dealer

If he can't supply, we mail postpaid on receipt of price. (Specify car; mention dealer.) Write for "Mosler on Spark Plugs"—free.

A. R. Mosler & Co., Dept. 14, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Those Unexpected Expenses

A common but trying experience is that of having to meet unforeseen financial demands. Temporary loss of employment, vacations, illness and the many other expenses soon use up the money that has been saved.

Have you not often said to yourself: "If I could only avoid these unexpected expenses, it would be easy to accumulate a nest egg or save enough to go into business." But unlooked-for expenses seem to block your progress like a stone wall.

Thousands of men and women have found a way to surmount this obstacle. They are engaged in the profitable work of securing subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Country Gentleman* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*. They have found this to be a pleasant and dignified method of earning extra money in spare time. Many of them are regular depositors in their local savings banks—Curtis earnings having paid their unexpected expenses.

Your money problem may be solved by subscription work. We will gladly tell you how to do it, and send information about salary and commission, upon request. Address

Agency Division, Box 867

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Schaefer says the catchers has all got there masts locked up in there trunks and there rooms locked up and the key in there pockit the cheap stiffs.

Well Al it dont look like I would get much sleep tonight. This is a fine bum of a trip hey Al. Your pal, JACK.

P. S. I pretty near for got to tell you a bout what Mcgraw give me in Adeline for a present for wining that game for him in Melbourne and what he give me is a razer and its a dandy Al. But if Im going to get my face bit up by this here bug what will I care if theys a few whiskers on my face because a man couldent expect to look any ways decent with part of your face gone but Im libel to use the razer to cut my throte if Im the 1 this here bug bites.

FREMANTLE. Jan. 13.

AL: well Al the last 3 days has been like a night mare or a bad dream or some thing but now its all over and here we are in Fremantle and some of the boys has drove over to perth but Im so wore out they couldent higher me to go no wheres.

Well Al that there bug dident bite no body on the Ship bord and now wear all safe and out of the place where he flys a round and wear not in no more danger with him but now wear going to be up against some thing else and I will tell you a bout it only 1st. I want to tell you a bout how we come to get a way from this here bug only I cant tell you for sure why was it because evry body says some thing diffrunt.

I dident never see the bug at all because I stayed in my birth room all the wile and dident even go in the dinning room for meals but the meals was broughten to me in my birth room only I dident eat many meals in the last 3 days on acct of me not feeling good but sevrel of the boys seen the bug and some of the crews seen him to and the crews cant figure out why he dident light on to this boat and that they must be some body on the trip thats got a hole lot of luck because this is the 1st. boat the bugs missed in 2 yrs.

So the boys has been trying to figure out who is the lucky 1 on the trip and Callahan says its the N. Y. giants because they was lucky to win all them penants but Evans says you cant call the giants lucky because evry time they win the penant look at who they had to play against in the world serious and Mcgraw says it must be the White Sox because there lucky to stay in the league with out droping out of the bottun and Schaefer says it must be on acct of us haveing so many left handers on the trip Wiltse Speaker donlin Crawford Leverenz and Evans the lucky left handed stiffs only Evans aint no stiff but O. K. and comical when you get to know him.

Then Speaker says I was the lucky 1 and I says what do you mean lucky and did you ever see the time where I had any luck out there pitching and he says Your lucky the dog catcher dident get a hold of you and I says Yes and you are to and he dident say nothing back.

Well Al who ever it was we was lucky all right and Im tickeled to deth wear threw with that part of the trip and Im glad I dident see the bug because the boys that seen him says he was a awfull thing to look at him and he come right up clost to the boat sevrel times and all the catchers was standing out on the porch with there masts on and they all had bats and was going to try and hit him but they says he was like ed Rulebacks fast ball and he dident never come near enough for them to hit.

larry Doyle the capt of the giants says the Bite probily come just clost enough to the boat so as he could reckonize some of the ball players and then made up his mind they was enough bugs on the boat all ready with out him comeing on to the boat but of coarse they couldent be nothing to that because how could a man clear over here on the other side of the world tell 1 ball player from the other let a lone a inseck and Doyle was just jokeing or he dont know nothing but it seems like as if a man thats been a round N. Y. city as long is Doyle would know better then to mean it in ernest that a inseck could tell the players a part and hes suposed to be 1 of the smartest men Mcgraws got and if hes the smartest Id hate to run in to the guys that dont know nothing but may be he was just jokeing.

Well Al as I say wear all threw with the Bite and no more danger from geting bit by the Bite but now wear going to run in to some thing else pretty near as bad only this time they aint no danger of looseing 1 of your feechers but just geting sores all

Genuine "Nowate" Palm Beach Cloth, double cold water shrunk, taped to insure keeping original shape.

You'll find a
Rosenwald & Weil
Palm Beach Suit will keep you cool on the hottest days.

Clean clothes are just as important for health and comfort as clean linen—you can wash these suits when soiled.

And in addition, there's nothing more stylish; you'll look well and feel well.

Ask your dealer to show you our "Nowate" summer garments in the new weaves and colors.

Makers of high quality summer clothing, trousers, overcoats, raincoats, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes and automobile apparel.

Rosenwald & Weil
Clothing Specialties
Chicago

Write today for free catalog
Get the INSIDE Price
Send at once for White Frost catalog and see how much better refrigerator you can buy direct from the factory. Many sizes and styles, all priced in your favor. Easy payment plan.
White Frost
SANITARY
Refrigerator
Beautiful—economical. SAVES ITS PRICE IN COST OF ICE.
Round metal body, snowy-white. No dirt-catching corners. Revolving shelves. Cork-cushioned door and cover. Porcelain drain-reservoir. Nickel trimmings. 25-year guarantee. Adopted by U. S. Govt.
30 Days Free Trial—Freight Paid
White Frost Refrigerator Co., Dept. E-2, Jackson, Mich.

KOEHLER
ONE TON TRUCK
$750

14 open and covered body types for $750 and upwards. Also the **Koehler Jitney Bus** for $875.

Complete illustrated catalogue "G" on request.

H. J. KOEHLER S. G. COMPANY
Newark N. J., U. S. A.
Agency Correspondence Solicited

HERZ ("Boogie Mercedes" of Europe)
SPARK PLUG

Used by U. S. Army and Navy. WHY? Non-cracking porcelain—4 sparking points—Platinum-alloy electrodes—self-cleaning. Guaranteed a year—usually outlasts the motor. Dealers or direct from us—$1.50. HERZ & CO., 245 W. 55th St., New York

Digitized by Google

The Wives' League

A Circle of Money Earners

For some time *The Ladies' Home Journal* has been working on a plan by which married women, tied to home by duties which make a business position not to be thought of, could make money.

Thousands of women want to make money to satisfy some personal requirement. Other thousands of ambitious, devoted wives feel the necessity of supplementing husbands' incomes.

And so *The Journal* has gone ahead and developed a plan by which every married woman who wishes to earn money may do so.

There are no fees in The Wives' League, nor are dues charged. The work is not difficult. It fits admirably into the chinks and corners of a busy day.

Any married woman can learn all about this new plan by addressing

The Secretary of the Wives' League
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Eastwood Sandal

Children's
Sizes 4 to 8
$1.25

Good For Play

All the fun of **"going barefoot"** without the scratches and bruises.

Eastwood Sandals allow the feet to expand naturally and are a grateful relief to children whose feet have been distorted by ill-fitting shoes. They relieve and prevent excessive perspiration.

The **Eastwood** Sandals are made by an entirely new method of shoe construction. Stitching is all outside, no wrinkled linings, waxed thread or tacks—just smooth, clean, oak-tanned leather next to the feet.

Made over the celebrated Eastwood Lasts

Shipped to any address in the U. S., **all charges prepaid**, upon receipt of price as follows: Children's sizes 4 to 8, $1.25 per pair; 9 to 11, $1.35; 12 to 2, $1.60. Longer sizes are also made for women and boys. 3 to 5, $2.00. Men's, 6 to 10, $2.50.

Spring booklet on request.

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co. 204 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for Search.
BOOKS AND ADVICE **FREE**
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer,* **Washington, D. C.**

over your head and if they was any way to get home from here with out going a long on the trip you bet I would tell them to take this here trip and or my share from it and feed it to the fishs but I got to go a long because they aint no over the land rout because australia is a iland and shroud it by water.

I will tell you what wear going to run up against now Al and its comeing pretty soon as soon is the boys gets back from perth and the boat starts out again. the next Ocean we go threw is the indian Ocean and wear going to be in it for 9 days and of coarse we was lucky to get threw the place where the Bite was at with out no body geting hurt but we was only in there 3 days and now wear going to be in the indian Ocean 3 times longer so it looks like as if they wouldent no lucky left handers nor nothing else save us this time but as I say they aint no danger of geting killed only sore spots on your head.

When Schaefer 1st. told me a bout us comeing in to the indian Ocean and how bad it would be I thot of coarse they was probily a lot of wild indians liveing on the ilands and they would may be shoot at us or some thing but Schaefer says no it aint the indians we got to be afrade of because the indians is to busy drinking the water out of the Ocean because its fire water and they live on it.

But what we got to be looking out for is the Thomas Hawks thats some thing like a reglar hawk only they dont go after chickens because of coarse they aint no chickens out in the middle of the Ocean but insted of chickens they go after humen beans and they sale a round over the boat in flocks and all of a sudden they snoop down on to the boat and peck at a mans head and there peck aint poson but there bills is sharp and they cut right in to your head and make a sore and when they find a mans head thats soft they make a noise to the rest of the flock and then they all of them pick on to 1 man and cut his head all to peace is.

Thomas Hawks dont never pester you when your in doors because they cant get in but only when your out on the porch.

And steve Evans says they aint no danger for some of the rest of them because the Thomas Hawks couldent peck threw there heads with a ax and before the hawks would try and peck in to some of there heads they would try and peck a hole in the side of the boat and he says to me You wont be in no danger your self and you can walk all over the porch wile some of us has to stay crooped up in our room and I guess he ment because Im not afrade of nothing but I dont see why a man should take a chanct Al and probily get by all right but still theys a chanct I might get my head all sord up and whats the use of a man being a sucker.

Well Al I guess you know I wouldent of never started on this trip if Id knowed all as we was going to bump in to and if Callahan and Comiskey had of been right they would of told me before the boat ever left the US but of coarse you see why they dident tell me because they knowed if they told me I wouldent of never came on the trip and with out ether I or Mathewson a long on the trip the peopl in the diffrunt countrys would of been sore and says the trip was a fake and of coarse Mcgraw dident tell me nothing because where would his club of been at but for I going in there and wining for him evry time I start accept when they kick the games a way in back of me.

But Comiskey and Callahan and Mcgraw all of them could of went to the devvil and I wouldent never of made the trip if Id knowed what was comeing off and no sooner wear out of 1 danger and heres an other and if it isent 1 thing it isent the next.

And the trips all ready costed me pretty near $100.00 bucks includeing the money I borryed off of Callahan for my cloths and the cloths I got in Vanila and the $10.00 them crickit players robbed me out of and I dont get nothing for pitching and you cant even get out and see the sites because a mans all ways afrade of 1 of these here bugs or birds biteing you.

Fine trip hey Al and I told them in the 1st. place to get some body else and leave me stay home with little Al and Florrie where I bellong.

Well Al I can hear the boys comeing back from perth and pretty soon we will be starting in to the indian Ocean and before we get out of it my head will probily look like a scream door. Fine trip hey Al.

Your old pal, JACK.

The Gentle Touch of a Giant Finger

A good, lively spring in effect tries to shoot you out of the car as a bow shoots an arrow. That's the way a spring works. Now imagine a giant finger pressing its cushioned tip gently on the spring and easing it back as you would ease back a taut bow. No recoil—no jar—but just a *lengthening* of the motion.

***Hartford SHOCK ABSORBER**
Soothes the Angry Spring

That is the way the new, Automatic Hartford Shock Absorber works. It reduces car motion to long, undulating waves—even on rough, country roads. The Hartford controls and equalizes spring action.

The Hartford is automatic in that it works progressively. For normal movements the springs are entirely free of control. When the spring action goes beyond normal the control is applied and increases automatically as the action increases. This is accomplished by a multiple disc construction, these discs engaging progressively.

Automobile Manufacturers are now using the finest springs that can be made. If you want more comfort, you must use Hartford Shock Absorbers.

Let us send you a book which discusses the whole question of shock absorbing. It will tell you why the Hartford is standard equipment on so many prominent cars and why 95% of the racing drivers use it. You will not know the ultimate of car comfort until you ride on springs controlled by Hartford Shock Absorbers.

Hartford Suspension Company
E. V. HARTFORD, Pres.
190 Morgan Street
Jersey City, N. J.
BRANCHES:
New York Newark
Boston Chicago
Philadelphia Pittsburgh
Kansas City Indianapolis
**Formerly Truffault-Hartford*

Makes Every Road a Boulevard

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

No matter where you live, you can open a Savings Account at 4% compound interest with this bank—the Oldest and Largest Trust Company in Ohio. Why not send TODAY for our free Booklet "M" explaining fully our system of receiving deposits by mail?

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO. ASSETS OVER 50 CAPITAL & SURPLUS $ 8,500,000.00 MILLION DOLLARS.

"Neversinks" will save thousands of lives this summer

CONFIDENCE is all you need to swim. The minute you enter the water with SWIM-WINGS *confidence comes* and you master the waves in an incredibly short time. Not to know how to swim is nothing short of potential suicide. Easiest thing in the world to swim with

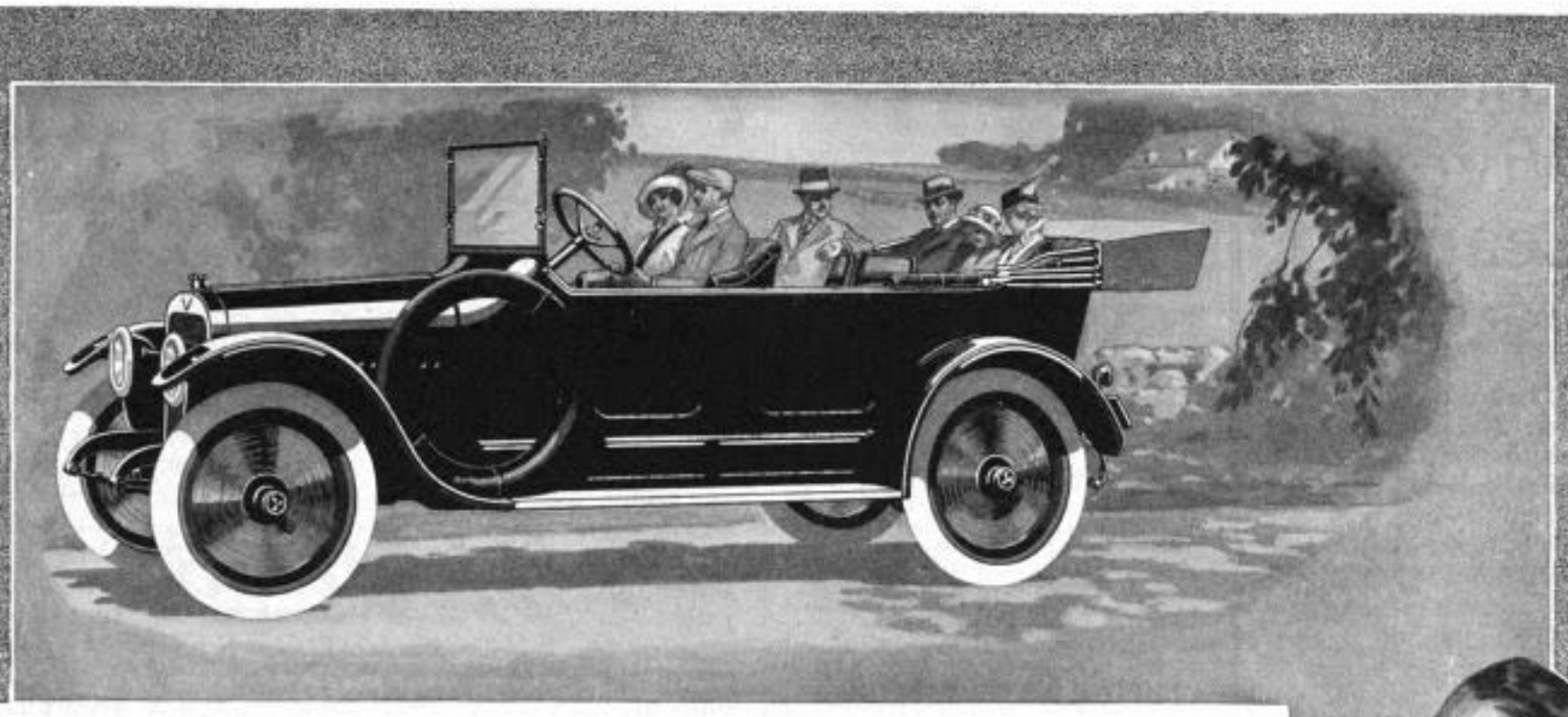
KAPO "NEVERSINK" SWIM-WINGS

Absolutely safe. See how the belt fastens about the chest, and slipping is absolutely prevented by the "safety-neck-strap." Just a narrow belt with a "wing" at each end. You CAN'T sink. Good for experienced swimmers as well as beginners. Because there are no bags "to blow up" SWIM-WINGS will last for years.

Much more buoyant—and a thousand times more comfortable—than cork. Weighs only 12 ounces. Absolutely guaranteed. *Accept no substitute* for SWIM-WINGS. Get a pair from your Sporting Goods dealer. If he can't supply you send us his name and $2.00 and we will promptly mail you a pair. Two colors—crimson and navy blue. State whether you want adults' or children's size.

American Life Saving Garment Co., 169 Commercial St., Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google



Think How It Will Seem In the Future

In the Light Six you buy, the important thing is to know how it will seem next year.

All models look well, all demonstrate well. No car could be sold if it didn't. But many a fair-seeming car proves a sad disappointment. And mistakes in this line are costly.

You note that experienced motorists don't buy untried cars. They have had their fill of experiments.

New Risks This Year

This is a year of Light Sixes—a new-type car involving radical changes. Those changes bring many uncertainties unknown in the time-tried types.

Formerly the average Six weighed 4500 pounds. The Light Six, if true to its type, weighs under 3000 pounds. The weight of ten people has been taken out. Tire and fuel costs have been cut in two.

This means new materials, new principles. It requires a new-type, high-speed motor. A thousand parts have been re-designed. All that was known and tried and standard is revised in creating a true Light Six.

One can hardly say, "I will stick to the old type." The new type has come to stay. But a man this year should be pretty certain about the new-type car he buys.

Looking Backward

That is why experienced motorists are buying HUDSONS by the thousands. There are 12,000 owners of HUDSON Light Sixes who look back on an excellent record. In two seasons these owners have driven, perhaps, some 30 million miles. And they have proved beyond question that the HUDSON is faultless. There are men all around you who can tell you now how the HUDSON will seem in the future. Those millions of miles of hard driving have wiped out every question, every risk.

Pride is Important

It is more than pride which leads men to buy HUDSONS. But pride is important, too. Any man likes to feel that his car is a class car. It doubles the enjoyment of motoring.

But class has come to this HUDSON model through four years of ceaseless refinement. We have had time to perfect every part and detail. We have had the designer —Howard E. Coffin—best qualified to do it. It is more than pride that sells HUDSONS. It is the appeal of a finished production.

We have a trebled output this spring over last spring. But the long waits of last summer are sure to be repeated. That is always so at this season with first-choice cars. A man is wise to decide on his new car before the winter surplus is sold.

The HUDSON, in this class, will be your first choice. Prove that in time to get one without a long delay.

7-Passenger Phaeton, $1550, f. o. b. Detroit
Four other body styles

The HUDSON Company never loses interest in the car it sells. So long as a car is in service we maintain our interest in the character of its service. That's one great reason for HUDSON reputation.

HUDSON $1550

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Children soon form the habit of properly caring for their teeth if taught how to use

LISTERINE

Listerine, suitably diluted, should be used as a mouth-wash after brushing the teeth, to antiseptically cleanse those surfaces which cannot be reached by the brush.

Listerine regularly and properly used, will retard decay of the teeth and keep the gums healthy, by promoting the flow of saliva, which neutralizes mouth acids.

Listerine is well adapted to many toilet requirements and is the best and safest first aid antiseptic for accidental wounds, scratches and skin irritations.

Listerine is well suited for the family medicine case. The circular around the bottle describes its many uses.

Avoid imitations and substitutes by purchasing Listerine as sold in original packages, by druggists everywhere.

Four Sizes—15c—25c—50c—$1.00

Made and Owned in America

Lambert Pharmacal Company

Laboratories:

St. Louis Toronto

Invest *while* you save

You can make saving a habit —easy and interesting.

The Partial Payment Plan for the purchase of securities is the application to the field of investments of the same principle of initial deposit and succeeding monthly payments which has enabled hundreds of thousands of Americans to become the owners of their own homes.

Send for Booklet S, "The Partial Payment Plan."

John Muir & Co.

SPECIALISTS IN

Odd Lots

Members New York Stock Exchange

MAIN OFFICE, 74 BROADWAY, N. Y.

The Woman who cares uses

HEISEY'S TRADE MARK GLASSWARE

on her table

Write for illustrated booklet

A. H. HEISEY & CO., Dept. 87, Newark, O.

SECRET CIPHERS

(Concluded from Page 9)

They also suppressed important orders from the field, until the thing finally became unbearable and Grant demanded that the service be put under military control. It had been the custom to refuse generals in the field a copy of the code in which their dispatches were sent. Grant had received a dispatch he was not able to translate.

This was as bad as the experience of the French armies. A general in command of a division at Châlons-sur-Marne could not translate an important message sent to him because the key to the cipher was, by some inadvertence, locked up in Château-Thierry.

This experience led foreign authorities to adopt a method of cipher at all times available.

A form of secret cipher in its more complicated stage was written in what we call sympathetic inks—that is to say, inks made from a number of chemical formulas, by virtue of which the writing would presently disappear. Nothing could be more suspicious than a blank sheet of paper; consequently over this message some harmless communications in pencil would be superimposed. Heat or the application of chemicals would bring out the hidden message.

Here is a story that drifted down through the camp-fire tales of the Civil War:

One night, when the Army of the Potomac was on the eve of a great battle, a settler who sometimes went through the lines was engaged in a game of cards with some privates, when, by chance, a gust of wind whisked a card from his hand into the fire.

It was rescued; but the heat of the fire had brought out the letter *d* on the back of the card, written there in some sympathetic ink. The settler barely escaped trouble on the charge of cheating with marked cards!

Playing-Card Codes

The men who played on that momentous night with the tramp settler had never heard of Graham's Magazine. Poe said in it:

"A pack of cards is sometimes made the vehicle of a cipher in this manner: The parties determine, in the first place, on certain arrangements of the pack. For example, it is agreed that when a writing is to be commenced a natural sequence of the spots shall be made, with spades at the top, hearts next, diamonds next, and clubs last.

"This order being obtained, the writer proceeds to inscribe on the top card the first letter of his epistle; on the next the second; on the next the third—and so on until the pack is exhausted, when, of course, he will have written fifty-two letters. He now shuffles the pack according to a preconcerted plan. For example, he takes three cards from the bottom and places them at the top; then one from the top, placing it at the bottom—and so on for a given number of times.

"This done, he again inscribes fifty-two characters as before, proceeding thus until his epistle is written. The pack being received by the correspondent, he has only to place the cards in the order agreed on for commencement, to read, letter by letter, the first fifty-two characters as intended. He has then only to shuffle, in the manner prearranged for the second perusal, to decipher the series of the next fifty-two letters—and so on to the end."

Another ingenious device, used by the Germans in their system of espionage, is the cipher map, or what is sometimes called the spy landscape code.

This consists in making what appears to be a little harmless amateur sketch of some unimportant landscape. There would be trees, hedges, bushes, telegraph poles and lines, fences, little streams, and the like. The sketch would be made by a German secret agent, but it would appear to be simply such a sketch as a gentleman walking in the country might make, for his own pleasure, of some little view that pleased him. It would under no circumstances show anything relating to a military affair; but, in fact, this harmless sketch would be a complicated cipher.

It would be made in accordance with a prearranged pictorial code, and would be, in fact, a sketch of an important fortification or of some military base.

The very simplicity of the methods used by the German Secret Service threw the whole British Empire into terror at the opening of the war.

Free To YOU For 30 Days!

The World-Famous

EUREKA ELECTRIC Vacuum Cleaner

Yes, that is exactly what we mean. We will ship you one of our superb, brand-new, easy gliding and deep cleaning Eureka Electric Vacuum Cleaners on **30 Days' FREE Cleaning Trial.**

We are going to loan you this splendid cleaner for a full month. Remember, this free loan won't cost you a penny. We even pay the express charges. We bear every expense. We want to let you find out **for yourself** the wonderful house-cleaning powers of the Eureka Electric Cleaner.

Without Cost to You

Simply send the coupon below or write us, and we will mail you the full details of this exceptional free loan offer. We will also send you, **free and prepaid,** our beautiful illustrated booklet.

No strings are attached to this Free Loan proposition—no cost to you whatsoever. We want you to use the Eureka Cleaner for 30 days **just as though it were your own.** Clean your carpets and your rugs with it. Try it on your draperies; clean your furniture, your mattresses and your walls with it. Try it in all the nooks and corners; subject it to every test you can think of.

We want you to prove to yourself that the Eureka is the **smoothest running, most durable and deepest cleaning** Electric Vacuum Cleaner in the world. And then, if you are not more than delighted with it, send it back to us at our expense. But if you decide that you simply cannot get along without the cleaner, then keep it and pay for it on

Special Easy Payments

That's right. You can buy this superb Eureka Cleaner on *easy payments*—amounting to only a few cents a day. Furthermore, you are buying direct from the factory at the rock-bottom **special factory price.** No extra profits whatever for you to pay—absolutely nothing except the actual cost of producing this machine plus the one small profit of the manufacturer. We make the world-famous Eureka Cleaner ourselves, each and every part. You deal directly with us, getting the special price, the great 30-day free trial, and, best of all, the easiest kind of easy payments.

MAIL THIS COUPON

Fill out this coupon and mail it to us at once or send your name and address in a letter or on a postal. The minute we hear from you, we will send you the full details of this great free trial loan offer and special easy payment plan. We will also send you our Beautifully Illustrated Booklet, free and prepaid. Do not put this off a minute. **Send the coupon or write today.**

Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co.
Dept. S 5, Detroit, Michigan

FREE COUPON

Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co.
Dept. S 5, Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen—*Absolutely free to me,* send at once the details of your great free trial offer and also your Illustrated Booklet.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Time is Really Money

Agency Division Box 863

when devoted to Curtis work. If you have some time which you are willing to give to looking after the subscription work of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman,* we'll pay you in salary and commission.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

PARSONS
OLD HAMPDEN BOND
made by men who have been making paper longer than most firms have been in business
PARSONS HOLYOKE, U.S.A.

Write for *"How to Test Bond Paper"*—a handy little book, well illustrated, that tells how expert paper-men judge quality in Bond Papers. A simple series of "experience" tests that anyone can readily use and KNOW how good a paper he is buying.

Address **Parsons Paper Company, Holyoke, Mass.**

Digitized by Google

LA FRANCE

"My daughter wears LA FRANCE because she's young. I wear them, myself, because I feel young. My mother wears them because she's old enough to be extra particular, and is very proud of her feet."

Made by
WILLIAMS, CLARK & CO.
Lynn, Mass., U. S. A.

S 717 is our new Savoy pump with mat goat vamp and putty kid quarter. We also offer it in Sterling patent kid and Sea Island Canvas.

LA FRANCE

A Boy Worth Having

HE approaches you confidently. He does not stammer, scuff his feet or hang his head. He approaches you at your office or home and asks you to buy your copies of *The Saturday Evening Post* from him. There are elements of real salesmanship in his talk. He is a product of the Curtis Boy Plan.

There are thirty thousand boys of this kind selling the Curtis publications today. They are sons of doctors, lawyers and business men. They sell *The Saturday Evening Post*, and the copies sold by them each week would make a pile about twenty times as high as the Washington Monument.

There is a big opportunity for any boy who wants to earn a lot of money. There is a big opportunity for any parent who wants his boy to develop the sort of character and to get the sort of training which will be of incalculable value to him in later life.

We should like to hear from any boy who wants to do what so many thousands of other boys are successfully doing each week outside of school hours, or from any parent interested in his boy's future.

SALES DIVISION, BOX 818
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

(Continued from Page 25)

Selingman beamed upon them both. He was entirely himself again. He looked as though the one thing in life he had desired was to find Mrs. Barlow and her military companion in possession of the little drawing-room.

"My country is flattered," he declared; "especially," he added with a twinkle in his eyes, "as the subject seemed to be proving so interesting."

She made a little grimace at him.

"Seriously, Mr. Selingman," she continued, "Captain Fielder and I have been almost quarreling. He insists upon it that some day or other Germany means to declare war upon us. I have been trying to point out that before many years have passed England and France will have drifted apart. Germany is the nearest to us of the continental nations, isn't she, by relationship and race?"

"Mrs. Barlow," Selingman pronounced, "yours is the most sensible allusion to international politics that I have heard for many years. You are right. If I may be permitted to say so," he added, "Captain Fielder is wrong. Germany has no wish to fight with any one. The last country in the world with which she would care to cross swords is England."

"If Germany does not wish for war," Captain Fielder persisted, "why does she keep such an extraordinary army? Why does she continually add to her navy? Why does she infest our country with spies and keep all her preparations as secret as possible?"

"Of these things I know little," Selingman confessed. "I am a manufacturer and I have few friends in military circles. But this we all believe: that the German army and navy are our insurance against trouble from the East. They exist so that in case of political controversy we shall have strength at our back when we seek to make favorable terms. As to using that strength, heaven forbid!"

The little lady threw a triumphant glance across at her companion.

"There, Captain Fielder," she declared, "you have heard what a typical, well-informed, cultivated German gentleman has to say. I rely much more upon Mr. Selingman than upon any of the German reviews or official statements of policy."

Captain Fielder was unconvinced.

"Mr. Selingman, without doubt," he agreed, "may represent popular and cultivated German opinion. The question is whether the policy of the country is dictated by that class. Do you happen to have seen the afternoon papers?"

"Not yet," Mr. Selingman admitted. "Is there any news?"

"There is the full text," Captain Fielder continued, "of Austria's demands upon Servia. I may be wrong, but I say confidently that those demands, which are impossible of acceptance—which would reduce Servia, in fact, to the condition of a mere vassal state—are intended to provoke a state of war."

Mr. Selingman shook his head.

"I have seen the proposals," he remarked. "They were in the second edition of the morning papers. They are onerous without a doubt, but remember that as you go farther East all diplomacy becomes a matter of barter. They ask for so much at first because they are prepared to take a great deal less."

"It is my opinion," Captain Fielder pronounced, "that these demands are couched with the sole idea of inciting Russia's intervention. There is already a report that Servia has appealed to St. Petersburg. It is quite certain that Russia, as the protector of the Slav nations, can never allow Servia to be humbled to this extent."

"Even then," Mr. Selingman protested good-humoredly, "Austria is not Germany."

"There are very few people," Captain Fielder continued, "who do not realize that Austria is acting exactly as she is bidden by Germany. To-morrow you will find that Russia has intervened. If Vienna disregards her there will be mobilization along the frontiers. It is my private and very firm impression that Germany is mobilizing to-day, and secretly."

Mr. Selingman laughed good-humoredly.

"Well, well," he said, "let us hope it is not quite so bad as that."

¶ OLUS union suit is built on entirely different lines from all other makes.

¶ Coat-cut a patented feature—opens all the way down the leg.

¶ Easy to put on; easy to take off—no struggle to dress and undress.

¶ OLUS fits perfectly, with plenty of freedom for all activities.

¶ If it isn't coat-cut, it isn't OLUS, but a substitute.

$1—$1.50—$2—$2.50—$3.

OLUS ONE-PIECE PAJAMA for lounging and comfortable sleep. No strings to tighten or come loose. For Men and Women. $1.50 and upward.

Booklet on request.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

Girard Company
346 Broadway New York

Delivered TO YOU FREE
on Approval and 30 days' Trial

SEND NO MONEY but write today for our big 1915 catalog of "Ranger" Bicycles, Tires and Sundries at prices so low they will astonish you. Also particulars of our great new offer to deliver you a Ranger Bicycle on one month's free trial without a cent expense to you.

BOYS you can make money taking orders for bicycles, tires, lamps, sundries, etc., from our big handsome catalog. It's free. It contains "combination offers" for re-fitting your old bicycle like new at very low cost. Also much useful bicycle information. Send for it.

LOWEST PRICES direct to you. No one can offer better values and terms. You cannot afford to buy a bicycle, tires or sundries without first learning what we can offer you. Write now.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. T-55, CHICAGO, ILL.

No Suspenders Needed

Loosen your belt till it feels perfectly comfortable. Support your trousers without strain, pull or discomfort with the

Invisible TROUSER BELT

Worn inside the trousers, where it holds the garment snugly, uniformly, securely, without binding and without making its presence felt. Trousers cannot sag or slip; shirt can't climb up. No interference with deep breathing. Automatically adjusts itself to every movement of the body. Ask your dealer. Sizes 25c. Limit 50c. Prepaid. Order today.

KOKOMO BELT CO.
339 Main St., Kokomo, Ind.

POMPEIAN
OLIVE OIL
ALWAYS FRESH
PURE-SWEET-WHOLESOME

Digitized by Google

Kyanize
KY-AN-IZE

is the toughest and most durable Wood Finish possible to make. It will not crack, peel or chip, is easily applied, dries quickly and hard with a permanent gloss, cleans perfectly, and is thoroughly sanitary.

Kyanize is especially made to stand wear. It is the most satisfactory finish you can get for **floors, woodwork and furniture.**

25-cent Can FREE Fill out and send us the coupon shown below and enclose with it **twelve 2-cent stamps to pay for postage, packing and a 1-inch chisel-edge brush to put it on with.**

Try Kyanize yourself on some old piece of furniture.

Draw your pencil around the color you want. Natural—Light Oak—Dark Oaks—Cherry—Walnut—Mahogany—Rosewood—Colonial Green—White Enamel.

Boston Varnish Co., 43 Everett Station, Boston, Mass.

Please send me free as offered above a full half-pint can of Kyanize. I enclose twelve 2-cent stamps to pay for brush, postage and packing.

Name_____

Address_____

This Newest Vacuum Sweeper is a BISSELL

At last you can secure a thoroughly practical, reliable vacuum sweeper with sufficient power to really clean thoroughly, yet easily—one that is good enough to *bear the Bissell name and guarantee.*

This will be all the recommendation needed by the hundreds of thousands of women who use the *Bissell's Carpet Sweeper*—the women who have been asking our company to make them a *BISSELL'S Vacuum Sweeper.*

The exclusive features and conveniences embodied in this new BISSELL'S are especially appreciated. Ask your dealer to show you how the dust receptacle comes out with the nozzle in one piece, making emptying sanitary and easy. This is but one of the advantages that characterize the BISSELL'S. You won't find it on other machines.

Prices, depending on locality, are $7.50 to $10.50 for the Vacuum "Cleaner" (without brush) and $9.00 to $12.00 for the Vacuum "Sweeper" (with brush). Carpet sweepers $2.75 to $5.75. Booklet on request.

The complete BISSELL'S line will be found on sale at dealers' everywhere.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.

Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Carpet Sweeping Devices in the World

Department 20

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Put Your Sweeping Reliance in a BISSELL Appliance

"You are frightening me, Captain Fielder," Mrs. Barlow declared. "I am going to take you off to play bridge."

They left the room. Selingman looked after them a little curiously.

"Your military friend," he remarked, "is rather a pessimist."

"Well, we haven't many of them," Norgate replied. "Nine people out of ten believe that a war is about as likely to come as an earthquake."

Selingman glanced toward the closed door.

"Supposing," he said, dropping his voice a little—"supposing I were to tell you, young man, that I entirely agreed with your friend? Supposing I were to tell you that, possibly by accident, he has stumbled upon the exact truth? What should you say then?"

"Well," Norgate observed, "we've agreed, haven't we, that a little lesson would be good for England? It might as well come now as at any other time."

"It will not come yet," Mr. Selingman went on, "but I will tell you what is going to happen."

His voice had fallen almost to a whisper, his manner had become portentous.

"Within a week or two," he said, "Germany and Austria will have declared war upon Russia and Servia and France. Whom Italy will join you yourself know. As for England, her time has not come yet. We shall keep her neutral. All the recent information we have collected makes it clear that she is not in a position to fight, even if she wished to. Nevertheless, to make a certainty of it we shall offer her great inducements. We shall be ready to deal with her when Calais, Ostend, Boulogne and Havre are held by our armies. Now listen, do you flinch?"

The two men were still standing in the middle of the room. Selingman's brows were lowered, his eyes were keen and hard-set. He had gripped Norgate by the left shoulder and held him with his face to the light.

"Speak up," he insisted. "It is now or never, if you mean to go through with this. You're not funking it, eh?"

"Not in the least," Norgate declared.

"Very well," Selingman said at last, "you represent rather a gamble on my part, but I am not afraid of the throw. Come back to our bridge now. It was just a moment's impulse—I thought I saw something in your face. You realize, I suppose—but there, I won't threaten you. Come back and we'll have a drink together. The next few days are going to be rather a strain."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WOMEN UNDER FIRE

(Concluded from Page 7)

dressing station, which they moved from the cellar to a half-wrecked house. They have lived in the smell of straw, blood and antiseptic. The Germans have thrown shells into the wrecked village almost every day. Some days shelling has been vigorous. The bodies of two men lie in the stream, a couple of hundred yards away. The churchyard is choked with dead, who are visible when a shell breaks into the ground. The fields are dotted with hummocks where men and horses lie buried. Just as I was sailing for America the house where the women live and work was shelled. They came to La Panne, and are now planning to return to Pervyse to go on with their work, which is famous throughout the Belgian Army.

As regiment after regiment serves its turn in the trenches of Pervyse it passes under the hands of these three. "The women of Pervyse" are known alike to generals, colonels and privates who held steady at Liège and who have struggled on ever since. For four months the three nurses have endured the noise of shell fire and the smells of the dead and the stricken. The King of the Belgians has with his own hands pinned upon them the Order of Leopold II, highest honor in Belgium for a woman. The King himself wears the Order of Leopold I, the corresponding decoration for a man. They have eased and saved many hundreds of his men.

"No place for a woman," remarked a distinguished Englishman after a flying visit to their home.

"By the law of probabilities, your corps will be wiped out sooner or later," said a war correspondent.

Meantime the women will go on with their cool, expert work. The only way to stop them is to stop the war.

You'll Want These Deskompanions

Mr. and Mrs. Carter Inx are the cheery little impsy ink-bottles that flirt with you as you pen your best thoughts. They are great little gloom-chasers, and are never happier than when they are full-to-the-neck —with

Carter Inx

Mr. Inx likes either blue or black ink, but is especially fond of Carter's Pencraft. The "Mrs." prefers Carter's Carmine because it matches her waist. A quarter to your dealer (or to us with the coupon) and the pair is yours. A novel booklet, "Ink Facts," which goes with the couple, will save you from ink-worries.

Pencraft, by the way, saves buying several different inks for office, for home and for fountain pens. It's the best for all these uses. An exceptional ink which is *all* ink with the mud left out.

S.E.P.—3

THE CARTER'S INK CO.

Boston, Mass.

New York Chicago Montreal

Manufacturers of Writing Inks, Adhesives, Typewriter Ribbons and Carbon Paper.

Gentlemen: Here's a quarter. Send me Mr. and Mrs. Carter Inx.

Name_____

Street_____

City and State_____

KEITH'S FAMOUS PLANS Insure you an individual home at no greater cost to build than "Ready Made." I'll sketch it for you for $5 if it's not among my 2000 Plans. For $1.00 I'll mail you 150 "Homes of Individuality," incl. floor plans, etc. Selected from the best recent types in the U.S. 100 sent at once and 10 each mo. for 5 mos., giving you the very latest. (State cost home wanted.)

W. J. KEITH, Arch't, 103 Keith Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Compiled for PARLIAMENTARY RULES popular use, with references to authorities, Cushing, Reed, Robert, Waples, Jefferson, Farr and others. Contains rules applying to any question likely to arise, condensed, and arranged for quick and easy reference, with table answering over 800 parliamentary questions at a glance. Vest pocket booklet, tough paper cover. Sent postpaid, 15c. Copyright, 1915, by Joseph C. Rice, attorney, 738 Lincoln St., Denver, Colo.

Everyman's and Everywoman's Typewriter

CORONA
FOLDING TYPEWRITER

Formerly the typewriter was largely an unwieldy tool of the business office. But the Corona is the *personal* typewriter for everyone.

You can carry it when traveling—it weighs only 6 pounds and occupies but a corner in your suitcase. *Folds* to a size no larger than a full-grown camera.

A standard machine in every detail—with every modern improvement.

Thousands of men and women, in every field of activity, find the Corona pays for itself in time and money saved. Find out what it will do for you.

Write for Booklet No. 1-My NOW.

CORONA TYPEWRITER CO.
Groton, N. Y.
Branches everywhere.

Cedar Canoes $20 and up

Detroit canoes can't sink

All Canoes Cedar and Copper Fastened

We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog, giving prices direct from factory to you.

DETROIT BOAT CO., 118 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Patents secured or our Fee Returned.

Victor J. Evans & Co., 1 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

Waxit

To Keep a Mirror Finish on Your Floor

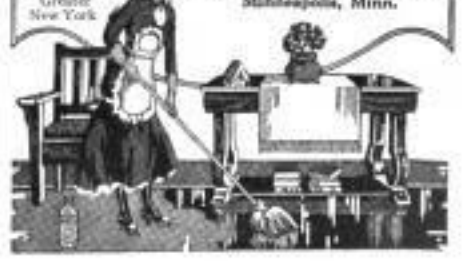
apply WAXIT with a mop. Cleans, collects all dust, and polishes, all in one operation. Easier to use than a dry mop. Use it on your dust cloth too. Then you will not be annoyed by finding dust on all your furniture a few minutes after cleaning. Dust is unsanitary, unhealthful. WAXIT is dust's greatest enemy.

6 oz. 25c. 14 oz. 50c. 1 qt. $1.00. ½ gal. $1.50. gal. $2.50

For sale at garages, department, furniture, hardware and drug stores or by mail prepaid. Sample 10c (with coupon good for 10c toward purchase of a quart or more).

WAXIT SERVICE
5th Ave. Bldg.
Distributors for Greater New York

THE WAXIT MFG. CO.
Minneapolis, Minn.



Digitized by Google

New Building of
PECK DRY GOODS CO.
Kansas City, Mo.
Equipped
throughout with
Brascolites.

STOREKEEPERS are learning that good light is essential to the health and *cheerful service* of employees, to the shopping comfort of customers and to attractive display. More and more of the *advanced* stores are replacing their old-fashioned dim and sleepy or glaring and disconcerting lights with

BRASCOLITE
DIFFUSION PLUS REFLECTION

Puts the brightness and cheeriness of sunlight in the room without the sun's glare—giving perfectly uniform illumination—an assurance of efficiency and eye-health for all workers under artificial light. The combination of Brascolite and Nitrogen lamp gives a light by which colors can be matched as successfully as by outdoor daylight.

Every place where good light and eye-ease can influence work, study, reading, buying, display or enjoyment is just the place to illuminate with Brascolites.

Not a new bulb—but a lighting fixture.

Not just a fixture—a new principle in lighting.

WRITE US FOR FREE BOOK

on Brascolites—explaining the principle and illustrating many handsome designs for office, store, bank, factory, theatre, club, church, hotel, restaurant, home, etc. Will arrange for demonstration by local dealer.

LUMINOUS UNIT COMPANY, St. Louis, U. S. A.

New York—253 Broadway—Suite 608–609
Chicago—318 West Washington St.
Los Angeles—708–9 Van Nuys Bldg.
Philadelphia—1510–11 Land Title Bldg.

THE SANITARY "O. K." ERASER

Includes an Adjustable Metal Holder.

Two Rubbers are made, best quality, use Typewriter and Ink, one for Pencil. These Rubbers last 6 mo. to a year, the Holder a lifetime. By slight pressure, clean rubber is fed down until used; its narrow edge allows a letter or line to be erased without injuring another. Price 10c each. New Rubbers 6c each.

ALL STATIONERS.

Everybody should have this New Eraser

By mail 2c extra. Booklet free.

The O. K. Manufacturing Co., Syracuse, N. Y.
Makers of the well known Washburne "O. K." Paper Fasteners.

General Agents Living Near Water

to demonstrate and take orders for nationally advertised FERRO ROWBOAT and CANOE MOTOR. Sells on sight. See our large advertisement on page 57 this issue. Makes rowboat real motorboat in three minutes. Write or wire today for complete proposition.

Ferro, 575 Hubbard Ave., Cleveland

Two Lunch Hours Pay Him $1.30 a Week

DAVID DOUGLAS is an office boy in the employ of one of Chicago's big stores. Each week he draws his salary—and in addition he earns $1.30 by selling *The Saturday Evening Post*. During lunch hour Thursdays and Fridays he delivers copies to readers throughout the building in which he works.

Any bright boy, already having a position, can earn from one to three dollars a week extra without slighting his regular work. Let us tell you how you can do it.

For everything needed to start, write to Sales Division, Box 855
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE BENEVOLENT EXPLOITATION

(Continued from Page 14)

He was backed into a corner by circumstances and conscience threatened to turn his flank. In his own way that was what he thought as he knelt under the trestled pipe line and felt about for the turncock which would send the oil down to the mocking casing on the bench.

He found the cock and tried to turn it, but it stuck. He took both hands and wrestled with it, but he could not open it. With profane impatience he rose and ran back to the house, caught up a wrench and reascended the hill. He adjusted the tool and pressed it, tugged at it, pulled it with all his strength. Then he fell back against a rock, the wrench in his hands—and in its jaws the whole wheel and shaft of the turncock, broken short off at the pipe! Cyrus stood up and looked at it, his hands trembling.

"That's funny!" he said stupidly. "That's darn' funny!"

The tapping scheme was indubitably checked now until he could take out the broken cock and replace it with a new one; but before he had tumbled on his bunk, with his clothes on and his muddy boots dripping to the blankets, he knew he would never make that replacement. Call it conscience, or superstition, or training, or a sense of honor finally wakened, or cowardice—whatever name best suits you—Cyrus was never to complete that felony by carrying out the intent.

Nancy's words about crooked business and honest ranching came to him again—his face burned as he thought of his scheme; and then he slept heavily.

When he wakened the sun was shining and he could hear the whine of the cable on the bull wheel as the "morning tower," or shift of men at the well, lowered away their tools into the casing. On the porch were standing Zed Marley and John Cousins, neighbors from below the Comfort place, and they were calling to him to show himself. Zed was spokesman.

"Look a-here, Cyrus," he said, when that scapegoat for ill-fortune appeared; "we was in San Pablo last night, an' they say there that this fellow Bussen'us has left for good without payin' his bills. Then, night before last, one of the drillers sent him a telegraph that Grace Peters couldn't make head or tail of when she wired it. It looks too suspicious for us. We don't wish you no harm, but we got to get out of this company of yourn. We want our money back—an' we want it now!"

Cyrus scraped one boot heel on the porch edge and played for time. The telegram to Bussenius was beyond him.

"Expect me to dig up your money, boys?" he asked slowly.

"We don't care who digs it up—we're through! We went into it because of you, an' we're comin' to tell you first—before we try makin' a row. And you might as well know now what you'll find out before long—everybody in the neighborhood that can get away is goin' to be down here on you sometime this mornin' lookin' for the insides of this business."

"You mean they're coming here?"

"They're a-comin' here, and they're comin' awful mad. Old Man Bennett was in town last night tryin' to talk to 'em, but they ain't goin' to be shooed off any longer."

Cyrus kicked a bench round and sat down, leaning back against the wall.

"I'll be glad to see them. I'll tell them how things are."

John Cousins, who was a truculent youth with a local reputation for meanness to sustain, spoke up sharply:

"That's all right, an' all that, Pater, an' it's your business; but where's our money—mine an' Zed's?"

Cyrus looked him over. Cousins was angry. Cyrus felt relieved to see it, for some safety valve was becoming exceedingly necessary for him. He pointed coolly off toward the derrick.

"Your money's—most of it—down that hole, John," he said. "If it ever comes up you'll get it. If it don't you lose—same as I do, and the same as Zed does, and the same as the rest of us. Is that fair enough?"

"No; it ain't fair enough—not for me. I got a new tractor at the freight shed that I'm goin' to pay for with the money you an' your slick talker Bussen'us stole ——"

Cyrus stood up.

"That's all!" he snapped. "You're through talking. Another break like that and you'll go home in a wagon, with a blanket pulled over you."

Cousins swore.

"Why, you stock-sellin' thief, you ——"

Cyrus knocked him ten feet away. Zed Marley jumped forward, growling; but Cyrus pushed him off roughly, and Zed stumbled from the porch and sat down with a grunt. Cousins was clambering up, spitting blood, and Cyrus stepped to the ground; but the two visitors had had enough. They backed off discreetly, and Cyrus felt a keen pang of regret as he watched them go to the gate and climb into Marley's buggy.

"We'll get you yet!" Cousins cried. "You wait till the crowd shows up from town—you'll be tarred and feathered and run out of the country. See?"

Cyrus went to the barn and fed his stock; then he went up to the wells. The drillers were pulling their bits again, taking things in a very leisurely fashion. They answered his questions about progress with shakes of the head. Concerning the telegram sent to Bussenius they knew nothing, they said.

"Nothin' but a pipe dream," the foreman guessed. "Them hicks down at San Pablo get tired spittin' tobacco juice all day and has to exercise their imaginations once in a while."

Cyrus returned to the house with his curiosity unsatisfied. Bussenius had hired these men—they were probably scenting an end of operations at San Pablo and trying to get in line for a new job. He thought how much he himself would like half an hour's session with the benevolent exploiter.

Then he went in and gathered up all the books and papers of the company in his possession and began to arrange them so that he could answer questions. He knew exactly what he was going to do. He would confess that Bussenius had fooled him and that he had lost all hope of striking oil. He would propose that they plug the well, sell what salvage they could, and quit. He would turn the ranch over to the creditors and the stockholders, and get out. Perhaps after he had a job, he thought, he might hope that Nancy —— But that was too far in the future.

He went into the books and tried to arrange them. The figures danced before him and jumbled themselves into a tangle of lines and columns. Finally he gave it up, carried the documents out to a table on the porch, and sat down to wait. Half an hour passed; then over the rise to the north he saw the procession coming.

It looked like a funeral, save that the buggies and wagons moved at a sharp pace. As they turned up toward the Pater Ranch, Cyrus could make out some of the rigs and identify the passengers. Zed Marley's yellow-wheeled Concord was there, with Zed and John Cousins in it. So was Mrs. Whitesides' spring-halted gray mare. In a buckboard from the livery stable were several of the townspeople. Mort Bennett's pole team chafed to pass the slower-gaited farm horses—and Nancy was with her father. There were the Frank Davises from Rincon, and the Bruces' outfit, and Captain Wallinger's mules—and a dozen others. Bringing up the rear Walt Marshall's broken-kneed plow team struggled to keep the pace.

They lined up at the fence and, with some embarrassment, the first comers waited for the slower ones to tie their teams. When they moved it was in a body, with solemn faces. It was like a rite. Cousins and John Marley exchanged mutterings with a few of the younger men; Widow Whitesides led the party, fanning herself vigorously.

"The old lady had to come along to see the fun," Cyrus thought, and grinned.

Mort Bennett and Nancy came up and shook hands, but the others halted a few steps away, waiting. Nancy smiled at Cyrus wanly and sat down on the edge of the porch at one side, looking off toward the oil derrick. Cyrus faced her father.

"I heard you folks were coming, Mr. Bennett," he said. "I brought the books and things out for you to see."

Old Captain Wallinger squeaked:

"Did you fetch our money along, too, young Cyrus?"

Mort Bennett held up his hand.

Digitized by Google

"Limp-Kuff"—1915 motor-glove sensation. Grinnell style No. 4446. Black or drab. $2.50 to $3.50.

Do you motor?

Then see these handsome light-weight, smooth-fitting coltskin motor-gloves with the *soft, loose, limp cuffs* that shut out wind, dust and damp when you wish — or wrinkle down naturally over the wrists. Fold, crush or roll up for safe carrying in your pocket. Ventilated—if desired. Just what you need. Ask for "Limp-Kuff."

Grinnell Gloves

Best for every purpose

Made from soft, pliable coltskin, tough as rawhide; are washable—dry flexible as new. Guaranteed not to harden, crack, scuff or shrink.

900 styles for men, women and young folks. All prices—for street, dress, work, outdoor, recreation, etc. Many exclusive features. Get acquainted with "Grip-Tite," "Rat-Fit," "Reinforced," "Rip-Proof" and the others!

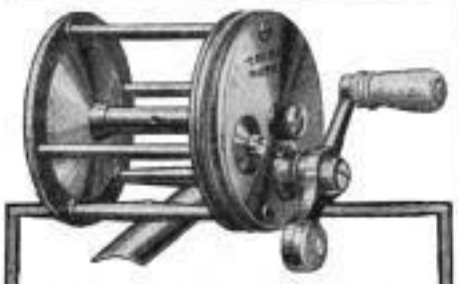
At most good dealers'—otherwise forwarded on approval prepaid. Glove Book and leather samples free—state dealer's name.

Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Co.
(Established 1856)
25 Broad Street,
Grinnell, Ia.

Your Grinnell Mark

For 59 years a dependable mark

V-4600—Coltskin gloves with ventilated backs for driving and all outdoor use —$1.75 to $2.25.



REMARKABLE
Records Made With
TALBOT
FISHING REELS

These famous Talbot Reels have won a place of distinction as winners in many of the greatest tournaments throughout the country, competing with other high-class Reels in the hands of experts.

Perfect Control—Speedy—Smooth

Every Talbot Reel is hand-made. Because of the absolute perfection of workmanship on bearings and gears—the high-grade, almost wear-proof material of each part—the perfect proportions, accurate balancing and elimination of surplus weight—Talbot hand-made Reels will give you perfect service and long wear. They will require less attention—less cleaning and oiling—than ordinary Reels, and will last a lifetime.

Remarkable Guarantee Protects You

A legal, binding guarantee insures you absolutely against loss or expense of repairs due to imperfect material or workmanship. Each Talbot Reel *must* be right, and if any part goes wrong we guarantee to replace it absolutely free.

12 Stock Models A Reel For Every Purpose and Purse

Whether you want a Reel for tournament work or for fishing, you can find exactly what you need among our 12 stock models at the price you want to pay. We also make Talbot Reels to order, and do it at a reasonable price.

See Dealer or Write Us

Talbot Reels are sold nearly everywhere in the world. If your dealer does not sell Talbot Reels, send us his name at once and we will mail you our free booklet showing our entire line and facts to prove that you should use Talbot Reels for perfect results.

We Maintain An Expert Service Department For Talbot Reel Owners and Assure Prompt Attention To Every Repair

TALBOT REEL & MFG. CO.
314–16 E. 8th St., Dept. 1, Kansas City, Mo.

"We want to get this whole thing straightened out, Cyrus," he said, tugging at his beard. "The folks aren't satisfied with the way the business is going."

"I'm with them on that," Cyrus said.

"They've been talkin' it over, seems like. Some of 'em got stock cheaper than others, and some of 'em ain't got much stock to show for what they paid in, and some of 'em loaned this fellow Bussen'us money or gave him credit before he hiked out. They thought you might know about it."

Cyrus turned to the crowd. His face was red and he pulled at his coat nervously. He had never spoken to an audience before and what he had to say rasped his throat.

"I guess Bussenius was a crook," he began.

From a safe position in the middle of the assemblage John Cousins cried angrily:

"Might 'a' been two of you, mightn't there?" And several applauded this sentiment.

"Might have been," Cyrus answered; "but there wasn't. I put everything I had into this company and I haven't done any farming this fall. I thought we'd strike oil."

He stopped. Cousins and Zed Marley pushed nearer, carrying the crowd with them. They and some others were muttering and the angry spirit was infectious. Old Mort Bennett, uncertain what to do or say, stepped to one side. It looked as though he was deserting the younger man on the porch.

Sam Paul, the liveryman, spoke from the front rank.

"We don't care what you thought, Pater. We want to know whether we get our money back."

Cyrus gripped his hands on a chair top and leaned on it.

"I told you I put everything I had into those two holes. I didn't have as much as some of you, but all I own is sunk. I didn't sell you stock and I didn't ask any of you to buy in. I'll go as far as I can—I'll turn the ranch over to you and to the folks we owe bills to, and get out. That's all I can do."

One of the horses hitched to the livery buckboard at the fence pulled back and neighed shrilly. This started others. Cyrus looked over the heads of the crowd, where they were digesting his offer, and then he saw a cloud of dust, half a mile away, from which there emerged a light buggy drawn by a galloping horse. The driver was standing, and even at that distance it could be seen that he was belaboring the animal with the whip and urging it to greater speed. Some stockholder who had heard the news of the gathering was evidently attempting to arrive before the melon was cut; and Cyrus smiled a little.

"Don't look to me like there's any rush, neighbor," he said half aloud.

The stockholders were moving restlessly. Sam Paul, who appeared to be leading the more radical party, called out:

"That's pretty soft for you—giving away a ranch that won't raise enough barley to keep a four-horse team! We want the money we stuck in here—that's what we want!"

"I thought you did," Cyrus answered sharply. "I guessed that from what you've been saying. Well, I ain't got it."

"What are you telegraphin' your pal Bussen'us about?" John Cousins questioned angrily.

"I didn't send him any telegram. I don't know where he is. Wish I did!"

Sam Paul took up the new line.

"Your driller sent him a wire night before last. Looks like you an' him is still pretty thick—that's the way it looks to us."

Cyrus turned to old Mort Bennett.

"I don't believe we're going to get any place with this sort of wranglin', Mr. Bennett," he began, and stopped.

The old rancher's eyes and attention were on the belated visitor, who was pulling up his horse at the gate. Bennett had forgotten to twitch at his beard, and his mouth was gaping. Cyrus swung round and looked.

R. B. Bussenius, the benevolent exploiter, sprang to the ground and came forward panting—and smiling.

His string tie was hanging over one shoulder, his hat was gone and his new black clothes were gray with dust; but he was the same Bussenius.

"Good morning, everybody," he jerked out amiably; "it looks as though I'm just in time."

They were all facing his way now. He pushed through and stood on the porch by

For your FORD

Atwater Kent
Ignition

Your first ride in an Atwater Kent-equipped Ford will surprise you—you will see for yourself the wonderful performance of this remarkable motor when equipped with the same modern high-grade ignition system which has displaced the magneto on thirty representative American cars.

Imagine running through a crowded street at three or four miles per hour on high, and at the first break in traffic accelerating with all the smoothness and rapidity of a "light six" up to the limit of your speed, without changing gears or touching the spark lever.

Just think of a scientific ignition system which gives you a single hot spark, uniformly hot and exactly alike in each cylinder, no matter whether the motor is being cranked slowly or is running at forty-five miles an hour—and at the same time ridding your dash of the noisy vibrating coils with their fussy and delicate adjustments.

The wonderful automatic spark advance which is only one feature of the Atwater Kent System, makes the motor self-regulating. The spark is always safely retarded for easy starting, automatically advanced for high speeds and automatically retarded for low speeds and hill climbing. The driver can forget the spark lever and control his car by means of the throttle alone, leaving both mind and hands free.

In installing Atwater Kent Ignition you join a mighty army of one hundred thousand owners, ten thousand dealers, two hundred jobbers and thirty manufacturers, all of whom can certify to its success. More than one-quarter of all the cars made this year, exclusive of Fords, are Atwater Kent-equipped.

FREE: Write your name and address now on the margin of this advertisement, or send a postal for an interesting Ford story, "Why Smith Kept His Ford," together with complete descriptive matter relative to this famous ignition system.

Atwater Kent Mfg. Works 4937 STENTON AVE. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Don't Throw Away Your Worn Tires

For over three years European motorists have been getting from 10,000 to 15,000 miles out of their tires by "half-soling" them with Steel Studded Treads.

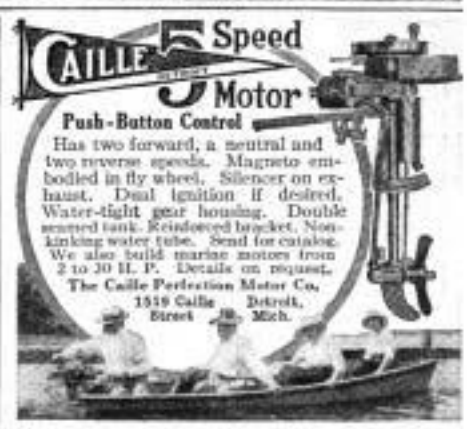
In eight months over 20,000 American motorists have followed their example and are saving $50 to $200 a year in tire expense.

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL without a cent deposit, prepay express and let you be the judge. Durable Treads double the life of your tires and are sold under a signed guarantee for 5,000 miles without puncture. Applied in your own garage in 30 minutes.

SPECIAL DISCOUNT offered to motorists in new territory on first shipment direct from factory. A postal will get full information and sample within a week. State size of tires. Don't wait—write today.

THE COLORADO TIRE & LEATHER CO.
465A Coster Bldg., W. Austin Ave., Chicago, Ill.
1258A Tread Building, Denver, Colo.

Caille 5 Speed Motor



Push-Button Control

Has two forward, a neutral and two reverse speeds. Magneto embodied in fly wheel. Silencer on exhaust. Dual ignition if desired. Water-tight gear housing. Double armored tank. Reinforced bracket. Non-kinking water tube. Send for catalog. We also build marine motors from 2 to 30 H. P. Details on request.

The Caille Perfection Motor Co.
1519 Caille Street, Detroit, Mich.

The Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Most of your friends use it and profit by it

Bicycle Tires $2.48 Each Smooth Tread
of Goodyear Quality
$2.75 for Non-Skid

$2.75 Each for Non-Skid

No need to pay an average of $4.75 for tires when $2.48 buys the famous Goodyear-Akron, single tube—guaranteed. For here is a quality tire through and through. No better tire is built.

The price is so low because of enormous output and modern equipment. Here up to 10,000 pneumatic tires are produced daily. And we are content with small profit.

Goodyear-Akron Bicycle tires are made by the same experts that make Goodyear Automobile and Motorcycle tires, which hold top place in their fields. Tires made of lesser quality sell for less—but poor tires are not worth while. For only $2.48 you can get the world's best—a guaranteed tire of beauty, durability and service.

How to Get Them

The Smooth Tread, size 28 by 1½, costs you $2.48 per tire. The Non-Skid, sizes 28 by 1½, 1¾ or 1¾, at $2.75. Ask your dealer for them. If he hasn't them, and you insist, he will get them from our nearest branch. Remember this when you go to buy tires.

GOODYEAR AKRON

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO
Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires (2343)

Digitized by Google

THIS is the garter for hot-weather comfort. It is light as a silk sock, mighty cool and agreeable to your skin. Ivory Garters are free of pads. Their clasps are non-rusting, non-corroding and sanitary—there's not a bit of metal on them. And they can't tear your sock or scratch your leg.

This absence of armor makes Ivory Garter light as a silk sock; lessens sweating and chafing, makes it so comfortable that you won't change to any other kind on a bet. And if Ivory Garters don't do just what we say, fire them back and get your money—that's our guarantee.

Take our word for it—put up a quarter for Ivory Garters. 25c and 50c at most haberdashery shops. If not at yours, buy from us.

Ivory Garter

REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFFICE

Dealers: Write for our unusual selling plan.

IVORY GARTER CO., New Orleans

Set out Roses in May for flowers in June. The best kinds, the way to plant and to care for them, are told in this week's issue of

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Cyrus, who drew away from him, frowning. Sam Paul cried:

"There's the pair of 'em. Let's run 'em both out of here on a rail!"

He was answered with cries of approval, and the younger and more militant section surged forward; but Bussenius only smiled.

"Just a minute, gentlemen," he said coolly. "Give me a minute and you'll all be glad. I should say so!"

Captain Wallinger shrilled excitedly:

"Let him talk, boys!"

"That's it!" Bussenius cried. "I went out of here in a hurry. No—wait, now! I'm going to tell you why. I found we were getting into difficulties and I wanted to see you people whole again—get your money out for you. I've come back with it."

"Our money?" somebody asked sharply.

For answer the benevolent exploiter drew out a roll of bills round which he could not circle his fingers. The ranchers were silenced by the mere sight of it.

"I should say so!" the promoter said smoothly. "I told you there was oil under these ranches and I still believe it; but our new surveys show that it's deeper than we thought—maybe a mile deep."

He paused to let that sink in. Cyrus was puzzled. There was something irresistible about R. B. Bussenius when he opened his mouth and talked and smiled; but Cyrus Pater was not converted—not yet. Bussenius went on:

"If you want to wait and put up some more money we'll probably strike oil. Probably—I should say so! But if you don't I'm here to buy your stock. I'll give you what you paid. Don't crowd now. Who's first?"

He took out a fountain pen, pulled the table nearer, cleared a space on it and faced them—the roll of bills prominently displayed. Instantly Zed Marley and John Cousins pushed forward. In a moment they had signed their names to the indorsement blank on the reverse of their certificates and received their money—two hundred dollars apiece. Others were fumbling in pockets or bags for their certificates. A few drew aside and whispered together.

Then Cyrus stepped to the edge of the porch.

"Wait a minute, folks!" he began. "I don't trust this man Bussenius—not a little bit. I don't know what his game is; but ——"

Sam Paul was coming toward the promoter with his gaudy stock certificate in his hand, and at Cyrus' words he turned suddenly red and began to scream.

"Shut your face!" he cried in a rage. "Crawl off that porch an' get out of here, you sneak, or we'll come up there an' horsewhip you! You can't keep out of other people's business for a holy minute, can you? You dry up or I'll dry you up!"

Cyrus leaned down.

"I don't think you will, Sam Paul," he said thickly, for he, too, was angry. "If you want to try it ——"

Bussenius seized the young rancher's coat and began tugging at it. A woman screamed and the older people began to scatter, while a group of the men pressed in. Cyrus shook himself free.

Then all of them were stopped where they stood. There was a sudden heavy roar as of escaping steam. There came a shrill yell from the derrick, the sound of splitting boards, and a crash as a string of tools fell to the platform. The stockholders caught their breath—mouths gaping, eyes staring, hands clutching.

Only R. B. Bussenius, the benevolent exploiter, moved. He sat down, with a strange oath, gripping the two stock certificates he had just bought.

"They couldn't hold her down long enough—damn 'em!" he whimpered.

A workman in greasy overalls was running down the hill toward the house, shrieking; and it took his words to waken the startled, unbelieving crowd.

"A gusher!" he screamed hoarsely. "We've struck oil! Look out!"

And from the casing on the southwest bench there burst a great black stream which rose to the top of the derrick, carrying with it the blocks and tools with which the drillers had attempted to imprison it. It rose and was caught by the wind and feathered out, to fall to earth again in a somber cloud of rain; and the roar filled the whole place deafeningly.

Cyrus Pater sat down weakly and looked at Nancy. Her eyes were on him; her hands were clasped at her throat—her back was turned on the new well.

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES
The Florsheim SHOE
MEN WEAR THEM EVERYWHERE
BRING to mind the most comfortable shoe you've ever worn—how soft, easy and restful it was—such is the comfort you'll find in the Florsheim Flexsole—specially prepared flexible soles. "Natural Shape" lasts and Soft Kid stock give ease from the start. Price $6.
Look for Name in Shoe
Booklet showing "Styles of the Times" free on request.
The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago
The Florsheim "Flexsole" Black or Tan
Style S193
FLORSHEIM

Pajamas Perfected

Now Made in One Piece, Called Pajunion.

Here's the cool sleeping attire for hot summer nights. A one-piece, union-suit pajama—the Pajunion Suit! Extra in everything but cost! No bunching draw-string at waist. Improved fit. Coat cannot crawl up. Workmanship unusually good and thorough. Tailoring, buttons, button-holes, finish, inspection—every detail—perfect. Withstands wear and laundries. Price $1.00 to $3.00.

This distinctively smart design is but one of 317 Styles for Summer and Winter in Brighton-Carlsbad Sleepingwear, For All The Family.

Sold by several thousand dealers or direct if your dealer cannot supply you. Write for catalog and sample swatches of materials.

H. B. Glover Co. Dept. 35 Dubuque, Iowa

Digitized by Google

Chalmers Motor Cars

Every Chalmers Motor Car is manufactured in the great Chalmers plant at Detroit.

This plant covers 30 acres; employs 4000 trained, skilled workmen.

CHALMERS · MOTOR · CO. Detroit, Mich. U.S.A.

Quality First

Quality

"On this Rock-Quality-I mean to build my Business"

Hugh Chalmers Nov. 22 1907

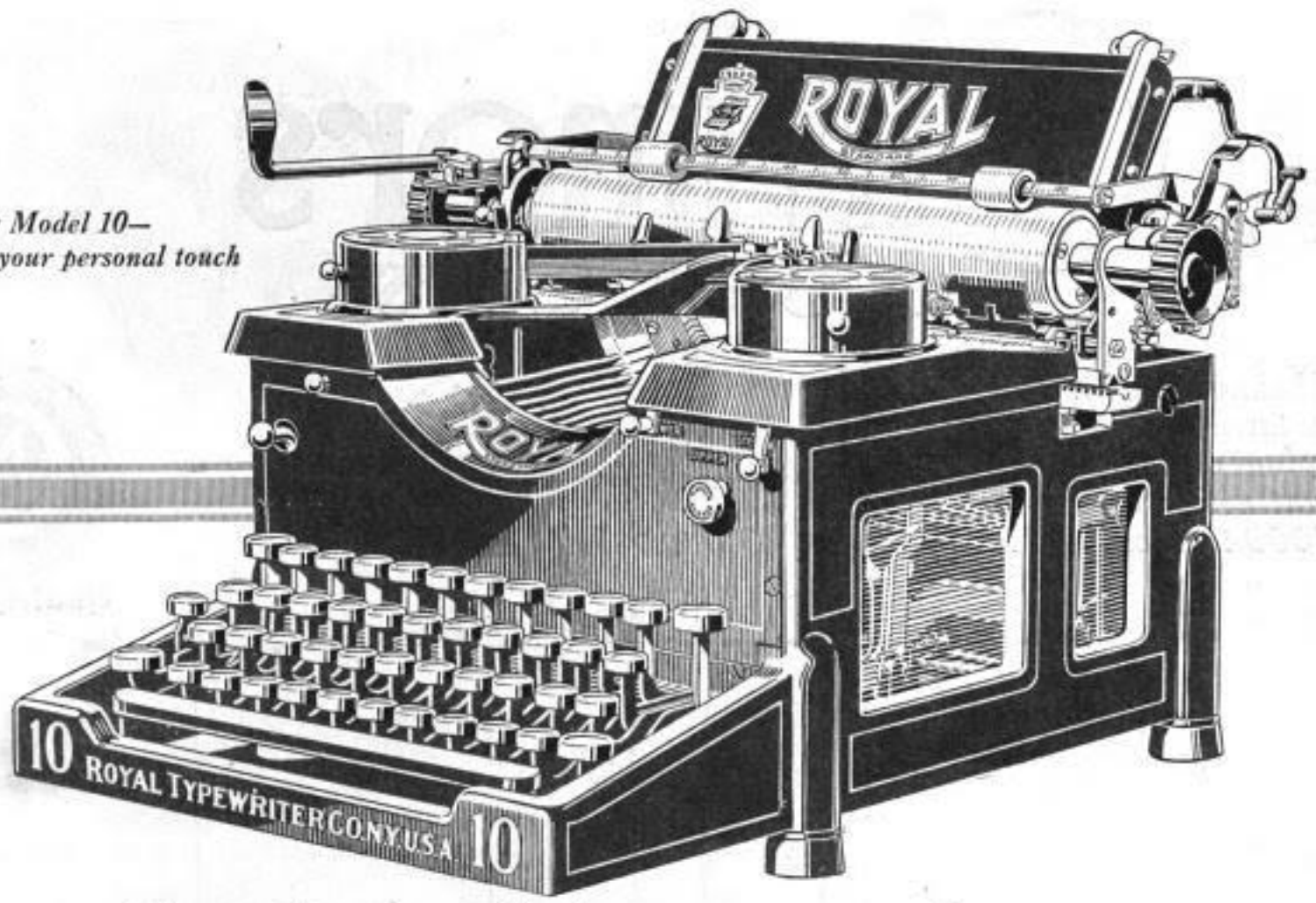
This "Quality" is exemplified in three models of Chalmers Motor Cars,—the New Six-40 at $1,400; the Light Six-48 at $1,650; the Master Six-54 at $2,400. See them at your nearest Chalmers dealer, or send to us for information and literature.

CHALMERS MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

Let your next Car be a Chalmers

Digitized by Google

Royal Master Model 10—
adjustable to your personal touch



Settle it right now—have a Royal demonstration today

If we can give you a typewriter instantly and permanently adjusted to the personal touch of any stenographer—a typewriter that performs so humanly that there seems to be no mechanical means between the fingertips and the work itself—*you want it.*

If we can give you a typewriter that does its work so well, so rapidly, and so continuously that there never is a thought of replacing it—*you want it.*

If we can give you a typewriter that will turn out letters of perfect presswork—the kind of letters that breathe "class" and "up-to-dateness"—*you want it.*

If we can give you a typewriter that not only writes but bills and charges and writes cards for indexes and files—writes anywhere and everywhere on the card—and does all this without a single extra attachment—*you want it.*

If we can give you a typewriter that will help your stenographer to do more work, do it better, do it easier—a typewriter that will bring sunshine into your office—*you want it.*

If we can give you a typewriter that stands up to its work hour after hour, day in and day out, and doesn't go to the bad and blockade things because the repair man has to come—*you want it.*

If we can give you a typewriter that is built not only to do its work better and do more of it, but built to live for years and years—*you want it.*

We *can* do that very thing. We *are* doing it. We've *been* doing it. That's the *reason* for Royal leadership today.

We're ready any minute to show you and *prove* to you that the day you Royalize your office you are making an investment that you will never regret.

Get the facts. Know the Royal. It will prove itself to you.

Telephone or write us right *now*, if you are in your office. If you are not, make a note of it, then drop us a postal card and we'll come. Not the slightest obligation in the world on your part—we are more than satisfied to demonstrate the Royal and let it sell itself.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.

General Offices, Royal Typewriter Bldg., 364 Broadway, New York Factory, Hartford, Conn.

Branches and Agencies the World Over

Digitized by Google

Do you know "Welch Junior?"

The youngest of the four sizes of Welch's has been named "Welch Junior."

This individual bottle (4-oz. size) holds just enough for one. It's your guarantee at soda fountains of *purity, quality and satisfaction.*

Many people think Welch's, but forget to say it, or do not think it necessary to specify when they order. You want the best:

Welch's

"The National Drink"

You owe it to yourself to specify Welch's when you order for home use or at the fountain. Retailers frequently tell us that many do not specify any brand, but simply ask for "grape juice," and the dealer rightly or wrongly takes this as giving him permission to hand out anything that has borne a grape juice label.

Welch quality starts with the grapes. "Welch Quality Concords" is a familiar term in the Chautauqua grape belt—it means first quality grapes grown in well-cared-for vineyards. We pay the necessary bonus and get the best. Unusual care and cleanliness mark every step in the Welch process.

Do not give any dealer an excuse to offer you the kind he happens at the time to prefer to sell—say Welch's distinctly. Order "Welch Junior" at the fountain—ten cents.

Get the Welch Habit—It's one that won't get you

If unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha. "Welch Junior" (4-oz. size) bottle mailed for 10c.

The Welch Grape Juice Company - - - Westfield, New York

Digitized by Google

By reading of
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR-

And hearing of
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR-

And thinking of
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR-

You will
EVENTUALLY
come to having
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR-

With much satis-
faction and
economy to your-
self.

WHY NOT NOW ?

AT ALL GROCERS

Digitized by Google

The famous hot water test, which has convinced thousands that Valspar is absolutely waterproof and washable.

Little household accidents like this cause no consternation if the woodwork is Valsparred.

The Pennsylvania R. R., after severe tests of many varnishes, adopted Valspar for varnishing its locomotive tenders.

The woodwork of the palatial banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co., New York, is finished with Valspar.
Architects: Trowbridge & Livingston, N. Y.

"Tech, Jr." varnished with Valspar, the leading marine varnish.
Photo by Edwin Levick, N. Y.

Valspar—*the wonderful waterproof varnish*—

Valspar is a *wonderful* varnish. It is suitable for practically every varnish use, indoors and out.

It is different in many ways from the old style varnish, which was a continual problem in the home.

Old style varnish turned white from exposure to water; a hot plate caused an unsightly white ring on the dining-room table. Furniture had to be handled with care and cleaned with oils and polishes.

Valspar has done away with all this.

Spilled liquids do not mar a Valsparred surface in the slightest. Hot plates do not harm it. Rain or snow through an open window has no effect on a Valsparred floor.

In fact, the way to clean Valspar is to wash it.

Valspar really violates all traditions of the varnish business.

In the beginning, when we claimed that it was good for all uses—indoors and out—the **whole** industry said, "Impossible—there must be separate varnishes for floors, for furniture and for outdoor use."

Some may believe this even now, but here are certain obstinate facts:

First—Over 300 manufacturers of furniture are now using Valspar on their products because it is waterproof, mar-proof and superior in finish and durability.

Second—Thousands of homes have Valsparred woodwork and have found it to be absolutely waterproof and accident-proof. Ask your neighbors who have used Valspar what they think of it.

Third—Prominent railroads, like the Pennsylvania, are using it for finishing the new steel cars and locomotive tenders—about the most strenuous service required of varnish.

Fourth—Great office buildings, like the Singer Building and the J. P. Morgan Building in New York; great department stores, like Lord & Taylor's and R. H. Macy & Co.; and innumerable schools and institutions of all kinds are using Valspar on their woodwork, because they can wash it and keep it sanitary.

Fifth—Leading yachts, such as Vanitie and Shamrock IV, and all the principal racing motor boats, such as the Baby Speed Demon II, are varnished with Valspar.

The same varnish is used for all these purposes.

We have made strong claims for Valspar, it is true—but we think that the above facts fully substantiate them.

SPECIAL OFFER: For ten cents in stamps, to cover cost of mailing and package, we will send you sufficient Valspar to cover a small table or chair so you can test for yourself its durability and also see that it is absolutely waterproof.

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 458 Fourth Avenue, NEW YORK

Largest Manufacturers of High-grade Varnishes in the World

ESTABLISHED 1832

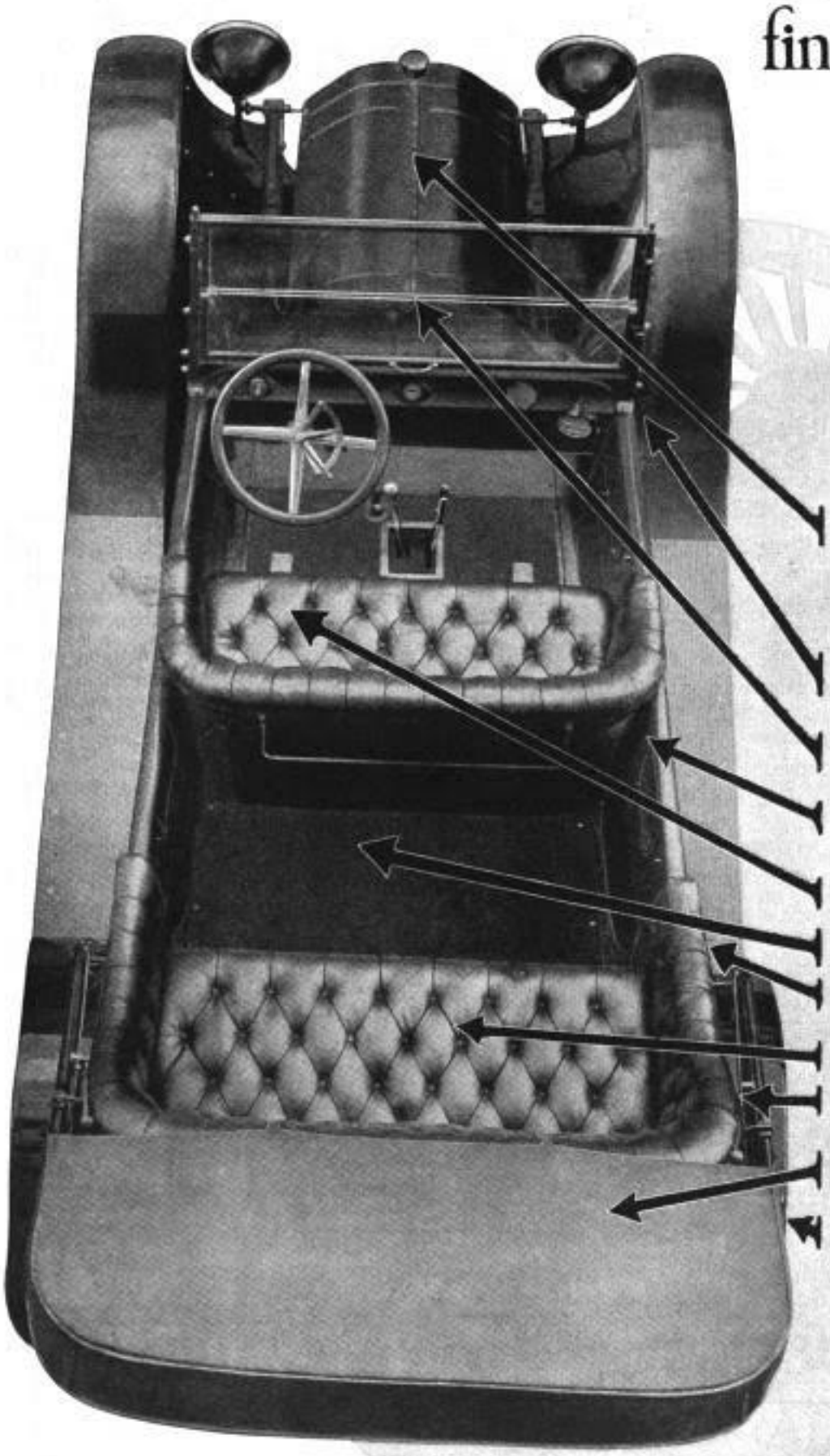
New York Chicago Boston
Toronto Paris Amsterdam

TRADE VALENTINE'S VARNISHES MARK

W. P. FULLER & COMPANY
San Francisco
Agents for Pacific Slope

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

Digitized by Google



Before you pay more find a FOUR that gives more at $985

And before you pay less—give a second thought to QUALITY. This is the car that Studebaker built to live up to its IDEAL of a Four. And it is only when you come to study it side by side with other Fours that you begin to appreciate how much you can buy in this FOUR at $985 "—because it's a Studebaker" —and how needless it is to pay more.

But judge it, not on its price, but on the *qualities* that YOU yourself want in a car.

Raise the hood and study that Studebaker Motor with its marvelously simplified design. Note how high the carburetor is—how easily the valve-mechanism can be reached—how perfectly get-at-able the pump, oilers and electric units are.

Observe, too, that Studebaker uses the reliable-at-any-speed Battery system of ignition that most of the leading cars have substituted for the magneto. Note the lightest, simplest, surest electric starter ever put in a car.

Note, for example, that the beautiful CROWN fenders are enameled, NOT painted—the durability of the finish literally baked into the steel. Why be satisfied with old-style flat fenders when Studebaker gives you crown fenders?

Note the built-in windshield—light, rigid, graceful in design—storm-proof, ventilating, rain-vision.

And then observe that the doors are wide and easy-opening—front and back and both sides—plenty of space for passage into the car with no levers to climb over. Hinges and catches are hidden. No latches left to tear even the fluffiest of summer dresses.

Get up into the car and see how roomy it is. Here is one car where there is plenty of room in the front seat for the driver.

And lots of room, too, in the tonneau—plenty of room for three full-grown people.

Note, too, that the running-boards are clear—not a thing left on them to mar the graceful lines of the car.

And when you sink down into the restful cushions, enjoy their cosy depths—feel the glove-soft quality of the genuine buffed leather.

And then, note the finish of this FOUR—satiny and attractive. Goes through 20 color and varnish operations. It's a STAY-NEW finish.

One-man type top, too—goes up in a jiffy if a thundershower happens to catch you unawares—and it keeps you dry and cosy in any weather, winter or summer.

And then, the Studebaker FULL-floating Rear Axle! Not the heavy, malleable cast affair, but a splendid piece of axle construction—the kind you find on the Studebaker SIX and on the higher-priced Sixes—beautifully simple and accessible. Not an ounce of weight on the axle shafts.

And then, study the design of the Chassis itself. See how marvelously Studebaker engineers have simplified it and distributed its weight—balanced it to drive straight as an arrow and ride easy as an ocean liner. Studebaker drives through radius rods and NOT through the springs. Note the OVER-size brakes and the brake-equalizer.

Four-$985

STUDEBAKER DIFFERENCES

FULL floating Rear Axle.—Drive thru' TWO radius rods and Torque arm.—TRIPLE-life, double-shackle Springs.—NEVER-failing Battery Ignition.—OVER-size brakes and Brake Equalizer.—13 Timken Bearings.—Finish that takes 20 operations and 60 days in shops.

STUDEBAKER PRICES

Studebaker ROADSTER, . . .	$ 985
Studebaker LIGHT SIX, . . .	1385
Studebaker SIX—7-passenger, . .	1450

F. O. B. Detroit

—because it's a

Studebaker

Go over the whole car, point by point. Then, ride in it and drive it. Test its power on any hills you like. And then, when you remember that this is a FOUR that has made good for 100,000 owners—ask yourself: "Must I pay more than $985 for a FOUR?" and would it be wise to pay less?

STUDEBAKER — — — DETROIT

Canadian Plants: Walkerville, Ont.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1915,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 187 *PHILADELPHIA, MAY 15, 1915* *Number 46*

THE CHINESE PUZZLE

A Talk on Policies and Conditions With the President of China—By Samuel G. Blythe

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The First Chinese Parliament

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

President Yuan Shi Kai

WHATEVER China can concede will be conceded; but she cannot help remaining firm on those articles which encroach on China's sovereignty or infringe the treaty rights of other Powers."

His Excellency Yuan Shi Kai, President of China, in one softly spoken but momentous sentence, thus expressed his views and the views of his country on the demands made by Japan on China, in an interview given me on the afternoon of April fifteenth in the Presidential Palace in Peking. We had talked of many things relating to China and to the President's plans for her development. We had spoken of the experiment in republicanism this ancient nation is now making, before we came to the vital question of the day—the relations between Japan and China and the demands made by Japan on China, which were then being discussed officially in Peking by the Chinese Foreign Office and the Japanese Minister.

"Mr. President," I asked him, "will you explain to me China's foreign policy, especially as it relates to the Chino-Japanese negotiations now pending?"

The President took a sip from the cup of tea that stood before him and placed both hands on the small table at which we were sitting. He looked straight across the table at me and slowly and gravely described China's foreign policy as a policy of peace and truthfulness—peace with all the world and truth to all the world.

He did not say much, but into what he did say all nations, and especially Japan, can read the clear warning that China does not intend to sacrifice her integrity as a nation or allow it to be destroyed or impaired; and that China does not intend that treaty rights guaranteed to other nations by China shall be infringed upon.

His Excellency's language is diplomatic, but his meaning is plain.

There were two persons present at this interview besides the President and myself—Dr. Wellington Koo, of the Chinese Foreign Office, who acted as interpreter, and Mr. Wong, Master of Ceremonies at the Palace.

We talked for an hour. Afterward, the essential points of the interview were written out and put into Chinese.

The President carefully read the translation of my notes and marked the pages with the Chinese characters he uses to approve official documents. The following statement, therefore, which I am sending by cable, is an authorized and approved interview with President Yuan Shi Kai:

"Ever since the commencement of friendly intercourse between China and the United States their relations have without any interruption been most cordial and amicable. Now that the two nations are under the same form of government and are inspired by the same ideals, their mutual friendship is sure to grow more intimate. I retired from public service in the year 1908, and thereupon resolved to keep away from political activities permanently. But at the outbreak of the revolution of 1912, when the whole nation was in a state of turmoil, shaking the very foundations of the state, I had to respond to the call of my country to come to her rescue; and I emerged from retirement, to do for her all that was in my power. I cannot say that I have ably discharged my duties, but I am anxious to do my share as a citizen.

"It is particularly fortunate that during the three years I have been in office the peace and order of the country have been restored and the means of livelihood of the people have also gradually improved. I consider the present moment a favorable time to study questions concerning national welfare and the development of republican ideals. The fact that China is a large country with a teeming population, of course, renders it somewhat difficult to accomplish these objects

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

One of the Chief Streets in Peking

Digitized by Google

within a short period of years. There must be time to carry them out. Concerning this matter of internal improvements my policy consists of two phases:

"The first is to establish more schools through the country, for the purpose of promoting public education and of making known to our people their responsibilities as citizens of the republic. As our system of government has changed, popular education now becomes a more fundamental necessity than ever before.

"When I was governor of Shan-tung Province and Viceroy of Chi-li, I paid particular attention to education and spared no pains in encouraging it. The interest in education taken by the United States Government was clearly shown in its liberal return to China of part of the Boxer indemnity, for the purpose of sending students to be educated in America. This gracious act has made its deep and permanent impression upon my heart.

"Secondly, I propose to develop industries and proper means of communication. I learn that the commerce and the finances of the United States owe their prosperity to a great extent to the efficiency of means of communication. Although we are gradually adding new railways to existing lines, my opinion is that the more we have of them the better. I also propose extensively to survey our mining fields and to develop the best ones first, so that with small investment there will be large profits. China, as a nation of farmers, should likewise pay close attention to agriculture. I have had consultations with the Ministry of Commerce and Agriculture and have asked them to translate into Chinese the latest publications on scientific methods of farming. Simple language will be used, so that the translations may be given to farmers to increase their knowledge. Apart from this the government will start model farms at suitable points as object lessons to farmers. Furthermore, agricultural societies should be formed for the purpose of disseminating and putting into effect the latest knowledge in regard to agricultural methods. China has recently obtained the services of an American expert in agriculture who is now collecting scientific data and is selecting the best cotton seed with a view to improving the methods of raising cotton in China. This is merely one instance of how China is giving close attention to agriculture.

"Coming to the question of China's finances, much improvement has been effected within the past year. The domestic loan of sixteen million dollars floated last August for the first time in China's history was oversubscribed to the amount of twenty-one million dollars, showing that the national spirit of the Chinese people is developing. Another internal loan of twenty-four million dollars for this year, secured by reliable sources of public revenue, has been taken over entirely by banking institutions, including the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, a British company, and it is certain good results will accrue.

"Although the revenue of the government is now sufficient to pay all administrative expenses after meeting foreign indemnity and loan obligations, there is yet no surplus to develop industries. I am opposed to loans contracted for nonproductive uses because they tend to foster extravagance; but I am heartily in favor of utilizing foreign capital to develop our industries, because capital thus invested will not only bring profit to investors but also bear good fruit in the industrial life of the nation.

"As regards China's foreign policy, I can say that it consists of the two simple principles of peace and truthfulness. Like Americans, the Chinese people are peace-loving and

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Two Chinese Women Officers

are fond of truth in dealing with other nations. China always tries to settle matters by frank and amicable negotiations.

"Although I do not desire to express any opinion on the questions now under negotiation between China and Japan, yet I may say that I hope they can be peaceably arranged. Whatever China can concede will be conceded, but she cannot help remaining firm on those articles which encroach on China's sovereignty or infringe the treaty rights of other Powers.

"In conclusion, I want to tell you that I am glad to note the friendly interest which the American people have taken in China, a gratifying token of seventy years of mutual friendship between the two countries."

Consider the Shop Boy

"IT IS cheaper to experiment with office boys, shop boys and beginners than with sales managers," a well-known efficiency expert declared recently. "The man who hires his cheapest help with as much care as he would use in selecting a department head or a general manager will generally find it unnecessary to pay a high premium to dislodge a big man from the top of a competitor's organization. Every man or boy who is hired to work with his hands should be considered with a view to the fact that he holds promise of being able to work with his head. Hire the right kind of office boys, stock boys, messengers and helpers, and you will establish an almost automatic supply of good salesmen, superintendents and executives.

"Pick your shop boys as carefully and as intelligently as you would select a high-priced superintendent, and you will ultimately find that, as a general rule, you will not have to go outside your own organization for competent men with whom to fill your positions that command salaries instead of wages. You will, in short, command your own source of supply for all the higher positions in your organization. This takes time, vigilance and intelligence, and it cannot be done in a month or a year; but it is the only solid and permanent basis on which to build. I have seen it worked out to convincing conclusions in scores of cases.

"The men who are keenest in laying such a foundation keep in close touch with the heads of high schools, colleges and technical institutions. In the case of shop help—particularly before there has been time in which to build an organization from the bottom up—advertisements in the best technical magazines bring good results; but the most effective way in which to attract the best help is to have the best place in which to work. Nothing pulls like this. The factory that, in addition to the right labor policy, has attractive working conditions will invariably have the best human materials from which to pick and choose. The worker who is not sensitive enough to care whether he labors in dark, filthy, inconvenient and disorderly surroundings or in a bright, orderly and attractive place is of too low a mental order to make good organization material.

"Now just a word on the score of what is called scientific selection of help. Knowing that I have studied this modern problem consistently for many years, and that I have installed such systems in large concerns, I am not infrequently asked by smaller manufacturers whether I cannot give them just a hint, so that they may apply it in a plain, common-sense way. And I have answered in these words:

"Forget that there are such words as science and psychology; then do a little careful thinking on the subject of the work you have to do and the different classes into which it naturally divides itself. Suppose you are running a machine shop—the roughest and simplest division of your workers will be: Heavy laborers, light laborers, molders, heavy-machine workers, light-machine workers, heavy assemblers, light assemblers, die and tool makers. Then take each class and write opposite it a list of the qualities a man must have to do that particular work well.

"As a surveyor would put it, this establishes the base lines. Any employer of labor who has not tried this simple method of clearing the ground, and fixing definitely in his own mind just what he must get in every man, will be surprised to find how much this process will help in bringing to each job the right man for it.

"There are two other qualifications that should be demanded of every man, whether he applies for a position on the mechanical or the executive staff; these are personal cleanliness and a reasonable equipment of good nature. A dirty boy or man will almost invariably be slovenly in his work and there is no room in any organization for a grouch. As to salesmen, I have one rule that is rather rigorous, but it has justified itself in long-time results: I will not employ as a salesman any man who has a personality that would prevent me from encouraging him to become my personal friend. And I apply the same rule in filling executive positions. No doubt this excludes many able salesmen, but in time it will bring to the man who applies it a salesforce of distinctive quality. I recognize that this rule cannot be applied in all establishments; but the nearer it is approximated by the sales manager who is not obliged to carry a really large force, and who has a high-class line of goods to sell, the better will be his results."

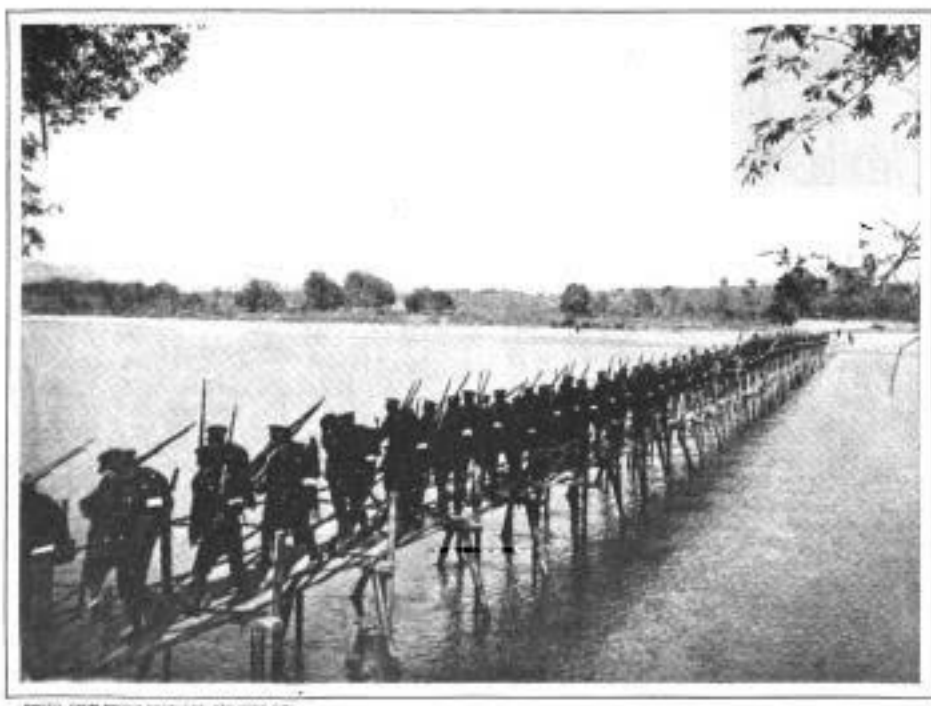


PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A Chinese Military Bridge

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A Chinese Artillery Corps

Digitized by Google

SPY METHODS IN EUROPE

By Melville Davisson Post

WHEN evidences of a World Struggle began to appear the German Secret Service determined on a new method of communicating with its fixed posts in France.

Ever since the Franco-Prussian War the system of colonizing France with agents in the pay of the German Government had been maintained. These persons were usually little shopkeepers, jewelers, silversmiths; but preferably hotel proprietors and managers of wine shops and cafés.

Under the old system these posts were visited from time to time by secret agents in the guise of commercial travelers; but certain investigations, set on foot in France, brought these commercial travelers into question, and a new method was devised. Women were employed instead of these traveling inspectors. These were not beautiful countesses or bewitching creatures of the half-world.

Two middle-aged women of the eminently respectable sort, to be met everywhere in Europe, were the type of secret agent selected under the new method. They were to travel rapidly through France on the swiftest trains—such as the express from Calais to Paris, from Lyons to Marseilles, the Côte d'Azur express, and the fast express from Berlin to Naples by way of Paris.

At important stations, where these fast trains stopped, one of the women would get off for a moment on the platform.

The agent of the German Secret Service established at that point would approach in the crowd, deliver his report into the hands of the woman, and obtain directly from her such instructions as the department at Berlin saw fit to communicate to him. The report was often put in the form of a letter, sealed as though for the post; and this letter would be passed on from the woman on the platform to her companion in the train.

By this method the agents at important places in France would be swiftly reached and their reports safely carried out of the country without the danger of committing them to the post-office department.

During the last ten years the military authorities in France have been particularly active. They have had some intimation of the vast system of espionage laid down over the French Republic. They knew Stieber's method, and began to suspect the commercial traveler with headquarters in Belgium, Geneva, or any town in Germany.

A pretty efficient system of inspection was inaugurated by the postal authorities in order to be certain that communications valuable to the German War Office should not be transmitted through the mails. By the device just mentioned, however, the German Secret Service was able to overcome the difficulty of French counter-espionage of the commercial travelers accustomed to visit fixed posts.

Thousands of Such Letters Could Pass Through the Postal Department Without Coming Under Suspicion

Samples of Spy Literature

IT WAS evident, though, that even these flying trips made by inconspicuous respectable women of middle age could not be frequently undertaken. They could be made on occasions when it became necessary to convey directions to the fixed agent and to collect his report. For this purpose the new German plan outwitted the counter-espionage of France and accomplished its object; but it was necessary to transmit money payments to these fixed agents at regular intervals.

It was clear that emissaries of the Secret Service could not be sent through the whole of France on the first of every month to deliver pay envelopes to some thirty thousand secret employees.

The German War Office determined to send the remittances to its agents in France by means of the post. In order to do this it resorted to the most ingenious devices.

It was perfectly aware that the French authorities had set up a system of counter-espionage in their postal department, and that any code, cipher or suspicious communication entering France from Switzerland, Belgium or Germany would cause an investigation by the French police.

To meet this peril the German Secret Service devised a system of form letters to be used in sending the monthly remittances to the secret agents. These form letters are exceedingly ingenious:

My dear Friend:

Inclosed are French bills, Numbers A, B, C, and so on, which represent our debt incurred in January, with interest. As you will see, we are doing all we can to refund to you regularly the loan you so generously granted us. My brother and I, with many thanks, beg to assure you again of our sincerest friendship.

Yours very gratefully.

Edgar Allan Poe said, in speaking of secret communications, that it was far wiser to formulate the message so as to give no indication of its hidden significance than to undertake to devise a cipher that would be untranslatable. This rule laid down by Poe is here acted on by the German Secret Service in the cleverest manner.

Such a letter could not rouse the suspicion of anybody; it would not attract the attention of anyone unless he had actual knowledge of its secret nature. It is precisely like thousands of letters traveling through the post in every country, and it accomplishes the object for which it is intended.

If such a letter, directed to the secret agent at Lyons, Toulon or Paris, were opened by the French police and found to contain money, the presence of the money and the reason for its transmission in the body of the letter would be completely explained.

A second form is no less extraordinary:

My dear Father:

I know you will excuse the small delay in forwarding your pension. Big John, who took our cut timber last month for two hundred and twenty-five francs, had a heavy bill falling due, which George agreed, at his request, to carry over for him to the sixth. That is the reason why we waited a short time before sending your pension, which you will find inclosed herewith, in French notes, Numbers X, Y, Z, and so on. We were very pleased at your last letter, giving us such good news of your health.

Whatever you do, do not worry, but take care of yourself. George, Charles and I are well and happy. All goes well. Mother said we must draw lots to decide which of us three is to be the first to set out for beautiful France, where we all hope to be united again some day. George would much prefer that we did not draw lots, but just that he should be sent without any fuss.

Good-by, dear Father. Mother and I send you lots of kisses.

This form of letter challenges the admiration of everybody who would undertake to preserve the simplicity in secret messages that Poe advised. A careful examination will show that it is put together with the highest skill. The very looseness of its structure, the personal touches, its sentiment and its intimate air are enough to deceive the elect. It is precisely this sort of careless personal note that a French lad might write to his father in a distant country. The hinted admiration for France breathed into it—a thing not overdone—marks the artistic sense in the German authority who got it up.

Again, like the preceding form, it carries within it a convincing explanation for the inclosed French notes. Thousands of such letters, varying a little in their structure, could pass for years through the postal department of any country without coming under suspicion. If such letters were the secret communications of foreign spies, then no one could say what form of letter going through the mails would be free from suspicion.

If the German Secret Service had adhered to these personal forms this type of communication might never have been discovered; but, unfortunately for itself, it permitted a third form:

M. C. LALLIER, Notary,
LAUSANNE.

Sir: As usual, I have the honor to inclose herewith three French notes, to a total value of three hundred francs, Numbers X, Y, Z, the amount of alimony due you from Madame X.—your former wife—in accordance with the terms of the decree of divorce given in your favor by the Court of ———, dated ———.

You are requested to acknowledge receipt.

Yours faithfully,
For M. Lallier, Notary,
———, Chief Clerk.

This form in its structure was quite as clever as the personal ones. It accounted as convincingly for the money inclosure; but unfortunately it lent itself more directly to an investigation than the personal form. When Lanoir began to go into this subject in France, prior to the war, this form seemed to be the one that more particularly roused his suspicion; and, as it happened, it was the one that enabled him to demonstrate the secret nature of these form letters.

The Mythical Notary of Lausanne

ON INVESTIGATION, he was able to discover that no such notary as M. C. Lallier was to be found in Lausanne; nor could the most careful inquiry locate any such notary in the whole of Switzerland.

This investigation developed a new system adopted by the German Secret Service for the transmission of payments to its fixed agents.

This method was exceedingly clever from another point of view. The French were beginning to locate some of these fixed agents and to investigate the little businesses in which they were engaged; and they had discovered that the expenditures made by these men were in excess of the gain obtained in their shops.

It was necessary for these agents to be able to explain to the French authorities the source of the excess funds they were observed to spend. By a very careful system of counter-espionage the French authorities would be able to determine precisely how much the person under suspicion was making from his business.

Comparing this with the amount he expended, they would be able to confront him with the deficit and demand an explanation. To meet this peril, the fixed agent had only to produce these form letters, showing precisely where his excess funds came from and by what right he was entitled to the remittances.

Sometimes these form letters were so constructed that, in addition to the uses mentioned, they also carried secret instructions to the fixed agent. Take, for example, one form recently coming into conspicuous attention in France:

My dear George:

I send you the interest on your loan.

We can never cease to acknowledge the importance of the service you have rendered to us in coming to our assistance as you have done.

(Continued on Page 32)

Digitized by Google

THE LIGHT TO LEEWARD

Her Master Shouted That He Had Lost His Rudder and Was Driving Onto the Beach

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THE lumber schooner Corona Vance, like a factory child, was old before her time. Although an honest craft from keel to truck, the strain of her heavy deckloads, the stress of many storms and the relentless hammering of the seas had left her weak and ineffectual as she fought for her life in the tumbling green billows of the North Pacific. Ten days before her youthful skipper, Jim Medford, had seen the sun at noon and ascertained that he was sixty miles off Cape Flattery. Now he did not know where he was, although down in the cabin of the Corona Vance he was doing his best to acquire this knowledge by dead reckoning.

Across the cabin his wife, a girl in her early twenties, sat in an old-fashioned rocking-chair, her body swaying gently to and fro with each roll of the schooner. As she swayed she smiled; as she smiled she stitched diligently on a fine woolen undershirt, the miniature proportions of which gave indubitable evidence of an impending addition to the crew of the Corona Vance.

Captain Medford's countenance, unlike his wife's, bore a hint of worry. He checked and rechecked his figures. At the conclusion of each computation he glanced swiftly, covertly, withal anxiously, at his wife, and then resumed his calculations. Serene, confident, enthralled with her vision, his wife stitched on, not noting the haggard lines about his big, square jaw and the mental suffering in his heavy-lidded eyes. For his wife's calm faith could not instill in Captain Jim Medford the comfort he desired. His computations by dead reckoning had convinced him that the schooner was far off her course. For three weeks he had bucked a succession of southerly gales in an effort to win past Cape Flattery, only to be beaten steadily back; until now, with ice forming on the forward rigging, he knew he must be somewhere to the westward of Vancouver Island, although whether fifty miles or five hundred he did not know. The southerly gale had chopped off suddenly that morning, and under a leaden sky the Corona Vance had once more commenced her soothing before a breeze from the west. During the day the wind had hauled steadily round into the northwest and the weather turned suddenly cold. There were frequent hail squalls, and as the wind freshened the cold increased.

At sunset the vessel was scudding before the wind under storm jib and reefed fore and mainsail; at eight o'clock the mate, coming below for a cup of coffee, reported the vessel down by the head with the weight of the ice and beginning to get logy.

For the tenth time Captain Medford glanced from his wife back to the tiny circle he had drawn on the chart, as indicating his approximate position. For the tenth time he wondered how many miles of spume-tossed sea really separated the Corona Vance from the nearest port. He was bound for San Diego from Puget Sound; he was out twenty-seven days, and to-night he was at least a hundred miles north and west of the point at which he had been cast off by the tug that towed him out of the Sound. But he no longer thought of making San Diego with his wife aboard. He had lost too much time, and his sole hope now lay in standing in to the coast and making the nearest port in Washington or Oregon. When he should come up to Flattery again he might signal a Puget Sound tug, although he knew that since the installation of wireless stations which report a tow in the offing the tugs no longer range, seeking the incoming vessels. Moreover, the Corona Vance was lumber-laden; hence the people at the wireless station, observing her deckload, would know she was southbound and would not report her. Therefore, his only hope lay south of Grays Harbor, where two rival tugboat companies waged war, trusting not in the neutrality of the wireless stations but ranging as far south as Columbia River seeking business. He must stand in to the coast, signal one of these vessels and get his wife ashore—in time.

His wife glanced up and surprised him with a troubled look in his drawn face. Her gaze followed him, with sympathy and understanding, as he put away his chart, pencil-compasses and the logbook and slipped on a heavy woolen watchcoat. Oppressed with the shadow of what impended he started in silence for the deck.

"Jim!" she called.

He turned. She was holding out her hand toward him. He stepped to her side, seized the little, outstretched hand and permitted her to draw him to her. For several seconds she held his rough, wind-bitten cheek to hers, as if in that sweet contact she would imbue him with hope and strength and comfort. Then she let him go.

The long northern twilight was gone now. He made his way aft and peered into the binnacle.

"I've never known a cold snap like this before, sir," the mate complained, "and I've been running coastwise for twenty years. I've seen plenty of snow and some ice in the rigging off Flattery from time to time, but nothing like this. I've had the men hammer it off and throw it overboard; but every bit of spray that comes in over the knightheads freezes immediately, and I've given up. It's too hard on the men keeping her clear. She's a little sulky, but she'll handle all right, and we'll have run out of this cold snap by morning."

The captain faced into the cutting blast, gauging the velocity of it.

"She isn't young any more," he complained presently, "and I can't drive her under a double reef. Call all hands aft, and I'll have the cook bring up coffee. Then we'll take a tuck in her."

He went below and ordered the cook on deck with the coffee.

"We're in for a snorter to-night," he explained to his wife, "and I'm going to take another reef in the fore and main."

He followed the cook on deck, and when the men had gulped down the hot, stimulating coffee he ordered the cook to go forward and help with the rest. Also he took the wheel himself and sent the helmsman to aid with the reefing.

Down in the cabin the captain's wife finished stitching the tiny undershirt and laid it away, neatly folded, in her work basket. Her husband's words, "We're in for a snorter to-night," recurred to her, and she rose, made her way to the companion and stood listening. The angry voice of the storm was pitched perceptibly higher. As it ripped through the rigging her practiced ear detected a whining, querulous note. The Corona Vance, too, seemed to sense this new aggression, for now she commenced to groan ominously, protesting in every one of her ancient bones at this renewal of the battle with the Storm King. Cranky and top-heavy with her deckload of lumber fresh from the saws, she seemed to stagger like a drunken old woman through the icy seas that had lumped up before the gale.

Presently the captain's wife felt the schooner wallow as the captain brought her up into the wind to permit the booms to be drawn in; then came the slat of the slackened canvas, cracking like pistol shots, and the indistinct, wind-wafted calls of the men as they knotted the reef-points and snugged the vessel down for the night. The clamor on deck had ceased and she had turned to make her way back to the rocker, when the Corona Vance heeled deeply and she heard her husband's shrieking command rising above the gale:

"Fores'l halyards! Let go! Let go!"

Quickly she climbed to the head of the companion and looked out on the poop. In the dim light of the binnacle she could see her husband's big figure as he bent and spun the wheel. The sails slatted furiously; the schooner swung, as if reluctant to obey her master. From out of the confusion forward somebody shouted hoarsely: "Watch out!" Then the Corona Vance lay over again, deeper this time, and presently through the coronach of the gale the sharp blows of axes sounded.

For fully a minute the blows continued, while the old schooner hung helplessly on her beam ends. Again the captain's wife heard her husband shout a warning from the wheel; another voice answered from up forward. The Corona Vance shivered, and the rudder blocks grated harshly as Jim Medford ground the wheel over once more. But the Corona Vance only shook her head as if appealing to the master not to expect her to come up when the deckload was bearing her down. Toppling over the lee bulkheads it was, where the men were working desperately to cut the lashings; working inboard from the weather side with each breaking wave, it threatened to turn the schooner bottom up at any moment.

"Are You All There?"

Again the captain shouted "Hang on!" and put his wheel over. The Corona Vance shook her head, swung frantically as if uncertain of her bearings, and rounded to, a second too late. A huge sea boiled in over her counter and a splintering crash started from her forward deckhouse and swept aft. Ripping and tearing along the lee bulwarks it culminated in a terrific smash abaft the mainmast, and the Corona Vance rose jerkily as she slipped the burden of her deckload, heeled again deeply before the

Digitized by Google

blow of her ancient enemy, and then came up bravely on an even keel with her decks awash.

To the woman standing at the head of the companion, listening and waiting, there came then for the first time that most tragic query of the seas. Faintly above the snarl of the elements she heard her husband ask the question:

"Are you all there?"

She bent her head and listened for the answering hail, but no sound came from up forward save the suck and the sob of the water cascading through the rent bulwarks. Again she heard the captain call, and this time there was in his voice something of that same hint of disaster she had detected in the voice of the storm a few minutes before.

"Are you all there?"

Silence. Then: "Randall!" No answer. "Jorgensen!" No answer. He had called to his mates. Now in turn he called each of his four seamen and the cook, but none replied, for the crew had gone by the board with the deckload, and save for the whine of the wind through the rigging silence reigned aboard the Corona Vance. To the master of the schooner the tempest seemed to shriek triumphantly: "I have you now, Jim Medford. You're alone on the Vance with your wife and your unborn child! You would listen to her pleadings, and take her with you just one more trip, wouldn't you? And you thought you could beat down to the Washington coast and signal a Grays Harbor tug before the baby came. Fool! Fool! I've taken your men. Ha! Ha! Ha! Poor fool, I've taken your bully boys and you'll freeze at the wheel tonight."

"Why doesn't he call for me?" the girl asked herself. "He needs me now."

She stepped out on deck, and as she made her way aft to the wheel a faint cry came from up forward. The captain heard it too. He answered lustily and started forward, but remembered the wheel and backed instantly to steady it. Wrung with desperation and the horror of their predicament, he stood there, one powerful arm controlling the wheel, the other thrust outward as if he would fain pluck the sailor from the wreckage on the main deck. "O God!" she heard him moan. "Whatshall I do?"

She reached his side and took the wheel. "I'll steer," she said. "Go forward, Jim, and get that man."

"Eh, what? Yes, yes, I'll get him. Lay her close to the wind and watch out for the kick. Lean all your weight on the wheel and hug it."

He was gone into the darkness forward. The kick of the rudder came promptly, but the girl's weight held it steady and the Corona Vance, steadying on her course, plunged on. Backward and forward the demon rudder whipped her, and once it lifted her from the deck. So terrific was her task that she was almost exhausted when her husband's strong right arm lifted her away, while with his left he held the wheel in leash.

"Steady, sweetheart!" he warned her. "Get your breath and your strength back before you start below. You mustn't stumble on the deck or slip down the companion now.

"Jorgensen is the only one left—and I'm afraid there isn't much left of him. He went overboard with the others, but when I swung the schooner into the wind another wave lifted him aboard again. He caught the trailing fores'l halyard and bent it round him."

"Is he badly hurt, Jim?"

"He has a cut on the head and one of his feet is badly crushed. You might look him over, little mother. That big, game Norwegian is hard to kill, and he may be of use yet."

Little mother! It was the first time he had called her that, and it showed the trend of his thoughts. She cried a little as he held her to his heart with that long, sinewy left arm. Sailor's wife that she was, bred from generations of sailors, she realized the appalling horror of their plight, but for his sake she told herself she must not think of it. Hence, curiously enough, she did not find it hard to believe him when he said quite calmly:

"We'll get through this all right, my dear. The schooner will stand up, now that the deckload is gone, and running before the wind she'll not be so apt to strain and start a leak. Lucky for us we'd just finished close-reefing her when that big sea came aboard and shifted the deckload." He patted her back again. "Nothing to do now," he continued, "except hold her head up. We'll be lifting Flattery at daylight, and with our deckload gone, the lookout at the wireless station will think we're an empty vessel northbound, and he'll notify the tugboat company to send a boat out and tow us in."

He patted her in his clumsy man-fashion, whispering to her the little intimate words of endearment that seemed so foreign to him when he was on deck among his men; and presently her heart ceased its wild pounding and she left him and went below.

Jorgensen was lying in his berth where the captain had hurriedly placed him. While he was struggling in the water a scantling had cut a deep gash in his scalp; but the freezing weather had quickly congealed the blood and stanched the flow. He gazed at her in mute sympathy as she bent over him to examine his cut head, and presently, forgetful of his crushed foot and half-frozen body, he said:

"If you never saw two men put up a fight before you're going to see it soon."

The captain had already removed Jorgensen's wet clothing and piled the blankets from the first mate's berth on the chilled survivor.

The girl now mixed him a glass of hot grog and, as a brisk fire was still burning in the galley range, she wrapped a couple of warm stove lids in an old magazine and tucked them in under the blankets; and presently the second mate's teeth ceased to chatter and he lay looking at her, saying with his eyes:

"God help you! The Corona Vance may live to take on another cargo, but you ——"

At midnight she brewed a pot of fresh coffee and took it to her husband.

"You'll have to be on watch all night," she told him. "Jorgensen tried to get up a little while ago to relieve you, but he was so dizzy and weak from that blow on the head I made him stay in bed. You couldn't trust him with the wheel to-night, even if he did manage to crawl on deck."

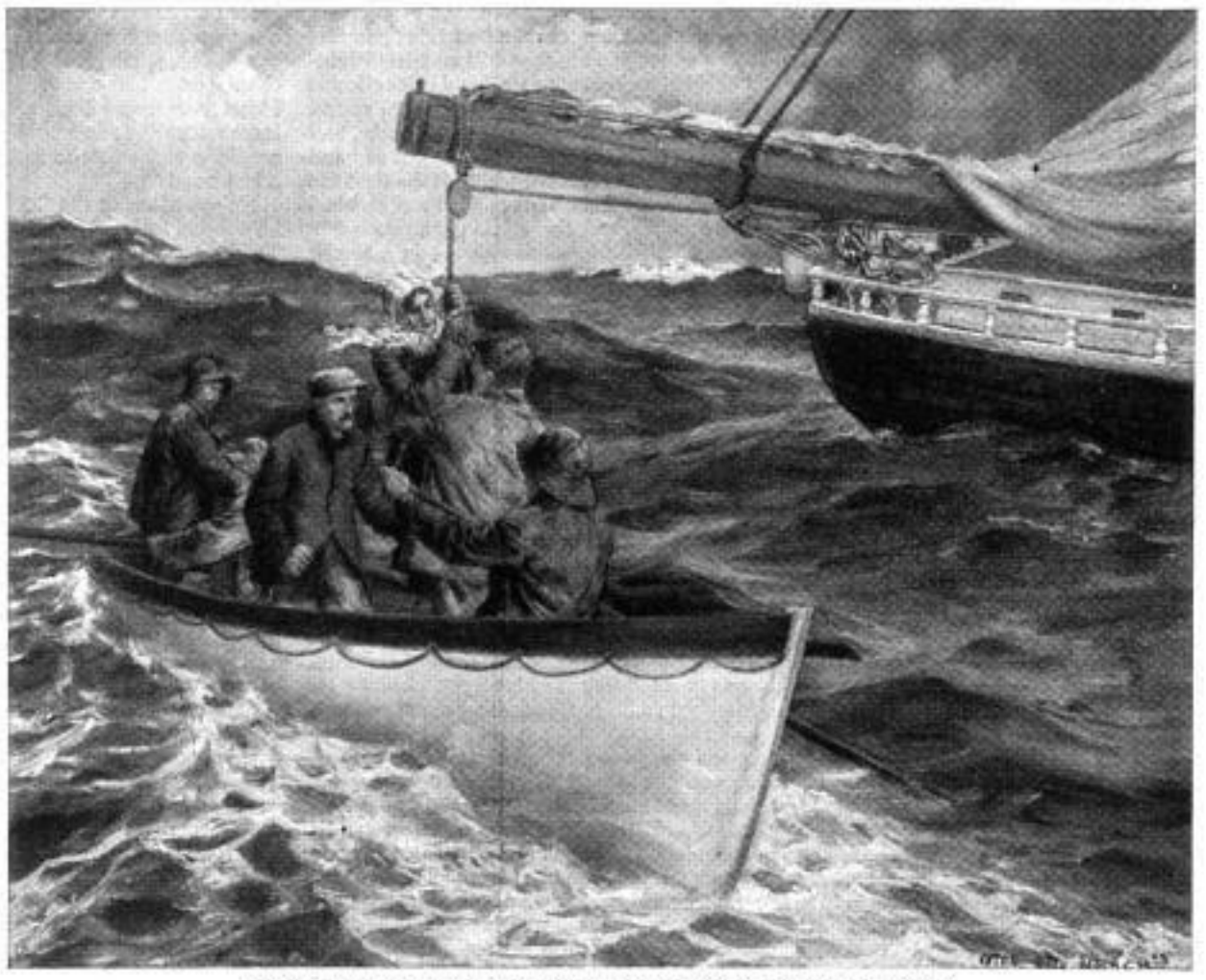
He smiled wanly.

"That was right," he said. "This is a strong man's job to-night. And you mustn't come up on deck again. It's too risky, with the Corona jumping like a buck. You must go to bed and sleep. I won't really need your strength until to-morrow, but I'll need it then."

She was sailor enough to understand and obey, and as she turned and made her heavy way across the poop to the cabin scuttle he reviled himself for having permitted her to take this voyage. But then who had ever heard of such a succession of gales in December? Who had ever heard of a schooner battling a month to win past Cape Flattery? It was monstrous, unheard of! He should have been in San Diego two weeks ago. If he had encountered those gales in February or early in March, he would not have been surprised; but in December! Why, winter has scarcely set in on the Pacific Coast in December. And then she had pleaded so to be permitted to accompany him—he was all she had in the world—and the doctor in Bellingham had said there was time, adding further that if Mrs. Medford could possibly accompany her husband on the voyage it would be better than leaving her in Bellingham to worry over him at sea.

Worry she must not have at this time—and so they had taken the risk.

Now with his deckload gone, and one crippled man for a crew, he was running by dead reckoning. His only hope now was that the wind would hold from the north or northwest, thus enabling him to run before it, and perhaps when he came up to Flattery again he might signal a bar tug, and arrive in time! But even as he planned he knew the utter hopelessness of his planning.



The Men in the Lifeboat Suddenly Shot in Under the Wide-Hanging Boom

The thought of his lost men, too, stabbed him with poignant grief. The Corona Vance had been his first command, and from the day he hung his framed license as master on the cabin wall, eighteen months before, he had had the same crew. He had fed them well and treated them fairly; and now that they had gone to Davy Jones' locker he realized that for him they had entertained a certain affection and appreciation. Had he been promoted to a larger vessel they might have followed him.

As the night wore on his physical suffering subdued his mental agony. Salt spray came over the quarter, whipping his cheeks and the back of his neck like a myriad of tiny lashes. His numbed hands could scarcely grasp the spokes of the wheel. He was so cold he was drowsy, and when he looked into the brightly lighted binnacle his eyes seemed to close automatically. The rudder was kicking furiously now, and once the wheel got away from him. Before he could recover it a flying spoke had laid open his cheek. Then the salt spray bit into the wound, and when at four o'clock, in defiance of his orders, his wife came up with some stimulant for his tortured body, he covered that side of his face with his sou'wester so she couldn't see the blood.

The wheel got away from him again. He did not feel the cruel blow it dealt him, and he was vaguely surprised when he found his nose bleeding. He sprawled over the wheel, talking to it, to his wife, to his lost men. From time to time he shook his head slowly as if in doubt that he lived. It was all so monstrous.

Just after daylight his wife came to him with another cup of coffee. Again he could not take it from her hand, for the task of concealing his bloody cheek and holding the wheel at the same time proved a problem, so she held the cup to his blue lips and he gulped the coffee down slowly. And when she left him, to his horror he saw her start to climb down off the poop.

"Come back," he cried hoarsely; "you mustn't go on the main deck. The lee bulwarks are gone and she's taking them as they come. You'll get swept overboard."

"I've got to go to the fo'castle and get dry clothing for Jorgensen," she called back. "Mr. Randall's clothing will not begin to fit him, and neither will yours, while his own clothing is all wet. He's going to dress and relieve you. It's for the Old Man's sake," she pleaded.

The hot tears blinded him and then froze on his eyelashes. The Old Man! That was the loving cognomen his child-hungry heart had prompted him to apply to his unborn son—he wanted a boy—through all the long months of loving anticipation. And now she was going down on the main deck, with its shattered bulwarks sticking

Digitized by Google

up along the lee rail, like fangs in the mouth of a hag, to fight for the Old Man! Well, he was worth fighting for—aye, worth dying for, if it came to that; and a thrill that started in the young skipper's breast swept through him and warmed his frozen body. He would let her go, for the Old Man's sake; only he would watch her, and if she went through one of those gaps in the bulwarks he would follow. They should not be separated, those three.

The Corona Vance was on an even keel as she sped into the south; but the guiding hand at her helm was uncertain now, and she was rolling considerably. Along her shattered sides the life-lines trailed like serpentines in the water as the girl advanced slowly along the weather rail. The spray stung her and drenched her. The seas, sweeping along the deck and cascading overboard through the rents in the lee bulwarks, surged to her knees, and Jim Medford prayed as never man prayed before that she might not be thrown to the deck and swept overboard. By clinging to the weather rail, however, she managed to retain her footing, and eventually won to the forecastle. When she reappeared she carried on her left arm a bundle of clothing wrapped in a yellow oil-skin coat. Her husband rallied his failing strength and held the vessel on a more even keel, and presently she climbed up the companion to the poop and disappeared down the cabin scuttle.

Half an hour later the Norwegian second mate came crawling up. Over the poop deck he crept, dragging his shattered foot after him. He looked like some great, stricken animal, down there on all fours. He reached the wheel, grasped it, dragged himself erect on his one sound foot, swung round and sat down on the wheel box.

"I'll take the wheel, sir," he said. "I think I can hold her now. My head is clear, and I'm all right except my foot."

The captain glanced down at the member in question and discovered that it was thrust into his wife's fur muff—a muff he had given her and that had cost him half a month's pay. Jorgensen's glance followed his:

"The foot is cut and swollen," he explained. "I didn't want the muff, but she said you couldn't afford to have me catch cold in my smashed foot."

The captain nodded stupidly. "Crazy, crazy!" he muttered. "The world is out of order. The idea of Jorgensen's big foot in my wife's muff!" He wagged his head again and staggered below, to be undressed by his wife and thawed out with hot grog and warm stove covers.

He had five hours of sleep before his wife awakened him. She had dried out his clothing before the galley range and prepared a meal. Jorgensen was very weak when the master relieved him at the wheel; so weak, in fact, that the girl had to take the wheel temporarily while Medford carried the mate below and put him to bed again.

The day wore on, the gale still shrieking doom and disaster out of the north, driving the Corona Vance closer and closer toward land. Nevertheless, Captain Medford had not yet sighted it, and he was afraid to plunge on after dark. The weather still continued cold, ice still clung to the forward rigging, and he knew he could not stand another night on watch. Also, though Jorgensen's grit was equal to another four hours at the wheel his strength was not, so the captain resolved to heave to until daylight.

Accordingly Jorgensen crawled up on deck again and took the wheel. He luffed her into the wind and the captain hauled the mainsail in close. Then he went forward and with a marlinespike knocked the ice off the staysail block in order that the rope might run through it freely. Again Jorgensen gave the schooner a wipe into the wind, and exerting all his strength the skipper, with the aid of a watch-tackle, hauled the staysail to windward and made fast the sheet. The backthrust of the smaller sail thus counteracted the driving power of the mainsail, and with her helm lashed amidships the Corona Vance lay hove to. After lighting her side and riding lamps her exhausted crew went below.

The alarm clock awakened the captain at three o'clock the following morning. As he thrust his head out the cabin scuttle he noted that the gale had moderated into a stiff breeze, still out of the northwest; but if anything the weather was colder than ever. Quickly he prepared breakfast for Jorgensen and himself, and at four o'clock, with the crippled mate at the wheel, the captain felt his way forward through the inky darkness and slacked off the staysail sheet.

Then he eased off the mainsheet and the schooner once more began to drive ahead, while Jorgensen crawled below until he should be needed again on deck.

It would not be light enough to sight land, should it be in sight, until nearly seven o'clock, but in the meantime Captain Medford's glance was bent steadily to leeward, striving to pierce the blackness for the first faint glimmer of a beacon to the east. The sea was still running frightfully high, and every resource of his skill and strength was necessary to keep the schooner on the haphazard course upon which he had decided. She would yaw widely, and when he had brought her back she would get out of hand and strive to sweep away to leeward, while all the time the waves swept over her main deck and soughed and swished through the jagged bulwarks. An icy rain commenced to fall, and a series of squalls shook the vessel as a terrier shakes a rat, but ever Jim Medford's glance wandered from the compass out through the murk and rift of the rain squalls in search of that light to leeward, and presently he saw it. It was just a blink of light—once, twice, thrice—and then the dark.

A three-flash light! That puzzled him. He knew every light on the coast, and he searched his numbed brain to recall one that flashed thrice at seven or eight second intervals. He could not. Staring into the darkness he watched and waited until the squall broke and he saw it again. This time it was a single flash, just above the rim of what, an hour hence, would be the horizon. It rose and fell unsteadily, and then high above it there rose a bright parabola of blue fire, followed in quick succession by two more—and then he knew.

Off there to leeward a ship in distress had seen the lights of the Corona Vance, poor, crippled fledgling of the seas; and that ship was now burning the blue light, pleading for the help Jim Medford could not give—and dared not give if he could!

Instinctively the skipper of the Corona Vance ground down his helm, and the schooner came up on the wind. Then as instinctively he reversed his helm and the schooner payed off again, for Jim Medford had remembered, and he wanted time to think now, for the hand of the Lord was on him. A sailor every inch of him, like his wife a descendant of sailors, the traditions of the sea were strong in him. The generosity of his nature, the ethics of his calling, forbade that he should run from a ship in distress. As a boy at school his favorite Friday afternoon declamation had been Skipper Ireson's Ride. With what fervor had he intoned that tale of the dastard who sailed away from a sinking ship. Oddly enough the old familiar lines flashed through his mind now:

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart,
By the women of Marblehead.

The salt spray beat into his face, forcing him to avert it to leeward, and again he saw the blue lights burning. On the instant he made his decision.

"I can't do anything for them, and I'm not going to stand by to pick up their crew. They stand as good a chance as I do, and let them make the best of it. I can't lose any time to-day. I hove to last night; I've got to get to the coast or my wife will die. By seven o'clock we'll be out of sight and nobody will ever know ——"

He turned his face resolutely to windward, and the Corona Vance leaped on into the wild green seas. "Those lights I saw first were her riding lights, but I thought I saw several lights in a row last time," he muttered, and once more glanced to leeward. Yes, without doubt some of those lights were in a row; and now he knew the vessel in distress was a steamer.

"Bah!" he solaced himself. "She's lost her rudder or kicked off her wheel, that's all. Why doesn't the fool get out a sea anchor and lie head on until he's picked up? He can use his wireless. I haven't any wireless. I haven't a chance except to run for it and pray for a tug down off Flattery or round Blanco. Why, what help could I be to them? The Corona's hold is filled with water now. With anything else below except lumber she wouldn't even be afloat now!"

Nevertheless, as the Corona Vance drove onward, those blue lights to leeward held for him a horrible fascination. This was a terrible thing he was doing, running from women and children in danger on a disabled steamer; for surely she must be rolling inert, like a log, in the trough of that terrific sea. Of course if she was new and stanch she could stand it; but the wind—ah, he had forgotten the wind. It was driving her ashore—perhaps she would be breaking her back over a reef before her wireless would bring the tug to her relief.

He turned his face, hot now despite the chill of that winter dawn, to the cold spray that flew in over the weather quarter. Off there to leeward, beset by wind and wave, men, women and children called to him to come and save them—and he was running away! But the thought of his wife down in the Corona's cabin drove him onward; and as the full horror of his predicament dawned upon him he bowed his head, while the tears froze on his eyelashes and hung there, a veritable weight of woe. He turned his face again to leeward. Again the blue lights flared against the black sky.

"I'm a seaman," he whispered. "I can't run from them. It's murder; but she wouldn't respect me ——"

He spun the wheel, and again the Corona Vance came up on the wind. There was the rattle of blocks and the jar as the big main boom swung over, and the schooner was headed for the blue lights!

"I thought you'd be true to both of us, Jim," a voice called out of the darkness; and from the cabin scuttle of the Corona Vance there broke a splutter of light that burst into a blinding flare, arching gracefully into the sky high above the schooner's topmast. At the base of that light Jim Medford saw his wife standing, holding

(Continued on Page 52)

The Lumber Schooner Corona Vance Fought for Her Life in the Tumbling Green Billows of the North Pacific

Digitized by Google

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

"Wipers"—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Digging Trenches in Belgium

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A British Trench. See Where the Men Are

FROM MY JOURNAL:

AN AËROPLANE man at the next table starts to-night on a dangerous scouting expedition over the German lines. In case he does not return he has given a letter for his mother to Captain Tournay.

It now appears quite certain that I am to be sent along the French and English lines. I shall be the first correspondent, I am told, to see the British front, as "Eye-witness," who writes for the English papers, is supposed to be a British officer.

I have had word also that I am to see Mr. Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the British Admiralty. But to-day I am going to Ypres. The Tommies call it "Wipers."

Before I went abroad I had two ambitions among others: One was to be able to pronounce Ypres; the other was to bring home and exhibit to my admiring friends the pronunciation of Przemysl. To a moderate extent I have succeeded with the first. I have discovered that the second one must be born to.

Two or three towns have stood out as conspicuous points of activity in the western field. Ypres is one of these towns. Day by day it figures in the reports from the front. The French are there, and just to the east the English line commences. The line of trenches lies beyond the town, forming a semicircle round it.

A few days later I saw this semicircle, the flat and muddy battlefield of Ypres. But on this visit I was to see only the town, which, although completely destroyed, is still being shelled.

War Heroes on the Morning After

THE curve round the town gave the invading army a great advantage in its destruction. It enabled them to shell it from three directions, so that it was raked by cross fire. For that reason the town of Ypres presents one of the most hideous pictures of desolation of the present war.

General M—— had agreed to take me to Ypres. But as he was a Belgian general, and the town of Ypres is held by the French, it was a part of the etiquette of war that we should secure the escort of a French officer at the town of Poperinghe.

For war has its etiquette, and of a most exacting kind. And yet in the end it simplifies things. It is to war what rules are to bridge—something to lead by! Frequently I was armed with passes to visit, for instance, certain batteries. My escort was generally a member of the Headquarters' Staff of that particular army. But it was always necessary to visit first the officer in command of that battery, who in his turn either accompanied us to the battlefield or deputized one of his own staff. The result was an imposing number of uniforms of various sorts, and the conviction doubtless among the gunners that some visiting royalty was on an excursion to the front.

It was a cold winter day in February, a gray day with a fine snow that melted as soon as it touched the ground. Inside the car we were swathed in rugs. The chauffeur slapped his hands at every break in the journey, and sentries along the road hugged such shelter as they could find.

As we left Poperinghe the French officer, Commandant Delannoy, pointed to a file of men plodding wearily through the mud.

"The heroes of last night's attack," he said. "They are very tired, as you see."

We stopped the car and let the men file past. They did not look like heroes; they looked tired and dirty and depressed. Although our automobile generally attracted much attention, scarcely a man lifted his head to glance at us. They went on drearily through the mud under the pelting sleet, drooping from fatigue and evidently suffering from keen reaction after the excitement of the night before.

I have heard the French soldier criticized for this reaction. It may certainly be forgiven him, in view of his splendid bravery. But part of the criticism is doubtless justified. The English Tommy fights as he does everything else. There is a certain sporting element in what he does. He puts into his fighting the same fairness he puts into sport, and it is a point of honor with him to keep cool. The English gunner will admire the enemy's marksmanship while he is ducking a shell.

The French soldier, on the other hand, fights under keen excitement. He is temperamental, imaginative; as he fights he remembers all the bitterness of the past, its wrongs, its cruelties. He sees blood. There is nothing that will hold him back. The result has made history, is making history to-day.

But he has the reaction of his temperament. Who shall say he is not entitled to it?

Something of this I mentioned to Monsieur le Commandant as the line filed past.

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Englishmen Fighting Ankle Deep in Water in Trenches in the Northern Part of France

Fighting That Gets Nowhere

"IT IS because it is fighting that gets nowhere," he replied. "If our men, after such an attack, could advance, could do anything but crawl back into holes full of water and mud, you would see them gay and smiling to-day."

After a time I discovered that the same situation holds to a certain extent in all the armies. If his fighting gets him anywhere the soldier is content. The line has made a gain. What matter wet trenches, discomfort, freezing cold? The line has made a gain. It is lack of movement that sends their spirits down, the fearful boredom of the trenches, varied only by the dropping shells, so that they term themselves, ironically, "Cannon food."

We left the victorious company behind, making their way toward whatever church bedded down with straw, or coach-house or drafty barn was to house them for their rest period.

"They have been fighting waist-deep in water," said the Commandant, "and last night was cold. The British soldier rubs his body with oil and grease before he dresses for the trenches. I hope that before long our men may do this also. It is a great protection."

I have in front of me now a German soldier's fatigue cap, taken by one of those men from a dead soldier who lay in front of the trench.

It is a pathetic cap, still bearing the crease which showed how he folded it to thrust it into his pocket. When his helmet irked him in the trenches he was allowed to take it off and put this on. He belonged to Bavarian Regiment Number Fifteen, and the cap was given him in October, 1914. There is a bloodstain on one side of it. Also it is spotted with mud inside and out. It is a pathetic little cap, because when its owner died, that night before, a thousand other Germans died with him, died to gain a trench two hundred yards from their own line, a trench to capture which would have gained them little but glory, and which, since they failed, lost them everything, even life itself.

We were out of the town by this time, and started on the road to Ypres. Between Poperinghe and Ypres were numerous small villages with narrow, twisting streets. They were filled with soldiers at rest, with tethered horses being reshod by army blacksmiths, with small fires in sheltered corners on which an anxious cook had balanced a kettle.

Digitized by Google

PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A French Trench Which Has Been Fitted With a Shower Bath Where the Soldiers Can Bathe Very Frequently

In each town a proclamation had been nailed to a wall and the townspeople stood about it, gaping.

"An inoculation proclamation," explained the Commandant. "There is typhoid here, so the civilians are to be inoculated. They are very much excited about it. It appears to them worse than a bombardment."

We passed a file of spahis, native Algerians who speak Arabic. They come from Tunis and Algeria, and, as may be imagined, they were suffering bitterly from the cold.

They peered at us with bright, black eyes from the encircling folds of the great cloaks with pointed hoods which they had drawn closely about them. They have French officers and interpreters, and during the spring fighting they will probably prove valuable. During the winter they gave me the impression of being out of place and rather forlorn. Like the Indian troops with the British, they were fighting a new warfare. For gallant charges over dry desert sands have been substituted mud and gray and bitter cold, and the stagnation of armies.

Taxing the Refugees

TERRIBLE tales have been told of the ferocity of these Arabs, and of the Turcos also. I am inclined to think they are exaggerated. But certainly, met with on a lonely road, these long files of men in their quaint costumes moving silently along with heads lowered against the wind were somber, impressive and rather alarming.

The car, going furiously, skidded, was pulled sharply round and righted itself. The conversation went on. No one appeared to notice that we had been on the edge of eternity, and it was not for me to mention it. But I made a jerky entry in my notebook:

"Very casual here about human life. Enlarge on this."

The general, who was a Belgian, continued his complaint. It was about the Belgian absentee tax.

The Germans now in control in Belgium had imposed an absentee tax of ten times the normal on all Belgians who had left the country and did not return by the fifteenth of March. The General snorted his rage and disgust.

"But," I said innocently, "I should think it would make very little difference to you. You are not there, so of course you cannot pay it."

"Not there!" he said. "Of course I am not there. But everything I own in the world is there, except this uniform that I have on my back."

"They would confiscate it?" I asked. "Not the uniform, of course; I mean your property."

He broke into a torrent of rapid French. I felt quite sure that he was saying that they would confiscate it; that they would annihilate it, reduce it to its atomic constituents; take it, acres and buildings and shade trees and vegetable garden, back to Germany. But as his French was of the ninety horse-power variety and mine travels afoot, like Bayard Taylor, and limps at that, I never caught up with him.

Later on, in a calmer moment, I had the thing explained to me.

It appears that the Germans have instituted a tax on all the Belgian refugees of ten times the normal tax; the purpose being to bring back into Belgium such refugees as wish to save the remnants of their property. This will mean bringing back people of the better class who have property to save. It will mean to the far-seeing German mind a return of the better class of Belgians to reorganize things, to put that prostrate country on its feet again, to get the poorer classes to work, to make it self-supporting.

"The real purpose, of course," said my informant, "is so that American sympathy, now so potent, will cease for both refugees and interned Belgians. If the factories start, and there is work for them, and the refugees still refuse to return, you can see what it means."

He may be right; I do not think so. I believe that at this moment Germany regards Belgium as a new but integral part of the German Empire, and that she wishes to see this new waste land of hers productive. Assuredly Germany has made a serious effort to reorganize and open again some of the great Belgian factories that are now idle.

In one instance that I know of a manufacturer was offered a large guarantee to come back and put his factory into operation again. He refused, although he knew that it spelled ruin. The Germans, unable themselves at this time to put skilled labor in the mill, sent its great machines by railroad back into Germany. I have been told that this has happened in a number of instances. Certainly it sounds entirely probable.

The factory owner in question is in America at the time I am writing this, obtaining credit and new machines against the time of the retirement of the German Army.

From the tax the conversation went on to the finances of Belgium. I learned that the British Government, through the Bank of England, is guaranteeing the payment of the Belgian war indemnity to Germany! The war indemnity is over nineteen million pounds, or approximately ninety-six millions of dollars. Of this the Belgian authorities are instructed to pay over nine million dollars each month.

The Société Générale de Belgique has been obliged by the German Government to accept the power of issuing notes, on a strict understanding that it must guarantee the note issue on the gold reserve and foreign bill book, which is at present deposited in the Bank of England at London. If the Société Générale de Belgique had not done so, all notes of the Bank of Belgium would have been declared valueless by Germany.

The General told me a story about this gold reserve which is amusing enough to repeat, and which has a certain appearance of truth.

When the Germans took possession of Brussels, he said their first move was to send certain officers to the great Brussels Bank, in whose vaults the gold reserve was kept. The word had been sent ahead that they were coming, and demanding that certain high officials of the bank were to be present.

The officials went to the bank, and the German officers presented themselves promptly.

The conversation was brief.

"Take us to the vaults," said one of the German officers.

"To the vaults?" said the principal official of the bank.

"To the vaults," was the curt reply.

"I am not the vault keeper. We shall have to send for him."

The bank official was most courteous, quite bland indeed. The officer scowled, but there was nothing to do but wait.

The vault keeper was sent for. It took some time to find him.

The bank official commented on the weather, which was, he considered, extremely warm.

At last the vault keeper came. He was quite breathless. But it seemed that, not knowing why he came, he had neglected to bring his keys. The bank official regretted the delay. The officers stamped about.

"It looks like a shower," said the bank official. "Later in the day it may be cooler."

The officers muttered among themselves.

It took the vault keeper a long time to get his keys and return, but at last he arrived. They went down and down, through innumerable doors that must be unlocked before them, through gratings and more steel doors. And at last they stood in the vaults.

The German officers stared about and then turned to the Belgian official.

"The gold!" they said furiously. "Where is the gold?"

PHOTO, BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Enemy's Battle Front in Plain View on the Distant Hills

War and Weather

"THE gold!" said the official, much surprised. "You wished to see the gold? I am sorry. You asked for the vaults and I have shown you the vaults. The gold, of course, is in England."

We sped on, the same flat country, the same gray fields, the same files of soldiers moving across those fields toward distant billets, the same transports and ambulances, and over all the same colorless sky.

Not very long ago some inquiring British scientist discovered that on foggy days in London the efficiency of the average clerk was cut down about fifty per cent. One begins to wonder how much of this winter *impasse* is due to the weather, and what the bright and active days of early spring will bring. Certainly the weather that day weighed on me. It was easier to look out through the window of the car than to get out and investigate. The penetrating cold dulled our spirits.

A great lorry had gone into the mud at the side of the road and was being dug out. A horse neatly disemboweled

PHOTO, BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A British Entrenchment in Northern France

Digitized by Google

lay on its back in the road, its four stark legs pointing upward.

"They have been firing at a German *Taube*," said the Commandant, "and naturally what goes up must come down."

On the way back we saw the same horse. It was dark by that time, and some peasants had gathered round the carcass with a lantern. The hide had been neatly cut away and lay at one side, and the peasants were carving the animal into steaks and roasts. For once fate had been good to them. They would dine that night.

Everywhere here and there along the road we had passed the small sheds that sentries built to protect themselves against the wind, little huts the size of an American patrol box, built of the branches of trees and thatched all about with straw.

Now we passed one larger than the others, a shed with the roof thatched and the sides plastered with mud to keep out the cold.

The Commandant halted the car. There was one bare little room with a wooden bench and a door. The bench and the door had just played their part in a tragedy.

I have been asked again and again whether it is true that on both sides of the line disheartened soldiers have committed suicide during this long winter of waiting. I have always replied that I do not know. On the Allied side it is thought that many Germans have done so; I daresay the Germans make the same contention. But this one instance is perfectly true. But it was the result of an accident, not of discouragement.

The sentry was alone in his hut, and he was cleaning his gun. For a certain length of time he would be alone. In some way the gun exploded and blew off his right hand. There was no one to call on for help. He waited quite a while. It was night. Nobody came; he was suffering frightfully.

Perhaps, sitting there alone, he tried to think out what life would be without a right hand. In the end he decided that it was not worth while. But he could not pull the trigger of his gun with his left hand. He tried it and failed. So at last he tied a stout cord to the trigger, fastened the end of it to the door, and sitting on the bench kicked the door to. They had just taken him away.

Just back of Ypres there is a group of buildings that had been a great lunatic asylum. It is now a hospital for civilians, although it is partially destroyed.

Lessons in the New Warfare

"DURING the evacuation of the town," said the Commandant, "it was decided that the lunatics must be taken out. The asylum had been hit once and shells were falling in every direction. So the nuns dressed their patients and started to march them back along the route to the nearest town. Shells were falling all about them; the nuns tried to hurry them, but as each shell fell or exploded close at hand the lunatics cheered and clapped their hands. They could hardly get them away at all; they wanted to stay and see the excitement."

That is a picture, if you like. It was a very large asylum, containing hundreds of patients. The nuns could not hurry them. They stood in the roads, faces upturned to the sky, where death was whining its shrill cry overhead. When a shell dropped into the road, or into the familiar fields about them, tearing great holes, flinging earth and rocks in every direction, they cheered. They blocked the roads, so that gunners with badly needed guns could not get by. And behind and all round them the nuns urged them on in vain. Some of them were killed, I believe. All about great holes in fields and road tell the story of the hell that beat about them.

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Another View of the British in the Trenches

Here behind the town one sees fields of graves marked each with a simple wooden cross. Here and there a soldier's cap has been nailed to the cross.

The officers told me that in various places the French peasants had placed the dead soldier's number and identifying data in a bottle and placed it on the grave. But I did not see this myself.

Unlike American towns, there is no gradual approach to these cities of Northern France; no straggling line of suburbs. Many of them were laid out at a time when walled cities rose from the plain, and although the walls are gone the tradition of compactness for protection still holds good. So one moment we were riding through the shell-holed fields of Northern France and the next we were in the city of Ypres.

I believe few civilians have seen the city of Ypres since its destruction. I am not sure that any have been there. I have seen no description of it, and I have been asked frequently if it is really true that the beautiful Cloth Hall is gone—that most famous of all the famous buildings of Flanders.

Ypres!

What a tragedy! Not a city now; hardly a skeleton of a city. Rumor is correct, for the wonderful Cloth Hall is gone. There is a fragment left of the façade, but no repairing can ever restore it. It must all come down. Indeed any storm may finish its destruction. The massive square belfry, two hundred and thirty feet high and topped by its four turrets, is a shell swaying in every gust of wind.

The inimitable arcade at the end is quite gone. Nothing indeed is left of either the Cloth Hall, which, built in the year 1200, was the most remarkable edifice of Belgium, or of the Cathedral behind it, erected in 1300 to succeed an earlier edifice. General Melis stood by me as I stared at the ruins of these two great buildings. Something of the tragedy of Belgium was in his face.

"We were very proud of it," he said. "If we started now to build another it would take more than seven hundred years to give it history."

There were shells overhead. But they passed harmlessly, falling either into the open country or into distant parts of the town. We paid no attention to them, but my curiosity was roused.

"It seems absurd to continue shelling the town," I said. "There is nothing left."

Then and there I had a little lesson in the new warfare. That bombardment of the country behind the enemy's trenches is not necessarily to destroy towns. Its strategical purpose is to cut off communications, to prevent, if possible, the bringing up of reserve troops and transport wagons, to destroy ammunition trains. I was new to war, with everything to learn. This perfectly practical explanation had not occurred to me.

"But how do they know when an ammunition train is coming?" I asked.

"There are different methods. Spies, of course, always. And aëroplanes also."

"But an ammunition train moves."

It was necessary then to explain to me the various methods by which aëroplanes signal, giving ranges and locations. I have seen since that time the charts carried by aviators and airship crews, in which every hedge, every ditch, every small detail of the landscape is carefully marked. In the maps I have seen the region is divided into lettered squares, each square made up of four small squares, numbered. Thus B 3 means the third block of the B division, and so on. By wireless or in other ways the message is sent to the batteries, and B 3, along which an ammunition train is moving, suddenly finds itself under fire. Thus ended the second lesson!

The ammunition train, having safely escaped B 3 and all the other terrors that are spread for such as it, rumbled by, going through the Square. The very vibration of its wheels as they rattled over the stone set parts of the old building to shaking. Stones fell. It was not safe to stand near the belfry.

The Tragedy of the Cloth Hall of Ypres

UP TO this time I had found a certain philosophy among the French and Belgian officers as to the destruction of their towns. Not of Louvain, of course, or those earlier towns destroyed during the German invasion, but of the bombardment which is taking place now along the battle line. But here I encountered furious resentment.

There is nothing whatever left of the city for several blocks in each direction round the Cloth Hall. At the time it was destroyed the army of the Allies was five miles in advance of the town. The shells went over their heads for days, weeks.

It is a little difficult in America, where great structures are a matter of steel and stone erected in a year or so, to understand what its wonderful old buildings meant to Flanders. In a way they typified its history, certainly its art. The American likes to have his art in his home; he buys great paintings and puts them on the walls. He covers his floors with the entire art of a nomadic people. But on the Continent the method is different. They have built their art into their buildings; their great paintings are in churches or in structures like the Cloth Hall. Their homes

(Continued on Page 45)

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Upside-Down Shooting at the Enemy's Trenches

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A French Trench in Flanders

Digitized by Google

THE ANARCHIST—By Edith Orr

EVEN though she had begged him to save her from the rudeness of the mob, I do not wonder that she objected to the restaurant. It is a miserable place for the beginning of a romance—Madame on her perch benevolently smiling; Monsieur rubbing his fat hands and hoping we have been well served; Silvestre in his dirty white apron —— If it is on a smiling day in spring, in Paris itself, so much the worse.

It was on that day in April when King Paul, of Burania, was going, with military escort, from the Élysée to the Luxembourg. Having dramatically escaped assassination the day before, from one of the little kings so dear to Paris he had become a hero and an idol. Incomparable that gesture when he lighted a cigarette with the hand the assassin's knife had scratched! Delightful his words when he had been advised to stay in the house for a day or two: "One does not come to Paris to watch!" Half of Paris was out to see him drive by.

It seemed to my heroine that half of Paris was stepping on her feet. She had attempted to walk, with a queenly bearing, to the best place at the edge of the curb, and some middle-aged citizens of both sexes had indignantly protested. She had ignored their protests, and then they shook their fists at her and emitted outraged Ah-h-h's!—their faces very close to hers. That frightened her; and, before she knew what she was doing, she had appealed to the only well-dressed man in the crowd, a young fellow with a stick and a high hat.

As the door swung to behind them they felt a blessed relief from the hateful pressure of unknown human forms. The sound of military music, of huzzas, of the clatter of cavalry on the pavement, so annoying and insistent as they had fought their way to the door, grew faint and fainter until it was almost agreeable to hear, like the music off-stage that used to lend savor to the old-fashioned scene of sentiment.

She sent a wondering hand to investigate the condition of hat and hair; it returned, reporting nothing seriously wrong.

He felt secretly of his scarf.

"We'd better sit down, I think," he said.

Monsieur approached discreetly and snapped his fingers for Alphonse, who conducted them to a table. Monsieur seated the lady with her back to the street, commanding a view of Madame on the left and a dozen or so empty tables at the rear. Alphonse seated him facing the windows.

"It's a restaurant!" she exclaimed, quite indignant at Fate.

"Yes, it—it seems to be," he apologized, taking up the card; "in fact, it never pretended it wasn't. There is a sign outside—Café Restaurant. Tell me," he said, speaking French, "what I shall command for you."

"But, good heavens!" she cried, her indignation, as is the way with women, mounting as she expressed it, "I didn't come in here to eat! You have misunderstood me. I haven't time to waste in eating. I simply won't eat!"

He shrugged his shoulders, seeming to ask her, without words, how else, considering the resources of their retreat, she intended to entertain herself. She answered the gesture: "We shall be able to leave directly."

"Quite sure? Listen!"

She listened and heard the ceaseless, senseless clattering of hoofs.

"What idiots are making all that noise?"

"Troopers—still, troopers. I don't know the regiment. It will be ten minutes at least before the king's carriage passes."

"How do you know that?"

"I know."

She looked down and pouted. The danger that their glances might cross being thus temporarily averted, his eyes fell fascinated on the tips of her ears and her mouth. He wondered what perfume she used; it was not unlike chypre, adored of actresses and milliners, but not so flat and stale; something sweeter and livelier.

"Very well, then," she said suddenly, "I will eat an omelet. It is the nearest one can come to eating nothing at all."

"Savory, with rum or jelly?"

"Plain."

He ordered the omelet and added, on his own responsibility, a bottle of wine.

M. Vibert Found the Countess Lipska Extraordinarily, Almost Pathetically, Ignorant of the Things People Do to Prove to Themselves That They are in Paris

"Thank you," he said. "You will find this is much more prudent."

She toyed with her omelet and found it very good. Indeed, she ate it with such appetite that he was able to persuade her to have a vol-au-vent, a salad and coffee.

Meantime he studied her. He wondered whether, perhaps, this sketchy repast was not a treat; whether she was one of those Parisian women of whom he had heard—quite respectable, who live in some miserable hole in a cheap quarter in order that they may spend their few francs for pretty frocks and hats, the symbols of a luxury of which they know nothing. Her husband, in that case, would be a government employee earning his forty francs a week by sitting with his feet on a chair, reading endless newspapers while awaiting a summons from his chief.

And yet—she was elegant, very, very elegant, with an elegance that had cost something more than a few francs. It hung about her—an elegance that was not merely of her person and the clothes she happened at that moment to be wearing, but the ashes of dead fires in the way of vanished perfume, mysterious rites, robes once worn.

"Has that stupid King passed us yet?"

"He is not a stupid King, madame. He is a very clever one. They call him the Fox of the Balkans."

"So I have heard!" Her lips curled.

On the whole, he was not so sure she was French at all. To certain races, under favorable conditions, it is granted to attain Parisianism without first being French. Her a's were a little broader than would be quite the thing, supposing she was a Frenchwoman, and she spoke with a little lisp, which he struggled not to find too fascinating.

"Well?" she asked suddenly, looking up.

"Madame ——" he stammered.

"Have you made me out?" Her eyes, which were very dark, looked at him with what he regretfully characterized as a bold stare. It was a boldness, however, that stood him off—kept him out rather than invited him on.

"Madame!—to complete so charming and so inexhaustible a study in a few moments!"

Decidedly he was French!

"Of course you are wondering who I am?"

He put up his hand.

"Do not tell me—I find it charming to wonder ——"

"You thought it very queer of me to appeal to you in the street and ask you to get me into some quiet place?"

"Madame!—out of all that mob! Somebody had to rescue you."

"You wonder, perhaps, why I chose you?"

"Ah—perhaps!"

She did not believe he was French after all. A real Frenchman never wonders why, out of all the world, a lady chooses him. "And that King——" She interrupted herself, putting down her coffee cup. "Is it time for him yet?"

"Madame, His Majesty, with the President of the French Republic, passed by quite five minutes ago."

"And you never told me!"

"No."

"Why not?"

He deliberated a moment before he answered coolly:

"You seemed so extraordinarily preoccupied with the King, madame. An intense interest in anything whatever nowadays attracts notice—even rouses suspicion. Here we were, peacefully eating and asking ourselves questions about each other. There he was, a harmless old man ——"

"Harmless!" she interjected from some store of indignation within her; "harmless!"

"Essentially harmless, in my opinion, my dear lady. It seemed to me wiser, for the present, to keep you apart."

"Wiser, indeed!" She tapped her foot and her dark eyes flashed fire.

"I hope you are not angry with me."

"Oh, no."

"So far I have performed well enough the service you were good enough to ask of me?"

"Oh, very well—very well indeed."

"May I, in return, ask a slight favor of you?"

"Anything—anything in reason—almost anything in reason. Almost anything in reason to which I don't happen to object."

"May I choose something to remember you by out of your pretty bag?"

She threw the bag across the table at him. Something hard within it fell with rather a thump on the wood. He picked up the elaborate trifle a little gingerly and opened it, while she looked at him curiously, a hint in her eyes of both disdain and defiance.

The something hard was a gold coin purse. Except for that and a handkerchief, the bag was, so to speak, empty.

"You seem disappointed."

"I am. Give me your muff."

He no longer asked as a favor; he was quite rudely demanding the muff. She gave him the muff, but with the air of one who does not take kindly to commands.

Within its depths there was another handkerchief—nothing more. Its hairy surface, punched all over, was quite soft and flabby. Again disappointed, he drew forth the handkerchief. It was beautifully fine, with something embroidered in the corner; and it smelled of that troubling perfume which was not chypre.

"I will keep this," he said, "especially since you have another in your bag."

"Very well," she agreed, smiling curiously.

He drew it toward him and was about to examine it, when a flash like lightning passed across her face.

"No!" she cried, "No! I have changed my mind. You cannot have it."

"Oh, but I have it already."

"You must give it back."

She snatched at a corner of it. He grimly retained two corners in his own grip. It was quite indecorous really. Both of them pulled and the bit of fine linen was torn across the middle. She glanced hastily at her half and saw that it contained the embroidered corner. Then she drew her bag back on the table, and sat smiling at him in relief and insolent triumph.

"You are afraid to have me know who you are," he said sternly. "You have reasons for being afraid."

Digitized by Google

"And what, monsieur," she asked, "is your theory in regard to my identity?"

"The theory, madame, amounts almost to a certainty." He leaned across the table and pronounced his next words in a low tone, meaning at least to protect her from the officious notice of the restaurant people. "My theory is that you are one of those abominable people they call anarchists, and that you carry somewhere about your person a bomb, with which you meant to kill this poor old King Paul of Burania."

She looked at him wide-eyed. There was annoyance rather than terror in her glance. And then she began to laugh wildly. She laughed and laughed until she became hysterical and had to rescue one of the incriminating handkerchiefs out of her bag to wipe away the tears.

"They are looking at you, madame," he said coldly. "You are a very good actress, but this display of your powers is quite unnecessary. These people are looking at you closely and will remember your face."

At that she hastily pulled down her veil. In earnest though he was, he could not help smiling at her innocence in supposing that so slight a protection could quite conceal beauty such as hers. She stopped laughing almost immediately, either by an effort of the will or from fright.

"And suppose what you say about me is true, monsieur—what are you going to do about it?"

"I shall have you watched. You shall be put under constant surveillance."

"Oh, you mustn't do that! Really, monsieur, you mustn't do that. Please don't! It will do me no good to be in Paris at all if I am to be watched." Her lip trembled.

"That is precisely my idea, madame. I do not mean that it shall do you any good to be in Paris."

"Oh, you don't know what you're saying! You don't know what you're spoiling!"

Her lips trembled like a child's. It was ridiculous in such a big, dark, beautiful woman, but a little alluring too.

"You are not a Parisian?"

"Oh, no, monsieur; I am of Bu—that is ——"

"A Buranian. Exactly! I thought so. A Buranian who has lived in Russia."

"Yes—I have lived in Russia; in fact, I was born there. And that is all I will tell you, monsieur—now or ever."

"It is all that will be necessary."

A sudden idea came to her.

"If you are of the secret police, monsieur, anything that I can do for you ——" She opened her bag with quivering fingers, took out her gold purse, opened it, and spilled the contents on the table. It made quite a flood of gold. She was carrying some five thousand francs about carelessly in her bag. No wonder there was a thud when it fell! "Take what you like, monsieur; put me into a cab and let me go."

He did not deny that he was of the police, but neither did he show any inclination toward the gold.

"I advise you to put that away, madame—and at once. For a lady of your profession, you are extraordinarily imprudent. One never knows who may be about."

She put the money back, sighing, and he called for *l'addition* and paid it.

She rose quite meekly; and Monsieur, bowing profoundly, let them out. The little flutter of the passing of a visiting King had long ago been forgotten and the normal life of the boulevard had been resumed. It was nearly five o'clock and growing dusk. Lights were springing up and the raucous-voiced venders of the Patrie and the Presse were pushing the papers into the faces of the peaceful drinkers of *apéritifs* in the cafés. In short, it was that hour when Paris begins to be most itself. The lady looked on the scene as though she loved it, but sighed.

"If you will call me a taxi, monsieur, or even a cab ——"

"You forget that you are to be watched."

"Please don't have me watched! Oh, how can I persuade you that it is perfectly ridiculous to have me watched?"

"By telling me who you are."

"But I can't tell you who I am!"

"Then I must go with you to your hotel and communicate with the police from there."

There was no alternative. The taxi was called and she reluctantly gave him her address, one of those quiet but luxurious hotels in the Place Vendôme much favored by passing royalty. It was just as he expected. It was not, however—as he happened to know—the hotel that would receive King Paul after the French Republic got through with him.

She shrank in the taxi as far away from him as possible. Her embarrassment was quite pronounced. She acted exactly like a young girl out of a convent who had never before been alone with a man.

"As I am going with you to your hotel it seems to me most ridiculous that you should any longer withhold your name. The hotel people naturally will know it and will tell me."

She sighed again, and then laughed.

"I have chosen a difficult career, it seems. Very well, I will tell you: the Countess Lipska."

II

THE gentleman who had admitted the charge of being a secret agent was received by the management of the Countess Lipska's hotel with much more ceremony than was agreeable to him when he called late the next afternoon. The director of the hotel fluttered quite unnecessarily about him, though all he desired was to ask a question or two in regard to the Countess Lipska.

"Does M. le Directeur know the lady in question?"

He did—quite well.

"She has stopped here before?"

"Often, sir."

"Under the same name?"

The director smiled cunningly.

"Well—no, sir; to you I must tell the truth—not always under that name."

It was enough. He released himself from Monsieur's everlasting bowing and sent up to the Countess a card which, because it contained a mere description and not a name, was inclosed in a sealed envelope. Word was brought back that she would see him at once.

"Good! She is afraid not to see me!" he said to himself. The prospect of a little adventure was agreeable.

The so-called Countess, as was not surprising from the store of gold she carried about with her, had been tracked to a lair of some magnificence. The Secret Service gentleman waited for her in a salon much larger and more elegant than the audience chambers of many palaces he had seen. Its rococo surface had been more or less veiled by the disgorging of the Countess' own boxes; rugs, scarfs, photographs and wrought-silver trifles had been thrown about with a profusion and lack of design or coördination that suggested both the Orient and the junk shop.

The lady allowed him quite ten or fifteen minutes to look about and meditate; and when she entered he was standing before the fireplace examining a photograph on the onyx mantel.

The So-Called Countess, as Was Not Surprising From the Store of Gold She Carried About With Her, Had Been Tracked to a Lair of Some Magnificence

"I see," he said, "you carry about with you the photograph of that poor old King Paul, whom you are so anxious to destroy."

"It is necessary," she admitted with the utmost brazenness, "to know by heart the features of one's victims."

Her manner of this afternoon was changed from her manner of the day before. The agitation and timidity of discovered guilt were gone; she had meditated and recomposed herself, and was now the woman of the world—the adventuress—cool, clear-headed, full of tricks and wiles the existence of which she admits and the ends of which she defies you to fathom.

"It might interest you to know I have just come from an interview with that poor old man."

"You!" Her tone was as amused and frankly contemptuous as though he had been a servant.

"In my official capacity, madame, I meet many people of a rank superior to my own."

"Very well—not, you understand, that, with my beliefs, I admit King Paul to be your superior or anybody's."

"Oh, quite! Nevertheless, madame, even a sovereign is human and has not only weaknesses but pathetic weaknesses. King Paul is a tried old man. He has an extraordinarily disagreeable Parliament to deal with—he told me quite frankly he would like to cut off all their heads; he is always bothered by little wars that are of no account to the rest of Europe but that may at any time cost him his kingdom or his life. He has, besides, a turbulent family to regulate—in particular a daughter-in-law who nearly drives him mad."

"I have heard of her."

"All the world has heard of her. While her husband was alive they could keep her in order; but since his death and the death of the heir she has apparently ceased to value the feelings of others or her own life. She travels almost without a suite; she rides and hunts like a man; she visits the most extraordinary people incognito; she defies court etiquette—and it is said she has even furnished aid and comfort to the revolutionaries."

"Fancy!" said the Countess Lipska. "I am very glad to hear it. I am glad to hear of any troubles or annoyances that come to crowned heads. They are detestable people and I hate them all. The sooner they are blotted from the earth the happier the rest of us will be."

"Have you thought, my dear lady, that the blotting out of King Paul, for instance—in the way you have chosen—would be followed inevitably by your own?"

"I have considered the consequences of all my acts," she returned superbly. "If you have come here to work on my feelings, let me tell you, monsieur, you are throwing your time away. I am not interested in the private griefs of King Paul. I am interested in nothing in the world but myself and my mission. By the way, have you denounced me yet to the police?"

"That is what I came to discuss with you. The police of Paris do their work so admirably, madame, that your arrest would mean for him the removal of the slightest of menaces." She bowed ironically. "For you it would mean annoyance and also suffering. On certain conditions I am prepared to leave you in comparative peace."

The Countess bade him name them.

"You must permit me to exercise a certain surveillance of your actions, myself. You must submit to me every morning a *précis* of your program for the day. You must furnish me at this moment with an outline of your career, which I will give to the police in case, in a moment of enthusiasm, you exceed your official program."

"And if I refuse?"

"I shall communicate with M. B——."

"Very well! Listen, and I will tell you the story of my life—the story of a desperate woman reared in poverty, nursed on injustice, educated to hate."

He removed a notebook from his pocket and prepared to jot down her words with a golden pencil.

She paused and then went on, looking, as she spoke into the depths of the fire, like a prophetess, her voice growing deeper and more dramatic as she warmed to her story.

"I was born, as I have told you, in Burania. My father ——"

"Pardon me, madame; but you told me, as a matter of fact, that you were born in Russia."

She transfixed him with a look of scorn and continued:

"My father was a goatherd. Our little cottage—our hut—was in one of the most remote recesses of the wildest and most rugged district of our Buranian highlands.

(Continued on Page 65)

Digitized by Google

THE WAR BOOM—By A. C. Laut

PRESIDENT FARRELL, of the United States Steel Corporation, predicts good times after the war. He thinks the war has, for the first time, awakened the American public to the need for export trade as a basis of permanent prosperity. When the war broke out one of the very first signs of trade derangement was the abrupt shutdown of factories in the United States. More men were suddenly thrown out of work in the United States than in all the fighting countries combined. Why? Because the demand had slackened for implements, for railroad cars, for copper manufactures, for cotton, for wool, for machinery, for steel products, for mineral oils. The decrease in some of these exports totaled as much as three hundred million dollars. When the war terminates, not only will the ordinary demand for these be renewed but there will be an extraordinary demand, owing to the inability of the warring nations to supply these things for themselves; so President Farrell expects an era of extraordinarily good times.

Mr. Hill, of the Great Northern, does not. He regards war as an unmitigated, wanton waste. When the shot of one great gun burns up a thousand dollars' worth of powder—not to mention the human life destroyed—Mr. Hill regards war as all waste. The cities destroyed, the humans slaughtered, the money consumed in smoke, the leviathan vessels sunk—all occur without the return of a dime to commerce; so Mr. Hill expects an era of lowpriced levels, hard times, small buying power and enforced economy.

Irving T. Bush sees good times ahead for the United States, though interest rates may be higher on money, because this country will be financing an era of reconstruction; but he emphasizes one fine point about the financing of South America which should remove jealous fears that American capital will go to the Southern hemisphere when it is needed in the North: the seasons for the farmer in South America are just the reverse of the seasons for the farmer in North America. Money is needed here to finance the farmer from springtime, when he seeds, to the fall, when he moves his crop. Money is needed in South America for seeding in what we call the fall, to the crop movement in what we call the spring. So Mr. Bush has no fears of tight money here because capital is being drained away to finance foreign projects.

Good Times That Have Followed Big Wars

ON THE other hand, Theodore Price, the cotton financier, agrees with Mr. Farrell and goes him one better. He sees good times ahead. He sees nothing possible ahead but the best of good times; and he draws his proofs for that belief from the past. True, he says, there were panics in 1873, in 1893, in 1900 and in 1907; but those panics were caused rather by rotten finance than by war. They were due. We were tottering anyway, and the jar of unsettlement from war simply smashed flat our house of cards built on paper inflation.

And the greatest financial thinkers of the world agree with Mr. Price. Only Mr. Price adds this explanation to the amazing fact that every big war has been followed by a big boom: It is not trickery and it is not magic. It is the dauntlessness of the human spirit. When the shock of war comes the human spirit collectively braces itself and stiffens up its flabby backbone. In times of peace we use more jawbone than backbone; but war puts an instant stop to hot-air prosperity. We stop all frivols; we tighten all slackness; we cut off all unnecessary expenditure, and we speed up human effort to the nth degree.

Who is right? What is going to come after the present war—prosperity or depression? Are we going to have an era of high-price levels and full-time factories and good wages and plenty of money? Or are we going to have an era of falling values, hard times, tight money and slack work? If anybody could guess the true answer there would be a fortune in it. The Rothschild fortune dated from a correct forecast of what would happen after the Napoleonic Wars; and half of the biggest fortunes in the United States date from a correct guess of what would happen after the Civil War—a correct guess and the daring to act.

Anyway, the country has forever passed the stage of the truculent congressman who demanded, in Civil War times: "What have we got to do with abroad?" We all know now we have a great deal to do with abroad. We know, as Mr. Farrell says, that the war has wakened us up.

Before taking up the facts of the past, let us get the facts of the present:

I went into one of the largest importing houses on Fifth Avenue, New York, in March, to try to match a garment bought soon after the war broke out.

"You can't match that in all the United States," the saleswoman said to me.

"Why?"

"Because it is an imported color."

"And are you not buying abroad any more?"

"The public isn't buying," she said; "so what is the use of our buying? We are buying only enough things to keep our shelves from looking empty."

"Why?"

"Because the public is not buying readily. People are doing without; and we must run off what we have on hand before we load up with another thing. When the war closes all the styles will change. We cannot afford to be loaded up with what the public will not buy."

A recent paper from Paris reports the costume dealers at their wit's end. The public has suddenly stopped fripperies. Paris will not frivol. Paris will not throw money away on fooleries. Neither will New York. Set down, then, as your first line of fireproof definite facts: We are going into the new era with depleted stocks of everything, from imported costumes to farm implements—no glut of overproduction at factories. For one year, everything has been understocked.

When the war is over, and the prevailing fear is removed, there will be a sudden jump to buy. Get the black shadow of fear from our path, and there will be a sudden jump to buy, whether we can pay or not.

With the war off the world's back the world will pay, all right; but buy it must, for it has gone without buying for almost a year. Women must have clothes. Farmers must have implements. Ruined countries must have rails and bridges. Homeless people must have lumber and bricks and cement to rebuild, though they mortgage the future for a generation to do it.

Set down as your fourth fact, then, that when we go into the new era the wheels are going to fly. Factories are going to work full time, and lumber mills and copper mines and coal mines and steel mills will make overtime.

How about the money? Will that fly too? Or shall we have the paper inflation and after-collapse of the Civil War? Take another look at facts:

Since the war broke out money has not been drawn out of the bank and hidden in family socks and tea canisters and cellar jars; on the contrary, deposits have been three times greater in the Bank of England than at any time in its history. Deposits have been three times greater in the United States than at any time in its history. Money is literally bulging in the banks. Capital is timorous and will not invest in time of war.

How the British Have Economized

A COTTON operator was trying to persuade a friend who had liquidated his securities when the war broke out and put several million dollars away in vaults, to buy cotton at six cents and play for a return to normal prices.

"No, sir! Nix!" declared the safe man. "I know I'd double and treble my money in cotton; but we are slipping right down to the bottom of the wave now. When we reach the trough you are going to see securities the cheapest they have ever been in this country—and after that the biggest boom ever! I am going to hold my cash ready until we touch the trough of the wave—then ride to the crest on the coming boom; and I am only one of hundreds."

Set down as the fifth fact that the banks are bulging with money.

This touches only the capitalist. How about the average earner? Will he have money to spend when the new era comes? He has not been earning much—if, indeed, he has not been forced into the ranks of the unemployed.

A financier of England, trying to account for the enormous savings deposited in British banks from the time the war broke out, figured that enforced economies of table and dress and luxuries represented ten pounds a head for each man, woman and child in the United Kingdom.

The United Kingdom spends eight hundred million dollars a year on alcoholic drinks, three hundred and fifty millions on nonalcoholic drinks, one hundred and seventy-five millions on tobacco, and three hundred and seventy-five millions on pleasure motors—in all, without economizing at all in food and dress, seventeen hundred million dollars; almost as much as England spent on the war in the first eight months. These represent some of the things eliminated by the general population of the United Kingdom to meet the extra expense of the war.

Figure American retrenchment on the same basis for the past year, and it would represent a saving of forty-five

(Concluded on Page 42)

Spring House Cleaning at The Hague

Digitized by Google

Secrets of the Chain Store

LESSONS IN EFFICIENCY FOR THE SMALL RETAILERS

By Forrest Crissey

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

WHAT'S this I hear? Going to sell out over the counter and throw away the good will of a splendid business like this? John, you must be losing your mind! As your lawyer and an old family friend I feel it my duty to interfere—or at least to protest."

The speaker stood in a well-appointed drug store and addressed his explosive remarks to the proprietor, who shook his grizzled head, motioned his friend to take a seat at an ice-cream serving table, and said:

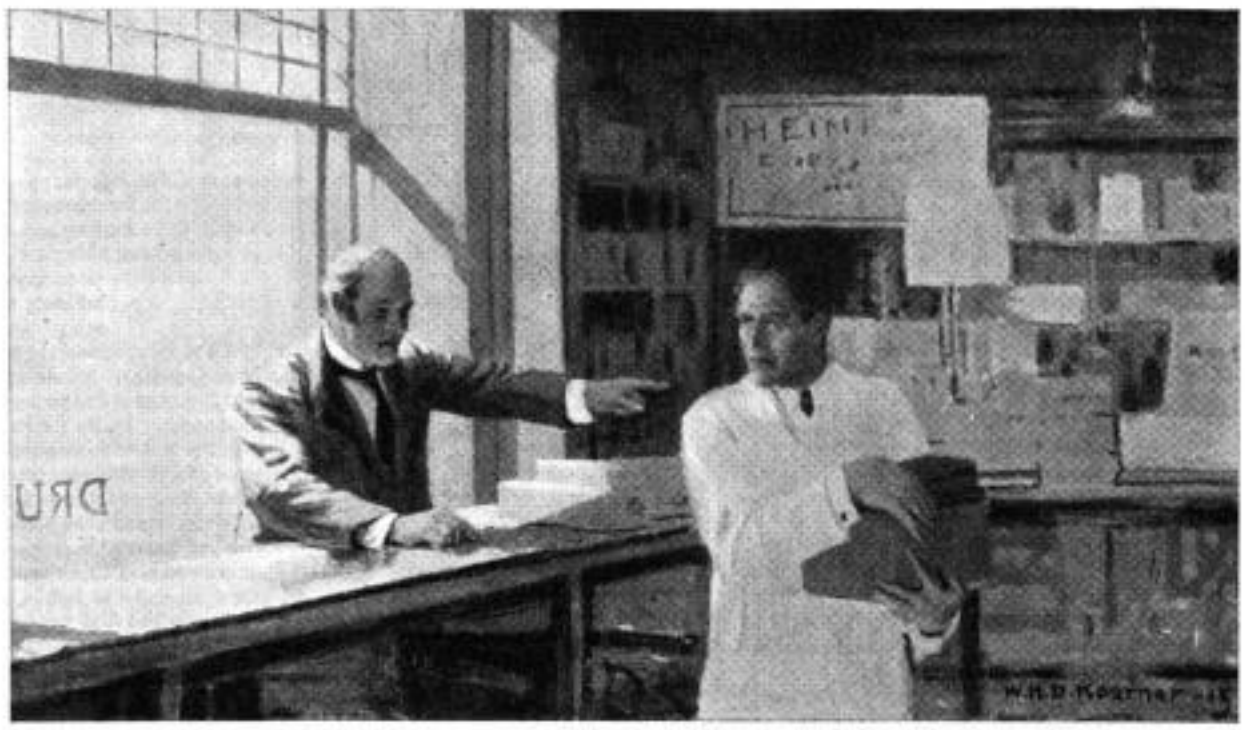
"No, Horace; I'm not crazy. I'm simply in the position of a man whose business establishment happens to be planted on a track over which an express train is approaching at full speed and under orders to stop for nothing. It is the Chain-Store Express, the fastest and strongest thing on wheels. I know it is coming and I'm going to get myself and my business off the track while the moving is good."

"But," his friend went on, "why make a wanton sacrifice of the splendid good will of this business you have built up by forty years of hard work and excellent service to the public? If you are bound to sell, why not sell to the chain store? You have absolutely the best location in this city and ——"

"That is exactly what I thought up to a few days ago. Then I had a talk with the manager of the chain-store system and he showed me that I was mistaken; that the corner diagonally across from here is the best business location in the city; that my stock and equipment would be practically useless to the chain store; and that the good will, on which you set so high a value, would be worth next to nothing to the chain organization."

"I don't believe it!" again exploded the lawyer.

"There," returned the druggist, "is where the chain store has the advantage of you. It doesn't believe—it knows! It takes nothing for granted and finds out everything that it needs to know in a thorough, definite and intelligent way. Take the matter of the desirability of this location. The chain has had its enumerators at work for weeks, keeping tab on the number of pedestrians passing this corner during every business hour of the day and night. Four other corners have been checked in the same way. The figures tell the story and show that my corner has dropped down one notch in popularity."



Nothing Disturbs the Atmosphere of a Store So Effectively as Bickerings Between Employees or Bawling Reprimands From a Person in Authority

The Precision of Chain-Store Methods

"BUT there's the good will of the business," interposed the lawyer. "Your chain-store wizard certainly could not produce figures to show that you haven't the confidence of practically the whole of this community. Why, nearly all the best families in the entire city are your personal friends! And they would stand by you with splendid loyalty if this bogy of the chain store had not thrown a big scare into you. I haven't noticed that any of your competitors have hauled down their colors and beat a retreat."

"No," came the quiet reply; "they don't appear to be aware in the least that the serenity of our quiet, competitive life is about to be disturbed. However, you have done me the credit to infer that I have been able to get and hold the business confidence of this community. In short, you admit that I have shown rather superior business sense and have built up the best drug trade in this city. The very fact that I have had perception enough to keep a little edge of advantage over my competitors may explain why I am sounding the retreat while they are as serene and self-contented as ever. If it wouldn't seem too egotistical, Horace, I'd put it this way: I know enough to be scared—and they don't. That is really the whole situation in a nutshell, and it will take less than a year of competition with the chain to prove the correctness of this diagnosis.

"When I was in Boston, trying to unload my business on the manager of the chain, I encouraged him in every way possible to reveal the inside operations of the system. He responded to an extent that astonished me. Even the confidential reports that came to his desk were freely submitted to my examination; and I was taken from one store to another by the general manager, so that he might explain to me in person the deadly precision with which modern service and economy have made the chain store the most crushing of competitors.

"I returned home with a clearly developed determination to clean out my stock and close up my business before the opening of the chain store here. In this business I have made a surplus of a hundred thousand dollars and I do not propose to waste a cent of it in testing the efficiency of chain-store competition. My other independent competitors are quite welcome to all the excitement along that line. I have no desire to see a business that has always been healthy and active drag through a painful decline to a certain death. Why not sell out to one of my old competitors? In the first place, I have a friendly feeling toward all of them; next, none of them is in a position to pay cash; finally, they are going to have more and heavier burdens on their backs than they can carry, without taking on the additional weight of my business.

"No, Horace; I know the nature of the animal with which we shall have to deal here, beginning the first of next month, and I'm going to get out of the way just as quietly and expeditiously as possible. If I were a younger man I should be mightily tempted to take the opposite course, and make this store the nucleus of a chain that would reach out to smaller cities and towns than the big chain seems inclined to go into.

"If I were going to do that I should make the most detailed study possible of the methods of the very chain that is coming in here. In my opinion the most wonderful schoolmaster in retail merchandising to-day is the man who manages the operations of the chain of stores that is pushing me out of business.

"The small-town retailer in this line who is awake to the big trade changes that are sweeping over the country will find his best and practically his only protection in studying the methods of the leaders of chain-store management. There is the place for him to go to school; and his only real hope of keeping out the chain invaders is to 'beat 'em to it' by adopting, as far as possible, chain methods. If he is a mighty apt pupil, and applies chain methods with courage and accuracy, he may succeed in making a showing that will preëmpt the territory and discourage and delay invasion; but, with the best he can do, they will still have certain advantages over him.

"Of course this will be partially offset by his local standing, his personal hold on the people. That is an asset of some considerable value if maintained and developed to anything like its possibilities; but altogether too often it becomes an unconscious excuse for poor service and for slack methods, instead of an advantage.

"If the independent and individual retailers of this country wish to spot the competitor that threatens their peace and continuance, they will take their eyes off the hated catalogue of the mail-order house for a while and devote a little study to the movement of the chain store.

"Simply because the drug business happens to be the favorite field, at the present moment, for the chain form of commercial activity, the grocer, the furniture dealer, the hardware merchant and the keepers of coal and lumber yards have no cause to flatter themselves that the chain store will not insinuate itself into their lines in due time; in fact, chain lumberyards have already become so fashionable in certain sections of the Middle West that they are about as common as creameries or county agricultural experts."

"John," earnestly exclaimed the lawyer, "you need a vacation! You're seeing things! A month in the mountains would make everything look different to you."

Studies in Modern Merchandizing

"OH, I'M going to take a vacation, all right, Horace," was the response. "And a good long one too; in fact, I'm going to take it easy from now on, and you are entirely right as to the fact that things are going to look different round here. Just you keep close watch on the new chain store and on my old competitors, and see what happens. At the end of six months or a year the alterations in the landscape will make you feel lost; but you will not feel half so lost as the surviving competitors of the chain store.

"I'm not making this prophecy because I'm a friend of the chain idea; I'm not. Frankly, I hate it. In spite of the fact that I have always kept the most up-to-date drug store in this city, I really belong to the old school of storekeeping—the one-man brand of merchandising of the independent, personal sort. I resent much that is the very essence of the chain-store success. I would really prefer to remain in business for several years longer; and it goes against my grain decidedly to be pushed out of this old familiar place before I am ready to go out on my own initiative.

"All my sympathies are with the independent small storekeeper and everything I have said that might be construed as complimentary to the chain store is unwilling praise. However, the only thing to do with facts is to look them squarely in the face and then make the most of the lessons you can learn from them. If somebody will rouse the small independent retailers of this country to focus their attention on the result of chain-store merchandising he will be doing the whole retailing fraternity the biggest kind of a favor and service.

"But don't forget this: After I have closed up shop and gone out West to visit my relatives and friends, see what happens to my comrades here who courageously remain to fight the demon of chain-store competition. And also notice, if you can, just how it happens. The study ought to be very interesting to a man of practical and legal mind."

This shrewd storekeeper carried out his plans as quickly as possible, held a series of special sales, and sold all the stock he possibly could at retail, disposing of the remainder of it in a lump to bargain hunters in the drug business from smaller towns. Then he made his threatened visit to the

Digitized by Google

West, took a trip to Europe, and made a leisurely tour of the South. When he returned his old friend Horace met him with the remark:

"You were right, John. The chain store has got 'em."

Here is precisely what happened, the figures being furnished by the manager of the chain: The year preceding the chain invasion, the three drug stores that stood their ground and accepted the gage of competition had done a combined business of about sixty-eight thousand dollars. The official business forecaster of the chain system, after a searching and elaborate preliminary survey, notified the manager of the new store that he was expected to do a business of a hundred thousand dollars in the first twelve months. He exceeded the stint set for him by eleven thousand dollars. The next year the sales were pushed up to a hundred and forty thousand dollars and all competition was crowded out of the city.

"A New Clerk Seemed Fascinated by the Business of the Soda Fountain"

There was nothing left in the form of a drug store in that city of twenty-seven thousand inhabitants that could be called, in any live and active sense, competitive. This city was the smallest to which the chain had been extended and it was invaded only because of especially inviting conditions. It was inhabited almost wholly by wealthy or well-to-do people.

These conditions naturally attracted the attention of the chain-store management. A searching investigation forced the conclusion that here was a field in which the total volume of drug sales was far less than one store should sell, and that the undeveloped volume of trade in the town was fully equal to the existing total of actual trade.

The former general manager of a chain of drug stores—practically all in the best locations of the largest cities of the country—says the retreating druggist who fled at the first appearance of chain-store competition did not have an exaggerated idea of the effectiveness of chain-store competition.

"No," replied the executive of the big chain. "To my notion he is about the shrewdest and most farseeing man who ever kept a retail drug store of the old type. He had the situation sized up right, both as to the peril, from the viewpoint of the independent retailer, and the possible remedy. So far as sympathies are concerned, my own are with the independent storekeeper and have always been with him, even when I was directing the strongest line of competition with which he ever came in contact."

Learning Chain-Store Methods

"THE small retailers of America do not yet realize that the chain store is the most efficient merchandising machine ever invented. It is the real competitor of the whole retailing field and has the mail-order house beaten. It possesses all the on-the-ground and personal-contact advantages of the Simon-pure local store, coupled with the immense buying power and the great advertising organization and economizing advantages of the mail-order house.

"My earliest business years were spent in one of the biggest mail-order houses of this country, and I am consequently in a position to know something about that business and its methods as compared with the workings of a highly developed chain-store system. Only about six per cent of the retail business of this country is done by the mail-order houses, and that percentage is too small to make it the monster peril to individual retailing that it is commonly thought to constitute. In any territory where the chain-store system has intrenched itself its percentage of business in its line is many times greater than that. Generally speaking, it soon contrives to do the biggest part of that business.

"Fight the chain store with its own methods. This is altogether the best advice that can be given to the small retailer who is beginning to wake up to the real danger that is threatening him and wishes to fortify himself against its approach. He must understand exactly what the chain store is doing and then do it to his own community first, before the chain gets a look-in. There is no other way given whereby he may be saved, provided he is in a town large enough to be attractive to chain-store managers. And on this point he should constantly remember that the chain store is driving irresistibly countryward and that the town which is considered immune from invasion to-day may be penetrated to-morrow. Only the merchants in the smallest towns in the country are entitled to feel any security from this kind of competition.

"The only real protection to a retailer in a town that is worth while must come from his own efforts. Chain-store management is always looking for an opportunity to move along the line of least resistance, to find a community of large trade possibilities that is poorly served. Here, of course, is where high-class service will shine most brilliantly by reason of contrast with its competition. There are exceptions to this rule, but the fact remains that an intelligently managed chain system is not inclined to go into a territory which is ably occupied and efficiently served.

"A country utterly unprepared for war, and with its defenses down, offers a shining mark for aggression; and the same principle prevails in the war of competition. For the present, at least, there is more than enough tempting territory that is inadequately held to afford the chain all the room it needs for expansion. It is plain, therefore, that when the independent merchant of a community puts up so good an imitation of chain methods that only the expert can distinguish between them, the invader is going to look elsewhere for an opportunity to crowd in and establish a footing.

"Of course it should be understood that a management is not necessarily efficient simply because it operates several stores instead of one; it may be and often is decidedly inefficient. In that case it is short-lived, because its very size and the fact that it is in several places instead of one will naturally contribute to the speed of its collapse. On the other hand, the average of efficiency among chain stores is far higher than among independent retail merchants. Consequently it is not out of line with the facts, as a general rule, to regard chain management as synonymous with efficient management. I think any student of chain-store management will agree with me that it has reached its highest point of efficiency in the operation of drug stores. Perhaps the chain lumber or coal yard is a close second; and the third rank must be given to the ten-cent notion store.

"Certainly there can be no question that the retailer who wishes to absorb the essence of chain-store efficiency will make no mistake in investigating the chain drug store. It is the most useful school he can attend, and a mastery of its methods is the shrewdest use to which he can put a reasonable amount of his time. The one line along which the independent retailer may most improve and protect himself, by studying and applying the methods of the chain store, is that of service. This is the greatest element of all in trade building. It is the most expensive thing the merchant sells and, at the same time, that for which the customer pays most cheerfully. It is never perfect and always offers opportunity for improvement and expansion.

"Though the management of the big chain has distinct advantages in nourishing and fostering service to the highest kind of efficiency, it cannot obtain a monopoly of this wonderful business builder; and the talent and intelligence of the independent storekeeper will always have an opportunity to make themselves felt along the line of improved service. My own definition of service is a broad one: Everything that helps to secure and keep the good will of the customer. In its narrower sense it means whatever contributes to the convenience of the customer.

"Equipment plays an important part in service, but in the main the character and training of the employees are the chief elements in the problem of service. If I had a son who wished to enter business life as an independent retailer I should urge him to enter the employ of the largest chain of drug stores and to put in about nine-tenths of his time, especially for the first year, in specializing on service."

Service and Constructive Salesmanship

"CONSTRUCTIVE salesmanship is another line along which chain-store management has made wonderful strides, and practically all the knowledge of this art a young man can acquire may be applied as effectively in an independent store as in one belonging to a chain. There is only one place in a chain-store system where the student may obtain an insight into buying—that feature of store management which the chain system has developed into one of its most powerful weapons. All purchasing is done at the central office, where the sales are made—not by salesmen, but by the goods themselves.

"Systematic waste-saving is a subject that has a most intimate relation to profits in any store; the average retailer and his employees are proverbially wasteful, while the management of the kind of chain stores I am acquainted with has raised resistance to waste to a point of efficiency that is little short of marvelous.

He Gets a Substitute to Talk for Him and He "Listens In" on the Conversation

"The commercial value of cleanliness is another thing the student of chain-store management will be forced to realize most keenly; and he will take it with him into independent retailing as an asset that will go far toward helping him create a store atmosphere calculated to ward off the encroachment of any chain system.

"The art of window and store dressing is another important feature of store operation in which the chain management excels, and in which the independent retailer needs to develop his talent to the highest pitch. As a rule, window dressing, as seen in the country store, is a sad and depressing performance; there is large room

Digitized by Google

for expansion along this line in even the most up-to-date country stores, and the skill the storekeeper acquires in this art has no mean relation to the profits of the establishment. If the scout sent out into a certain territory to spy out the land for an ambitious chain were to encounter well-dressed windows that would compare favorably with those of a store belonging to the chain, this would be taken as a strong surface indication that the territory was too well occupied to be invaded.

"Before the independent retailers of this country are really roused to an intelligent understanding of what the chain store will do when once it gets a good headway, under skillful management, in any line of trade or in any locality, it will be necessary for them not merely to take into consideration the points of chain-store practice that may be readily adapted to independent retailing but also to face squarely certain big economic facts. Without doing this, the imminence of the chain-store peril will not be appreciated.

"One of these important considerations is the fact that the independent retailer cannot approach the buying power of the big chain. One chain of drug stores, for example, manufactures twenty-five per cent of its goods—that is to say, twenty-five per cent of the money taken in over its counters is in payment for goods of its own manufacture. A very large share of the remaining seventy-five per cent of goods is bought direct from the big manufacturers at prices that the ordinary jobber could not command."

Links in the Chain

"HERE is an economic condition that is well calculated to make the teeth of the independent retailer chatter; for, of course, it means an almost unlimited power in cutting prices under the strain of competitive warfare. If any constructive commercial thinker has devised a plan for overcoming this heavy advantage on the part of the chain, and giving the independent retailer a fair fighting chance on the score of price making, he has not yet taken the public into his confidence.

"That some plan which will meet or modify to a material degree the huge advantage of the great chain management as a manufacturing buyer will finally be devised, I do not doubt; and I am ready to hazard the guess that when it comes it will involve certain features of commercial coöperation which we are inclined to shun and distrust until driven to them by the stern lash of necessity. We do things when we are forced to them, and not before.

"When the chain store squeezes the independent retailers of this country hard enough they will get together and find a remedy for their situation. This I firmly believe; but meantime they will pass under the rod of discipline, and their punishment will be mitigated just about to the extent that they study and adopt the methods and practices of the chain store. Their immediate hope, as I emphasized earlier in our talk, lies in fighting the chain store with its own fire."

Taking the largest chain of drug stores in the country as a type of chain-store management and efficiency—a selection amply justified by the facts—let the question be raised as to what revelations, on the score of service, you would meet with if you were to enter its employ and be assigned to one of its fifty stores. Because the quality of service is so dependent on the personality of the employees—and the chain management spares no pains where the quality of its service is involved—you would probably be interviewed as to your fitness by the general manager of the chain or by one of his assistants.

The general manager of a chain of this size draws a large salary—perhaps twenty thousand dollars a year—but he considers half a day of his time well spent in selecting a telephone operator for a store. No service feature is more important than that of the telephone. The operator who gets a position in one of these stores must have a mentality far above the ordinary. She is not thrust into the work until she has been thoroughly trained, not only in respect to all she is to do and how she is to do it, but as to what she is not to do. She must be permeated with the policy of the house and the spirit of its service until she becomes an ardent enthusiast for the interests of the store.

The general manager's favorite pastime, as he goes from one city to another where the stores of the chain are located, is that of impersonating a phone customer. If the operator responds to his call with a curt, "Well, what is it?" or, "Yes, —— Drug Store!" she is sure to hear the quiet voice of the general manager reminding her she has been taught that there is only one proper response for her to make in answer to an incoming call: "Good morning! This is the Service Store at Blank and Home Streets. How may we serve you?"

When an operator becomes so thoroughly familiar with the general manager's voice that he can no longer disguise it successfully and carry on a conversation with her without being identified, he gets a substitute to talk for him and he "listens in" on the conversation. In a word, the pressure to keep the telephone service up to a point approaching perfection is never relaxed for an instant. The very inflection with which an operator speaks is carefully considered. The local manager himself is not better posted on the policy of the store than is the telephone operator. Not only is the manner in which she upholds the service standard of the store under careful surveillance by the general manager and all his assistants from the executive offices, but a special telephone instructor is constantly on the road drilling the new operators and others who are weak in their art.

Perhaps the most difficult thing the chain-store telephone operator learns to do is to put "the condenser" on a conversation and still leave a pleasant and satisfied impression with the person at the other end of the wire; in fact, that impression must be left at all hazards.

Much the same pressure to secure perfection of service is placed on every employee, from the package-delivery boy to the local manager. Definite and detailed instruction always precedes an assignment to any position in a chain store. And preceding this comes a care in selection that the average retailer would consider foolish and finicky.

Take the case of the package-delivery boy: How many storekeepers would consider it necessary to explain the policy of the store to the errand boy? The chain-store management, however, regards it as imperative that its package boy, who personally enters the homes of its customers and, therefore, becomes its outside representative, should understand the policy of the house just as clearly as the telephone operator, for example, who enters the homes of customers with her voice only. No delivery boy is permitted to go on duty until he has been taught how to ring a doorbell in the proper way, how to go up and down stairs, and how to enter an apartment and leave it.

The value of teaching him the policy of the house is illustrated many times a day in the experience of every chain store and of every messenger in the employ of the chain.

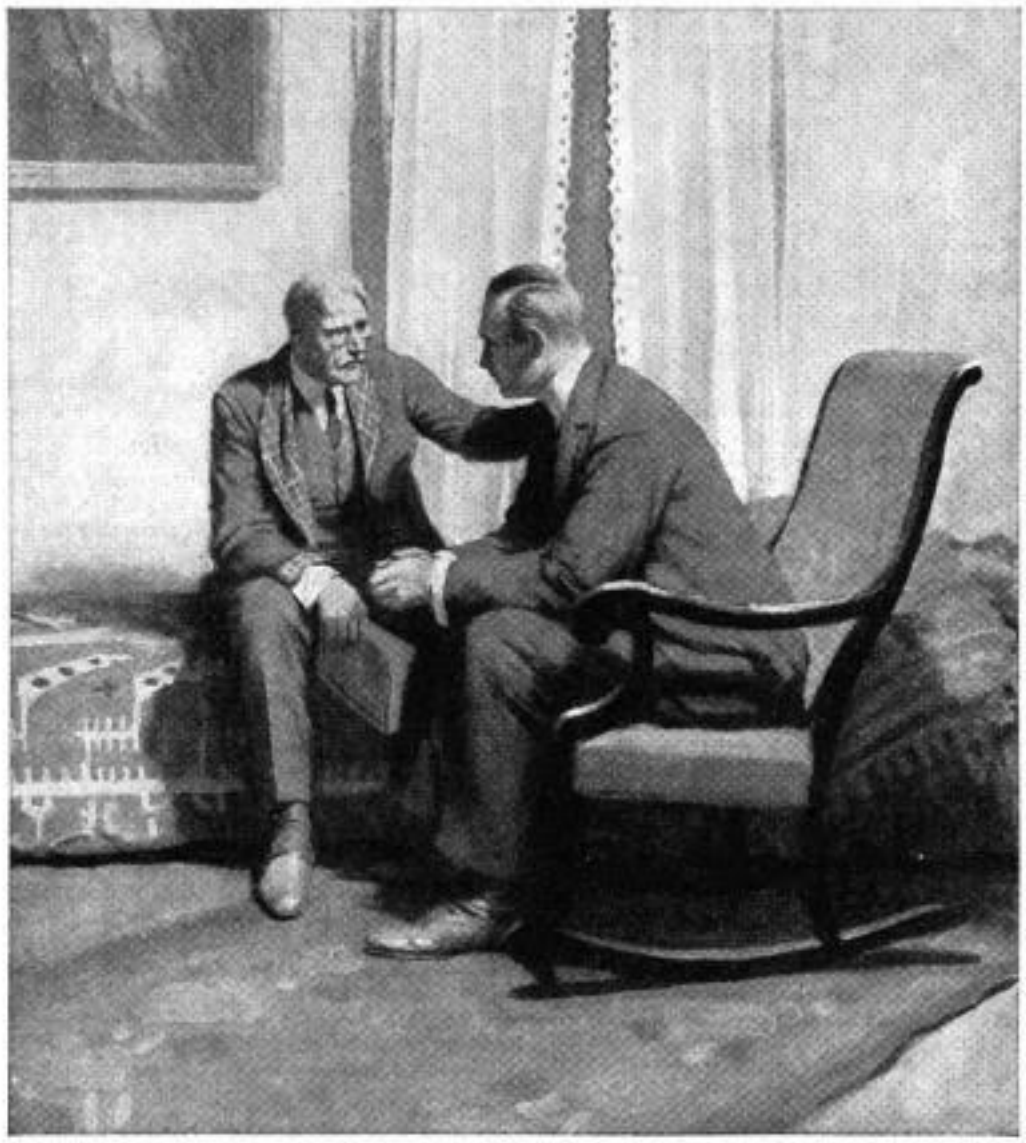
If the delivered article is not strictly up to the expectations of the customer the boy who has been drilled in the policy of the store speaks up and says: "Please let me go back and bring you the other kind. The store doesn't wish me to leave anything that is not exactly what the customer wants. It will be no trouble at all to make the exchange."

In general the chain store is a stickler for instruction beforehand instead of afterward; it believes in locking the barn door before the horse is stolen, and in teaching every employee how to perform his part of the service in such a way that dissatisfaction on the part of the customer will be prevented and avoided—instead of waiting for blunders in service to bring out reprimands and apologies, while alienating customers.

Chain-store discipline in regard to courtesy—at least with the management of this chain of fifty drug stores—is severe; and it starts with the local manager of each store. He is not permitted to speak of any employee as working for or under him, but with him. The typical chain-store voice is quiet and subdued, for loud talking among any members of the organization, no matter what their position or the provocation under which they may be laboring, is strictly prohibited.

According to the code of the general manager, nothing disturbs the atmosphere of a store or public place of any sort so effectively as bickerings between employees or bawling reprimands from a person in authority. On the other hand, he constantly urges on his employees the fact that the finest compliment the service ever received from the lips of a customer was the statement of a white-haired woman, who said:

"I like to trade here because I have never heard one of you use a hard word or a harsh tone."



"I Should Urge Him to Enter the Employ of the Largest Chain of Drug Stores and to Put in About Nine-Tenths of His Time in Specializing on Service"

Customers Always Right

NO SERVICE point in chain-store policy is considered more important than that regarding disputes; this is fully covered by the terse words: "There are none—the customer is always right!" The management finds greater difficulty in impressing the clerks and local managers with the conviction that this statement is to be taken as literally true and acted on in all cases without question or hesitation. About the shortest cut a clerk can take to separate himself from the chain-store pay roll is to persist in arguing with a customer on any point whatever, but particularly with regard to the condition of goods when sent from the store.

On one occasion, when an officer of the company from the chain headquarters was inspecting a certain store, a woman entered, asked for the local manager and handed him an expensive hot-and-cold-water bottle, a portion of which was in fragments. In tones that defied contradiction she made the statement that it was in the broken condition when she received it.

"If you don't mind allowing me to finish with this gentleman, who has come from outside the city," explained the local manager, "I shall be very glad to adjust this matter for you."

As he stepped behind the prescription case with the visiting executive, the latter shook his head and said:

"I know what you are going to say: that of your own personal knowledge you know the bottle was in perfect condition when the customer took it away from the store. But there are no exceptions to this rule; for, right or wrong, the customer is always right, and your answer should have been unhesitating and decided: 'Certainly; we shall be glad to make the exchange, and we are sorry you were unwittingly put to all this trouble.' That answer, given without an instant's delay, would have scored heavily for the service of the store. But, anyhow, when she goes out with another bottle under her arm she will become a permanent advertisement for this store. The more her conscience troubles her, the harder she will boost for us.

(Continued on Page 57)

Digitized by Google

THE PHŒNIX

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

MADE OF STEEL

"I Have Reached a Decision," Said He. "And it Becomes My Duty to State it to You, Mr. Dame, and to This Young Woman"

ONE of the vestiges of bygone days in Bodbank, Illinois—one of the figures who is left from the old time, before agriculture and industry had lifted the town to the dignity of a young city, flourishing beside the broad, brown expanse of the Mississippi—is Calvin Juniper, the traveling piano tuner.

He is still welcomed into the ancient circle of Bodbank's foremost citizens, who set up and tear down philosophies in the back room of the Phœnix Hotel just before suppertime. When Calvin, stoop-shouldered and smelling of pianos, comes in semi-annually the old fool yellow dog of Rufe P. Holland rises, garps—not gapes—and walks through the tobacco smoke, his claws clicking on the spots worn through the linoleum, to welcome the tuner once more. And the old human marks—Judge Antrim, and the president of the Trust Company, and Michael Lynch, and Malachi Sturgis, the Stove Trust King, and Hibberd Shirley, the officeless politician—all grunt together like a council of chiefs.

They are glad. They are glad to see Juniper, with that old, green-black coat, worn shiny where, as he leans, it touches keyboards. They are glad that one of their own kind—the mellow American kind—has come, to whom little of the news and several of the old tales of Bodbank are unknown. Calvin is an unfilled receptacle for narrative. For an ordinary cigar he will sit as though listening; for a good cigar he will make an honest attempt to hear. He is almost deaf.

Into the Phœnix back room he came one afternoon in early April, a sprig of pussy willow in his buttonhole. Its vegetable fur typified spring and prospect, just as Calvin's own thin hair suggested fall and retrospect. Both were of one color.

"I've been noticin' the difference in people," said he.

"Only on the outside, my friend," said Dame, the Apple Raiser, hurrying to thrust a cigar, with a red-and-gold band, into the newcomer's fingers. "You needn't look at that cigar; it's not a Bodbank Guard. . . . No; people are alike. Like apples, the outsides vary; but the cores are surprisingly the same."

"That makes me think of Martin Whitney," said Judge Antrim. "Well, go ahead, Dame. You spoke first."

"Huh?" said the piano tuner, putting his ear in the Apple Raiser's face.

"Martin Whitney," repeated Dame.

Calvin nodded.

"Wait till I get this cigar lit," he explained craftily. "I always can hear better when I get to smokin'."

Therefore, Dame, thrusting his mouth toward the extended ear but also keeping his eyes free to sweep about and hold the attention of the others, went on:

I guess one of the strangest love stories Bodbank ever heard could have been told by Martin Whitney. And there you are!

Old Joe Whitney made his money in Michigan land deals. In the year of the Centennial his wife died, and some years later he was married a second time, to a girl named Lucille Marguerite Vernier. Here in Bodbank the folks expected to see a foreign actress, with hair like a raven's wing, wicked eyes, and designs on ministers' sons.

She turned out to be a bit of bric-à-brac, about as tall as a cotton umbrella, with red-brown hair wound round in coils as thick as your wrist, and no opinion of her own except that everybody was kind and good; and that opinion, if not mistaken, was incautious. She was the daughter of a landscape painter who had been forced by hard times into portrait work, and had been stranded in Indianapolis because a rich brewer couldn't recognize himself.

Old Joe built her a brick house outside of town on the North Road, just this side of where, later, I cleared the corn and wheat, planted my first big apple orchard and built my own home—in 1887. He put up a square mansion without any frills on it—so it looked like a county courthouse; and then he planted pine trees on the square lot—the way you would go about setting out a bed of cabbages. They've grown up now and they are the only grove of evergreens round Bodbank; but they certainly look like the work of a careful surveyor.

He had two sons by his first wife. One of 'em was Martin, and the younger was named Christian by some guiding spirit with a profane sense of humor. Stepmothers aren't a movement to be fostered, and Lucille was too young and too little and too dazed with life to come up to the average success—which is low. She was as good as gold to the two boys, who were almost men; and that only made 'em recall how good their own mother—with her fat, waddling body and heart disease, and the darndest fondness for rhubarb sauce I have ever seen in a woman—had been to 'em. And there you are!

I can remember, in spite of the dislike of the new mother, which he shared in silence with his brother, that Martin was a healthy, happy specimen as a boy. He was the kind of boy that whistled as he kicked up the dust; when he was twenty he was full of fun, and there was hardly a girl in Bodbank who didn't want his picture or hanker to have a valentine from him to paste in her diary. He had been off to some school where they taught engineering and other accurate things, like that and plumbing. He was as happy and light-hearted as any bird that sings in a mock-orange hedge; and I've seen him look at Christian, his younger brother, as though he couldn't understand why that rascal was moping, whenever he wasn't planning how to avoid getting an education or how to do even the most innocent things without being caught.

Christian, as I have said, must have been named by the same man who called Binghamton, New York, the Parlor City.

Christian was a believer in will power; he was using will power to overcome all his good habits.

Some years passed. And when I sat down, the way I do on New Year's Day, and thought of what has happened in Bodbank in bygone years, I remembered, on one January first, that the Whitney family had scattered. Christian had gone off to Chicago, and then nobody knew where. It was safe to say he was trading horses, or drilling for oil, or planting gold mines in out-of-the-way places, or selling somebody a mile or two of the Santa Fé Railroad. He had scattered a long way from the Whitney family, and I guess the only thing he kept of the Whitney tradition was good manners.

The Whitneys certainly were gentlemen, and could talk to you in the anteroom of a livery stable in a way to make you feel that you were at an ambassador's ball. The men in that family got more pneumonia from taking off their hats, and more flat feet from standing in the presence of ladies, than all the rest in Bodbank combined; so it was a good guess that Christian would keep his manners even after he had lost his head and what little money his father left him.

Old Joe had been killed, along with his wife, Lucille, in the old Peoria Railroad accident. He had been standing on the steps of the car when the crash came, and somebody had just handed him one of those thick china cups, full of coffee; and when they picked him up the china ring of the handle was still on his forefinger.

But he left most of his money and the homestead to Martin, his first-born.

Martin had gone to South America. What he was doing there was a good deal of a mystery to Bodbank folks, but everybody said it was hunting crocodiles in Brazil. That's like Bodbank. He was building railroads in Ecuador; and after a time somebody saw in the Chicago papers that he was considered a great engineer and very rich, and was going about with kings and pretenders, and heirs to the presidency of republics, and fine ladies who wore mantillas and whispered soft nothings through grated windows. And there you are!

So the Whitney family had scattered, and the only member of it left in Bodbank stood on the lawn, in the grove of pines that Old Joe had set out in a simple design, so that each was no nearer the other than each. The surviving member stood on the lawn, taking all the weather—covered with snow and icicles in the winter, struck by lightning once in the summer, and showing rust spots in places, with a nose raised, proud and noble and defiant. He was an iron dog. Barring one iron deer, set out by Hibberd Shirley's father, it was the only iron mastiff in the whole city.

I used to go sometimes and peek in the windows of the old house, under the shutters, and see yellow bedsheets thrown over the mahogany furniture and turning into lace from dry rot; and I had to shake my head. Martin wouldn't sell it. When Jamieson sent down word to South America in 1895 that he had a purchaser—which he didn't—a letter came back after six months, with a foreign postage stamp on it. It was shown all round, and all it said was:

No. With kind regards, I am,
Very sincerely yours,
M. WHITNEY.

And Goldman, who keeps the cigar store, said: "That don't sound much like the boy who left Bodbank. I leave it to you—frank, free and aboveboard?" But I didn't know then what tragedies and comedies were coming to that old home!

The grass grew up in the yard and the pines grew taller too; and people going out along the North Road at night could hear the rustle of 'em, like the voices of human beings. Most of the low picket fence first lost its white paint and then rotted down. And children used to say that you could see lights moving round in the rooms downstairs; that if you listened you could hear chains clanking, and that it was Old Joe Whitney trying to get the handle of the thick china coffee cup off his forefinger.

The grass and weeds grew up, and wrens built a nest in the mail box beside the front door; and stories were told saying that somebody had once got the key to the house from Barlow, the executor, and had gone in and found Whitney's old meerschaum pipe just where he had put it down when he started off the day he was killed. The two beds in the big room upstairs were just as Old Joe and Lucille had got out of them, and as the hired girl had left them when the news came. There were hollows in the pillows where heads had pressed in. And there was a dish of oatmeal on the dining-room table. And lots of folks believed the story that the oatmeal had turned to stone. And there you are!

For eighteen years it went on. The taxes were assessed on the Whitney place as regular as clockwork, and paid by Martin Whitney through some Chicago banking house, just as regular. The city changed. People died. Old faces everybody knew were gone. New folks and a good many foreigners came in. Our congressman got a new post-office building and Judge Antrim had buried two dogs. Electric light was put into the town. The river traffic fell off and one more branch railroad came in.

The cost of living went up; and while it was going up the same kind of people who in the old days did their own housework, and wore clothes until they were worn out, and ate simple food, learned to have hired help in the kitchen, and watch the styles, and buy canned mushrooms. Buildings on Main Street began to get thick and tall. The first elevator was put in. And Bodbank got mad because the United States census figures were not so high as those of the Chamber of Commerce.

Then, one day, Martin Whitney came back.

He came back without a word to anybody—all alone. Nobody knew him; and even those who might wouldn't have recognized him. He got off the W. L. & N. train

Digitized by Google

I Chicago, took a hack and drove out through the sc[illegible]n on the North Road, where mists used to hang and th[illegible]gs trill in the spring before the real-estate company filled [illegible]r and began to build cottages and call 'em bungalows—to take the sting off.

He drove out the North Road, got down from the hack, paid the driver, and then walked up through the long grass and weeds, put his key in the door, went in, and closed it after him. I've often wondered what things were in his mind as he stood there inside. But he was back—back to stay!

I guess the first story about him which flew round Bodbank was that he had been disappointed in love by some woman. Then it grew to be a woman of ravishing beauty. Then they had her a Spanish señorita, tall and queenly and carrying a fine lace handkerchief. Finally she was royalty—and that prevented the marriage. And there you are!

When I say the story went round that Martin had been disappointed in love I've already given a pretty good idea of the kind of man who came back, after nearly twenty years, to Bodbank. I remember that Bucknam, the glucose manufacturer, said:

"What's it mean to say that Whitney is disappointed in love? Everybody is, ain't they? He might have been disappointed worse if he'd got her. He's nearly forty; and if he's never tasted the joys of marriage he's been pampered by Fate—and ought to feel as young as a boy!"

Just the same, however, something had happened to Martin Whitney. You could see that at first, and you could see it after the old, deaf, mute Spanish servant had come, and boxes and boxes of strange books and curios and engineers' instruments had been taken into the house, and after the new fence was up, and the weeds were cut, and chairs were on the porch, and lights were in the windows of the old place at night, and Martin had settled down to live out his life here.

He had gone away a rosy boy; he came back as hard as granite. His hair had grown gray—the color of galvanized metal. He wore a beard, too, that made his square chin seem squarer and more stern; and, after the brown he had brought back on his skin from the tropics had worn off in our Bodbank winters, there was a coldness about his face that made you think of a thing chipped out of marble.

Doctor Reeve said that sometimes, when he had attacks of some curious mountain fever which he had picked up in Ecuador, among strange people and strange beasts and things, he suffered terribly. But you'd never see it in his face. That never moved. It was like a mask, which spoke to you of a life that was done—a combination of grit and sadness; it looked the way you feel when an old-fashioned play is all through and the curtain has gone down.

Hugo Schwimmer, who has done calcimining and wall papering and odd jobs in Bodbank as long as I can remember, washed the windows in the old house for Martin. He said to me:

"Mr. Dame, there's a man who is the most inside himself I ever see. He gets up as early as I do and saws wood. Then he takes a cold bath—when there's hot water right in the house! He reads and reads all the time; and instead of taking any regular newspaper he has a newspaper sent him once a week from London—and there aren't any pictures in it.

"Along about sundown he sits on a porch chair and stretches out his long legs, and looks down the hill at the river, and seems to be thinking. He never speaks a word from sunrise to night, and yet he is the politest man I ever come against. He's so polite to common folks that it looks like to me that he's afraid they might be politer than he is! But he's like that dog on the lawn—he's a man made of steel!"

Made of steel! Made of metal, like the iron dog on the lawn! That's what folks said about him. He was scarcely human; judging from the outside he was a machine; except when I'd see him from my own house feeding birds after a snowstorm; or except when I'd find out that in the summer he'd let the wrens stay in the mail box, and in the R. F. D. box too—for no letters ever came; and except when he'd get up and bow like an ambassador to folks who were passing, and who dared to look up at the porch—I never had any idea that he had a thought for anything else that lived.

He spent his time with books or making things in the carpenter shop, which he had fitted up in the old back room—a man with a military figure and a body of youth, and a face like a mask, with its beard and sadness and sternness and doneness! And there you are!

The house was like him too. For seven years I lived not two hundred yards away, and I wasn't in it but twice. And I guess I never saw him downtown in Bodbank but half a dozen times. Goldman, the tobacconist, said that Martin could go ten years on a dime and still have the dime left at the end. He paid everything by sending the bills to Chicago, and then a check would come back, signed by somebody named Couch, as attorney. But, as I say, the house was like him.

Everything in it was in order, but it was as stiff and cold and silent as a receiving vault. When a woman isn't round things have to look one of two ways: they look as though either a tornado had been there or a professor of mathematics. The latter was so of the Whitney place. The old mahogany chairs, with their dark red seats, were lined up against the wall as though there was going to be a funeral; there weren't any draperies anywhere. And summer and winter the old oil paintings were hung in the middle of the spaces, with mosquito netting stretched across the front, so you couldn't tell a portrait from a sunset on the Susquehanna.

And after seven years there came a fortnight or so of days that did about what a volcano would do to that house and that man who was made of steel!

A spring day the first was—one of those spring days that make a long jump from some place where there is sunshine and land with both feet here in the Corn Belt. The day had come up from the tropics, perhaps, just as the woman who existed in the minds of Bodbank folks might have come up from the tropics, with her ravishing beauty, and her smile, and her lace handkerchief, and her royal blood. It seems to me on a day like that I can count the leaves as they come out on the trees. On a day like that we begin to think so much of corn weather that my wife slides out onto the piazza with a cloth and polishes the top end of the old thermometer.

About eleven o'clock, as the station master tells me, the W. L. & N. Number Thirty-nine set down a man and a woman at the depot on the Levee. The woman had a baby in her arms—a fat and hefty little thing, mostly eyes—like the spring sky; but some hair—like the spring sunlight.

The woman looked as though her clothes were bought after a good deal of figuring; the man had a suit that

The Girl Looked at Him a Long While. "My, But You're Dusty!" She Said

wasn't noisy and vociferous—but, just the same, it looked regardless. The man was clean-shaved and worried, and there were dark rings round his eyes. He left the girl at the station, after whispering to her, and started up the hill from the Levee, looking about him as though everything was strange to him.

Half an hour later he got down out of a hired runabout in front of the Whitney gate, hitched the horse and looked at the iron dog on the lawn as though he had seen it before, with its rusty nose held so proud and defiant. Then he measured the height of the pine trees with his eye, looked at the house, and walked up toward it a good deal the way he would have gone up the path if it had been midnight instead of noon, and if he had planned to unscrew the doorknob to sell it for old brass.

Martin came out on the porch just as the stranger came up the wide stone steps. The owner of the house was dressed as he was 'most always dressed when he wasn't working in his carpenter shop. He had a black cutaway coat on and a high collar. Somehow the linen he wore always seemed a little whiter than linen usually comes; and even his old clothes were formal, like an ambassador's. He bowed to the out-of-town man that way, too, and for a moment the two looked at each other.

"I'm Christian," said the stranger.

"My brother?" Martin said. "My brother?" He couldn't seem to believe it.

"Don't you remember how I dropped your two-bit piece into the hole in the iron dog?" the stranger said.

Martin gasped then, put his hands on his brother's shoulders and said quietly:

"I'm glad I couldn't find out where you'd gone. I'm glad to see you."

"I guess you won't be glad," Christian said, pulling away, and with the old, moping, sullen look coming into his face. "I'm here because I thought you'd want to avoid disgrace to the family. That's why I'm here. I've got to have help—money."

Martin stiffened up and said:

"Go on, sir."

Christian stared down at the speckled light that fell between the pine boughs onto the big, flat stones; he peeped up at the sun, with one eye closed, and at last he looked at Martin. The old weasel expression was in Christian's face.

"I might as well tell the truth, brother," said he. "It's trouble—bad trouble. It may bring disgrace on the family. You won't like that, Martin. You always talked about the family and about the name and about honor. And I heard how you paid the taxes on the home, so you could keep it all these years, brother. And maybe you wanted me to come back and marry, so that the family wouldn't end with us, eh? Well, all that's a wreck now, Martin."

He stood there when he had finished, holding on to the bosom of his ice-cream-pink shirt with the palms of his hands, as though it hurt him to take a breath. He was always great on dramatics. And then his face, which was out of the same mold as his brother's, was a jelly face, on which expressions shook round; but Martin's face was like old concrete poured long ago—hard as stone. And there you are!

I had gone over to see how some Black Ben grafts I had put on Martin's trees were getting on; and when I stood

"Crank Her!" Said Martin

Digitized by Google

under one of the pines, overhearing that kind of talk, I didn't know whether to slide away or step out forward. Martin settled it for me. He caught sight of me and said, like the captain of a battleship:

"Sit down on the porch, my friend Dame. I'll be with you—*pronto*. . . . Go on, sir," he said to Christian with a voice as cold and hard and unreadable as his face. His stout hands were shut, though, and something in those two fists would tell a person that Martin had smelled some truth.

"Walk down here," the younger man said, looking sideways at me as though he didn't remember ever seeing me before; and Martin, knowing very well that Christian wanted to talk privately, sneered and went out under the pines.

His head was raised, and his eyes were looking out over the Mississippi, toward the Iowa shore. He scarcely seemed to be hearing what was said to him. Once he reached into his pocket for some of the barley he always carried, and tossed it to three redwings that had been picking at the pine needles. But if it had not been for the way he was opening and shutting his two fists as he walked I would have believed that, after all, he was a man of steel—that a person who could meet a brother after twenty years and find him in a desperate fix of some kind without moving a muscle of his face must have a heart that for years had been turning to metal.

The two walked together under the speckled light and the low boughs. Martin looked like a statesman, and Christian seemed to be an inferior creature whining up at him. They kept side by side; but you would have thought that one went with a measured tread, and that the other was half running all the time.

When they had gone nearly to the gate Martin stopped suddenly and turned on his brother.

"What woman?" he snarled.

I couldn't hear the answer; but I could see that Christian was going on with his story, but keeping away from his brother as though he feared the man of steel would spring at him. Every now and then I could hear the word "money." At last he seemed to have finished.

"So she knows?" said Martin through his teeth. "And so that is what you propose to do? And you come to me, eh? Then, listen, Christian Whitney: Look at that iron dog there! Look at it! I never knew why it stood there. It's my symbol for you! It's an empty pretense. It isn't even a beast—it's an imitation of a beast. It's your token! Hear that! And I'm going to soil my hands with you, Christian Whitney!"

The younger brother gave a cry almost like a rabbit as Martin rushed at him; and he sprang away. Looking from left to right for shelter, he flew to the iron dog. His idea was to keep the thing between himself and the man who now, by magic, had changed from tall, stiff dignity to an angry, heavy-shouldered animal, with a killing in its eyes.

And then, as the two brothers stopped, one on each side of the black mastiff, suddenly Martin straightened up again, and his face grew as cold as ice, and he was like an ambassador again; and he pointed to the gate.

"Go!" said he. "You and yours—I wipe my hands of you."

Christian saw his chance then. He ran to the fence, leaped over, snatched loose the rope on the livery-stable horse, jumped into the runabout and cut at the creature with the whip. The frightened mare jumped across the ruts in the sun-baked mud; but, before the flying wagon reached the place opposite the last row of the geometrical pines, Christian turned round, shaking both the reins and the whip in the air, as though suddenly he was a wild thing; he made the motions of an ape in a fury.

"Curse you!" he roared, still using his dramatics. "Curse you! And curse her!"

The day was still—the way a spring day is still at noon, when everything is sleepy. The words of the man in the runabout cut into it like the ripping slash of a pruning knife. We could hear the wagon rattling like mad down the road, round the turn; and finally you could not hear it any more.

Martin came up the steps, and even under his beard you could see that his mouth was set. He dropped down in the old rocking-chair and looked out across the wide space to the west, and his face was like a face carved over the door of the new post-office building.

And there he sat and sat, staring and staring, until at last, after a long time, he clapped his hands—the way they call for servants in South America; and then the old, half-petrified brown creature he had brought up with him from the tropics came, as though treading on eggs, out onto the porch.

Martin said something to him in Spanish, and the eyes of the old curio opened wider and wider, so that before he disappeared I thought those eyes would fall out and bound like marbles on the boards. Later I saw the servant going down the road.

Martin still stared out over the Mississippi; then he turned to me and used sharp, short words.

"A woman!" he said. "I've sent for her."

You should have heard him! There was sorrow and anger, loathing, hatred and fear in his voice. I got up and left. I didn't dare to be curious.

Folks said he was made of steel!

There's a croquet ground out on the lawn at my place. Late that afternoon there came a new sign of summer. The new sign was that I was measuring off and setting out the wickets for the children. You know how the sun slopes a full glare at you on those spring days—how it pours blinding light downhill at you. It was that glare of the sun which prevented my seeing right away who it was that stood in front of me when I heard the click of the gate and got on my feet, with the pencils and money and memorandum books falling out of my pockets all over the grass. Then I heard Martin Whitney again.

"Dame," said he, in his polished-granite voice, "this young woman and this child have been left in Bodbank by one who calls himself Christian Whitney. I have talked with the young woman. There are reasons why she should not remain in a hotel. There are adequate reasons why she should not remain at the Whitney homestead. There are reasons why no explanation should be made at the present concerning the conditions that have made it necessary for me to harbor her, sir. I desire that you and your wife, as a favor to a neighbor, rather than for the recompense I shall be able to make to you, will shelter her for a day or two."

I must say this request took my breath away. I couldn't seem to find an answer. There I stood, with a croquet wicket in each hand, looking at the girl and the pink sleeping thing that fell over the curve of her arm like a little bundle of oats.

She was a pretty young girl, though her eyes were red, as though she'd been crying; and her hair was in need of holding one of those feminine conventions in a mirror; and there was that hot and dusty look which a long trainride puts on a woman's face and neck. Her hair was brown and silky, and she wore a wedding ring on one of the fingers of her hands, which looked well-shaped and wholesome and healthy.

A man can tell a good deal by just looking at a woman, and I knew this one wasn't anybody in particular—just a girl who had been brought up in the country somewhere and probably stopped school too soon. There wasn't anything special about her except something that would have made anybody want to pat her on the back very gently, and say, "There, there!" the way folks do to a broken-legged bird. And there you are!

She didn't carry her head down—the way those do who are broken with grief; but there was a strange stare in her gray eyes, as though she did not see anything very clearly—as though nothing mattered much except the baby in her arms.

Now and then she'd pull the little thing close to her, so as to feel that it was still there and hadn't been taken away, or turned cold, or evaporated, or blown away in a powder. She just seemed dazed—the way a person would look who had been hauled out of a burning building.

"Whitney, I'll have to speak to Mrs. Dame, to make sure I can do what you ask," I says, turning toward Martin again; "but I don't believe there is a speck of doubt about it."

The man of steel looked down at the girl in her simple little brown dress and drew away from her. She might have been a snake—the way his body moved; but his face was as cold and hard as the bottom of a tin tray.

So Martin Went Away With Her in the Rain and the Mud—a Curious Pair, Picking Their Way Toward the Town

"I owe it to you to say, Dame, that for the first time in my life I am at a loss to know what to do. It will take me several days to decide," he said.

Then he walked over close to me, so that the girl could not hear. He spoke in his measured, careful way, and with no trace of any feeling in his voice.

"This girl is from Cedar Rapids," said he. "Eighteen months ago my brother married her. He left her for nearly six months; and she searched for him all that time, so far as her limited means would allow her. Last week she found him and, with him, the truth."

"Truth?" said I.

"Yes," said he, looking at his muscular fingers and at his thumbs, which were almost always stuck out at right angles to his hand. "Yes; the truth. Christian Whitney already had a wife."

Maybe the young woman heard the last word, for she put both arms round the baby girl as though some bird of prey was going to pounce on it.

Later on she did that again. It was when my wife asked her the name. She put her arms about it quickly and just shook her head. And there you are!

But none of that was her fault!

For some time the girl was in a daze—the same daze. She would move about like a machine and wanted to help my wife with the mending. When it was done she would go out on the porch in the late afternoon and sit staring at the Iowa shore across the river, with the little thing close to her, sleeping or gurgling or looking round with eyes as gray as the mother's eyes. She used to watch the old tops of trees and riffraff floating down the brown, muddy waters of the Mississippi; and I often wondered whether she thought she was like those floating things—adrift and carried along.

She wanted everything to be neat and clean. I used to imagine what sort of a home she came from—a photograph album and a Bible on the parlor table, and a melodeon, and plants in the sunny window.

Her name was Alice.

Once when I was passing the Whitney place—the fifth day she had been with us, and we had begun to wonder how long Bodbank folks would go on believing that she was just an ordinary visitor—Martin came down to the gate and motioned to me.

"Can't you stop her sitting out there on your porch in that rocking-chair?" said the man of steel. "I don't bear anything but that rocking!"

"Women ——" I began.

"That's it—women!" he said, closing his two fists. "They are all alike—rocking-chairs and all. They are helpless. They cling. I loathe them. I yield to no man in my sense of respect for them. For chivalrous conduct toward them I have admiration. In that I trust I'll never fail. But their clinging ways! Their clutches! Their fingers! The way they go humming round a house! Great grief!"

For a minute he was silent; then his face hardened cold again, like frosting put on a cake and set out in winter.

"I have lost my good sense, Dame," said he, with his ambassador's manner. "But I cannot bear to look over to your porch and see her there, with that thing in her lap, rocking away—rocking away—rocking away! I shall arrange to-morrow to send her somewhere. I shall provide for her. I shall turn her over to my attorney. I shall send her to Chicago."

He was not a man to argue with—especially there was no temptation to do so when his face was like a face carved over the door of a building.

And then, as I was moving away, he said again, as though to himself:

"The way they go humming round a house!"

The next day it rained. When it rained Alice would sit sewing by our front window and sometimes drop the things in her lap, and stay without a motion for maybe half an hour, staring out at the water dripping off the leaves until tears had filled her eyes; and then she'd pick up her sewing again and shake her head as though she didn't understand life, or understand being a woman.

It was Thursday, I remember, and cold; and I had built a wood fire in the front room so that the baby wouldn't catch cold while it slept in a corner of the old sofa.

I had just gone in to put on some more wood when I heard a little cry of fright from Alice; and, looking up, I saw her grip hold of the stocking in her hand as though it had been a lemon and she had wanted to squeeze all the juice out of it. Then I heard steps on the piazza and a knock on the front door.

It was Whitney. I don't believe I ever saw him looking more like the thing folks called him—a man of steel. His face was set; he was as cold as stone, and polite, and more than ever like an ambassador, with his high forehead and his formal, old-fashioned clothing. Even the umbrella he held didn't prevent his looking like somebody who has come to present the ultimatum of a great World Power.

He motioned to me to go with him into the front room. He looked at the clock. It was noon. He nodded. He looked at the girl, who was staring at him from the chair,

(Continued on Page 69)

Digitized by Google

THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XXXIV

NORGATE'S expression was almost one of stupefaction. He looked at the slim young man who had entered his sitting room a little diffidently, and for a moment he was speechless.

"Well, I'm hanged!" he murmured at last. "Hardy, you astonish me!"

"The clothes are a perfect fit, sir," the man observed, "and I think that we are exactly the same height."

Norgate took a cigarette from an open box, tapped it against the table and lit it. He was fascinated, however, by the appearance of the man, who stood respectfully in the background.

"Talk about clothes making the man!" he exclaimed. "Why, Hardy, do you realize your possibilities? You could go into my club and dine, order jewels from my jeweler, I am not at all sure that you couldn't take my place at a dinner party."

The man smiled deprecatingly.

"Not quite that, I am sure, sir. If I may be allowed to say so, though, when you were good enough to give me the blue serge suit a short time ago, and a few of your old straw hats, two or three gentlemen stopped me under the impression that I was you. I should not have mentioned it, sir, but for the present circumstances."

"And no wonder!" Norgate declared. "If this weren't really a serious affair, Hardy, I should be inclined to make a little humorous use of you. That isn't what I want now though. Listen: Put on one of my black overcoats and a silk hat, go downstairs and get the porter to call a taxi for you, and drive to Smith's Hotel. You will inquire for the suite of the Baroness von Haase. The Baroness will allow you to remain in her rooms for half an hour. At the end of that time you will return here, change your clothes and await any further orders."

"Very good, sir," the man replied.

"Help yourself to cigarettes," Norgate invited, passing the box across. "Do the thing properly, and sit well back in the taxicab, although I'm hanged if I think that my friend Boko stands an earthly chance. Have you plenty of money in your pocket?"

"Plenty, thank you, sir."

The man left the room, and Norgate, after a brief delay, followed his example. A glance up and down the courtyard convinced him that Boko had disappeared. He jumped into a taxi, gave an address in Belgrave Square, and within a quarter of an hour was ushered into the presence of Mr. Spencer Wyatt, who was seated at his writing table.

"Mr. Norgate, isn't it?" the latter remarked briskly. "I had Mr. Hebblethwaite's note and I am very glad to give you five minutes. Sit down, won't you, and fire away."

"Did Mr. Hebblethwaite give you any idea as to what I wanted?" Norgate asked.

"Better read his note," the other replied, pushing it across the table with a little smile.

Norgate took it up and read:

My dear Spencer Wyatt:

A young friend of mine, Francis Norgate, who has been in the Diplomatic Service for some years and is home just now from Berlin under circumstances that you may remember, has asked me to give him a line of introduction to you which will secure him an interview during to-day. Here is that line. Norgate is a young man for whom I have a great friendship. I consider him possessed of unusual intelligence and many delightful gifts, but, like many of the rest of us, he is a crank. You can listen with interest to anything he may have to say to you unless he speaks of Germany. That's his weak point. On any other subject he is as sane as the best of us.

Many thanks. Certainly I am coming to the review. We are all looking forward to it immensely.

Ever yours, JOHN W. HEBBLETHWAITE.

Norgate set down the letter.

"There are two points of view, Mr. Spencer Wyatt," he said, "as to Germany. Mr. Hebblethwaite believes that I am an alarmist. I know that I am not. This isn't any ordinary visit of mine. I have come to see you on the most urgent matter which anyone could possibly imagine. I have come to give you the chance to save our country from the worst disaster that has ever befallen her."

Mr. Spencer Wyatt looked at his visitor steadily. His eyebrows had drawn a little closer together.

"Francis," She Whispered, "That Man Has Made Me a Little Uneasy"

"I talk about the things I know of," Norgate continued. "By chance I have been associated during the last few weeks with the head of the German spies who infest this country. I have joined his ranks. I have become a double traitor. I do his work, but every report I hand in is a false one."

"Do you realize quite what you are saying, Mr. Norgate?"

"Realize it?" Norgate repeated. "Do you think I come here to say these things to you for dramatic effect, or from a sense of humor? Every word I shall say to you is the truth. At the present moment there isn't a soul who seriously believes that England is going to be drawn into what the papers describe as a little Eastern trouble. But Germany is ready to strike at last, and this is her moment. Austria's insane demands are meant to drag Russia in. Russia must protest. She must mobilize. Germany is secretly mobilizing at this moment. She will declare war against Russia, strike at France through Belgium. She will appeal to us for our neutrality."

"These are wonderful things you are saying, Mr. Norgate!"

"I am telling you the simple truth," Norgate went on, "and the history of our country doesn't hold anything more serious or more wonderful. Shall I come straight to the point? I promised to reach it within five minutes."

"Take your own time," the other replied. "My work is unimportant enough by the side of the things you speak of. You honestly believe that Germany is provoking a war against Russia and France?"

"I know it," Norgate went on. "She believes—Germany believes—that Italy will come in. She also believes, from false information that she has gathered in this country, that under no circumstances will England fight. But it isn't about that I came to you. We've become a slothful, slack, pleasure-loving people, but I still believe that when the time comes we will fight. The point is that we shall be taken at a big disadvantage. We shall be open to a raid upon our fleet. Do you know that the entire German navy is at Kiel?"

Mr. Wyatt nodded.

"Maneuvers," he murmured.

"Their maneuver," Norgate continued earnestly, "is to strike one great blow at our scattered forces. Mr. Spencer Wyatt, I have come here to warn you. I don't understand the workings of your department; I don't know to whom you are responsible for any step you might take. But I have come to warn you that possibly within a few days, probably within a week, certainly within a fortnight, England will be at war."

Mr. Wyatt glanced down at Hebblethwaite's letter.

"You are rather taking my breath away, Mr. Norgate!"

"I can't help it, sir," Norgate said simply. "I know that what I am telling you must sound like a fairy tale, but I beg you to take it from me as the truth."

Mr. Wyatt sat for a moment without speaking.

"But," he finally remarked, "if you have come into all this information, Mr. Norgate, why didn't you go to your friend Hebblethwaite? Why haven't you communicated with the police and given this German spy of yours into charge?"

"I have been to Hebblethwaite and I have been to Scotland Yard," Norgate told him firmly; "and all that I got for my pains was a snub. They won't believe in German spies. Mr. Wyatt, you are a man of a little different temperament and caliber from those others. I tell you that all of them in the Cabinet have their heads thrust deep down into the sand. They won't listen to me. They wouldn't believe a word of what I am saying to you, but it's true."

Mr. Spencer Wyatt leaned back in his chair. He had folded his arms. He was looking over the top of his desk across the room. His eyebrows were knit, his thoughts had wandered away. For several moments there was silence. Then at last he rose to his feet, unlocked the safe that stood by his side, and took out a solid chart dotted in many places with little flags, each one of which bore the name of a ship. He looked at it for a moment attentively.

"That's the position of every ship we own at six o'clock this evening," he pointed out. "It's true we are scattered; but we are purposely scattered because of the review. On Monday morning I go down to the Admiralty and I give the word, and then every ship you see represented by those little flags will move toward a common point."

"In other words," Norgate remarked, "it is a mobilization."

"Exactly."

Norgate leaned forward in his chair.

"You're coming to what I want to suggest," he proceeded. "Listen: You can do it if you like. Go down to the Admiralty to-night. Give that order. Set the wireless going. Mobilize the fleet to-night!"

Mr. Wyatt looked steadfastly at his companion. His fingers were restlessly stroking his chin. His eyes seemed to be looking through his visitor.

"But it would be a week too soon," he muttered.

"Risk it," Norgate begged. "You have always the review to fall back upon. The mobilization, to be effective, should be unexpected. Mobilize to-morrow. I am telling you the truth, sir, and you'll know it before many days are past. Even if I have got hold of a mare's nest, you know there's trouble brewing. England will be in none the worse position to intervene for peace if her fleet is ready to strike."

Mr. Spencer Wyatt rose to his feet. He seemed somehow an altered man.

"Look here," he announced gravely: "I am going for the gamble. If I have been misled, this will probably mean the end of my career. I tell you frankly I believe in you. I believe in the truth of the things you talk about. I risked everything only a few weeks ago on my belief.

Digitized by Google

I'll risk my whole career again now. Keep your mouth shut. Don't say a word. Until to-morrow you will be the only man in England who knows it. I am going to mobilize the fleet to-night. Shake hands, Mr. Norgate; you're either the best friend or the worst foe I've ever had. Bring my coat and hat," he ordered the servant who answered his summons. "Tell your mistress, if she inquires, that I have gone down to the Admiralty on special business."

XXXV

ANNA passed her hand through Norgate's arm and led him forcibly away from the shop window before which they had been standing.

"My mind is absolutely made up," she declared firmly. "I adore shopping, I love Bond Street, and I rather like you, but I will have no more trifles, as you call them. If you do not obey I shall gaze into the next tobacconist's window, and go in and buy you all sorts of unsmokable and unusable things. And oh, dear, here is the Count! I feel like a child who has played truant from school. What will he do to me, Francis?"

"Don't worry, dear," Norgate laughed. "We're coming to the end of this tutelage, you know."

Count Lanyoki, who had stopped his motor car, came across the street toward them. He was, as usual, irreproachably attired. He wore white gaiters, patent-leather shoes, and a gray tall hat. His black hair, a little thin at the forehead, was brushed smoothly back. His mustache, streaked with gray, was twisted upward. He had, as always, the air of having just left the hands of his valet.

"Dear Baroness," he exclaimed as he accosted her, "London has been searched for you! At the Embassy my staff is reduced to despair. Telephones, notes, telegrams and personal calls have been in vain. Since lunch time yesterday it seemed to us that you must have found some other sphere on which to dwell."

"Perhaps I have," Anna laughed. "I am so sorry to have given you all this trouble, but yesterday—well, let me introduce, if I may, my husband, Mr. Francis Norgate. We were married by special license yesterday afternoon."

The Count's amazement was obvious. Diplomatist though he was, it was several seconds before he could collect himself and rise to the situation. He broke off, however, at last in the midst of a string of interjections, and realized his duties.

"My dear Baroness," he said, "let me wish you every happiness. And you, sir," he added, turning to Norgate, "you must have, without a doubt, my most hearty congratulations. There, that is said. And now to more serious matters. Baroness, have you not always considered yourself the ward of the Emperor?"

"His Majesty has been very kind to me," she admitted. "At the same time, I feel that I owe more to myself than I do to him. His first essay at interfering in my affairs was scarcely a happy one, was it?"

"Perhaps not," the Count replied. "And yet, think what you have done! You have married an Englishman!"

"I thought English people were quite popular in Vienna," Anna reminded him.

The Count hesitated.

"That," he declared, "is scarcely the question. What troubles me most is that forty-eight hours ago I brought you a dispatch from the Emperor."

"You brought," Anna pointed out, "what really amounted to an order for me to return at once to Vienna. Well, you see, I have disobeyed it."

They were standing at the corner of Clifford Street, and the Count, with a little gesture, led the way into the less crowded thoroughfare.

"Dear Baroness," he continued as they walked slowly along, "I am placed now in a most extraordinary position. The Emperor's telegram was of serious import. It cannot be that you mean to disobey his summons?"

"Well, I really couldn't put off being married, could I?" Anna protested; "especially when my husband had just got the special license. Besides, I do not wish to return to Vienna just now."

The Count glanced at Norgate and appeared to deliberate for a moment.

"The state of affairs in the East," he said, "is such that it is certainly wiser for every one just now to be within the borders of his own country."

"You believe that things are serious?" Anna inquired. "You believe, then, that real trouble is at hand?"

"I fear so," the Count acknowledged. "It appears to us that Servia has a secret understanding with Russia, or she would not have ventured to adopt her present attitude toward us. If that be so, the possibilities of trouble are immense, almost boundless. That is why, Baroness, the Emperor has sent for you. That is why I think you should not hesitate to obey his summons at once."

Anna looked up at her companion, her eyes wide open, a little smile parting her lips.

"But, Count," she exclaimed, "you seem to forget! A few days ago all that you say to me would have been reasonable enough; but to-day there is a great difference, is there not? I have married an Englishman. Henceforth this is my country."

He Had, as Always, the Air of Having Just Left the Hands of His Valet

There was a moment's silence. The Count seemed dumfounded. He stared at Anna as though unable to grasp the meaning of her words.

"Forgive me, Baroness!" he begged; "I cannot for the moment realize the significance of this thing. Do you mean me to understand that you consider yourself now an Englishwoman?"

"I do indeed," she assented. "There are many ties that still bind me to Austria—ties, Count," she proceeded, looking him in the face, "of which I shall be mindful. Yet I am not any longer the Baroness von Haase. I am Mrs. Francis Norgate, and I have promised to obey my husband in all manner of ridiculous things. At the same time, may I add something that will, perhaps, help you to accept the position with more philosophy? My husband is a friend of Herr Selingman's."

The Count glanced quickly toward Norgate. There was some relief in his face, but still a great deal of distrust.

"Baroness," he said, "my advice to you, for your own good entirely, is that you shorten your honeymoon and pay your respects to the Emperor. I think that you owe it to him. I think that you owe it to your country."

Anna for a moment was grave again.

"Just at present," she pronounced, "I realize one debt only, and that is to my husband. I will come to the Embassy to-morrow and discuss these matters with you, Count, but whether my husband accompanies me or not, I have now no secrets from him."

"The position then," the Count declared, "is intolerable. May I ask whether you altogether realize, Baroness, what this means? The Emperor is your guardian. All your estates are subject to his jurisdiction. It is his command that you return to Vienna."

Anna laughed again. She passed her fingers through Norgate's arm.

"You see," she explained as they stood for a moment at the corner of the street, "I have a new emperor now and he will not let me go."

Selingman frowned a little as he recognized his visitor. Nevertheless, he rose respectfully to his feet and himself placed a chair by the side of his desk. "My dear Count!" he exclaimed; "I am very glad to see you, but this is an unusual visit. I would have met you somewhere or come to the Embassy. Have we not agreed that it was well for Herr Selingman, the crockery manufacturer ——"

"That is all very well, Selingman," the Count interrupted, "but this morning I have had a shock. It was necessary for me to talk with you at once. In Bond Street I met the Baroness von Haase. For twenty-four hours London has been ransacked in vain for her. This you may not know, but I will now tell you—she has been our trusted agent, the trusted agent of the Emperor, in many recent instances. She has carried secrets in her brain, messages to different countries. There is little that she does not know. The last twenty-four hours, as I say, I have sought her. The Emperor requires her presence in Vienna. I meet her in Bond Street this morning and she introduces me to her husband—an English husband—Mr. Francis Norgate!"

He drew back a little with outstretched hands. Selingman's face, however, remained expressionless.

"Married already!" he commented. "Well, that is rather a surprise."

"A surprise? To be frank, it terrifies me!" the Count cried. "Heaven knows what that woman could tell an Englishman if she chose! And her manner—I did not like it. The only reassuring thing about it was that she told me that her husband was one of your men."

"Quite true," Selingman assented. "He is. It is only recently that he came to us, but I do not mind telling you that during the last few weeks no one has done such good work. He is the very man we needed."

"You have trusted him?"

"I either trust or I do not trust," Selingman replied. "That you know. I have employed this young man in very useful work. I cannot blindfold him. He knows."

"Then I fear treachery," the Count declared.

"Have you any reason for saying that?" Selingman asked.

The Count lit a cigarette with trembling fingers.

"Listen," he said: "Always, my friend, you undervalue a little the English race. You undervalue their intelligence, their patriotism, their attitude toward the serious matters of life. I know nothing of Mr. Francis Norgate save what I saw this morning; but I recognized in him one of that type of Englishmen, clean-bred, well-born, full of reserve, taciturn, yet, I would swear, honorable. I know the type, and I do not believe that such a man would be your servant."

A shadow of anxiety crossed Selingman's face.

"Have you any reason for saying this?" he repeated.

"No reason save the instinct that is above reason," the Count replied quickly. "I know that if the Baroness and he put their heads together, we may be under the shadow of catastrophe."

Selingman sat with folded arms for several moments.

"Count," he said at last, "I appreciate your point of view. You have, I confess, disturbed me. Yet of this young man I have little fear. I did not approach him by any vulgar means. I took, as they say here, the bull by the horns. I appealed to his patriotism."

"To what?" the Count demanded incredulously.

"To his patriotism," Selingman repeated. "I showed him the decadence of his country, decadence visible through all her institutions, through her political tendencies, through her young men of all classes. I convinced him that what the country needed was a bitter tonic, a kind but chastening hand. I convinced him of this, and he believes that he betrays his country for her ultimate good. As I told you before, he has brought me information that is simply invaluable. He has a position and connections that are unique."

The Count drew his chair a little nearer.

"You say that he has done you great service," he said. "Well, you must admit for yourself that the day is too near now for much more to be expected. Could you not somehow guard against his resolution's breaking down at the last moment? Think what it may mean to him—the sound of his national anthem at a critical moment, the clash of arms in the distance, the call of France across the Channel. A week's, even half a week's, extra preparation might make much difference."

Selingman sat for a short time deep in thought. Then he drew out a box of pale-looking German cigars and lit one.

"Count," he announced solemnly, "I take off my hat to you. Leave the matter in my hands."

XXXVI

NORGATE set down the telephone receiver and turned to Anna, who was seated in an easy-chair by his side.

"Selingman is downstairs," he announced. "I rather expected I should see something of him, as I didn't go to the club this afternoon. You won't mind if he comes up?"

"The man is a nuisance," Anna declared with a little grimace. "I was perfectly happy, Francis, sitting here before the open window and looking out at the lights in that cool, violet gulf of darkness. I believe that in another

Digitized by Google

minute I should have said something absolutely ravishing to you. Then your telephone rings and back one comes to earth again!"

Norgate smiled as he took her hand in his.

"We will get rid of him quickly, dearest," he promised.

There was a knock at the door. Selingman entered, his face wreathed in smiles. He was wearing a long dinner coat and a flowing black tie. He held out both his hands.

"So this is the great news that has kept you away from us!" he exclaimed. "My congratulations, Norgate; you can never say again that the luck has left you. Baroness, may I take advantage of my slight acquaintance to express my sincere wishes for your happiness?"

They wheeled up a chair for him and Norgate produced some cigars. The night was close; but they were on the seventh story, overlooking the river, and a pleasant breeze stole every now and then into the room.

"You are well placed here," Selingman declared. "I too like to be high up."

"These are really just my bachelor rooms," Norgate explained; "but under the circumstances we thought it wiser to wait before we settled down anywhere. Is there any news to-night?"

"There is great news," Selingman announced gravely. "There is news of wonderful import. In a few minutes you will hear the shouting of the boys in the Strand there. You shall hear it first from me. Germany has found herself compelled to declare war against Russia."

They were both speechless. Norgate was carried off his feet. The reality of the thing was stupendous.

"Russia has been mobilizing night and day on the frontiers of East Prussia," Selingman continued; "and Germany has chosen to strike the first blow. Now listen, both of you: I am going to speak in these few minutes to Norgate here very serious words. I take it that in the matters that lie between him and me, you, Baroness, are as one with him?"

"It is so," Norgate replied.

"To be frank, then," Selingman went on, "you, Norgate, during these momentous days have been the most useful of all my helpers here. The information that I have dispatched to Berlin, and which emanated from you, has been more than important: it has been vital. It has been so vital that I have a long dispatch to-night begging me to reaffirm my absolute conviction as to the truth of the information I have forwarded. Let us, for a moment, recapitulate. You remember your interview with Mr. Hebblethwaite on the subject of war?"

"Distinctly," Norgate assented.

"It was your impression," Selingman continued, "gathered from that conversation, that under no possible circumstances would Mr. Hebblethwaite himself, or the Cabinet as a whole, advocate war with Germany in support of France. Is that correct?"

"It is correct," Norgate admitted.

"Nothing has happened to change your opinion?"

"Nothing."

"To proceed, then," Selingman went on; "some little time ago you called upon Mr. Bullen at the House of Commons. You promised a large contribution to the funds of the Irish party, a sum that is to be paid over on the first of next month, on condition that no compromise in the Home Rule question shall be accepted by him, even in case of war. And further that, if England should find herself in a state of war, no Nationalists should volunteer to fight in her ranks. Is this correct?"

"Perfectly," Norgate replied.

"The information was of great interest in Berlin," Selingman pointed out. "They realize there that this means of necessity a civil war."

"Without a doubt."

"You believe," Selingman persisted, "that I did not take an exaggerated or distorted view of the situation, as discussed between you and Mr. Bullen, when I reported that civil war in Ireland was inevitable?"

"It is inevitable," Norgate agreed.

Selingman sat for several moments in portentous silence.

"We are on the threshold of great events," he announced. "The Cabinet opinion in Berlin has been swayed by the two factors we have discussed. It is the wish of Germany, and her policy, to end once for all the Eastern disquiet, to weaken Russia so that she can no longer call herself the champion of the Slav races and uphold their barbarism against our culture. France is to be dealt with only as the ally of Russia. We want little more from her than we have already. But our great desire is that England of necessity, and of her choice, should remain for the present neutral. Her time is to come later. Italy, Germany and Austria can deal with France and Russia to a mathematical certainty. What we desire to avoid is the possibility of unforeseen complications. I leave you to-night and I cable my absolute belief in the statements deduced from your work. You have nothing more to say?"

"Nothing," Norgate replied.

Selingman was apparently relieved. A little later he rose to his feet.

"My young friend," he concluded, "in the near future great rewards will find their way to this country. There is no one who has deserved more than you. There is no one who will profit more. And that reminds me: There was one little question I had to ask. A friend of mine has seen you on your way backward and forward to Camberwell three or four times lately. You lunched the other day with the colonel of one of your lancer regiments. How did you spend your time at Camberwell?"

For a moment Norgate made no reply. The moonlight was shining into the room and Anna had turned out all the lights with the exception of one heavily shaded lamp. Her eyes were shining as she leaned a little forward in her chair.

"Boko again, I suppose," Norgate grunted.

"Certainly Boko," Selingman acknowledged.

"I was in the yeomanry when I was younger," Norgate explained slowly; "and I had some thought of entering the army before I took up diplomacy. Colonel Chalmers is a friend of mine. I have been down to Camberwell to see if I could pick up a little of the new drill."

"For what reason?" Selingman demanded.

"Need I tell you that?" Norgate protested. "Whatever my feeling for England may be at the present moment, however bitterly I may regret the way she has let her opportunities slip, the slovenly political condition of the country, yet I cannot put away from me the fact that I am an Englishman. If trouble should come, even though I may have helped to bring it about, even though I may believe that it is a good thing for the country to have to meet trouble, I should still fight on her side."

"But there will be no war," Selingman reminded him. "You yourself have ascertained that the present Cabinet will decline war at any cost."

"The present government, without a doubt," Norgate assented. "I am thinking of later on, when your first task is over."

Selingman nodded gravely.

"When that day comes," he said, as he rose and took up his hat, "it will not be a war. If your people resist it will be a butchery. It would be better for you to find yourself in one of the Baroness' castles in Austria when that time comes! It is never worth while to draw a sword in a lost cause. I wish you good night, Baroness. I wish you good night, Norgate."

He shook hands with them both firmly. There was still something of reserve in his manner. Norgate rang for his servant to show him out. They took their places once more by the window.

"War!" Norgate murmured, his eyes fixed upon the distant lights.

Anna crept a little nearer to him.

"Francis," she whispered, "that man has made me a little uneasy. Supposing they should discover that you have deceived them before they are obliged to leave the country!"

Norgate laughed reassuringly.

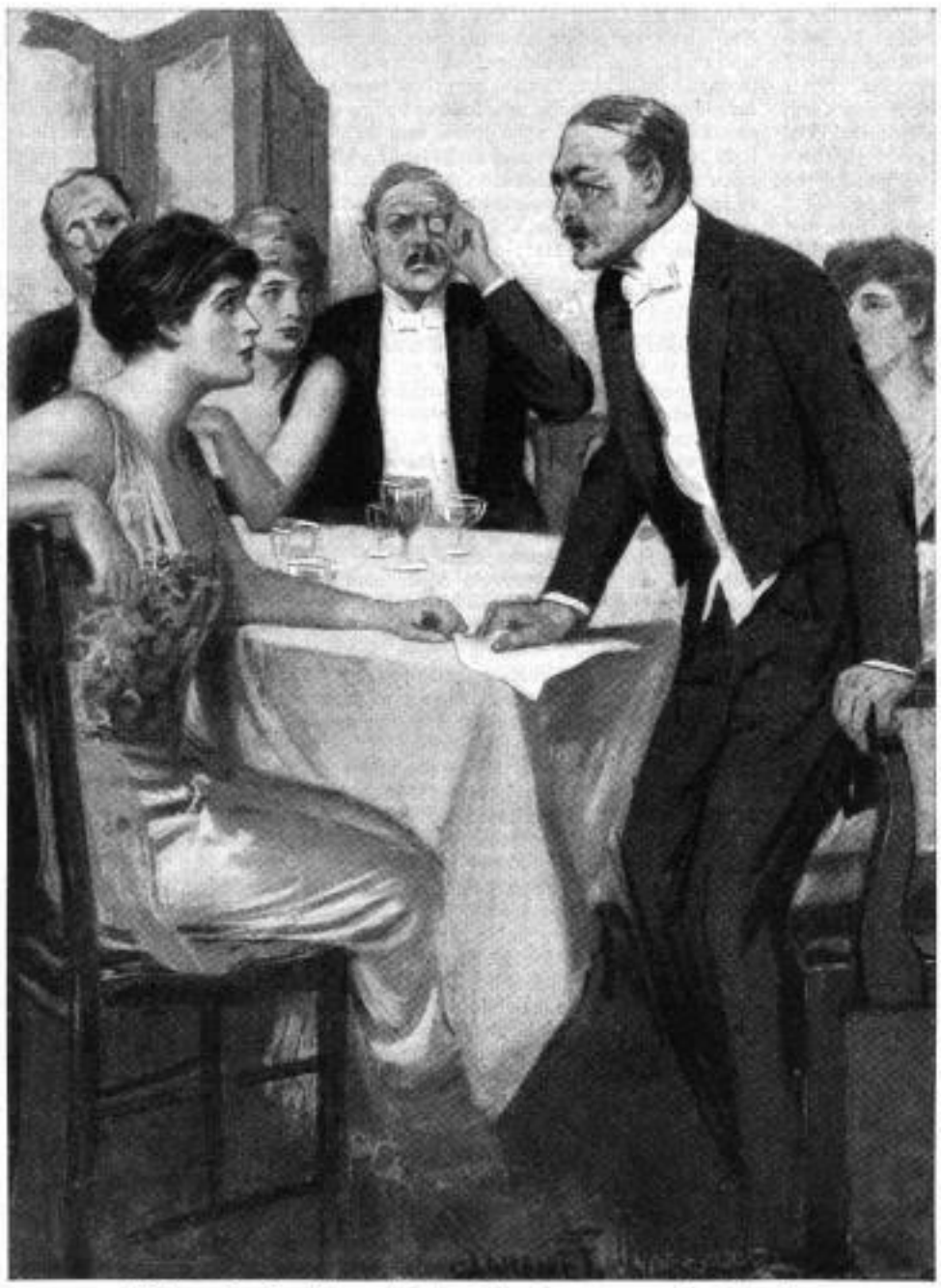
"They will be much too busy," he replied, "to think about me."

Anna's face was still troubled.

"I did not like that man's look," she persisted, "when he asked you what you were doing at Camberwell. Perhaps he still believes that you have told the truth; but he might easily have it in his mind that you know too many of their secrets to be trusted when the great moment comes."

Norgate leaned over and drew her toward him.

"Selingman has gone," he murmured; "and it is only outside that war is throbbing. Dearest, I think that my great moment is now!"



"I Have Just Heard From the War Office That Germany Has Declared War Against Russia"

XXXVII

MR. HEBBLETHWAITE permitted himself a single moment of abstraction. He sat at the head of the table in his own remarkably well-appointed dining room. His guests—there were eighteen or twenty of them in all—represented, in a single word, success: success social as well as political. His excellently cooked dinner was being served with faultless precision. His epigrams had never been more pungent. The very distinguished peeress who sat upon his right, and whose name was a household word in the enemy's camp, had listened to him with enchained and sympathetic interest. For a single second he permitted his thoughts to travel back to the humble beginnings of his political career. He had a brief, flashlight recollection of the suburban parlor of his early days, the hard fight, at first for a living, then for some small place in local politics, and then larger and more daring schemes as the boundaries of his ambitions became each year a little farther extended. Beyond him now was only one more step to be taken. The last goal was well within his reach.

The woman at his right recommenced their conversation, which had been for a moment interrupted.

"We were speaking of success," she said. "Success often comes to one covered by the tentacles and parasites of shame, and yet, even in its grosser forms, it has something splendid about it. But success that carries with it no apparent drawback whatever is, of course, the most amazing thing of all. I was reading that wonderful article of Professor Wilson's last month. He quotes you very extensively. His analysis of your character was, in its way, interesting. Directly I had read it, however, I felt that it lacked one thing—simplicity. I made up my mind that the next

(Continued on Page 73)

Digitized by Google

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year (Except in Toronto, $1.50). Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 15, 1915

Farmers and Railroads

ASTONISHING arguments are addressed to farmers on the transportation question. Recently, for instance, we saw one urging that freight rates were too high because the capital invested in railroads earns, on an average, a higher return than capital invested in farming. Imagine the author of that argument saying to his banker: "I want to borrow a hundred dollars for sixty days; but I have figured out that the capital invested in my farm earns, after allowing for my labor and the depreciation of tools, only three and an eighth per cent a year; so three and an eighth per cent interest is all I will pay you for the use of your hundred dollars."

You know what the banker would say. Capital invested in agriculture probably does, on the average, yield a low return—partly because the investor generally expects to apply his own labor on the farm and partly because he usually expects the land to increase in value. Capital for railroad bonds cannot be had on those terms.

The fact is, higher rather than lower freight rates may, in given cases, be decidedly to the interest of farmers—especially of those who have perishable products to ship—such as fruit, vegetables, poultry and livestock. They want good service.

If they had to choose between a road that would get their products promptly to market in good condition and one the service of which was slow, uncertain and inefficient, but with freight charges ten per cent below those of the first road, they would take the line that gave them good service in preference to the one that gave a low rate, because deterioration of their products on that line would more than overcome the difference in freight.

That Invasion

THE notion that conquest of the United States by Germany would present about the same difficulties as a police raid on a newsboys' crap game naturally affords an engaging subject for journalistic speculation. Having decided on war, the Kaiser would simply blow up our fleet with submarines, land two hundred thousand veterans on Long Island, send them over to Manhattan by the Subway and sit down in the most convenient *Weinstube* to await ransom and surrender. The only opposition would come from a Broadway policeman, who would forbid the invading host to cross the street until he whistled—and who would be brained on the spot. Paralyzed by that assault on its most formidable symbol of authority, the city would hand over two million billion marks.

If any of these speculations have reached the German War Office it must be overwhelmed with humiliation, because in forty years of anxious military scheming it never happened to think of a feat so easy, safe and profitable. Or possibly the German War Office has other views as to the feasibility of the adventure.

With a fleet theoretically not far inferior to that of England and with military resources nearly equivalent to those of England at his back, Napoleon vainly bent his ambition for many months to getting across twenty miles of salt water to England. If invasion of the United States is so simple, his task was one that an infant in arms might have undertaken. Our only foreign war in more than a century was forced by us on Spain. In over a hundred years no nation has sought a quarrel with the United States, though on more than one occasion we have given a pretty fair opening for a quarrel—notably in the Venezuela affair.

If there existed abroad that readiness to pounce on the United States which weavers of invasion yarns assume, and the pouncing were achievable with such neatness and dispatch, it would be somewhat difficult to account for a hundred years of complete immunity from foreign aggression.

On the other hand, except that there had been a whole generation of bustling preparedness for war in Europe, with constant inciting of international jealousy and suspicion, and with perennial alarms by paper strategists over what this or that foe might do, it would be impossible to account for the present situation on the Continent.

Our own situation, with all its admitted unpreparedness, seems to us decidedly preferable. In spite of that unpreparedness the country undoubtedly holds the comforting assurance that the United States is the last nation which any other nation wants to fight—and fighting anybody at all is not a proposition that now rouses any particular enthusiasm in Europe.

Feeling Better

WE DO not care much about million-share days on the New York Stock Exchange, for they are largely a hothouse product; and, though our great exports are very important, we should not forget that much of them means destruction of the world's wealth instead of that increase of wealth which normal trade connotes. We should not forget, either, that domestic trade, as indicated by bank clearings and railroad receipts, is still only so-so; and domestic trade is finally more important by many hundredfold than foreign trade. The simple fact that normal bank clearings at Kansas City alone exceed our total foreign trade—both exports and imports—gives a line on the difference.

The country, however, is in a much more cheerful frame of mind, and that is the big thing in the business situation. The "bull points" on business are what receive first attention nowadays. People are looking for things to be happy over, whereas nine months ago they were seeking reasons for gloom. Everybody who follows business affairs catches the difference between the uplook and the downlook. Take it in a certain temper and facts from which the business community might otherwise derive comfort are slighted or ignored. In the opposite temper it inclines to focus its eyes on the bright spots.

We are feeling better; so we are better.

The Tax Muddle

JUDGMENT creditors of a Southern county sued for a writ of mandamus requiring the local authorities to assess property in the county for taxation at its full value, as the state law directs. It had been assessed at only half its value; and, as the tax rate was limited by law, the yield was not sufficient to pay the county's debts. But it was shown in the trial that property in other counties of the state was assessed at only half its value; so, if the writ was granted, property owners in that county would be paying twice as much state tax on the same actual value as property owners in other counties paid. The lower court, therefore, denied the writ; but the higher court reversed the judgment.

This is a common condition, growing naturally enough out of the common human desire to lessen taxes. Local assessors undervalue their neighbors' property; but as all of them undervalue it to about the same extent, property owners simply pay three per cent on an assessed valuation of fifty dollars instead of paying one and a half per cent on a true valuation of one hundred dollars. Each of them, however, sees that his assessment is low and fatuously congratulates himself on that, giving the obliging assessor his vote and perhaps a good cigar.

The underassessed community is set down as possessing only half or three-quarters of its true wealth, its credit is correspondingly restricted and nearly everybody finally pays just as much tax as though the assessments were true; but some exceptionally skillful taxdodgers may profit at the expense of their neighbors.

The remedy is to take assessments virtually out of the hands of local authorities, as Wisconsin has done. True assessments, made by a state board that is beyond local influence, are to the benefit of the average taxpayer.

The Jacksonian Ideal

WE TAKE a lawyer, a banker, a newspaper editor, a wholesale merchant, or a civil engineer and contractor. He may or may not have shown notable ability in managing his own affairs. At any rate, he has been known among men for some twenty or thirty years without raising a presumption anywhere that his mental capacity, when applied along the lines of his greatest experience, was miraculous. Competitors of ordinary ability have never feared to meet him on his own ground.

The President hands him a slip of paper, with a pat on the back, and forthwith he becomes endowed with the most remarkable and versatile talents. Without any previous training, study or experience in that line, he is capable of managing, say, the Government's fiscal machinery, with an annual turnover a third as big as the railroads'. He can participate in directing the country's banking system. Under the Shipping Bill he and two other Cabinet members of substantially the same antecedents can launch the Government in the rather complicated merchant-marine business.

If a Cabinet member retires the Government is not in the least embarrassed by the loss of such suddenly acquired and unusual talents. With only a couple of days' consideration it can pick out of civil life some other lawyer, merchant or editor and forthwith vest him with ability and experience to manage the post office, the navy, or any other great executive branch.

Evidently the talents and experience attach to the office—not to the man. It is about as though a railroad provided a handsome desk and chair, with the sign "General Manager" over it, and then picked up the first good, intelligent person who happened to come along to occupy the chair.

Of course this is the Jacksonian ideal—that public business is essentially so simple that one honest, sensible person can do it as well as another; but it is in odd contrast to the anxious search for specialized talent and experience that goes on in every other field of human endeavor.

An Unaccommodating Judge

FOR many years Illinois has said, by formal statute, that no saloon in the state should remain open on Sunday. For as many years Chicago has tacitly willed that saloons in that portion of Illinois under her municipal jurisdiction should remain open seven days in the week. This apparent conflict was settled on the agreeable basis that Frederick the Great adopted. "My subjects and I," he said, "get on finely. They say what they please and I do what I please." And this amiable arrangement was quite satisfactory to nearly everybody.

Illinois had her Sunday-observance statute. Chicago had her Sunday saloons. Occasionally reformers prosecuted individual saloon keepers for violating the state law. Trial juries promptly acquitted the defendants in the teeth of the law and the evidence. Thus, the reformers achieved a satisfying consciousness of having done their duty, while the saloon keepers presumably recouped the expenses of the trial by putting a little more foam in the glass—and everybody was happy.

Nobody surrendered a jot of his principles and nobody gave up a penny of his profits. If you preferred a dry Sunday you could read the statute of the sovereign state. If you preferred a wet one you could drop in at the next corner and order a stein.

Recently the failure of a brewery threw some eighty barrooms into the hands of a Federal judge. He should, of course, have accepted a situation that had worked so agreeably to all concerned for twenty years; but he took the harsh position that a court cannot run saloons on Sunday in defiance of a state law.

Thus, for once in twenty years, by the dual accident of a receivership and an unaccommodating judge, some eighty saloons out of seven thousand in Chicago obeyed the law.

The City Dwelling

ALL of San Francisco is rebuilt except Nob Hill. Blackened ruins still lie up there where the mansions of the local nobility once lorded it over the town. The local nobility has built itself other mansions, but mostly in the country.

If the swell residence district of any great American city should be wiped out by fire, probably it would never be rebuilt—that is, not as a swell residence district. The other day the grandson and heir of one of the richest men in the world rented a flat for his city residence. Other very rich men had preceded him in that residential preference.

As a matter of fact, the contemned flat is the most suitable and sensible of dwelling places in most big American cities. More and more, no doubt, men who have money to indulge their taste in homebuilding will do it in the country, housing themselves in flats when they live in town. Nobody would deliberately choose to live in any city at any time except for certain urban attractions that cannot be transported to the country. Pretty generally the flat gives easier access to the attractions. It is easier to manage and easier to leave.

We expect to see even upper Fifth Avenue housed in beetling structures of Romanesque architecture, with diamond-studded platinum tablets at the street entrances, on which awed tourists in the rubberneck wagon can read the names of the occupants and how many million dollars a year each of them pays for his flat.

Digitized by Google

THE BUSHER ABROAD

The Indian Ocean, Salome and Bargain Day on the Streets of Cairo

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

Every Little Wile a Gus of Wind Would Blow the Sand in Your Eyes and 1/2 the Time I Dident Know Was I Pitching to the Plate or Peging to 1st Base

on the Ship bord. Jan. 16.

FRIEND AL: Well Al here it is pretty near 3 days since I been out on the porch and its so hot in my birth room and the dinning room that it feels like 1 of these here turkeys baths but a mans got his choise weather you want to get smuthered to deth or go out on the porch and get your head all pecked up by these here Thomas Hawks and just think Al we wont be threw with the indian Ocean where they fly a round at for pretty near a wk. more and may be by that time I will be rosted to deth like a Pnut or some thing but of coarse if it gets to hot I will half to go out on the porch and take a chanct of geting my head pecked up.

Well Al I found out today where wear on our way to and wear going to africa Al and wear do there a bout the last of the mo. but the languige they talk there is harder to lern then japan or china ether 1 because a hole lot of the words is pretty near like englich only they say them diffrunt and its geting on to how do they say them thats what makes it hard to lern so steve Evans has beggan all ready to lern me how to talk the languige so as I can get a long all right by my self if I hapened to get lost a way from the rest of the party. When you want to say I meaning your self you say Ah and supose you got lost and wanted to say I cant find my way back to the hotel youd say Ah caint fine mah way back to dat ole hotel and if you want to say your lost you say Ahm done lost it and if you want to tell them your hungery you say Boss Ah sho am ravvenasshus only of coarse I dont know weather thats how you spell it or not. A mans got to keep saying it over to your self all the wile or your libel to forget what you lerned all ready and when I and Evans is to gather we keep talking it back and 4th. bet. us so as I will have it lerned pretty good and not forget it before we get to africa.

I guess Florrie will think Im a collige school teecher or some thing when I get home and spring all the diffrunt languige on her japan and china and africa and the rest of them that I lern before I get home. But whats the use of makeing a trip like this here if you dont lern some thing and a mans a sucker to go a round the world with your eyes and ears shut like a deef and dum moot. As long is we dont get no money for playing ball on the trip we better try and get some thing and I will try and lern evry thing I can and I bet some of these here collige willy boys that spends there old mans money at yale and Harlem dont lern ½ as much is a man that makes a trip a round the world if you keep your eyes oppen.

Well Al I wisht we was threw with the indian Ocean and out of the way of these here Thomas Hawks so as a man could get some fresh air but wishing wont do no good and a man cant get nothing by wishing and I supose Scott and Benz and them wishs they had my fast 1 but them wishing it wont fool no batters. Wishs is fishs as they say. Well old pal Im going to get my cloths off and lay on the bed and thats a bout the only way you can keep your self from smuthering to deth. Your old pal.

JACK.

on the Ship bord. Jan. 19.

AL: Well old Pal what do you supose wear up against now and wear going to cross acrost the eqater again tommorow and they say its a hole lot worse crosing acrost the way we got to cross it this time then the way we went acrost the other time because we was going south last time and now wear going north and when your going south your going down and the bump is easyer but when you cross acrost it going north you cross it up and its like you was driveing a horse & buggy over a R. R. track and the bump when you hit the rales is harder then when your acrost the track and slide off of the rales on to the ground and crosing the eqater going north is just like going up a step insted of comeing down and the crews of the boat all has to pull on a rope and lift the front end of the boat up so as to raze it up for the step. But some times they dont get the boat razed up at the right time and then theys a awfull bump and peopls libel to get hurt.

If your in your birth room your libel to get throwed against the sealing and get your head smashed or brake a arm and I guess theys a lot of ball players in the league that would be tickeled to deth if I got my old super broke but I aint going to take no chanct to please them and Evans says I better be out on the porch when the bump comes off and hold on to the fence and not crooped up in no birth room where theys a sealing and walls to bump against. So Im going out on the porch Al and take a chanct with them Thomas Hawks because a man better get his head pecked up a little then brake your arm when you got to pitch for a liveing.

Dutch Schaefer says if I broke my left arm it wouldent do no harm and if I broke my right arm I could lern to pitch with my left arm and be just as good but I aint going to make no left hander out of my self because all as they deppend on is there luck and if I dident have nothing but luck I would quite pitching and drive a dray or write for the news papers.

So I am going to take a chanct with them Hawks Al and if I get my head all sored up I guess the only thing I can do is lay a round til its all O. K. again and any way I cant stay crooped up much longer or Ill be rosted like a chicken or some thing and I havent dast set near a oppen window even on acct of these here Hawks might catch site of me and come in threw the window.

Well Al may be Ill need some of these left handers luck before Im threw but Id rather have my fast ball then all there luck hey Al. Your old pal. JACK.

on the Ship bord. Jan. 21.

FRIEND AL: Well Al here we are safe in sound and the old supers just as good is ever and my head aint no more sored up then a bran new base ball and theys a lot of pitchers that cant brake there curve with a new ball but it dont make no diffrunts to me Al if the balls just out of the rapper or all dirted up the old hook will brake just the same and make Cobb and the rest of them look like a sucker. Only when my arms good you might say I dont need nothing but my fast 1.

Well Al I and all the rest of the boys has been crooped up all this wile for nothing and they wasent no danger at all from them Thomas Hawks only we dident know no better til Mcgraw found it out and what do you think of this here indian Thorp for not telling us when he knowed all the wile only he says he dident know why we was all staying in doors off of the porch but thot we was sea sick or some thing.

Well Al the hole gang of us come out on the porch last night so as we would be O. K. when we crosed acrost the eqater and I wore my base ball cap on under my hat so as my head wouldent be so easy to get at and Bliss and Wingo and Slight and them wore there masts over there head but Evans says that wouldent of did them no good because these here Hawks has got big long bills and can reach clear down threw a catchers mast but it was a light night and pretty near like day light and we looked all over and couldent see no birds over the boat or no wheres else and evry body was wondring where could they of hid them self and finely Mcgraw hapened to say some thing to Thorp a bout it and come to find out Thorp was out on the porch the 1st. day we come in to the indian Ocean and they was a hole flock of these here birds waiting for some body to show up on the porch so they could peck there heads but when they seen Thorp they flide a way from the boat and they hasent been none of them near the boat ever since and Schaefer says its on acct of Thorp being a indian and knows how to handle Thomas Hawks.

Well Al I thot we would laugh our self to deth when we seen what suckers we was and no body thot a bout Thorp being on the Ship bord and of coarse we was O. K. wile he was on the bord and what a rummy we all was Al staying crooped up in doors when we might of been in joying the air.

Evans says Mcgraw should ought to find Thorp a $100.00 dollars fer him not telling us but Mcgraw says Thorp dident never know we was afrade of geting scalloped or he would of told us and the only thing we can do is take it like a joke and to not leave our friends at home lern a bout it or they would laugh them self sick but Im telling you Al because its to good to keep and I aint the man that wont never add mit when you been a sucker.

Well Al we was still laughing and jokeing a bout the Thomas Hawks when larry Doyle seen the capt of the boat and found out we was pretty near the eqater and the capt ast Doyle to get some of the strongist men in the crowd and help pull on the rope up to the front of the boat and lift it up over the eqater so I and Thorp and sam Crawford and Honest Lobert got a hold of the rope a long with some of the crews and dutch Schaefer and the capt of the boat stood up in the front of us and told us when to jerk and when they give us the word we give a pull and the rope must of bust it because I fell over on the porch and the boys all laughed but I guess they knowed it was my strenth that done most of the puling and Al we come up on that eqater just like they was nothing there and not no jar at all and the capt of the boat says it was the smothist hed ever went acrost the eqater and he wisht he could have a bunch of big stropping men like we evry time he has to cross acrost it. Of coarse Lobert aint no giant like I and Thorp and Crawford and Crawford and Thorps both of them smaller then me and I guess I done the puling that counted but as long is the capt thinks the rest of them done it to why let him think so.

Well Al I got to write an other of them pones of mine tonight and spring it tommorow and Schaefer told me a bout it this P. M. and all so a bout us going to land tommorow and be on the land all day only it aint africa where wear going to be but the Salome iland and we been invitted to eat our lunch with sir Thomas Lipton the sailer only he aint no reglar sailer like the crews on the boat but hes a boat racer and of coarse that aint his busness but he runs a tea and coffee store in this here town where wear going to stop at on the iland and the towns Columbus only of coarse it aint the same Columbus thats in the american Assn.

I dident know what to write a bout in my pone but Schaefer says to stick some thing in a bout the tea and coffee store and may be he will come acrost and give us some to take a long with us and all so kid him a bout his boat races and Schaefer says he dont never win none of the races but he is O. K. and good natured and likes to get kid it only of coarse I wont make it to raw.

Well Al I guess your wondring how we got a invatation out here on the Ship bord where they aint no P. O. and I will tell you how we got it Al we got it by a wirelest telegram and they have them on all the boats and they can wire telegrams all over the world and its some thing new and the man that owns it must be makeing a bbl. of money because they soke you good in plenty to wire the telegrams so I guess they aint no danger of me wireing no telegrams to Florrie on 1 of them because it would cost over $50.00 and of coarse I wouldent stop at no $50.00 if I was sick or killed or some thing but I aint a sucker enough to pay no $50.00 and tell her Im feeling grate and how is evry thing and so 4th.

Sir Thomas Liptons place aint far from where wear at and of coarse it dont cost no $50.00 for him to wire us a telegram from Columbus here but it costed him plenty or prohily he sent it C. O. D. collect on Comiskey.

Well Al I guess I better get busy on my little peace of poultry and see can I fix up some thing good but I guess

Digitized by Google

they aint no dought a bout that if I sit my mind on it hey Al. May be they will be a place at Columbus where I can male you the letters I all ready wrote.

Your old pal. JACK.

on the Ship bord. Jan. 24.

OLD PAL: Well old Pal now wear all threw with the Salome iland and the town where we stopped at Columbus and now wear on the Ray Bean Ocean and wear do in africa in 1 wk. Well Al I dident speak my pone for sir Thomas Lipton on acct of dutch Schaefer forgeting to call on me to speak it wile we was haveing dinner but I had a coppy of it wrote down and I give it to him when he says good by to us on the boat the night before last night and I will coppy it down here so as you can see what I give him.

The White Sox and N. Y. giants
Is makeing a trip a round the world.
Takeing in all the sites
all a round the world.

Wear glad to be in Columbus
For boys your town is a pippun
where they got the big tea and coffee store
Ran by sir Thomas Lipton.

If we had some of his coffee
We could our friends a bout it tell
And tell them how good we liked it
and help him it to sell.

So may be he will give us some
we will half to wait and see
But I hope he will give us coffee
And not no willy boy tea.

If he come acrost with some coffee
we would run his boat a race
With the boat on witch wear rideing on
And leave him win the race.

I read the pone to Schaefer right after Id wrote it and he run a way with it and showed it to Callahan and they both of them says it was grate and then Schaefer forgets his self and dont call on me to talk it off at the dinner and of coarse theys no harm done because I give sir Thomas Lipton a coppy of it but that aint like talking it off and it would of live end up the dinner.

Well Al sir Thomas Liptons a grate old scout and O. K. only he give us some tea and not no coffee to take a long with us and I got 5 lbs. in my sute case and I dont know what to do with it because I dont never drink it or nothing but coffee and may be a glass of beer onct in a grate wile but I never felt better in my life and no fat on me so I guess Callahan cant raze no holler if I want my beer but I guess he knows better then say nothing to me a bout it. Come to think you and Bertha likes tea dont you Al and may be I could send it to you from some wheres and give me what ever do you think its worth or else I would give it to you grant us because I was going to bring you and Bertha a present and as long is you like tea why not give you that and not nothing else.

Well Al Columbus is some town and its just like a side show or some thing and evry bodys trying to get a mans money a way from you with fakes and snake chalmers and so 4th. and some of the boys fell for it and spend a hole lot of there money and dident get nothing for it and I aint no cheap skate Al but will spend my money with the rest of them only I want to know what am I geting for it and not throw it a way like it was dirt and growed on trees and a mans a sucker to fall for all them graffs. A fool with your money and soon loose part of it as they say.

I thot Mcgraw would want I should pitch the ball game on acct of sir Thomas Lipton being there but it was a rotten day and raining and I guess probily Callahan wouldent leave Mcgraw use me on acct of may be I would catch cold or some thing but Mcgraw says he wouldent pitch me because they dident charge nothing to get in and he couldent a ford to be buying me presents for wining for him when they wasent nothing tooken in at the gait but any way they played the game and the giants got beat 4 to 1 and this here Leverenz worked for the White Sox and what chanct was they to beat him the left hand it horse shoes stiff. After the game we ett dinner and come back on the boat and sir Thomas Lipton come on the boat and set with us til it was time for the boat to leave and now wear bounding for africa and theys a bout a wk. for me to practice up on the languige before we get there and by that time I should ought to be able to talk it as good is the natives that was born there.

Your old Pal. JACK.

Jure Enough Al He Come Down to $1.50 and I Thot Evans Would Fall Over

on the Ship bord. Jan. 28.

FRIEND AL: Well Al dutch Schaefer must think Im a rummy and what do you think he was trying to tell me. The Ocean wear on now is name the red Sea and he was trying to tell me it was the place you read a bout in the bibble where moses and them wade it acrost it but they couldent no body wade acrost this Ocean Al because its way over your head and you cant see no bottun and if any body walked threw it they would half to be a bout twict as tall is this here Falkenberg and how he gets by with the stuff hes got is a misery to me. But of coarse if they was twict as tall is him they would be in a sircus or muzzeem or some thing and not fooling a round stumping each other to wade acrost the Ocean. So when Schaefer pulled it on me I says You must think Im ½ Whitted and he says No I dont never flatter no body and I says you better not try and flatter me. If hed of says some thing more to me I would of flattered him out with a punch on the jaw. You know me Al.

But he seen I was in ernest and shut up. That is he quite talking a bout flattering some body and kind a laughed and says I can see your to smart for me to put any thing over on you but I bet you cant tell me why is it they call it the red Sea when it aint no wheres near as red as your neck and I says I dident know and dident care a dam why do they call it the red Sea and they could call it the brown Sea if they had a mind and Schaefer says Yes but they wouldent be no sence in calling it the brown Sea but its all right to call it the red Sea because its the 1 evry bodys read a bout in the bibble and I says Tell that to the fish or some thing and he walked a way from me.

Well Al evry bodys packing there trunk and sute case and geting things to gather because wear pretty near do in africa and this P. M. we come passed mocha where they make the coffee at and I wisht we could of stopped there insted of the Salome iland and may be got some coffee gave to us insted of willy boy tea.

Your pal. JACK.

I Road on a Mule Be-cause There Strong Enough to Carry a Big Stropping Man Like I With Out Geting Hurt

on the Ship bord. Jan. 31.

AL: Just a note Al so as I can male it in africa and wear going to land there in a little wile and wear all packed up and ready and its lucky wear going to be in africa this time of yr. and not july or 1 of them mos. because Evans says the wild bests has most of them went south for the winter now and we wont be in much danger tho we got to keep our eyes oppen because some of the cold wether anamals like Polo bares and lepers is libel to be a round and if you get clost to 1 of them lepers they dont bite you or nothing but you catch a hold of the disease they got and get all spoted up and you bet I will be on the out look and keep a way from them.

Well Al it come like a supprise a bout us going to land today and we wasent figureing on geting off of the Ship bord til tommorow when we got to port Sad but the capt of the boat says insted of that we would get off of the boat today only they call it dis-unbark in africa and the place where wear going to land at is Sue S. and that sounds like as if it was a girls name only of coarse its a town and I would of wrote you a long letter only I thot we was going to be on the Ship bord an other day yet so this is just a note.

Yours in Haze.

JACK.

CAIRO. AFRICA.
Feb. 1.

FRIEND AL: Well Al Im seting up late to write this letter and I all ready a dressed a bout a ½ doz. post cards to Florrie and little Al and of coarse little Al cant read them or wont know what the pitchers is on them but I thot may be it would make Florrie laugh to see a post card come a dressed to little Al like he was a man or some thing.

Well Al this was some day and I dont know where to beggin at to tell you a bout it but I guess I better beggin at the begginning as they say. Well we come in to Cairo from Sue S. on the R. R. and then got on the bord of the st. car and road to the Hellopolis Hotel and its some Hotel Al and the dinning rooms so far from the kichen that Doyle says the waiters rides back and 4th. on campbells only of coarse they dont ride the campbells in to the dinning room but tie them out the side.

Well we ett our breakfast and it certunly felt good haveing your breakfast on dry land and not no ruff Ocean water under the Hotel or afrade to go out on the porch on acct of bugs and Thomas Hawks. And I dident see nothing of no Polo bares or lepers and I guess they dont dast hang a round a big town like Cairo. Well Al after we was threw our breakfast some automobiles come for us and took us out to the Pyrmids of Geezer and we seen the Pyrmids and Spinix and there a grate site Al and I wisht you could see them.

The Pyrmids is grate big 3 coroner tumes where peopl was burred in them 4 thousend yrs. a go and Evans says if you could oppen 1 of them up you could get enough skulls to start a hole new league and its a wonder the scouts for the big league clubs dont bust in to these here tumes when there looking for bone insted of a round threw the bush leagues. He was just jokeing because of coarse the dead skelton of a corps couldent play ball but what he ment was that some of these here bush ball players thats picked up dont know no more then a dead corps or some thing and should ought to be driveing a dray the lucky stiffs.

The Spinix is a grate big homily mans head build from concreet and Mcgraw says the only diffrunts bet. the Spinix and some ball players he knowed was that the Spinix dident spring no alley bys and dident have no arm to throw the ball to the wrong place with it. The Spinix is a bout 4 thousend yrs. old to like the Pyrmids and Evans says they aint no reason why I shouldent last 4 thousend yrs. on acct of me being made out of the same matteral and he ment Im hard like a rock and musseled up strong but of coarse I wont live no 4 thousend yrs. or even 10 times that long but will die a round 70 or 80 like evry body else but Im not worring a bout that yet and wont never leave it bother me thinking it a bout it but eat drink and be mary til I die as they say.

Well Al we fooled a round the Pyrmids all A. M. and some of the men and wommen road on them campbells and the boys wanted I should ride on 1 of them but not me Al and I dont believe in crulity to anamals and them big stiffs should ought to be a shamed of them self bareing there wait on a campbell thats all ready got them humps to carry extra and so skinny that you dont see how can

Digitized by Google

they carry them self led a lone there humps. So I stade off of them and I aint like some of these fellows that pulls a cats tale to hear them holler or picks on some dum best that cant do nothing to you back.

Well after a wile we come back to the Hellopolis Hotel and ett our lunch and then they was the ball game and it was a joke Al. I and Benz done the pitching but they made us play on grounds that was sand up to your neck and evry little wile a Gus of wind would blow the sand in your eyes and ½ the time I dident know was I pitching to the plate or peging to 1st base and the place we pitched from wore down from us standing in it and the last ½ of the game it was like standing in the bottun of a system and trying to pitch and how could a man get any thing on your fast ball. The game come out tie 3 and 3 and Benz was lucky we dident get a doz. runs because you would of had to take a magna fine glass to see the brake in his curve ball and they aint no more brake to his spiter then a 2d base man throwing to 1st base.

He couldent fool little Al with his stuff Al but as I say the grounds was so rotten that they wasent nothing to the game only luck and when its a ? of luck I dont never get nothing but the worst of it. Its just like Mcgraw says after the game he says Jack if you had some of these birds luck you wouldent never have a game tide up on you led a lone loose 1. I says Yes but where can I get a hold of some luck and he says it will come to you if you keep going and then they wont no body beat you. I wisht I could pitch for him all the wile Al insted of Callahan that dont appresiate all I done for him.

I wouldent of been ast to pitch on them rotten grounds only K. Dive the king of africa and all the rest of the roil tease was out to the game and Comiskey and Mcgraw thot they might may be not like it if we held out on them so I went in and done the best I could and of coarse they could pretty near tell from my motion that I aint 1 of these here 4 flushs that should ought to be driveing a landry waggon but I wisht the grounds had of been O. K. and no sand blowing in your eyes and Id of showed them some thing.

Well Al after the game we was interduced to some of the roil tease and Evans says I should ought to try some of my africa languige on them so I says to 1 of them How you all like dat ole game and he says he liked it fine only he says it in plane englich but it shows I got there talk down pretty good when they can under stand it with out no trouble. But when I seen he could talk englich as good is I and you they wasent no use me bothring a bout talking to him in africa so we talked back and 4th in englich and I pulled that gag on him a bout where would a man go to if you broke your nee and the anser is you would go to africa where the nees grow and we joked back and 4th a wile and then we come back to the Hotel and drest for supper and now most of the boys is out site seen and probily throwing there money a way on nothing and I will hold on to mine and when I see some thing worth buying I will buy it and some of them suckers must think dollars grows on trees only it aint dollars and scents over here but plasters.

Well Al I wisht I could of win that 1 today and Mcgraw would half to come threw with an other present and he should ought to give me some thing at that for pitching for him on them rotten grounds and I would of win hands down on a decent grounds but how is a man going to put any thing on the ball when your feets sliping out in under you all the wile and sand in your eyes.

Your pal. JACK.

CAIRO. AFRICA. Feb. 2.

FRIEND AL: Well Al they played an other joke game today and of coarse the giants had all the luck this time on acct of me not pitching and the White Sox got beat 6 to 3 and if the giants had of woke up and got me 6 runs yest. I would of win just as easy is Wiltse did today only of coarse I couldent have no left hand it luck like him. I dident even put a sute on but set and watched the game with some of the africa peopl and I sprung the languige on them and they under stood evry thing I says to them and 1 of them ast me if I come from the south part of the US probily on acct of me haveing black hare and moveing a round slow only I guess theyd see I can get a round fast enough if they seen me bunt 1 and beat it out like I done at Melbourne.

Well Old pal may be you will get a chanct to see for your self some of the stunts we been puling off over here because this A. M. we was out on the dessert and a big bldg. called the musk thats owned by L. A. Baster 1 of the roil tease and we was doing stunts for the moveing pitchers all the A. M. Our pitchers was tooken crosing acrost the dessert on campbells and mules and I road on a mule because there strong enough to carry a big stropping man like I with out geting hurt and no extra humps to lug a round with them. They took pitchers of the wommen to rideing on campbells and its bad enough for the men to be rideing on them but a wommans suposed to be soft hart it and they should ought to be a shamed of them self and I bet you wouldent never catch Florrie puling off stuff like that or I would tell her some thing but some wifes has got there husband Buffalo and dont dare say a word.

Well Al this here musk is a kind of church only they dont have no mass and dont pray to the Sts. or nothing but its a kind of sex like Dowwie in Chicago only the mans name is Mohammed Alley and he rents the musk from L. A. Baster. Evans says the musk costed 2 or 3 million dollars or a bout a hundred 1000 porus plasters in africa money.

The man thats runing the moveing pitchers made us all go in the musk and before they would leave us in they says we would ether half to take our shoes off or ware covvers over them and Schaefer says to me You better take your shoes off because if you put an other layyer on them ft. of yours they wont be no room for no body in the musk a long with you. I says the best thing you can do is shut your mouth or Ill put an other layyer on you and lay you out and he shut up.

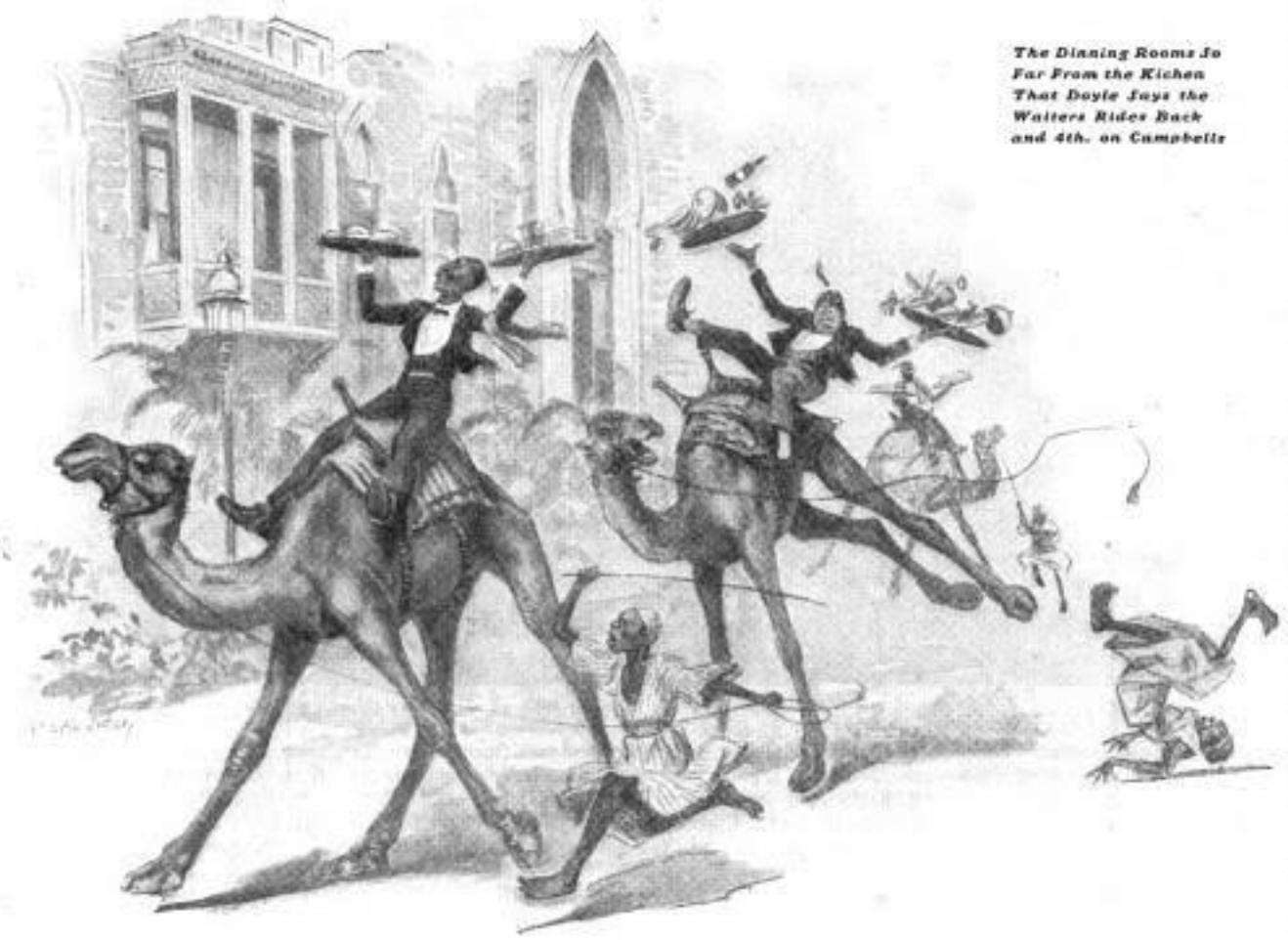
Evans says the peopl that bellongs to the sex has to take a bath in the fountun out the side of the musk before they go in so they all do there worse shipping Sat. nights and its a grate site but we wont be here over Sat.

Well Al we went in the musk and we all had covvers on over our shoes and they rent the covvers to you to go in and then when we got in the side Callahan says that it was customery for 3 peopl in evry party to pay there respecks to Mohammed Alley and who would be the 3 because if you dont do it the sex gets sore at you. So Schaefer and Evans says they would be 2 of the 3 and they picked me out for the other 1 and I and Schaefer and Evans had to lay down on our stumick and wave our arms and kick our legs like we was swiming tho they wasent no more water in the musk then a rabbit or some thing but the sex pertends like they was. Hows that for bugs hey Al. Swiming on a stone floor. Callahan says the sex would probily all of them slide head 1st. if they was ball players on acct of them crulling on there stumick so much in the musk but he was jokeing.

Evans found out from 1 of the giuds that the place is usuly full of musk rats only they dont dast come out of there holes when theys strangers a round and there some thing like a mush rat only vissus. How would you like to be 1 of the sex Al and go in there and lay on your stumick and have them musk rats biteing at your bear ft. because the sex all ways takes there shoes and sox off and dont ware no covvers. It would make a man say your prairs all right hey Al.

Well Al we come out of the musk a bout noon and the sun was shinning and Schaefer ast me could I see my shaddow and I says yes of coarse and he says that means wear going to have 6 more wks. of winter because this is the 2 of Feb. and Evans says what do you mean Jack here aint no ground hog and then I seen what Schaefer was geting at so I says Your a hog your self you bum and I might of tooken a crack at him only on acct of the wommen in the party and when he seen he was going to far he shut his mouth. Some of these would be smart alex aint as smart is they think hey Al.

So we come back in the town and they was some time to kill yet before the ball game and I and some of the boys went a round to the diffrunt shops and stores and buzzards and Speaker bought me a cap like the peopl wares a round here and most of the boys in the party is wareing them and they call them a fezz and Speaker says he knowed I wouldent never buy 1 for my self tho I look good with it on and he ment I dont care a bout my looks and aint swelled up like a poison pup like some of these would be lady kilers and if I was most of them I wouldent never look in no looking glass on acct of the glass might brake and some of them blowed there money on sweet perfum and I got a lot of it throwed on me and I smell like Martins green house or some thing and if I had to keep primping my self up and soked in perfum to make a hit with the girls Id lay down and die some wheres, but I guess I wouldent have no trouble makeing the girls look at me if they wasent no such a thing like sweet perfum to douse on you.



The Dinning Rooms So Far From the Kichen That Doyle Says the Waiters Rides Back and 4th. on Campbells

Well old pal I might may be write you 1 more letter from here tommorrow but I dont know because theys going to be a party up to the america Council 8 and I got to write 1 of them pones of mine to spring at the party but they wont be no ball game tommorrow but wear libel to be pretty busy because we leave africa the day after tommorrow and I thot of coarse we was going to stay here a wile longer or go to egypt and them other places but no so I will write if I can and if I dont write you will know wear busy. A little more then a mo. now Al and we will be home and I guess Florrie and little A will hate to see the old boy come in that door. Hey Al.

Your pal. JACK.

CAIRO. AFRICA. Feb. 3.

AL: Well Al here I am writeing you an other letter today and I dident know weather I would have time or not and I realy aint got much time but I got some good news and I cant wait til tommorow on the Ship bord but will write to you a bout it now and male the letter before we leave.

Well old Pal it looks like my bad lucks over and I wont have no more bad luck but good luck from now on and thats what Im going to tell you a bout it.

When we was comeing a way from the party this P. M. I and steve Evans was to gather and he says well what have you boughten here in Cairo to take home to the family and I says I havent boughten nothing because I havent saw nothing that was worth a plaster and he says well if you aint boughten nothing for your family what did you buy for your self and I says I dident buy nothing and he says Your a sucker to not buy nothing here where evry

(Continued on Page 77)

Digitized by Google

THE BLUE TATTOOING

By Kenneth B. Clarke

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

BILL PITT emerged from the cool gloom of the K. C. store into the heat and glare of the deserted street. He clutched in one hand a can of peaches, the beloved air-tights with which the puncher, wearied of regular chuck, celebrates his return to city life.

With the prodding lurch of legs in hair pants he sauntered along the line of warped pine fronts which rear up the notched sky line of Piru, halting at regular intervals to fish from the can one of the dripping, slickery pieces of fruit. He averaged about one peach to each pine front. With each advance hordes of drowsing flies rose before him, circled dizzily and dropped again to the hot plank walk in the rear. His disposal of the last peach and the tilting down of several swallows of the juice coincided with his arrival before King's Saloon and Dance Hall.

Hurling the can in a long arc down the street, he wiped his hands in two strong rubs down the sides of his chaps, and as the empty tin struck the ground it was propelled in a wild, staggering leap by a crash of lead from his gun. Another shot followed, and again the tumbling thing rocketed away in a spurt of dust. Then with a high tenor yell Bill emptied his gun aloft.

While He Was Wondering Why Nothing Happened, It Was Over

The sounds of the shots whacked flatly on the motionless, burnt-out atmosphere. No head craned forth to see. No voice questioned the outbreak. Not even any listening hush was there to follow. Piru—except an unseen dog inhabitant—was wholly unaffected. The dog gave vent to several woeful, whining yelps, possibly stirred to some anguishing memory by the clatter of the bounding can.

It was three o'clock and the first Saturday after pay day. The prevailing peace was incredible. Pitt tipped his hat up behind, and from under the slanted brim viewed the long line of tie rails—vacant, save for his own cayuse, from end to end. Then cocking his hat up in front he spread his elbows, with knuckles on hips, and grinned. The ways of these Southern ranges were often passing strange. Ah, well—if there were no differences, wherein would be the interest of travel? And on the whole this Southern land had smiled on him and with him generously. He would suspend judgment. Enticed by the open doorway at hand Pitt entered, and with a grotesque exaggeration of tiptoeing went over to the bar, where King was laboring heavily with pencil and notebook. He motioned in pantomime toward a bottle and whispered, under a shielding hand:

"How soon'll the boys roll out for breakfast?"

King slid forward the bottle and a glass, making a quick analysis, habitual in his profession, of the stranger within his gates. He noted perfunctorily those certain variances of dress and speech that proclaimed the man as coming from the North; but more particularly he searched the face to establish either insult or mild humor in the question just passed. He found the creases round the eyes honestly acquired—the eyes themselves held nothing back; the lines of the wide, long-lipped mouth bespoke a rugged, overgrown boy's nature, reveling in the feel of a strong man's vigor under leash. The fellow was rife with blithesome vitality. King smiled.

"I reckon them hair pants has got you all het up and prickly. Considerin' the latitude and time of year, you sure run heavy to breeches. Here—give me back that bottle!"

King swept the drinking preparations from before his guest, selected mysteriously a medium-long glass from his small stock of crystal and a jug and two bottles from beneath the bar. Under cover of the counter he poured the three ingredients into the glass in carefully calculated proportions.

"Mixed ones," he said, "ain't served on call—leastways, not here they ain't; but there is occasions when this here drink"—he held it up to the light—"is drank on the house. Piru gets the point of your inquiry." He placed the glass on the bar and motioned toward it with a cigar that he selected for himself. "In the absence of better entertainment—drink hearty!"

After the first swallow Pitt slowly lowered the glass and looked at it with joyful, tender amazement. His brows rose in high arches and he exhaled a long, tremulous breath. His eyes swung in a sidelong glance at King, and the two men smiled at each other a smile of great understanding. Another long swallow was followed by ecstatic writhings of the massive shoulders. When the glass was drained he placed it reverently on the bar, flicked an imaginary fluff from his sleeve, shifted the weight of his gun belt, and eased his neck about within its gaudy scarf; then abruptly he extended a hand to King and smiled again—a smile of silent, marveling approbation.

"Answerin' your question," King resumed—"Piru is a night-bloomin' cereus. She's right spry after dark, present signs notwithstandin'. The boys'll come siftin' in along about sundown."

"That misguided break of mine is withdrew." Pitt was urgently apologetic. "The social action of this town is plumb festive. Cheyenne pullin' a rodeo don't grade up no higher. What—what did you say the name of that drink was?"

"Didn't say. That drink is a century plant; she blossoms once every hundred years or thereabout."

Pitt made motions of counting one hundred on his fingers; then with an air of hopeless dejection he turned away and idly sauntered over to read a sheriff's notice which was tacked beneath one of the wall lamps. The placard expressed the sheriff's need of a man named Jeff Hanchett and his utter indifference regarding the man's state of being when delivered. Followed the customary description of approximate height, weight and age, and sundry generalities regarding color scheme—all of which would fit two of every ten men west of 98°.

On coming within reading range of the notice Bill Pitt's pulse skipped a beat; but not by any outward sign did he express more than casual interest. He read the description slowly, and it was as though he stood looking into a mirror. The height, weight, hair, eyes, and the rest of it, were his to the inch, ounce and shade.

True it was that two men in ten might have seen themselves so reflected; but according to the handbill the man wanted by the sheriff would be known by "a small star tattooed in blue on right forearm, midway between wrist and elbow."

Pitt faced about and met King's eyes fixed full and steadily on him. The meaning of King's intentness was apparent. The eyes offered no challenge and brought no accusation; they sought, however, all that could be learned from watching the stranger's reading of that notice.

"Much of this here bad-man stuff in this town?" asked Pitt when the mutual scrutiny of the men had ebbed.

"Oh, occasional—occasional," King answered indifferently. Then, after a brief silence: "The last local ruckus was some months back. The remains was planted yonder, back of the post office, accordin' to longstandin' expectations."

"Vigilante or regular causes?"

"Regular. He was dropped across that table there under the lamp by a man called Lee—Immediate Lee."

Pitt involuntarily turned to look at the historic table.

"Why for," he asked—"why for is this here Lee's name so sudden?"

King had been toying with a cork as he talked, leaning across the bar on his elbows. To the question about Lee's name he replied by snapping the cork on his thumb at Pitt's chest and simultaneously making the motion of drawing and pointing a gun.

"'Cause he's quick—thataway," he said. "But let me tell you, my friend, somethin' about Immediate Lee," he continued. "He ain't a killer. He don't draw first—not ever. It ain't his way; and, aside from that, he don't have to. And 'cause he don't have to the draw don't get put up to him frequent.

"As you-all seem to be a stranger with an inquirin' turn of mind, I gives you another little tip which it is good sabe to remember: Don't spring no questions concernin' the scars you'll notice on Lee's face—it ain't lucky. Don't even look at 'em too long. He's plumb sensitive about his war marks."

"It appears from the outside like Lee was a sure-'nuff he-one in this camp."

"That's middlin' good guessin', son. He's range boss for the Circle C outfit by profession, and by nature he's got the quickest shootin' hand on any man in the Southwest."

There seemed to be some peculiar significance in the studied introduction of this man Lee into the conversation.

Digitized by Google

Pitt felt in this, as in the reading of that notice on the wall, that King expected some effect to be produced on him and was watching him intently to detect it. This surveillance, with its indirect note of suspicion, fixed his own misgivings. He looked at King steadily a moment, then said with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder:

"Pardner, did you notice any resemblance between me and that?"

"Some," answered King, holding the other's eyes.

"Me, too."

After a short pause Pitt tried again.

"Well, judgin' by the evidence, what's your verdict?"

"Goin' by appearances and figurin' the locality you come from, and without havin' a look under your sleeve, I'd say you was him. When you-all come in here you looked like regular folks. I didn't think nothin' till after you had that there sniff of the century plant. You-all looks right straight now. I'm damned if I know. However—it'll go accordin' to how the boys think. My calculation is that the man who done the killin' don't have the nerve to wait round and meet that Circle C outfit to-night."

"You spreads it out about right," Pitt answered after short reflection. "Bein' as I'm playin' a lone hand in Piru, I might as well save my breath to use in runnin' as to tell you I ain't done no killin'; but to-night I sits at that table under that readin' notice and under that there lamp, where them Circle C punchers can take a fair look. I plays my fatal beauty again' the judgment of the herd—but there won't be no sleeve pullin' and lookin' for brands. Your friends will have to tell a man from a coyote without fingerin' the pelt."

Pitt's manner of speaking had been forceful but quiet. It had impressed King favorably. The situation put the stranger wholly on the defensive; and whether innocent or not it would be not unnatural to bear the appearance of guilt.

He had come through this first test with credit, when some impulse led him to say something which in a moment he regretted and gladly would have recalled. It overbalanced his case. He possibly was inspired to give further evidence by King's slightly taunting remark about nerve lacking in the hunted man.

He leaned over toward King and confidently added, tapping the bar with his hand in emphasis:

"And to-night I'll ask your war chief—Lee—how he come by his scars."

"Don't do that, son. Lee don't need no tamin'. He's square folks. And it was askin' that which led to the gent behind the post office bein' dead."

"I said it," Pitt answered brusquely; but at once he wished that he had not said it. "And now," he continued, "if you'll lead me to a bunk I'll take a sleep till evenin', seein' as I didn't camp last night."

Toward five o'clock the several dusty trails leading into Piru smoked with the scuttling approach of riding men. They came singly and in pairs, and each carried somewhere on his person a much-folded bit of paper, which was the last step of a toilsome thirty-day climb toward the crest of a toboggan down which they would go in one glorious, crashing slide in a single night. Nearly all the men stopped first at King's and there exchanged their bits of paper for small heaps of gold and silver—such little heaps for such large hands and open minds to spread over one whole night.

Several of the men were singled out by King for brief conversations in muffled tones. He said something to them that gave rise to mild amazement, much eager interest and a few smiles. These favored ones passed the word to others, until at last practically all but Immediate Lee shared an open secret regarding some impending entertainment. With much curiosity they awaited the reappearance of the stranger.

When Pitt had been shown to his bunk, it was not for sleep. He threw himself on the tousled blankets and stared unseeingly at the bottom boards of the bunk above.

To the risks he should run in carrying out his declared intentions he gave no thought; to the braggart act to which he had witlessly pledged himself, the public taunt to an unoffending man who was square folks, he looked forward with disgust and distress. Doing this thing would leave him without a decent friend in the town, whereas it blunderingly had been his idea to establish by this act added confidence and respect. He muttered to himself:

"I just natchelly butt into this here with my head, like a goat."

Immediate Lee—Lee! Some association of the name Lee suddenly put him back in the thick of squelching mud and the commotion of crowded, bellowing cattle at the Chicago Stockyards. He recalled a time when he had sprung at the stockade fence to avoid the rush of an excited steer; how he had missed his hold and slipped back, and then found a man's hand stretched down toward him, which hauled him to the planking above just in time. He had looked into the man's smiling face and had liked him, and had found himself liked.

They had formed the friendship of many years in the three or four days spent together there before separating and returning to their ranges. Tacitly they had entered into a defensive and offensive alliance on an exploration of discovery into the cañons and caves of the great city. Through that handgrip over the corral fence something had passed from each man to the other—the cohesion of native spirits in a foreign land—and something besides, born of knowledge of men, which had welded a link between them.

That man's name was Lee and he came from the South country—they had called him "Arizona." The remembrance brought Pitt up sitting. He started for King with a question; but, checking the impulse on reconsideration, he dropped back on the blankets and cursed softly.

"Like a damned goat!" he muttered finally.

Later, when the noises from the big room indicated that many men were assembled, Pitt quietly went through to the doorway. He stood back in the dusk, facing it, and looked out among the men to find one that he hoped would not be there. But—he was there.

It was the Lee of the Chicago days; the same tall, slender-hipped man of quiet movement and direct, confident bearing. The same Lee but for one striking difference. Even at the distance between them Pitt noted two tight-drawn seams, scarred deep about the mouth. One could not fail to ponder—even one who was not under contract to ask about it—what manner of thing could have so marred and changed a man's face. Viewed from one side the mouth was quirked into the constant expression of a smile gathered to the point of open laughter; but when the other profile was turned the face appeared as though drawn into grim, embittered sadness.

Lee stood reading a newspaper, with his back toward a lamp behind the bar. From time to time he glanced up to answer the hail of a new arrival or to drawl back some dry, pithy counter to a bit of good-natured banter directed at him from amid the general exchange of sagebrush wit. Pitt stood for some time watching from his cover the man who had given him his hand in time of need and who was to receive from him in the end a blackguardly return. The thought drew the muscles of his face tense and hard, and he grated a clenched fist over the short stubble on his chin.

Supper time came and the crowd in King's thinned down to a scant dozen. Lee spread his paper on the bar and leaned over it, intent on stalking the news from the difficult maze of printed words. It was then that Pitt came forward into the lighted room and unobtrusively made his way to a place beside the reader. Lee half raised his head, conscious of somebody's presence, and continued his reading; but at the end of his paragraph he looked up squarely into the face of the stranger.

"Jeff!" he exclaimed, and his voice came as a choked sort of whisper.

Pitt gave a signal for caution by drooping his eyelids in a quick, wincing frown. Slowly he reached into the dregs of a glass near by and wrote with his moistened finger on the counter top, "B-i-l-l P-i-t-t"; then erased the writing with his sleeve.

The reopening of the friendship was a matter that neither man quite knew how to handle. One was weighted by guilty consciousness of an untoward thing which he must do that night. Strangely enough, however, he was unembarrassed by the fact that this man who knew him rightly by the name of Jeff Hanchett could look across the room and read that name and a true description on the sheriff's notice offering a reward for his capture—either way.

The constraint put on Immediate Lee was the forced inaction of a man caught on a dead center. Repelled by the plainly authentic charges and the circumstantial evidence that condemned Hanchett, and yet, withal, drawn heart and mind almost to the point of faith by the same drag at his affections which had swept him to the man before, he stood and looked his wonder impassively.

Both men became aware at the same time that King was watching them covertly and both shifted uneasily. It was the man with the least reason for it that had the calmest presence of mind.

"I been waitin' to ask could I have next on that paper of yourn, pardner," he said.

"Sure! I'm done with her." And Lee handed over the bedraggled sheet.

As Pitt—that being his name of latest record—moved away to one of the tables King's eyes picked up those of Lee and directed them first to the printed notice under the lamp, then to the figure bending over the newspaper—and then with a significant lift of the brows they asked a question.

Lee half turned to look again at the stranger and stood so several moments, as though considering carefully; then he shook his head gently, shrugged a shoulder ever so slightly, and with a noncommittal toss of his hand went out in search of supper.

When the crowd straggled back into King's for the night's long session Pitt was seated at a table alone and absorbed in a game of solitaire. His was the table nearest the sheriff's placard and directly under the wall lamp.

Strangers in Piru did not ordinarily attract any special attention. Their business was their own; their pleasures were shared, if they so wished, on the impartial footing of old regulars. But this stranger was different. He was "the guy who's goin' to ask Immediate Lee what bit him." He had projected himself into the public consideration by a method calculated to rouse interest and to instill reserve among those who knew Lee.

The man playing solitaire was promptly noted by each man entering the door. His game was played in what seemed to be unconscious abstraction; but in all the room about him there was a feeling that some crouching, soft-footed thing watched and waited. The men exchanged glances, and for a while their talk and hilarity bore a subtle note of secret anticipation. It was Lee's coming that at last roused Pitt from his lone game.

"Here's your paper, pardner." He riffled the cards two or three times and then asked casually: "Can't we start a little stud or somethin'?"

Here was the same cool audacity which in those days of rampage at Chicago had led them into strange, wild mischief—and out of it. Here was the same boyish look of upright, fearless candor; and again that undefined tug of the spirit worked its effect on Lee. He drew out a chair opposite Pitt and sat down.

A game of draw was soon going, three others sitting in with the easy lack of ceremony that was the custom in such games. These three, with the possible exception of Prod Martin, of the Bayliss outfit, seemed to suggest by their play some understanding that the real action of the evening lay across the table, between Lee and Pitt.

Martin drank steadily and now and again showed signs of being disputatious in a surly way; but the others generally dropped their hands when both Pitt and Lee stayed. After several repetitions Lee noticed that they did this. He wondered why and eyed them suspiciously.

The men were taking an abnormal interest in a simple game of draw poker. Grouped about the table of the five players they waited also. They wove in and out to the bar and desultory talk passed back and forth; but there was in the air a feeling of hushed suspense which soon made Lee uncomfortable. He looked about him and questioned the blank faces of the watchers. He noted that they stood on each side and left clear the spaces behind his chair and Pitt's. And he wondered at that. He became unduly annoyed by the snarling bickerings of the whisky-heated Martin and he commenced to lose steadily by overbetting his hands. Tensely alert to the strained, unusual proceedings, convinced that they concerned him particularly, he groped in the dark for their meaning.

Bill Pitt played his game like a veteran. He smiled easily over his winnings, but he had smiled just as readily while losing. His was the only manner wholly pleasant, wholly unaffected and general in its intercourse. This was not the swaggering loud-mouth the men had looked for. King, attending to the bar business while keeping one eye on the play across the room, was stirred at last to silent amazement, in which was mingled some degree of admiration.

Stockings would bulge and crease, too, if they were buttoned up like gaiters.

THE
Hatch
ONE-Button
UNION SUIT

removes the straining and creasing of union suits because it has no line of buttons down the front.

The unique feature of this Union Suit is that it is so perfectly fashioned to the body—so skillfully and comfortably fastened as to remove all binding over the shoulders.

The Hatch ONE-Button Union Suit, with its triangular fold secured at the chest by one master button, is one smooth-knitted piece from neck to ankle. Its lines are unbroken by wrinkle or crease or bulge. It is the attainment of comfort which all manufacturers have sought. We have worked for twenty-three years to produce it.

YOUR favorite haberdasher or department store has it now or can get it easily and quickly. If you have the slightest difficulty in obtaining this garment from your dealer, send us remittance and we will supply you, delivery prepaid. Made with our special closed crotch in fine-ribbed fabrics—also in the famous Keep-Kool mesh. Sells at 50c for boys, and 50c, $1.00 and $2.00 for men.

Here is the label ⟶ to guide you.

ONE BUTTON Hatch UNION SUIT
PATENTED JUNE 18, 1918

Fuld & Hatch Knitting Co.
Albany, New York

Digitized by Google

Graduation —

A watch presented at the eventful time of Graduation will not only recall pleasant memories through a long lifetime; but also encourages the *success-bringing* Habit of PUNCTUALITY

There's a Satisfaction in Being Sure!

South Bend Chesterfield

See this New Model at your Jeweler's

Above is the novel "SENIOR" model "Chesterfield," a finely finished, closely timed, 17-jewel movement with temperature adjustment, in guaranteed 20-year, special dust-proof, gold-filled case.

This watch combines the stylish elegance of extreme thinness with exceptional time-keeping accuracy.

Other South Bend watches, both ladies' and gentlemen's, from $16 to $100.

Mail Coupon Today for 68-Page Watch Book

—Just published: Illustrated in color, shows all the SOUTH BEND watches, including the "Chesterfield" series and the famous Studebaker Railroad grades. Also more than 100 handsome cases, Enamel Novelties, Monograms, Fraternal Emblems, and new plain and engraved designs.

Our Special Club Offer

—an interesting money-saving proposition is also described. Send for this free book today—use the coupon below or post card.

South Bend Watch Co.
15 Studebaker St.
SOUTH BEND, IND.

South Bend Watch Company
15 Studebaker St., So. Bend, Ind.

Please send me 68-page book about SOUTH BEND WATCHES.

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____

"And," he pondered, "they ain't one of 'em has mixed him with that sheriff's sign yet!"

But just then Prod Martin lost to Pitt all but a remnant of his stack, and lost, also, what little temper remained to him. He snatched up his next hand without removing his look of hatred from Pitt. Then after a glance at his cards he picked up the last of his pile and slammed it down on the center of the table.

"I bet the lot again' a look fer blue tattooin' on yer right arm!" And he thrust a face of evil cunning across at Pitt.

The other players laid their cards down and pushed back their chairs in sudden astonishment. Dead silence fell on the room. The quicker wits soon perceived the allusion, and one by one the men's faces turned to the notice under the lamp and then back to an intent scrutiny of the stranger. A quick gleam of new intelligence was passed about. King stood motionless in the act of uncorking a bottle.

For neither too long nor too short a time Pitt returned Martin's red, leering gaze with a look of placid, puzzled inquiry; then suddenly his jaws corded. He pointed to the card on the wall and his voice cracked the silence.

"Meaning that?" he asked. "All right—I see you." Then pushing a pile of his own into the center of the table he added: "And I bets these again' some hell-fired pressin' business needin' you outside—sudden!"

As Pitt picked up his cards Martin laid down pairs of eights and queens, and said with a confident rock of the head:

"Let's see 'em!"

Pitt lightly tossed his cards forward, with three sixes on top.

"You lose!" he said. "Move out!"

Martin's high color turned to a blacker tone. He looked at the stranger to weigh the chances for further argument, but found none. The two men rose together and Pitt remained standing in a lithe, ready posture until the other slunk into the patch of cool night framed by the open door.

"All right—so far," muttered King, once more turning to his bottles.

Martin's drunken thrust, however, had started some sharp thinking; the description surely fitted and, after all, there might be a small blue star under that sleeve.

Enough concentrated observation to sear the flesh was turned on Pitt, but he resumed his seat with the air of dismissing a passing annoyance. If the spot was there, and this the mettle of the man, the promised clash with Lee probably would exceed all expectations.

The game went on four-handed, though it hardly could be said that Lee was playing. He felt with increasing irritation the furtive presence of that other game, in which he played a hand blindfolded; and his mind divided its attention unequally. Whatever it was they were waiting for might be but the springing of another of Jeff's little humorous deadfalls, were it not for the fact that Jeff himself sat within a trap of death—a trap which already had been sprung once and had barely missed. Besides, there was no twinkle of anticipated amusement about the men—just quiet, masked alertness.

Pitt, also, began to feel the strain. He knew the men knew what was coming and were waiting for it; whatever their belief regarding his identity, that matter would await the disposal of the other. There was little hope that the idling audience would thin out. A show had been promised and they were paying admission in time lost from other pursuits. Pitt glowered at them resentfully.

Presently a man seated in a chair tilted against the wall flung his arms wide and yawned loudly and significantly. Pitt caught the point and the crowd grinned.

Several hands were played with waning interest. Twice Pitt gathered himself to launch the pent-up words. Twice he looked at Lee, dropped his head and threw down a betting hand unnoticed. But the third attempt carried. His voice was clear and firm.

"You sure have a misleadin' face for poker, pardner." He paused a bit, then finished: "How come you to get them scars?"

The silence that followed was like the stillness of the desert at night—intense because of the loudness of little inconsequential sounds. A spur jingled here, a chair grated there, and up through the hush welled the quiet fury of a strong man shaken by his one weakness.

Immediate Lee was standing, drawing his gauntlets back and forth through clenched fingers.

"So—that was it!" he said; and in a flash he swung the leather fingers of his gloves across Pitt's mouth in a sharp blow that cut the lips and drew a trickle of blood.

Pitt winced under the sting of it, but he had raised no warding guard. He held his gaze straight into Lee's eyes without anger—without even resentment. For the first time he dropped the disguise of strangeness and gave way to that old feeling of inordinate attachment which had been reawakened. His look was an assurance, a retraction and a sign—all in quick succession.

Lee's capacity for faith already had been overtaxed and he was not in haste to accept conciliation. His mind worked quickly enough, but his decision came reluctantly. However, when it did come it was final and complete. For the benefit of those who watched, his face kept its hostility; but to Jeff, his friend, who had flagged him the sign of distress, he flashed an answering spark.

The code demanded of Pitt one thing more, however. He had been struck in the mouth with a glove. His hand went deliberately to his side and came up grasping his gun.

He counted on Lee's quickness to save him at the pinch and to put reality into the play. While he was wondering why nothing happened, it was over.

Lee's shot came simultaneously with a slight lurch of his shoulder. Pitt's gun dropped and his arm felt as though it had been blasted off at the elbow. Blood dripped from his tingling fingers, and his thought was that better aim and less speed would have served as well; for his hope had been to have the gun shot from his hand. But as he looked down he saw with sudden appreciation of Lee's purpose that the right forearm, midway between wrist and elbow, was plowed across with a deep obliterating furrow. He could have laughed aloud.

The sound of the single shot, followed by unusual silence, caught the attention of the sheriff as he was passing King's. He shouldered through the crowd and reached the center of it in time to hear Pitt addressing the men ringed about him:

"Now you wolves has had your smell of blood! The show is done. I made a raw bust with my mouth and it was a fool mistake. I got what was comin'—only I got it light. Now if you gents will quit us I'll eat my crow private with your quick-shootin' pard."

"It's all right, Ed!" Immediate Lee called to the sheriff. "The fire's out!" With a quick step he moved his tall bulk between Pitt and the officer.

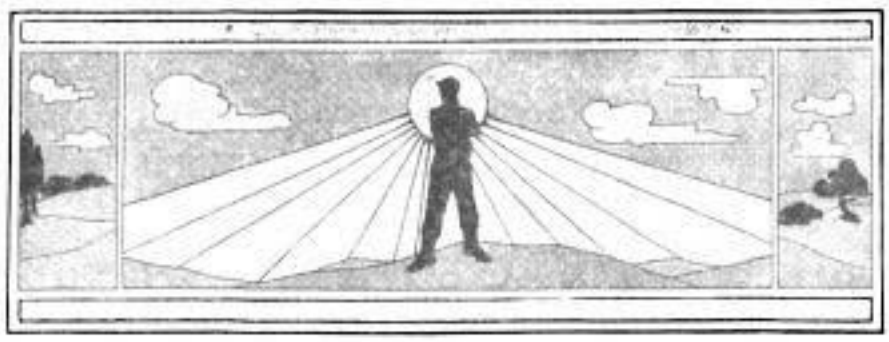
Pitt stripped back his sleeve and held out his arm to Lee, who was folding his scarf for a bandage.

Two or three heads curiously bent over to look at the bared arm before Lee tied it up and took Pitt away to find the doc. One of the Circle C men asked of another on the way to the dance room:

"What do you think?"

The other answered:

"I don't think nothin'; and, anyhow, Lee has went and tore up the evidence."



Foot Ugliness No More

CORNS, bunions, callouses, ingrowing nails, falling arch—*ugly feet*—are the harvest raised by narrow, pointed shoes, which bend and crumple the delicate foot bones.

Educators abolish this foot ugliness because they are scientifically made to conform to the shape of a *natural foot*. Plenty of space for all five toes, yet no unsightly looseness. Good-looking and durable, they let the foot "grow as it should."

Made for men, women and children. Always the same shape, year after year. Prices $1.35 to $5.50.

Next time you are buying shoes try on Educators. Be sure, though, they have EDUCATOR branded on the sole. Unless they have, they're not real *orthopaedically correct* Educators—the ones made only by Rice & Hutchins.

If your dealer doesn't keep them, write us. We'll mail you a good book:

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"

by famous specialists. And tell you where to find Educators quickly. Write for this free book today.

Rice & Hutchins
EDUCATOR SHOE
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Don't miss seeing the Educator Exhibit at the San Francisco Fair
"Comfortable as an Old Shoe—Yet Proud to Pass a Mirror"
Educator for Men. A similar style for boys and children.

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.
World's Shoemakers to the Whole Family
14 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Makers also of the Famous All America and Signet Shoes for Men, and Mayfair Shoes for Women

Digitized by Google

Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Varsity Fifty Five *with patch pockets*

Young men like the variations we give to our Varsity Fifty Five model—patch pockets or plain; vest with roll-collar or no collar; one, two, or three button coats. So long as the main idea is right, the variations are a matter of preference.

Look at our values at $25

You will find what real economy means in clothes when you see the $25 suits we make; but don't buy them until you find our label; it's a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

You'll see the above picture in colors in the window of the store which sells our clothes.

Chicago — Hart Schaffner & Marx — New York

Digitized by Google

A Remarkable Record for Nashua Blankets

The demand for Nashua Blankets is so enormous that we can't keep up with it. People want them because they are warm and strong—at ⅓ the price of wool blankets. Though all cotton, they have a soft, deep, permanent nap that isn't spoiled by washing. And their remarkable strength prevents their tearing out as do many inexpensive blankets.

Nashua Blankets are obtainable in all sizes, weights and colors, plaids or plain with borders, at leading shops. If you want to see the soft, rich quality of Nashua Blankets, *we'll send you a Blanket—Doll Size*—on receipt of 15c. It will give some little girl great pleasure.

Nashua

WOOLNAP BLANKET

For Any Size Bed PURE COTTON $1.75 to $3.50 a pair retail

As we cannot be sure of supplying the demand for Nashua Woolnap Blankets

We Urge Merchants to Order Early

In spite of the fact that we have made a large increase in our manufacturing facilities this year, we are not sure of being able to satisfy the increasing demand. For we added to our production last year and the year before. Yet both seasons the same complaint reached us—inability to secure an adequate stock.

Therefore, we urge you merchants to order early, as the only sure means of securing an adequate supply. If you do not know where to secure Nashua Blankets, we shall be glad to refer you to wholesalers handling them. If they are not Nashua Blankets they are not Woolnap Blankets. Be sure they bear this label.

To show you what large attention our advertising is securing, during the single month of December, 1914, we received 11,530 inquiries, each enclosing 15c for a doll blanket. This advertising is to be continued next Fall.

We gladly supply merchants direct with newspaper electros and other attractive advertising helps.

Amory, Browne & Co.

Dept. 102, 48 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

New York Office, 62 Worth Street

Sole Distributors of famous "Indian Head" Cloth

SPY METHODS IN EUROPE

(Continued from Page 5)

Things are not going too badly; next year, perhaps, we may be able to increase your share of the profits a little.

You will understand we are very anxious to do so.

But write more often, giving us fuller news of yourself.

You are wrong in distrusting Uncle Charles; he is a very good man, whom you can trust implicitly.

At present we are all well here; as usual, we have had a very hard winter, but we got through it somehow.

My husband and the children join with me in embracing you, as do also Charles, Charlotte and Frederick.

Translated, this letter means:

I inclose your salary for the past month. We find your reports satisfactory. If you continue your work in this manner I think that at the next inspection you will receive an increase in salary. You are advised to make your reports more elaborate and at closer intervals. You are wrong in your impression about Charles; he is, in fact, one of our agents. You must bear in mind that the Chief of the Department is very exacting; however, we got through the last inspection without any serious difficulty. You are directed to maintain relations with our three correspondents, Charles, Charlotte and Frederick.

This form of letter, however, is an exception. As a rule, all instructions were given by the middle-aged women employed by the Secret Service, and the post was resorted to only for the transmission of salaries.

The inquiry naturally arises: What benefit does the German War Office derive from this vast system of espionage commensurate with the cost and labor necessary to maintain it?

The maintenance of thousands of fixed posts in France, with their corps of minor secret agents, runs into something like four million dollars a year. Information of vital importance must be obtained from these sources to justify such expenditures.

One or two recent cases will give some idea of the use Germany has made of these fixed posts.

The Government of France maintains a war college at Saint-Cyr, something like our institution at West Point. In spite of German efficiency, usually in advance of everybody, this college at Saint-Cyr is the greatest military institution in the world. General Joffre stepped out of this college to lead the armies of France.

In this college, under the direction of Joffre and others, all the tactical moves in a probable war with Germany have been for a long time the subject of lectures and instruction. The plans of fortifications, of mobilization and of defensive action against Germany have been the main subject for consideration in this military school. One can see how great a gain it would be to the German War Office to know precisely what plans are discussed at Saint-Cyr.

Tutoring Spies for a War College

In order to obtain this information for the headquarters at Berlin, secret agents in France resorted to a device of the greatest cunning.

They investigated very carefully the domestic affairs of every young French officer coming out of this institution. Finally they determined on one, a man of a first family of France, but whose father was involved in debt to the amount of some two hundred thousand francs.

This lieutenant, very shortly after taking his place on the staff of a prominent general, was approached one evening by an old gentleman wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honor and having every appearance of a person of wealth and distinction.

This gentleman presented to the lieutenant two letters of introduction from two men who were in the same class with the lieutenant at Saint-Cyr. He said they were old friends of his family, and that on their suggestion he had taken the liberty to present himself.

He explained that he had two sons and a nephew, all of whom would be eligible for admission to the war college within two years, and that he wished to engage a private tutor for them, so there might be no doubt of their admission.

The lieutenant replied that it was not possible for him to undertake such a commission. On account of special attention that he had given strategic subjects the general wished him to lecture to the associate officers. The old gentleman said that, if the whole matter were laid before the general, he felt certain the lieutenant would be released in order to undertake the tutorship of his two sons and nephew.

With great courtesy and in the most delicate manner he made it known that he was advised of the financial position of the lieutenant's father. He explained that he was very rich; that he had an income of at least five hundred thousand francs a year; and that, so anxious was he to have the young men enter the war college, he would very gladly undertake to liquidate the debts of the lieutenant's father in consideration of his services as tutor.

He added that he was aware the lieutenant would not undertake to give lessons like a tutor hired at the Sorbonne. The work would be, in fact, in the interest of France, since it would be fitting officers for her service. And, money meaning so little and this service so much, he felt that he ought to be permitted to discharge the debts of the family in return for the conspicuous kindness.

An Old Soldier With a New Trick

So plausible and persuasive was this distinguished gentleman wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honor that he finally induced the lieutenant to go with this proposition to his general. The general was a man of consideration and heart. When the whole matter was laid before him he consented to the plan. Thus it happened that for two years prior to the great German advance on the second of August, three spies, posing as possible future cadets in the war college at Saint-Cyr, were tutored in the strategic secrets of France.

The German War Office wished to know in advance of hostilities the strength and personnel of a certain garrison along the frontier. It had a fixed agent at this post. He was in the position of proprietor of a café; but, in spite of every effort, this clever agent was unable to do more than establish himself on friendly terms with a lieutenant of armament.

This officer was a careless person, indolent, and not enamored of a life of discipline; but he was true to his country and incorruptible along any line the fixed agent could discover. It was, therefore, necessary for the German War Office to resort to one of its admirable stratagems.

One afternoon the proprietor of the café introduced the lieutenant to a retired French soldier. This person was a man of some age, decorated with a military medal. The weather was bad; he had several hours to remain in the town and he suggested a game of piquet. The lieutenant was idling in the wine room and accepted the invitation. The retired soldier was not a good card player and the lieutenant won. Wine was ordered and the two came presently into a genial mood. Conversation moved round to the subject of how little one's pay is in the army.

The old soldier knew a great deal about this. He brought out his military certificate showing his twelve years' service in Algeria as a sergeant, spoke of the mention he had had in dispatches, of his wounds, and of the medal he had earned.

He said things were not so bad with him; he had his pension and the business in which he was engaged was fairly good. He traveled for a house that supplied soldiers with underclothing, socks, shirts, woolens, and the like. He said the commission allowed him was large; but he found it difficult to obtain an introduction to the men and officers in the garrison because his house was not so well established as the one usually supplying soldiers.

He then began to give illustrations of different prices. The lieutenant, who was familiar with the subject, presently saw that the garrison could be equipped for a very much smaller sum for each soldier than it was paying under the present system.

He expressed his surprise, and the traveler explained that this was not only the case, but also there was a very large commission. He offered to divide this commission with the lieutenant if he would enable him to get an introduction to the officers and men in the garrison. The result was that the lieutenant obtained for the traveling

Wilson Bro's

Athletic Union Suit

Licensed under the Closed-Crotch Patents

gives freedom to the body and play to the limbs. Plenty of room, yet expertly cut and tailored to conform to the shape. It has the patented closed crotch that perfected union-suit comfort.

In a variety of tub-tested woven fabrics. Sleeveless and half sleeves; three-quarter and knee lengths. For men, $1.00 and up; for boys, 50c and up.

Look for the retailers who sell Wilson Bros. Underwear. They desire to give the greatest value for your money.

Other furnishings bearing the *Wilson Bro's* mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Pajamas, Nightshirts, etc., each line measuring up to the exceptional standard which this house has ever maintained.

If your dealer does not carry them, write us and we will tell you how to get them.

Wilson Bro's—Chicago

Look for this Label

Digitized by Google

For Thorough Sanitation Refrigerators Need

salesman a list of all the officers of the regiment and their addresses, including foremen, overseers, head workmen—and, in fact, all the employees of the arsenal. In addition to this he gave him a warm letter of recommendation to the officers, speaking of the retired soldier as his brother-in-law.

Armed with this list and a letter of introduction the traveling salesman sold his goods on credit broadcast through the garrison. He went everywhere about it as a relative of the armament lieutenant. As a former noncommissioned officer of the French army, and decorated with a military medal, he had the entrée to the officers and the consideration of everybody.

The goods were never delivered; and an inquiry developed the fact that the commercial traveler's papers, medal and certificate had all been manufactured in Berlin. Meantime, however, the German War Office had on file in Berlin quite as accurate data of the garrison as the French authorities possessed in Paris.

These two cases give the methods by which the German Secret Service, with the aid of fixed posts in France, were able to obtain information along two lines, the value of which, in the war which broke out shortly afterward, simply could not be estimated.

The light thrown by these two incidents explains the confidence with which the great German Army began its march through Luxemburg and Belgium into France, and the assurance with which they prepared to meet the French defensive operations.

The Germans knew what General Joffre and the leading corps commanders had been teaching in the war college at Saint-Cyr. They knew, then, precisely what the French strategic intentions were in the event of a German invasion; what the general orders for French mobilization would be; where French divisions would be massed; and at what points they might expect general engagements. All this they had gotten by the methods indicated in the first incident.

The Achievements of Mlle. Lisson

By the methods indicated in the second incident they knew the equipment of the garrisons, the strength and location of guns, and all details. Thus, they were able in advance to take every step necessary to enable them to reduce these garrisons swiftly, and to have heavy artillery at the necessary points.

The method by which they obtained French naval secrets is illustrated in the case of Lieutenant Ullmo, who was tried at Toulon.

Ullmo was in charge of the war craft Carabine. He was a young man of the class constantly singled out by the German fixed agents in France—that is to say, he was what one may define best by the term "an easy-going person." He was an intelligent man of promise; but he was indolent and given over to a life of pleasure. It happened, therefore, that he fell into the clutches of a foreign spy at Toulon—Mlle. Lisson.

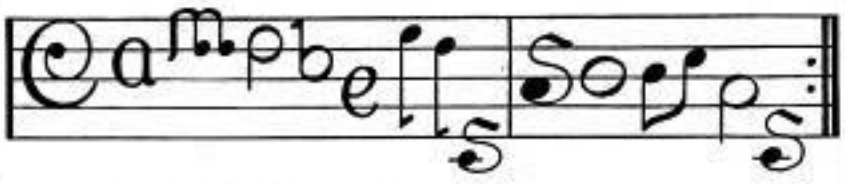
This spy, as shown in the proceedings of the French trial, seemed to be a creature of the melodrama. What she accomplished appears entirely incredible.

Not only was she able to gain a complete dominance over Ullmo, but in two years she obtained from him and squandered seventy-two thousand francs—the entire fortune he had inherited from his sisters. After that she drew the man into the use of drugs and practically set up an opium rendezvous in his house.

When his fortune was spent and his moral nature sufficiently debased, she induced him to undertake a sale of French naval secrets to the German authorities. She pointed out to him that, as his superior was absent on leave, it would be quite easy for him to get possession of the secret documents to which, as commanding officer, he would have access; and that he would be able to sell copies of these important papers to the Germans for a very large sum.

She caused him to insert a notice in a journal that would be brought to the attention of the agent of foreign affairs. This notice was an offer to sell certain "merchandise" for nine hundred and fifty thousand francs, and was addressed by "Pierre" to "Paul." It concluded with a request for a meeting to discuss the affair. This published notice was the ruin of Ullmo.

The French authorities happened to notice it. There came a response, published in the same journal, and finally a place of meeting was determined on. When Ullmo

Try this on your family

You'll find it makes a hit.

And a *lasting* hit, too. In fact you'll be surprised at the *staying* qualities of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It tones and strengthens the appetite. It nourishes the body. And it is good either for a dainty dinner-course or as a light meal in itself; because you can prepare it as light or as hearty as you choose.

Try it on your tired bread-winners when they come home fagged out with the day's work. Try it on your hungry youngsters and *yourself* for the midday meal—instead of a heavy meat meal that calls for a roasting fire.

Perhaps you know how good it is from past experience. But try it again *today*, and see if it doesn't taste better than ever.

21 kinds **10c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Digitized by Google

Don't Pass By Josh Slinger's Ten Dollars

Alert and debonair, Josh Slinger brandishes HIRES before your eyes at all soda fountains. You have doubtless seen him, playing with drought. Many people have found his line of talk as refreshing as the drink he serves, and have suggested new bits of jargon. Many of these have been so chock-full of the Josh Slinger spirit that the Charles E. Hires Co., makers of

Hires

Sold at fountains and in bottles at grocers', fruit stands, etc.

have decided to let the public have a hand in making Josh Slinger famous. They will, therefore, pay $10 each for the forty examples of Josh Slinger philosophy—sayings that, in the judgment of a disinterested committee, best fit the character and fit the drink.

Make a pilgrimage to Josh Slinger's nearest headquarters and read the cards on which he talks for publication. Here are some of them: "Thirsts gently suffocated by the HIRES System. 5 cents per 'suff.'" "Want a cool wave? Say HIRES and I'll make it blow up cold."

Then, under the inspiration of a glass of HIRES, dash off a few battle cries of your own against this archenemy, thirst. Can you think of an easier way of staking a claim on $10? The owner of the shop will tell you there is no red tape to bother with and will give you all the necessary information. In case HIRES is not sold near you, write for more information, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

If you know HIRES, you love it for its good taste. If you like milk drinks, ask for a milk shake or malted milk with HIRES for flavor. It's great.

To Dispensers of Soft Drinks

There is a big plum in this for you. In case you haven't learned the details of the plan from our salesmen, write us for information about this and HIRES 1915 special details.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

went to this place of meeting he was arrested and the whole thing came out. He was tried, and was condemned to military degradation and imprisonment for life.

This fixed system enabled the German War Office to keep a card index of all the important military officials in France.

This list not only includes officers of rank, but it particularly includes a minute report of all military officers whose private affairs are in any sense involved. The corruption of Bazaine, at Metz, left Germany under the impression that French officers were not always beyond approach.

Thus, a particular report was required on fifty of the graduates each year from the war college of Saint-Cyr, these fifty being selected from men who came out with the highest grades.

When a report is sent in to the district inspector from a fixed post it is forwarded to the chancellor of police charged with the supervision of that district. He sends it to the Director-General of Police, who adds the information it contains to the personal card of the French official on whom the report is made.

This personal card is then sent to army headquarters, where it is classified and filed in its proper place among the names of the officials of the regiment or army corps to which the person belongs in France.

When this card reaches army headquarters at Berlin it ceases to be mentioned by name, and is thereafter indicated by a registered number, under which the first report furnished by the Secret Service was classified. From that time on, all information with respect to this person is sent in under the registered number.

It is the duty of the fixed agent who has charge of this case to keep this personal card posted up to date, so that at any hour the German War Office may have before it a complete report on any French officer or official it has under consideration.

In this manner it is able to follow not only every officer in active service, but also all first-class graduates from the war college, and to keep informed on all works, reconstructions of forts and barracks, and every new military undertaking by the French Government.

The counter-espionage undertaken by France was maintained with some success when confined to French territory. When it endeavored to extend its observations to German soil the thing failed.

The great difficulty was that the close German espionage in France enabled the Secret Service at Berlin to know in advance the efforts at counter-espionage attempted by the French War Office.

This was conspicuously demonstrated in the endeavor of the French Admiralty to obtain maps of certain parts of the German coast—especially of Helgoland, Cuxhaven, Bremerhaven, Kiel, Borkum, the mouth of the Eider and the Kiel Canal.

When Spies Thwart Spies

Two naval officers belonging to the headquarters staff were selected for this work. The greatest secrecy was maintained. The men, disguised as civilians, were to hire a yacht and undertake what seemed to be merely a pleasure cruise in the North Sea. The latter part of August was selected; and the two naval officers, after having made the most careful endeavors to hide their identity and the intent of their mission, set out on this cruise. When they arrived at Kiel they were promptly arrested by the German police and turned over to the Supreme Court at Leipsic for trial.

Though they had not carried out all the things they were directed to undertake, nevertheless the indictment against them charged them with having accomplished precisely what they were directed to accomplish by the French Admiralty. The two things were nearly parallel in terms.

The two officers were amazed to discover that not only were they known, but every detail of their undertaking was known, even to the fact that the officer Delguet had personally visited Germany in 1892 with the intention of making a plan of a coast fortification. The men were, of course, convicted and sentenced to four and six years' detention in a German fortress.

The extraordinary thing about this affair is that the whole plan of the adventure was laid before the German Secret Service before the two men left France.

This was brought out conclusively at the trial, and it demonstrated the amazing efficiency of the fixed agent established in France by the German Secret Service. It also demonstrated the celerity of the traveling agent and the rapidity with which information was assembled for the use of the German War Office.

It may be added here, as further evidence of the efficiency of this extraordinary fixed post system, that, after the French Government had taken every precaution in selecting a rifle to be used by its armies and guarding the secret of its construction, the very first rifle turned out of the factory at St.-Etienne was delivered to the German War Office.

The counter-espionage of the Triple Entente against Germany has not been generally successful. Each one of the countries in this alliance maintained its counter-system and exerted itself to the limit of its powers to spy on the German people. The intention and effort of the Triple Entente were precisely the same as the intention of the German Empire, but the methods of the Entente were less efficient and their espionage was not the equal of the German system.

A further instance of how effectively the German Secret Service is able to bring counter-espionage to nothing will be illustrative of the whole method.

A French captain undertook to visit Berlin before the war opened on a mission of this counter-espionage. He had a brother who was an engineer attached to the Department of Railroads. As an officer of the French Army he would naturally be under surveillance in Germany; so he conceived the idea of obtaining a passport in the name of his brother, the engineer. Armed with this he took a through train from Paris to Berlin.

The Danger of Being Too Gallant

On his arrival in the German capital he went at once to the best hotel. After dinner, as he came out of the dining room he met a young woman in evening dress who seemed to be in the greatest distress. She was quite evidently not only a respectable young person but also of family and distinction. To a man of the experience of the French captain these facts were established by every appearance.

Gallantly, and with the perfect manners of a Parisian officer, he inquired whether he could be of any service to the young woman.

She explained that by some mistake her family, who had been dining with her, had returned home, and that she did not know how she should be able to get from the hotel to the house.

This helplessness, so unlikely in America, is precisely what one might expect in a young girl of Continental training, left behind by inadvertence.

The French captain naturally offered any service he could render, and as a result he got a carriage and took the young girl to her home. It was some distance away and in the most pretentious part of Berlin. The adventure occupied scarcely more than an hour.

When he returned to the hotel he was met by a gentleman who spoke to him with great courtesy and asked him to step into a private salon. When they were alone the gentleman explained to the French captain that he was the Commissioner of Police. The French captain replied with courtesy and presented his passport. The Commissioner of Police merely smiled.

"It is useless to attempt to deceive me, monsieur," he said; "this is your brother's passport, though it contains your photograph."

Then swiftly he named the regiment and station of the French captain, the year in which he went through the war college, every position he had held since he came out, precisely where he was stationed at different dates—and every detail of his life, almost to the hour he set foot in Berlin.

As he spoke he took from his pocket a handkerchief that bore the initials of the captain, and also his identity certificate as an officer of the French Army.

"This evidence," he said, "we have just taken from the false bottom of your portmanteau while you were so courteously engaged in restoring one of our agents to the bosom of her family. I have ordered your portmanteau brought down from your room, and I will do myself the honor of seeing you on the train that leaves Berlin within the hour.

"We have thoughtfully engaged a first-class compartment for you."

Author's Note—See the cases assembled in France by Paul Lanoir.

Digitized by Google

Come Sup With Us

One Supper Free
With Every Breakfast This Week

Our Annual 10-Meal Treat

Again we make this offer, to introduce to your home the ideal summer supper, the best-liked dairy dish.

The offer is this: Buy from your grocer a package of Puffed Rice, to serve for breakfast with cream and sugar or mixed with any fruit.

Take this coupon with you. Your grocer will give you for it, at our cost, a 12-cent package of Puffed Wheat. Serve that as a supper or luncheon dish, floating in bowls of milk.

That means ten breakfasts and ten suppers, all for 15 cents. The suppers are our treat.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Bubbles of Whole Wheat

Compare Puffed Wheat with bread or crackers, served in bowls of milk. Here are toasted kernels of whole wheat puffed to eight times normal size. They are crisper than crackers—four times as porous as bread.

The morsels are airy and flaky and thin. They crush at a touch of the teeth. They have a fascinating flavor, much like toasted nuts. And they supply the whole-wheat nutriment in the daintiest form that's known.

Nothing else that you serve in milk compares in taste or form or fitness with Puffed Wheat.

What Steam Explosion Does

Then Puffed Grains are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods. The process creates in every grain a hundred million steam explosions. Every food granule is blasted to pieces so digestion can easily act. No other process does that.

So, besides their enticements, there are other reasons for Puffed Grains. In this form every atom feeds, and there is no tax on digestion. When these grains are served between meals or at bedtime they should always be served in this way.

Here's a 12¢ Coupon

We want you to know the wider uses of Puffed Grains. They are not mere breakfast cereals, not mere dainties to be mixed with fruit. They are superlative foods, the best-cooked foods in existence. There are daily uses in every home where nothing else serves as well.

To let folks know this we are making this offer to millions of homes this week, and we urge you to accept it.

Buy from your grocer for 15 cents a package of Puffed Rice. Then we will buy a package of Puffed Wheat. Present this coupon and you'll get them both. You pay for one, we for the other. Do this so your folks may know all the delights of Puffed Grains. Cut out the coupon now.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(808)

SIGN AND PRESENT TO YOUR GROCER 103 WR

Good in United States or Canada Only

This Certifies that I, this day, bought one package of Puffed Rice, and my grocer included free with it one package of Puffed Wheat.

*Name*_____

To the Grocer

We will remit you 12 cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
Chicago

*Address*_____

*Dated*_____ *1915.*

This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1915. Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1.

NOTE: No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

12-Cent Coupon Good Only When Puffed Rice is Purchased

Digitized by Google

Goodyear Laminated Tubes
These many thin layers of pure rubber are vulcanized together into one solid, extra-heavy tube.

This Inner Tube Can't Leak

It Outlasts Any Tire

We make for Goodyear tire users a heavy Laminated Tube. It has helped us much in making Goodyear tires the most popular tires in the world.

Many a tire trouble is due to a leaky Tube. Our Tube construction, plus our extra thickness, makes inherent leaks impossible. And it gives a Tube which, by countless records, outwears any tire.

Now we invite users of rival tires to test this super-tube. That's a certain way, in our estimation, to win you to Goodyear Tires.

Built in Many Layers

Instead of making—by machinery—a solid rubber Tube, we roll the pure rubber into very thin sheets.

The reason is this: In thick rubber, flaws and foreign matter often go undetected. A consequent weakness may go clear through. In thin sheets, the slightest flaw shows up in inspection and is eliminated.

Goodyear Laminated Tubes are made by wrapping layer on layer of these thin, perfect sheets. Then we vulcanize these layers into a solid rubber Tube.

To prevent leaking in the valve patch we make it part of the Tube. Our valve patch is not stuck on.

Made Extra-Thick

For extra wear and protection we give you extra thickness. This is one of our extremes. This year, to our smaller tubes, we added 12½ per cent. To our larger tubes we added 16⅔ per cent—all pure rubber.

That's an average addition of 14 per cent, to Tubes already famous for thickness and endurance.

Prices Reduced 20 Per Cent

On February 1st we reduced our Tube prices by 20 per cent. Lower rubber and mammoth production made possible this saving, despite our added weight.

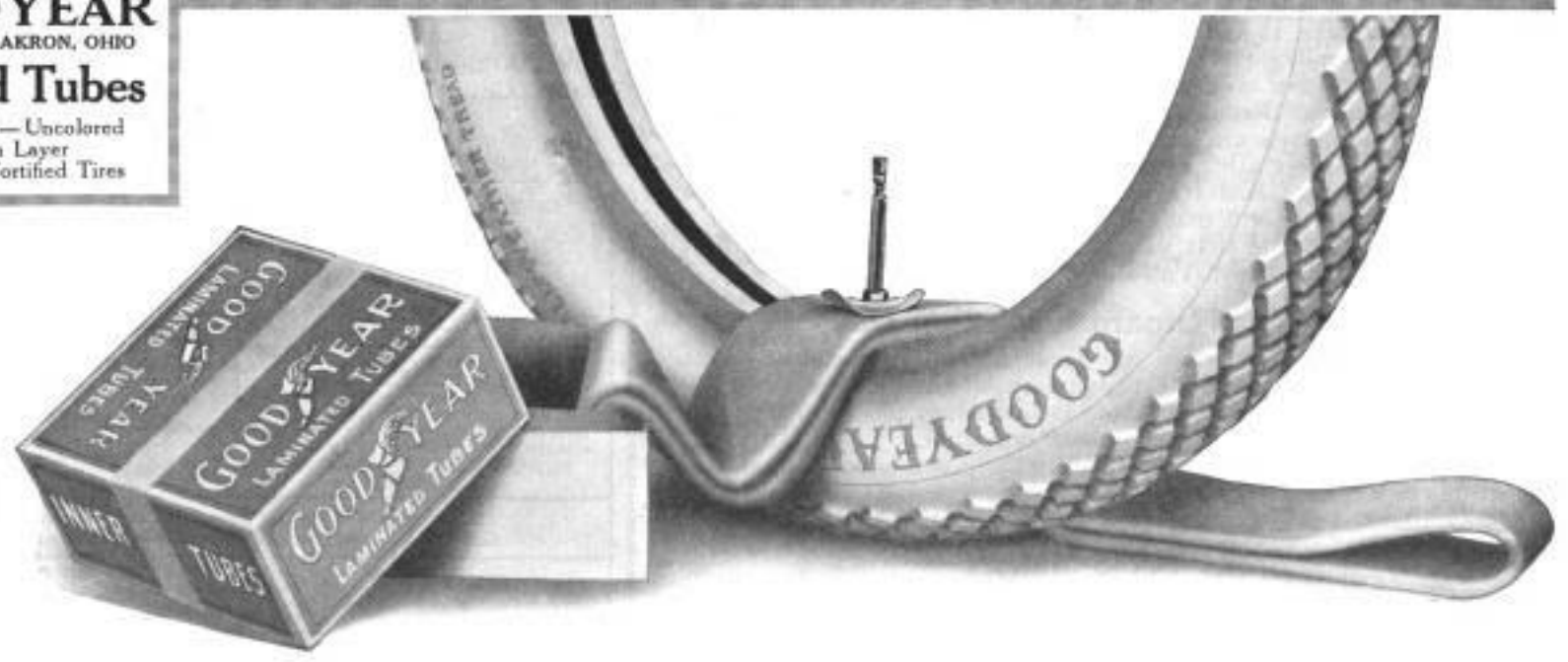
Now Goodyear Laminated Tubes, built as we describe, cost practically the same as others.

Get these Tubes, whatever tire you use. Let them reveal the Goodyear standards to you. Then remember that Goodyear Fortified Tires embody those standards too. They also have costly and exclusive features, which are bettered every year. And their prices have been thrice reduced—a total of 45 per cent—in two years.

Any dealer will supply you Goodyear Tires or Tubes.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
Laminated Tubes
Extra Heavy Tubes—Uncolored
Built Layer on Layer
By the Makers of Fortified Tires



Always Gray

Goodyear Laminated Tubes are gray, the color of pure rubber. We find that friction heat—a tube's worst enemy—is much reduced by omitting foreign ingredients.

Digitized by Google

OUT-OF-DOORS

Your Summer Encampment

IN OUR schoolboy lyceum days we were accustomed to discuss a momentous question—*Resolved:* That the pleasures of Anticipation surpass those of Realization. The ayes had it—or ought to have had it. It was wasted time to discuss such a cinch.

Look back over the realizations of your own life and stack them up against the fond dreams you once had about what you thought your life was going to be, and you are mighty apt to conclude that anticipation has realization backed off the boards when it comes to solid comfort. The real fun in life consists in dreaming of things we want to do. The most interesting reading in the world is that which tells us about ourselves as we should like to be, or about things we should like to do, or about how to get things we want.

For my own part, I always thought the wholly impractical pages of a sporting-goods catalogue were, in the light of a true philosophy, the finest reading in the world. In that literature lies the anticipation of true happiness—and the ayes always have it.

It does not make the slightest difference in the world whether you and Friend Wife and the kids ever really have that summer vacation together. The important thing is that you shall long for it and plan for it. Should you by any chance realize a part of your plans, you will not in the least have discounted the keener delight of making the plans themselves. Any sportsman knows this.

I should not like to say how many foreign lands I have seen in my own dreams. What splendid trophies have fallen to my prowess—in my dreams! Thus, in a wholly simple and inexpensive fashion I have visited the wildest regions of Africa, Asia and Australia, besides the more prosaic regions of my own land. I have slain lions, tigers, and I know not what—in my dreams, just as you have in yours. I recall even that especially have I enjoyed the slaying of that capital trophy of all sportsmen, *Ovis poli*, the great mountain sheep of Tibet. It was done in my dreams. Who can tell whether or not dreams come true? And what is the difference whether they do or not?

As you plan for your summer encampment you may visualize a hotel, a cottage, a tent, a shack or a log camp. Any of these will do handsomely; but no doubt you will enjoy most some sort of transient habitation all your own, which you have devised, which you have built, and where you have had guests of your own, rather than lived as a guest in surroundings shared by many others.

In general, then, plan to make your own house, your own camp. You can be entirely comfortable—you and all the family—in that way. Indeed, that is the only real way to go on a wilderness vacation—have a home of your own and run it as your own.

The tent, as used for a family encampment, may very well be large and commodious. You may buy tents into which you can put floors and side walls, windows and screen doors, if you like. Tents come so large that you can rig up a gasoline stove inside and cook all sorts of things in defiance of all sorts of weather. For instance, each summer you may find quite a colony of campers living in such tents as these on some vacant property facing Lake Michigan, far south of Chicago.

Changing Fashions in Camp Beds

This colony annually spends some months in a wholly carefree and practical fashion. Some of the campers rent their own houses to others and forsake city life altogether for the camp through almost six months of the year, going to business daily precisely as though they lived at home. Some of these tents have telephones, ice boxes and other inconveniences of civilization.

As the families of the colony are all good friends there is community bathing, community canoeing and a community camp fire at night; in fact, most of the families of this particular colony are members of the American Canoe Association, and they know how to camp out. What they can do in healthful, inexpensive summer life you also can do, if you like, in any of a thousand localities in this big country.

In tents like these you can have real cots or real beds. We need not say more about how to keep out mosquitoes; but the camp bed is something regarding which study is never ended. Every camper learns something about camp beds on each trip he makes into the open.

For a permanent encampment it is well enough to have a good tick filled with something soft—anything soft the country affords. Some persons like to sleep on a cot, though I never saw one that was really comfortable. If a cot is feasible at all it is in the summertime. The real camp bed is something you can roll up in a bundle and tie with a rope.

The air mattress is a good summer bed if you like air mattresses. Some do not fancy them at any season, but others insist that they solve the whole bed problem. I have seen a boy make a very good bed mattress out of two or three canoe cushions of the inflatable type. It was a trifle narrow, but the boy himself was narrow.

Blankets? Yes, and plenty; because it gets cold in the woods, especially in damp weather—even in the summertime. It is pretty difficult to get a real man-size camp bed down to less than ten or twelve pounds in weight. You may make a good light bed out of a down quilt or two, faced with a light lamb's-wool blanket, the whole covered with a silkaline waterproof cover, fastened along the edges with snap buttons.

You are no good as an outdoor man until you have invented a camp bed all your own. Perhaps you are a sleeping-bag devotee. Ephraim is wedded to his idols, and this deponent is already sufficiently disliked for his detestation of all sleeping bags.

Just the other day this deponent made a discovery in blankets. It happened in a big paper mill in the pine-woods country. The blankets were not made of paper, but of wool, and the very best of wool.

Blankets I Have Dreamed Of

In the manufacture of paper the thin film of pulp is carried up out of the vats on a continuous traveling blanket band, several feet in width and perhaps one or two hundred feet in length. This band is made of wool—all wool, and the very best of wool. If there is a fiber of cotton in it the paper pulp will stick and break the fabric that is in process of making. Here you can see a blanket seven or eight feet wide and one hundred and fifty feet long—the very kind of blanket, perhaps, you have dreamed about when shivering in some cold winter camp. This is the very best wool blanket that money can buy. When these blankets begin to get old and stiff they are taken out and sent to the fulling mills. Here they are washed clean and fulled out light and fluffy once more.

After this treatment they make as good blankets as you can buy for money in any part of the world. They are cut into suitable lengths, bound, and offered for sale at fifty cents a pound—less than half of what you usually pay for rough blankets, and less than a quarter of what you would pay for blankets of fine lamb's wool, which is sometimes taken from lambs that apparently have been running in cotton fields, where some of the cotton jarred off.

Having in mind one more camp bed for private consumption, I accumulated from the paper mill mentioned above two heavy blankets, almost like rugs in thickness, and five pairs of soft, fleecy lamb's-wool blankets, as soft as down. Alas! A friend secured a part of these; and on my arrival home Madam fell on all the others, saying their like could not be bought in town; and so sequestered them for her own private use. Ah, well! I will go back to that mill some day and get me a good camp bed yet.

How about the cooking that is to go on in your summer camp? How are you going to make bread? There are two good ways—the Dutch oven and the reflecting oven. You can get the latter in aluminum and you will find it very practical for making biscuits in front of the fire.

For real bread, precisely such as Grandmother used to make in the fireplace, you may turn to the good old-fashioned Dutch oven in cast iron. It is so heavy that the outfitters offer you substitutes in sheet

"I know exactly the kitchen I want"

Every woman has an ideal workshop in mind. Sometimes it requires a little carpentering to make things more convenient, but in most cases it merely means a more cheerful room.

If you, madam, have a kitchen in your mind that you haven't realized because of the bogy "Cost," let us tell you about

ACME QUALITY
Paints and Finishes

These are the highest quality paints, enamels, stains and varnishes that you can buy. They are ready for use. There is an Acme Quality Finish for every surface. They are easy to use and produce the finest results.

Acme Quality White Enamel will make the woodwork of your kitchen a beautiful, glistening white. It is wonderful for chairs, ice boxes, china closets, tables and so forth. Acme Quality Linoleum Varnish will make your kitchen floor shine like new. Acme Quality Varno-Lac is for floors and woodwork where a stained and varnished finish is desired.

Write for our books, "Home Decorating" and "Acme Quality Painting Guide." They are full of paint facts and tell you exactly what you want to know about quantity, how it should be applied, brushes, etc. Write for them today. We will send them free of cost, together with the name of the nearest Acme dealer.

Have an "Acme Quality Shelf"

Keep always on hand at least a can each of **Acme Quality Varnotile**, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; **Acme Quality White Enamel** for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; **Acme Black Iron Enamel** for ranges, stovepipes and other metal or wood surface. These will cover many of the "touching-up" jobs. Put up in containers of ½-pint and up, with friction-top, replaceable covers which are easy to open and close and keep the contents in usable condition.

Acme White Lead & Color Works
DEPT. Q
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Toledo, Nashville, Birmingham, Fort Worth, Dallas, Topeka, Lincoln, Salt Lake City, Spokane, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego

Digitized by Google

J-M Auto Clock

Guaranteed 8-day movement in dust-proof case, with winding and setting keys and attaching screws concealed. Flush or dash mounting: **$5.00.**

J-M (Mexger) Soot-Proof Spark Plug

Delivers a big, fat, hot spark with absolute regularity. Won't short-circuit, leak or break down. Sizes for all motors. Price **75c.**

Carter Carburetor

Will reduce your fuel bills at least 10% and increase your engine's power, speed and flexibility. The last word in carburetor efficiency.

J-M Lens (Non-Blinding)

Entirely eliminates headlight glare. Increases road illumination. Puts more light where you need it. Per pair, **$3.25.**

Other J-M Auto Accessories

Jones Speedometer
Johns-Manville Shock Absorber
Carter Automatic Gravity Gasoline Tank
J-M Tire Pump
J-M Automobile Tape
J-M Marco Tire and Top Repair Materials
J-M Dry Batteries
J-M Fire Extinguisher
J-M Packings and S. A. E. Gaskets
"Noark" Enclosed Fuses
G-P Muffler Cut-Out
Write for booklets

$5 LONG HORN

INVENTED BY C. F. LONG

Model "J"

See it—
Sound it—
Ask about its Guarantee

GO to the Long Horn dealer and say, "Show me Model 'J' Long Horn."

Note its handsome design and finish. Think how well it would look on *your* car.

Listen to its powerful, penetrating warning that gets the right of way so easily in crowded traffic or on the open road.

Consider, too, the *economy* of this horn, which requires no current to operate, whose first cost is the only cost. And then—

Ask the dealer about its guarantee. He will answer you as follows:

"If any part of this horn at any time proves defective, Johns-Manville absolutely guarantees the purchaser a *new* horn."

If you want a horn at all, you will want a Long Horn.

See the Long Horn dealer today. Booklet on request.

One Firm One Service
One Guarantee
back of every J-M Automobile Accessory

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

J-M NON-BURN BRAKE LINING

Economy Commends It
Safety Demands It

FOR economy as well as safety, insist that your brakes be lined with genuine J-M Non-Burn Brake Lining.

J-M Non-Burn has the gripping power essential to the fullest measure of safety and the long-wearing quality necessary to the fullest measure of service.

It is honest brake lining backed by a long experience in the manufacture of brake linings for heavy industrial machinery, where the requirements are infinitely more severe.

And the fact that it has successfully met these requirements is the best assurance that it can and will meet yours.

Sold by good dealers everywhere. Write today for booklet, "Practical Pointers on Automobile Brakes."

3125

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
294 Madison Avenue, New York
47 Branches Service Stations in All Large Cities

steel or aluminum. Take your pick. If you are a beginner you will probably do better with the folding reflector. In this you may see the biscuits begin to burn. In the other sort you do not know they have been burned until you take off the lid.

Learn how to make bread before you go into camp. The bannock is but a makeshift. Take some corn meal along, also, and some whole-wheat flour. You will find these wholesome in camp as well as at home. Do not forget the dried apricots and prunes, because you will need some sort of fruit in camp.

True, in the summertime you cannot legally shoot any game; but there are few camping places where you cannot catch some kind of fish that is good to eat. Some like fish fried in bacon fat, and others say that olive oil is the only thing. There are cans of other compounds put up for frying purposes.

Do not forget the double broiler, which folds together, with a clip on the two handles. Fish are mighty good broiled if you cook them over a small, hot fire of coals and cook them thoroughly, without burning. A little charring on the edges will not hurt them.

Some of your comfort will depend on your clothing. We generally wear our old clothing in camp, and especially is this the practice with women. A great deal is to be said, however, in favor of clothing made purposely for camp wear. You might blow yourself for a khaki skirt for Friend Wife. You yourself know how desirable it is to have loose, easy, yet well-fitting garments in camp.

Each of the family should have a sweater and some sort of raincoat. There is nearly always a certain chill round camp at night. It is difficult to get a woman to wear clothing enough in camp; and, as a result, she is apt to feel a little underdone round a camp at night. Beside the camp fire she should have a sweater and something warm and dry for footwear. Moccasins are best, except that, even in the dew, they are easily wet through.

It is not a bad plan for a woman to have a pair of rubbers or overshoes somewhere in the kit bag. You cannot be comfortable if your feet are cold; and they will be cold if they are damp after you quit work. A hot-water bottle is an excellent thing to have in camp. If the weather is very damp and the tent cold sometimes a big hot rock will take off the chill.

The Snakes I Have Never Met

The grocery department ought not to be conducted too much on a catch-as-catch-can basis. Most camp diseases come from badly cooked food. Have your flour, bacon, tea, coffee and sugar just as good in camp as at home. Do not eat underdone fish or vegetables. Do not burden yourself with useless things, but let the table be good and varied if your stay in camp is to be long. Be sure you have good, pure water. A camp near a spring is desirable if the spring is pure. If you are near cold water you can keep the butter tins or jars in good condition.

As to medicine, you do not need to be so careful. A box of pills and a bottle of cholera mixture will about fill that bill. Lime water and linseed oil will cure sunburn if you are particular. Potassium permanganate, injected, will cure snakebite. I never carried a hypodermic syringe into camp in my life and have never known a case of snakebite; but if you are very nervous carry along the outfit. Your dealer will supply it.

As to fire water, they now say it never did cure a snakebite. Just as well to leave that at home in the corner saloon and try cutting it out for a couple of months in camp. As a matter of fact you will not miss it in camp, for the exercise and the oxygen will help your circulation far better than alcohol.

The finest thing in all camping-out plans is your own personal possible bag. It holds your own toilet articles in one of its pockets. You will want to shave and bathe in camp as regularly as at home. In other pockets of your possible bag there may be a spare fishhook or so, and some bachelor's buttons that clamp on, and a piece of whetstone, and a little rolled-up housewife, with needle and thread, and a pair of blunt-pointed scissors.

Every outdoor man has some obsession of his own. My own is that there should always be needles and thread in camp. This dates back to an early experience. Once, when rather young, I was out on a

THERMOS

FOR the country club a few carafes of chilled water conveniently placed make for health and comfort. They are a sure cure for "the ice-water habit." Their judicious use will lengthen life.

More than ten million Thermos vessels are in use throughout the civilized world by motorists yachtsmen, travelers, explorers, hunters, fishermen, picnickers, office workers, and in lunch kits, by children at school and workingmen at the factory.

Every member of the family from infancy to old age has daily use for Thermos. It is indeed a good servant, both in and away from home.

Thermos serves you right,
food or drink—hot or cold,
when, where and as you like

In the nursery it saves work, worry and even life by keeping infant's milk ice cold, pure, sweet and bacteria proof.

It gives great comfort to the sick, aged and infirm—saving many steps for those who have them in care. Thermos carafes and jugs are ideal for keeping an ever-ready supply of ice-cold water, tea, coffee or other beverages for day or night use, or any liquid may be prepared in advance and kept piping hot until ready to serve. Thermos Food Jars are convenient for keeping ice creams, salads, casseroles, chowders, etc., at the proper temperature until served.

Originally expensive Thermos vessels are now sold by leading dealers at popular prices.

Bottles from $1.00 up
Carafes and Jugs $3.00 up
Food Jars from $1.50 up
Lunch Kits $2.00 up

Do not accept as truthful representations that all temperature-retaining bottles are Thermos vessels. For your protection and ours look for the name THERMOS stamped plainly on the bottom.

Write for an interesting book on Thermos, which tells you why the same bottle keeps liquids steaming hot for 24 hours or ice cold three days.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO.
Norwich, Conn.
New York San Francisco Toronto

See It
That Thread Can't Come Out
Stop Hose-Coupling Leaks

Mueller Neverlose *Threaded* Washer can't lose out of the hose-coupling. The threaded edge meshes with the thread of the coupling. Ask your plumber. Send 6c in stamps for two samples.

Neverlose Threaded Washers

make your garden hose coupling watertight. Any dealer can supply you. If he is not supplied, don't fail to write us. Makers of Mueller High-Grade Plumbing Brass Goods.

H. MUELLER MFG. CO.
Decatur, Ill.
New York City—San Francisco
Sarnia, Ontario

Genuine All Hand-Woven Unblocked PANAMA

Can be worn in this condition by Men, Women and Children. Easily blocked in any style. Light Weight, Durable. All head-sizes. Brims from 2½ to 6 inches.

Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00
Money back if not satisfactory. *Write for Catalog.*
Panamas from $1.00 to $100.00
PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 830 Broadway, New York City

Digitized by Google

Western ranch and while using a drawing knife managed to cut open my kneecap clear across and to the bone.

There was no doctor near; so that night I borrowed a large needle and some stout black patent thread and sewed up the cut with a beautiful buttonhole stitch, comprising, I should say, some fifty-odd stitches in all. A surgeon would have been much more economical of his thread, but I knew nothing of surgery at the time. This buttonhole stitch held very well for about a week or ten days, when one day, while out hunting on a rather stiff leg, I fell down and burst open the entire seam.

That night I borrowed the needle and the black patent thread once more; and, beginning a little farther back from the edges, I put in a yet more elaborate buttonhole fastening, which has held to this day. Since my first look at the open cartilage of my kneecap I have never felt like going into camp without plenty of needles and patent thread.

If you can get all or part of an old bucktail, showing the light and dark hairs, put it into your possible bag. When all other baits lack, perhaps you can make one out of this. A dab of wax and a little thread from your spool will help you. Sometimes a little spool of copper wire is useful in the bag. Your piece of whetstone should be of carborundum, which cuts steel most quickly.

Then you will have your waterproof match box in the possible bag. In the pocket of your coat, fastened by the same thong that carries your dog whistle, you might as well have a good compass. Perhaps you can get hold of a dozen or so of the big torch matches, such as travelers in the Far North use—a giant match, which will burn in the rain or even in the water. This is mighty good for starting a fire when your fingers are numb.

A couple of shirts are sufficient for quite a season in camp. Perhaps Friend Wife will insist on white collars—at least once a week—and will not be content with flannelette shirt waists all the time. You may do washing in the camp, just as at home. Be more prodigal in stockings. Have these of heavy wool and plenty of them. If your trousers or overalls are too long, cut the bottoms off and stick the amputated legs in your stockings. Knee breeches are really more comfortable, but some do not like to use them.

This clothing will go into your own pack bag, into which you will put your possible bag of smaller belongings. Have plenty of pockets in the carryall bag. Have a wall pocket to pin up in the tent. Have a clothesline along the ridgepole of the tent. You may make coat hangers in camp if you like—indeed, you may make a lot of things in camp.

What You Will Need in Camp

If you have weak eyes take along a pair of colored glasses in your coat pocket. Large lenses of amber glass are best. In another pocket you should carry a little tube of mosquito dope if you think you need it. A paste made of castor oil and oil of lavender, done up in a squeeze-tube, is about as good as any contrivance—especially for a woman. Ammonia will take out the sting; but liquids are awkward to carry.

Cutlery? Your own hunting knife, of course! And let us hope the blade is short. The guard on the blade is now passé—the handle will slip down into the scabbard better if there is no guard. Let the knife scabbard hang loosely on your belt—especially if you ride. Have on your saddle or your belt, if you go alone into the woods, a pound ax of real steel and with a real handle. You may need it.

Camp furniture? The question of folding cots, tables and chairs is one of transportation. If you expect to be some time in camp, and have your family with you, it is nice to have a regular table, fashioned on the spot. There are usually stumps or logs or boxes which will do for seats. If you have one of the five-gallon oil cases—a square tin—you can do almost anything with it in camp or make almost anything out of it, from a washtub to a storehouse. You may buy a folding water pail, made of canvas or rubber. The Indians make one out of the stomach of a deer.

When you come to pack your camp belongings do not let any unit of your outfit run much over fifty pounds. Have handles on every package. Make them so that they can be checked, packed or carried.

The amount of duffel you are to take depends much on the kind of camp you are to have. Perhaps there are unmarried young ladies in your family. If so, mamma will have to keep an eye to a camp pitched somewhere near a resort or other locality infested by youth of the opposite sex. That means a certain amount of flannel skirts, blazers, soft hats, and so on, not to mention shoes, gloves and other belongings. Yet even these things may be accommodated in camp. In short, your camp may very nearly resemble your home if you so determine.

To-day a camera is something that belongs in your summer encampment almost as much as your tent or fishing rod. Perhaps you have an expensive one and are fond of telling your friends that the lens alone cost you over seventy-five dollars. In that case you will have to learn how to shoot your camera as you had to learn how to shoot a chokebored shotgun. The fine lenses require care in focusing.

On a late trip into a remote wilderness country, when we had a fine photographic equipment, there was a plain, commercial, foolproof camera which cost less than twenty-five dollars, lens and all, which brought home the bacon.

The High Cost of Not Camping

Of late years the movies have gone into the wilderness for scenes; and you are now shown for five or ten cents the secrets of the arctic or tropic wilderness. Most of this is professional or semiprofessional work, but the time is not distant when amateur moving-picture outfits will be offered at reasonable rates. I have never heard of such a thing, but I offer the tip to manufacturers free of charge. There will be a market. And think of the films such outfits will use!

Suppose we depart from anticipation and look at the realization credits of the camping-out proposition. Why should you go camping at all, except for pleasure? There are excellent additional reasons. It is the best business in the world for you to camp out—and still better business for you to see that your neighbor camps out. This statement is entirely susceptible of proof.

The cure for tuberculosis is outdoor air and pure food. Rational and well-conducted camp life is the only thing that can help a man so afflicted. The great civilized troubles are those of the lungs and the stomach. These are easily set right out-of-doors.

One state of the Union spent sixty-four million dollars year before last on people who did not camp out sufficiently. Each death in that state cost—for postponement, not for prevention—three thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight dollars. That was the cost of fighting tuberculosis in each lost fight. It did not cover the industrial loss to the community inflicted by the death of the patient. And all that was necessary to save any one of those patients would have been to send him into the open air and into a good camp!

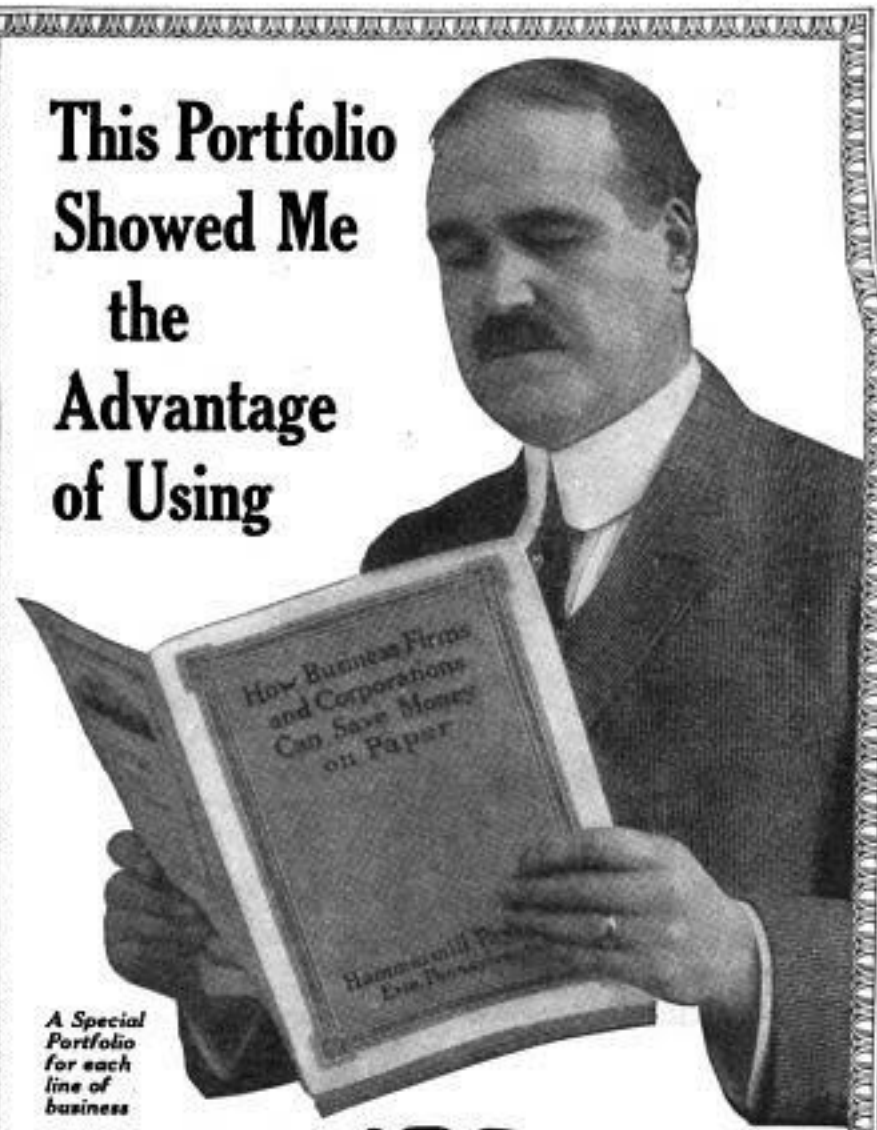
In one year the United States spent three million two hundred thousand hospital dollars on people who did not camp out enough. The Civil War killed more than two hundred thousand men in four years. In four years tuberculosis kills eight hundred thousand!

Preventable death, preventable disease, preventable ignorance of how to live and work—these are the real wastes, the unspeakably enormous wastes of our civilized life. Now that waste, that cost of life and effort, and that inefficiency of the unit are things which raise the cost and labor of life for every one of us. Somebody has to pay for the people who do not camp out!

Certainly the inefficiency charge against civilization is an enormous thing. Much of that inefficiency is preventable. Much of it is preventable in only one way, and that way is by a life in the open air, with good food and a rested body and mind.

As to the realization side of the debate, therefore, quite a showing may be made as against the pleasures of anticipation. Perhaps you do not feel as though you and the family could afford to camp out this summer—that it would cost too much to take the kids out where they can roll in the dirt and paddle in the water. Very well, perhaps you cannot afford it. The one certain thing is that you and I cannot afford to have Jones stay at home.

Viewed as citizens, viewed as units in society, Jones and his family ought to camp out. When they do not, you and I have to foot the bill; and perhaps it is a bill more exorbitant than you and I have ever realized. The case for the camp seems very plain—at least so far as Jones is concerned.


This Portfolio Showed Me the Advantage of Using
How Business Firms and Corporations Can Save Money on Paper
A Special Portfolio for each line of business
HAMMERMILL BOND
"The Utility Business Paper"

"This Portfolio showed me that I could use *one* paper for different classes of work rather than a different paper for each job. Heretofore I could not standardize in this way, as the bond papers that were good enough for *all* my jobs were too high priced to use on *some* of them.

"But this Portfolio proved conclusively that Hammermill Bond is adapted to *all* my printed forms, order blanks, billheads, letterheads, etc., and that its medium price would permit an actual saving."

We will gladly send you gratis a specimen Portfolio showing the practical, economical use of Hammermill Bond in *your* line of business. Each Portfolio shows work on white and all twelve colors, and in Ripple and Linen as well as the regular Bond Finish. Write today.

To Printers and Lithographers

The full set of these portfolios (each for a different line of business) will give you a remarkable sample display of Hammermill Bond for office use and for your salesmen. We will gladly send you a complete set.

HAMMERMILL PAPER CO.
ERIE, PA.

Use Hammermill Safety Paper

For your checks and vouchers. It is becoming recognized as the highest standard of Safety Paper. Ask your Lithographer. Send for specimens.

Digitized by Google

The supremacy of t with the world's

The Victrola *is* the world's greatest artists —as supreme in its lifelike renditions as the artists themselves.

The Victrola *is* the world's greatest artists —to the vast majority of people, far removed from the important musical centers, it affords the only opportunity for hearing the world's greatest artists.

The artists themselves are Victrola enthusiasts. They appreciate the absolute fidelity of the Victrola. They fully realize that

Digitized by Google

he Victrola is linked greatest artists

hearing them on the Victrola is just the same as hearing them in real life.

They give their best to the Victrola, and the Victrola in turn carries their art to all mankind, and treasures it for all generations.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles, from $10 to $250, and there are Victor dealers in every city in the world who will gladly demonstrate the Victrola to you and play any music you wish to hear.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Photos © Mishkin and Underwood & Underwood

Digitized by Google

Thousands Daily Request this Great Money-Saving Book

ALERTNESS! That word tells why 3,000 prospective Home Builders write for it daily.

These multitudes have heard how the STERLING System has revolutionized home building; how the builder buys his home direct from the mills, all lumber CUT-TO-FIT, thus saving many dollars and months of time; how the builder not only saves, but how he gets the very BEST of materials throughout.

Hence, the sensation this book is causing. Write for it yourself. Learn how you can save money, time and temper. Learn how you can be living in your STERLING Home, absolutely satisfied and happy over the savings accomplished, when, if you had bought your lumber in bulk and had it cut by slow and wasteful hand sawing, you would STILL be without a new home and have only the framework up.

STERLING System Built HOMES

Every STERLING is a model home—a REAL Home—not a mere "house"—a model of BEAUTY, COMFORT AND CONVENIENT ARRANGEMENT.

Wherever you live, whatever kind of a home you intend building, you can accomplish a big saving by purchasing a STERLING HOME.

Three Great Savings

1. Being actual owners of vast forests and mammoth mills and selling direct to Consumer, we make exceedingly low prices on materials.
2. All lumber comes seasoned and cut-to-fit—saves big labor cost, which by the ordinary method of building amounts to more than total cost of material.
3. No waste in cutting, whereas hand sawing of bulk lumber wastes approximately 16%.

$296 "The Martindale" This handsome 5-room Cottage can be erected in 7 to 9 days. Price and terms: $187 down and $5.50 per month. Total cost $313. Cash with order $296.

$187 Brings It

Credit Offer

Cash in full not required! Make reasonable cash payment and move now into your choice of the "FamousFifty," paying balance like monthly rent.

Price includes all *Lumber, Frame, Hardware, Paint, Nails*—everything from ground up. *Money back if not absolutely satisfied.*

From our mills and shipping stations in Michigan, Florida, Tennessee and Washington we make prompt and safe shipment no matter where you live.

$656 "THE MIRACLE" One of the most remarkable homes ever designed—living room and dining room—two large bedrooms—bath—model, work-saving kitchen. Fine porch—all complete. Can be erected in 12 to 14 days. $414 down, balance, $11.51 per month. Total cost, $691. Cash with order $656.

$414 Brings It

$995 "THE SENATOR" 8 commodious rooms, 4 closets, bath. Modern in every detail. Can be erected in 18 to 25 days. Sells for $628.80 down and $17.50 per month. Total price $1,045. Cash with order $995.

$628.80 Brings It

The Big Book, Write

Let us tell you, too, all the fascinating details of buying a Sterling Home. Join the thousands who want better homes at lower prices. Get this great building document, "The Famous Fifty." Send letter or postal now and it comes by return mail.

INTERNATIONAL MILL & TIMBER CO.
Dept. N5, Bay City, Mich. Be sure to address Dept. N5.

THE WAR BOOM

(Concluded from Page 14)

hundred million dollars; but there are few households in the United States that have cut expenses by as little as fifty dollars a head since the opening of the war. The universal feeling in the United States has been—even in the most thoughtless and spendthrift circles—that with the frightful suffering in Belgium and the prevailing want among the unemployed in our own country, it was criminal to spend unnecessarily a single cent. Women who number their gowns by the dozens a year cut out new wardrobes and used last year's. If you doubt that ask the big stores on Fifth Avenue. The same thing is true as regards food.

The manager of a hotel told me he had never had a year when the returns from his restaurant were so small. People who ordinarily ordered seventy-five-cent and dollar breakfasts had cut them to thirty and fifty cents. The luncheon returns were better, for the hotel served a fifty-cent luncheon; but the dinner returns were nearly negligible. People dined at cheap restaurants.

One hundred dollars would be near the average per-capita economies in the United States. Since the opening of the war, in the cases of the rich, these economies have gone into tens of thousands of dollars.

Set down as your sixth fact that if war expenditures are pure waste—burning up dollar bills—then war economies are pure gain; for the first cut comes in fripperies.

Apropos of the saving in living, soon after the war broke out I predicted that many people would be reduced to living on next to no income for the year; and I outlined breakfasts from ten to fifteen cents and dinners from twenty to twenty-five cents. Knockers hooted these figures. They said they were impossible for a nutritious diet. They were not theory figures; they were fact figures taken from the best scientific cooking schools in America and used by the head caterer of almost any big hotel in the country.

Let us consider one of these economy breakfasts for a family of six. We will suppose they cut out grapefruit and use oranges of the cheaper sort, or apples, which were cheaper this year than they have ever been. At the time of writing, sixteen small oranges can be bought for twenty-five cents—so the fruit stands at about nine cents. Cereal enough for six people costs five cents. Put butter at ten cents—a quarter of a pound. You can buy butter cheaper than forty cents a pound by going out into the open market. Put bread, one small loaf, at five cents. You can buy your bread cheaper than five cents if you bake it yourself. Put sugar and tea or coffee at two cents. A pint of milk costs four cents. For eggs or bacon enough for six people you can put the charge, at the very most, at from ten to fifteen cents. You can also get your bacon cheaper by curing it yourself. At the highest, your breakfast stands fifty cents for six people—at the lowest, thirty-nine cents for six people; in other words, at from about six to eight cents each.

Four-Cent Breakfasts for the Kaiser

I know people considered rich who by careful buying in the present war year have reduced their breakfasts to two cents each; but you cannot do this unless you bake your own bread, cure your own bacon and have eggs from your own chickens. If you figure up at American retail prices what the Kaiser is eating for his breakfasts during the war, it comes, for an average of six, to less than four cents.

Put down, then, as your cardinal facts for the new era:

All stocks sold out;

The public jumping ready to buy;

The nation compelled to rebuild from the ground up;

Factory wheels compelled to fly in order to fill orders;

More capital liquid ready for investment than ever before;

All unnecessary spendings cut out.

Put those facts on a chessboard. How will the game play out? Farrell says—Boom! Hill says—Slump! Who is right? If you could really know you might make your fortune.

Now for the facts from the past:

The Civil War burned up eight billion dollars, North and South, all told. Within eight years of Lee's surrender this country built thirty thousand miles of new railroads. It opened the Great West. It absorbed a million immigrants a year. It forged to first rank as an exporter. In 1867 wheat was two dollars and eighty-five cents a bushel; flour, sixteen dollars a barrel; butter, fifty-five cents a pound; and coal, ten dollars a ton—all war levels. By 1878 exports were exceeding imports and the country was on the upswell of the great boom that collapsed in 1893. What caused the collapse? Inflation, reckless finance, extravagance, spending more than earning; and in that collapse wheat dropped to fifty cents and cotton to five cents.

Some Good Results of War

In 1896 Northern Pacific Railroad shares sold on the Stock Exchange for twenty-five cents and were assessed fifteen dollars for reorganization. The Spanish War and the Boer War came on, and those same shares sold for one thousand dollars on the Stock Exchange. In 1895 one hundred and sixty-nine railroads were insolvent. By 1900 the railroad earnings of the United States had increased fifty per cent.

The Napoleonic Wars cost England three billion dollars. Within twenty years after the Napoleonic Wars England had become the richest nation in Europe. The Crimean War, the Civil War, the Spanish War, the Boer War—all have been followed by expansion and prosperity.

Only once in the history of the United States has there been a greater aggregate of failures than in 1914, and that was in 1893. The debts of insolvents in 1893 exceeded only by a few million dollars the debts of insolvents in 1914; yet the most reckless and undreamed-of prosperity that ever came to the United States came after the 1893 collapse—and to-day there are additional factors working toward a greater prosperity than followed 1893.

Then the country was still a debtor nation, and it paid its interest and its debts in gold. To-day the United States has become a creditor nation. Instead of borrowing from Europe, the United States is loaning to Europe; and Uncle Sam takes his interest in gold. For the first time since the era succeeding the Civil War more gold is coming to this country than is going out of it.

The United States is just entering an era of great export trade. Hitherto this country has been a buying nation. Now it becomes a selling nation. Both Farrell and Redfield expect to see the United States with an excess of exports over imports of from one and a half to two billion dollars a year. Three-quarters of this, it has been calculated most carefully, goes to wages. If the country sells four billion dollars' worth of goods a year abroad, and three-quarters of that goes to wages, Mr. Farrell sees ahead what he calls good times—what the Street calls a boom.

Is war, then, a producer of prosperity instead of wanton criminal waste, as Mr. Hill regards it? Far from it! War is a total destroyer; but the shock, the brace, the purging, the steeling to highest effort, the speeding up to the *n*th degree—which war gives the human spirit—produce the prosperity.

Psychologists say the human spirit is normally about ten per cent alive; the remaining ninety per cent lies dormant, or frivols, or idles, or grouches, or rests easy. War's shock brings the whole human spirit one hundred per cent alive, and concentrates that hundred per cent in one swift hustle. It is the hundred per cent effort that piles up the prosperity—not the hundred per cent waste of war.

The Work Reflects the Worker

Back of every seam, button, button hole, and pocket of your new Clothcraft 5130 Blue Serge is a worker.

Scientific training of workers in Clothcraft Shops is assurance to us that you—our customer—will get full value for the fifteen dollars you spend on "5130."

There are many other assurances, and back of all is the great Clothcraft Idea—"Better and better medium-priced clothes through constantly improving methods of manufacturing."

This season's splendid line of Clothcraft spring models at $10 to $20 is the answer to 69 years of scientific clothes building.

Come in and see for yourself.

CLOTHCRAFT
All Wool Clothes
$10 to $20 Ready to Wear

The Clothcraft Store
(IN YOUR TOWN)

Write to The Joseph & Feiss Co., 638 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, for the Clothcraft Style Prints, a sample of the all wool serge used in Clothcraft "5130," and a personal note of introduction to the nearest Clothcraft Store.

Digitized by Google

WHAT NEXT?

Horse Power

A HORSE-POWER electric-lighting machine has appeared that makes it possible to light a house with electricity generated by a horse walking round a post in the back yard. Not only will the machine attend to the lighting, but it will watch the horse also, and, if he slackens speed, take proper steps to stir up Dobbin. When the speed slackens a bell sounds a warning, intended to serve notice on the horse, as well as on the owner of the outfit, that everything is not going well.

If the horse does not take the hint, an electrically operated whip gives him a smart blow. Only a few such experiences are needed to teach the animal that the bell signal is a preliminary to a cut from the whip, so that the experienced horse starts up when the bell rings—just as a great many horses need only the rattle of the whip in the whipholder of a carriage to induce them to speed up.

The generating apparatus is simply a small dynamo operated by a lever that the horse hauls round a fourteen-foot circle. Oddly enough, the dynamo develops three-quarters of a kilowatt, which is something over one horse power in terms of energy. The speed of a very slow walk is sufficient to keep the dynamo in full action. In order to avoid embarrassing occasions when the horse is needed to drive to the station after dark, a set of storage batteries is connected up in the system to keep the lights going in the house, even though the horse is not on the job for an entire evening.

The batteries also make it possible for the horse to put in his work only in daylight hours. This whole outfit has been developed commercially, so that it has now been placed on the market.

Trench Periscopes

TRENCH periscopes are the great field for European inventors these days, and scores of designs are being manufactured in great quantities and sent to the men at the front. So many have been bought in England by relations at home, to be sent to soldiers in the trenches, that the British Government has had to issue a warning that it desires to pass on the suitability of all such outfits.

The trench periscope is, in its simplest form, composed of two mirrors in a tube, so arranged that when the tube is pushed halfway up over the top of the trench the soldier can look into the mirror at the bottom of the tube and see what is going on in front of the trench, the scene being caught by the top mirror and reflected down to the lower mirror. Elaborate periscopes are being made that have magnifying lenses which give a wide field of vision and have other advantages; but the great run is on very simple ones that can be packed down into a little pocket case, and yet can be put into operation quickly. One of these pocket periscopes has the two mirrors attached at the proper angles by lazy tongs, so that they may be opened and shut somewhat after the manner of an umbrella. Another design has the two mirrors separate, each with a clamp on its side. The two mirrors are clamped to a rifle barrel, one a foot or two above the other. The rifle is then pointed up in the air and the man in the trench has a safe view of the enemy's territory.

Wireless Amateurs

WIRELESS time receivers are now made for the man who does not know the technicalities of wireless telegraphy and does not intend to learn, but does wish to get the advantage of the Government time signals from Arlington, Virginia, sent out every day at noon and ten o'clock at night.

The time receiver can easily be adapted into a receiving station for all kinds of wireless messages; but if it is adjusted to receive the Arlington signals it will stay adjusted for months, and the operator simply has to take down the telephone receiver and listen for the time signal when he thinks it is near noon. A set of wires, or aërials, is needed on the roof, with a connection to the ground. The machine is connected with these, and some very simple adjustments are made requiring no technical knowledge. The outfit is then ready to give its reports whenever desired, without further trouble.

Trade-Mark Associations

SOME pointed lessons in the selection of a trade-mark and trade-names have appeared from the findings of a psychological investigation recently conducted by a young woman of Barnard College. All her findings showed that queer-looking trade-marks and odd trade-names, made up perhaps of the initials of a firm name or parts of two words jammed together, are in most instances inferior to more common names and devices. If the odd mark or name has some common suggestion it may do extremely well; but if it looks or sounds like simple nonsense it is probably a handicap to the advertiser.

The young woman's original purpose was to compare the ability to recall and the ability to recognize. To recall, for instance, is to remember what advertisements one read in the morning's paper after it has been thrown away; while to recognize is to pick the paper up, go over it again, and remember what advertisements had been read the first time. People were found to recognize much more than they could recall.

Pictures were found to be the easiest to recall and to recognize also; and those pictures which had many associations—that were not strange, in other words—were best recalled and best recognized. The recognition in those cases was about three times as often as the recall. Shapes, words and nonsense syllables were tried out for recall and for recognition. Forms were found to be harder to recall and to recognize than pictures; words were found harder yet; and nonsense syllables were hardest of all.

All through the results ran the same story—that the richer the associations, the easier one remembered. A trade-mark of some simple figure that would remind one of home, or anything else that is a common experience of everybody, is, therefore, more likely to be recalled and recognized than a trade-mark that reminds one of nothing at all. The same applies with even greater force to the trade-name of some product.

Another point in favor of the name or trade-mark rich in associations relates to the order in which it is noticed and the recency. The fact that an advertisement was not read first in the morning paper is of less account with a trade-mark having many associations; and such a mark will be remembered longer than others. The effect of these findings is to indicate that an advertiser will not need to pound away so often with large advertisements to make readers remember his name and his product if he uses ideas with everyday associations.

Improving the Electric

A SIMPLE little idea, which is now in process of development by a number of electrical engineers, gives the best promise yet of greatly increasing the use of electric automobiles and other electric vehicles, from touring cars to lawn mowers.

An electric motor has two principal parts, an outer one called the field, which is a sort of stationary ring, and an inner one called the armature, which is a revolving wheel inside the ring. In some instances the reverse is provided, and the field revolves while the armature is stationary.

The new idea is to have both of these revolve, one inside the other, and in opposite directions. The ring part, or field, would be connected with the left rear wheel of the automobile, and the armature connected with the right rear wheel. Common mechanical methods will give the proper speed and the proper direction of motion to each of the two rear wheels. Thus, both rear wheels will be driven by the motor, but will be driven separately.

The great advantage of this idea is that it does away with much of the heavy machinery now required. The whole mechanism will be part of the rear axle, thus doing away with cumbersome and bothersome driving shafts or other transmission forms. Then there will be no differential gear to enable one rear wheel to go faster than the other in going round corners; the motor itself will automatically attend to that.

These savings of machinery promise to make much lighter cars practicable and so suggest greatly lowered cost. At the same time, increased speed on uphill runs and economy in using up current from the batteries are theoretically probable.

Forty-Eight Free Trips *to* The California Fairs

For weeks progressive moving picture theatres have been preparing for the Runaway June Contest, which is now on.

One young woman in each state will be chosen by the votes of patrons of moving picture theatres at the showings of

"Runaway June"

A moving picture of a moving picture

the fascinating 15-part serial by

George Randolph Chester

The winner will go in luxury to the wonderful California Fairs as the guest of Runaway June—*with all expenses paid* from her own home.

Any moving picture theatre can enter this contest—by which one of its patrons may be the happy winner.

If the theatre you attend is not showing the picture, ask the manager to get it—and give you and your friends a chance to win the Free Trip to California.

Write for *full* particulars of the contest to

Reliance
Motion Picture
Corporation
29 Union Square
New York

COUPON

Please send me full particulars of the Runaway June Free Trips to California Contest—and tell me a theatre in my city which is showing the picture.

Name_____
Street_____
City_____
State_____

Digitized by Google

Stewart PRODUCTS

PRESTIGE QUALITY SERVICE SATISFACTION

USA

Just one day's episodes in a "30 days trial" of a

Stewart Warning Signal. Stop and think of the constantly repeated occasions every day when you need a thoroughly dependable Warning Signal to save you from getting into serious trouble — and to protect others.

Look over these every-day episodes and think what any one of these accidents might mean to you. Don't forget that a Warning Signal is just as necessary to protect *yourself*, as to protect others.

Needs like these for the dependable Stewart Warning Signal occur hundreds of times every day, and many thousands of times every year.

As your every day's safety depends so much upon your having a Warning Signal that is "always on the job," be sure that yours is the *Stewart Warning Signal*, which "*makes* them pay attention!"

Protect yourself and your family, and warn all others by the Stewart Warning Signal, with its clear, loud, penetrating blast for country roads, and its sharp, inoffensive note for city streets.

By spending a $5 bill today for a Stewart Warning Signal, your life, and the life of some other person, may be saved. One serious accident may cost you many hundreds of dollars.

When you see the name Stewart on the signal you buy, you can be sure that you are getting the best there is, regardless of price.

Be sure to insist on the Stewart swivel-bracket, which is adjustable, so that no matter where you place the Stewart Warning Signal on your car, the warning blast is directed straight ahead.

Stewart Warning Signal

No other Warning Signal is so adaptable, or can be placed in so many different positions, inside or out, on any car. You can operate it without taking your hand from the steering wheel. You can place it where you can sound it at the touch of the finger, hand or elbow, or with your knee or foot.

Be sure to buy the Stewart Warning Signal, with its long vertical plunger, operated at a touch by a direct downward stroke, the quickest, easiest and proper way. Warning Signals with horizontally built plungers, or plungers built on an angle, have to be reached for, and pushed or pulled, and it takes longer to reach and operate them than it does to sound the Stewart Warning Signal. Every fraction of a second counts.

The public always wanted a high-grade, hand-operated Warning Signal. We deliberately and carefully designed the Stewart Warning Signal to meet this great need, and the public has virtually stampeded to the Stewart Warning Signal—over 1,500 being sold every day!

30 days' trial

Do this: Put a Stewart Warning Signal on *your* car today. If after 30 days' trial you are not thoroughly satisfied, you get your money back.

$5

The Stewart Warning Signal is handsomely finished in black enamel and nickel (or black and brass finish for Ford cars).

Special models for Motorcycles and Trucks.

Sounded at the touch of your finger.

One Size
One Grade
One Price

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Cor'n
1999 Diversey Boulevard, Chicago, U. S. A.
13 Branches and 78 Service Stations in all cities and large towns.

Don't accept anything claiming to be "just as good" as the Stewart.

1 Buying his "Stewart."
2 Signaling for "her."
3 Starting for a safe drive.
4 Warning pedestrians.
5 Compels attention.
6 Prevents a collision.
7 Warned—not scared.
8 Protecting little ones.
9 Clears the way.
10 Prevents hitting dog.
11 Needed in heavy traffic.
12 Indispensable in crowds.
13 "Get out of the way!"
14 Protects the aged.
15 Hill-top warning.
16 Warns around turns.
17 Shoos the chickens.
18 Road, if you please.
19 Scatters the cows.
20 They pull up in a hurry.
21 Makes cross-roads safe.
22 Makes them "step lively."
23 Safety at street corners.
24 Gets you through crowd.
25 Safety when backing.
26 Saves heedless children.
27 Makes them be careful.
28 Saves reckless cyclists.
29 Every trip safe NOW.
30 "Absolutely necessary."

Digitized by Google

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 11)

are unadorned, purely places for living. All that they prize they have stored, open to the world, in their historic buildings. It is for that reason that the destruction of the Cloth Hall of Ypres is a matter of personal resentment to each individual of the nation to which it belonged. So I watched the faces of the two officers with me. There could be no question as to their attitude. It was a personal loss they had suffered. The loss of their homes they had accepted stoically. But this was much more. It was the loss of their art, their history, their tradition. And it could not be replaced.

The firing was steady, rather unemotional.

As the wind died down we ventured into the ruins of the Cloth Hall itself. The roof is gone, of course. The building took fire from the bombardment, and what the shells did not destroy the fire did. Melted lead from ancient gutters hung in stalactites. In one place a wall was still standing, with a bit of its mural decoration. I picked up a bit of fallen gargoyle from under the fallen tower and brought it away. It is before me now.

It is seven hundred and fifteen years since that gargoyle was lifted into its place. The Crusades were going on about that time; the robber barons were sallying out onto the plains on their raiding excursions. The Norman Conquest had taken place. From this very town of Ypres had gone across the Channel "workmen and artisans to build churches and feudal castles, weavers and workers of many crafts."

In those days the Yperlée, a small river, ran open through the town. But for many generations it has been roofed over and run under the public square.

It was curious to stand on the edge of a great shell hole and look down at the little river, now uncovered to the light of day for the first time in who knows how long.

In all that chaos, with hardly a wall intact, at the corner of what was once the cathedral, stands a heroic marble figure of Burgomaster Vandenpeereboom. It is quite untouched and as placid as the little river, a benevolent figure rising from the ruins of war.

"They have come like a pestilence," said the General. "When they go they will leave nothing. What they will do is written in what they have done."

Monsieur le Commandant had disappeared. Now he returned triumphant, carrying a great bundle in both arms.

"I have been to what was the house of a relative," he explained. "He had told me that in the cellar I would find these. They will interest you."

"These" proved to be five framed photographs of the great paintings on the walls of the great Cloth Hall. Although they had been hidden in a cellar, fragments of shell had broken and torn them. But it was still possible to gain from them a faint idea of the interior beauty of the old building before its destruction.

The Strange Antics of Shell Fire

I examined them there in the public square, with a shell every now and then screeching above but falling harmlessly far away.

A priest joined us. He told pathetically of watching the destruction of the Arcade, of seeing one arch after another go down until there was nothing left.

We walked through the town. One street after another opened up its perspective of destruction. The strange antics that shell fire plays had left doors and lintels standing without buildings, had left intact here and there pieces of furniture. There was an occasional picture on an exposed wall; iron street lamps had been twisted into travesties; whole panes of glass remained in façades behind which the buildings were gone. A part of the wooden scaffolding by which repairs were being made to the old tower of the Cloth Hall hung there uninjured by either flame or shell.

On one street all the trees had been cut off as if by one shell, about ten feet above the ground, but in another, where nothing whatever remained but piles of stone and mortar, a great elm has apparently not lost a single branch.

Much has been written about the desolation of these towns. To get a picture of it one must realize the solidity with which even the private houses are built. They are stone, or if not, the walls are of massive brick coated with plaster. There are no frame buildings; wood is too expensive for that purpose.

It is only in prodigal America that we can use wood. So the destruction of a town there means the destruction of buildings that have stood for centuries, and would in the normal course of events have stood for centuries more.

A few civilians have crept back into the town. As in other places, they have come back because they have no place else to go. At any time a shell may destroy the fragment of the building in which they are trying to reëstablish themselves. There are no shops open, because there are no shops to open. Supplies must be brought from long distances. As all the horses and automobiles have been commandeered by the government they have no way to get anything. Their situation is pitiable, tragic. And over them is the daily, hourly fear that the German Army may concentrate for its onward drive at some near-by point.

War Activities at Night

It was growing dark; the chauffeur was preparing to light the lamps of the car. Shells were fewer. With the approach of night the activity behind the lines increased; more ammunition trains made their way over the débris; regiments prepared for the trenches marched through the square on their way to the front.

They were laden, as usual, with extra food and jars of water. Almost every man had an additional loaf of bread strapped to the knapsack at his back. They were laughing and talking among themselves, for they had had a sleep and hot food; for the time at least they were dry and fed and warm.

On the way out of the town we passed a small restaurant, one of a row of houses. It was the only undestroyed building I saw in Ypres.

"It is the only house," said the General, "where the inhabitants remained during the entire bombardment. They made coffee for the soldiers and served meals to officers. Shells hit the pavement and broke the windows; but the house itself is intact. It is rather extraordinary."

We stopped at the converted lunatic asylum on our way back. It is a hospital for injured civilians now, and its long wards are full of women and children. An English doctor was in charge.

Some of the buildings have been destroyed, but in the main it has escaped serious injury. By a curious fatality that seems to have followed the chapels and churches of Flanders, the chapel is the only part that is gone. One great shell struck it while it was housing soldiers, as usual, and all of them were killed. As an example of the work of one shell the destruction of that building was enormous. There was little or nothing left.

"The shell was four feet high," said the Doctor, and presented me with the nose of it.

"You may get more at any moment," I said.

He shrugged his shoulders. "What must be, must be," he said quietly.

When the bombardment was at its height, he said, they took their patients to the cellar and continued operating there. They had only a candle or two. But it was impossible to stop, for the wards were full of women and children.

I walked through some of the wards. It was the first time I had seen together so many of the innocent victims of this war—children blind and forever cut off from the light of day, little girls with arms gone, women who will never walk again.

It was twilight. Here and there a candle gleamed, for any bright illumination was considered unwise.

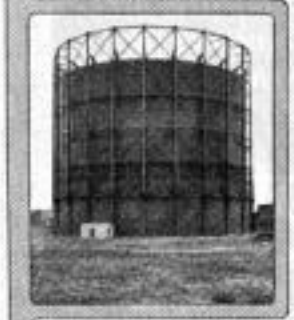
What must they think as they lie there during the long dark hours between twilight and the late winter morning? Like the sentry, many of them must wonder if it is worth while. These are people, most of them, who have lived by their labor. What will they do when the war is over, or when, having made such recovery as they may, the hospital opens its doors and must perforce turn them out on the very threshold of war?

Largest fireproof lumber plant in the world. Roofing and side walls are of Armco Iron. Owned by Atlantic Lumber Co., Georgetown, S. C.
See the Armco Iron Exhibit in the Mines and Metallurgy Building at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Defeat Rust and Your Roof Will Last

Your metal roof is spark-proof. There is no wear or strain upon it. Rust is its only enemy. Defeat rust and your metal roof will last. Specify, as the builders of these structures did, Armco—American Ingot—Iron. Settle the maintenance cost by using rust-defying iron.

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust



The container of this gas holder is of Armco Iron. Built by the Riter Conley Mfg. Co. for the Minneapolis Gas Light Co.

ARMCO IRON conveyor used by Roberts & Schaefer Co. of Chicago, on coaling stations for the Chicago, Great Western Railway and the Pere Marquette Railroad.

because it is pure iron, carefully made. Not only in purity is it unequaled, but in the care taken in its heat treatment, its inspection and handling. The resulting evenness of texture and the rejection of all bars and sheets containing the small defects so generally neglected in ordinary material make this purest iron absolutely the most rust-resisting roofing you can buy. The added durability which results from the superiority of Armco galvanizing alone would justify your choice of this iron.

Write for Free Book, "Iron Roofs that Resist Rust"

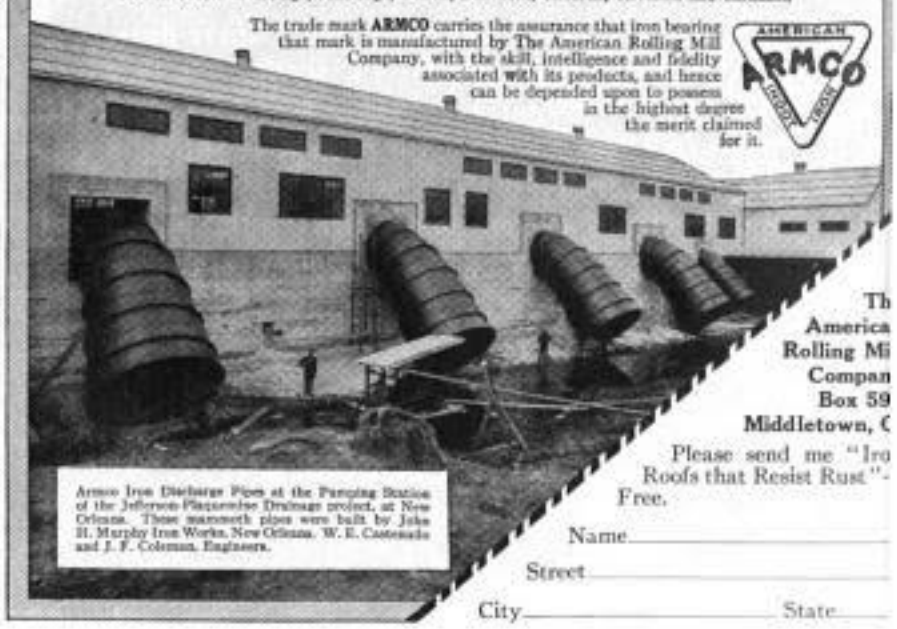
Don't pay tribute to rust. Get this book and learn about rust-resisting Armco Roofing. Learn the full story of Armco Roofing. Clip the coupon and get the Armco Book. Get at the truth about sheet metals.

Ask your architect to specify Armco. You can get Armco Roofing from your tinner, roofer or hardware dealer. If you have any difficulty, write to us and we will see that you are supplied.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY, Box 592, Middletown, O.

Licensed Manufacturers under Patents granted to The International Metal Products Company

Branch Offices in Chicago, Pittsburgh, Detroit, New York, St. Louis, Cleveland and Cincinnati



The trade mark ARMCO carries the assurance that iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company, with the skill, intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it.

Armco Iron Discharge Pipes at the Pumping Station of the Jefferson-Plaquemine Drainage project, at New Orleans. These mammoth pipes were built by John H. Murphy Iron Works, New Orleans. W. E. Castenado and J. F. Coleman, Engineers.

Th
America
Rolling Mi
Compan
Box 59
Middletown, C

Please send me "Iro
Roofs that Resist Rust"-
Free.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Digitized by Google

Kirschbaum
$25
Special
KIRSCHBAUM GUARANTEE
This suit is guaranteed:
1. To be made of woolen grown 100% pure by chemical test.
2. To be fast in color.
3. To be thoroughly shrunk by the original London cold-water process.
4. To be hand-tailored at all points of strain—and—
5. Should this garment fail to give satisfactory wear, it may be returned to the retailer, who will make full and fair adjustment.
(Signed) A. B. KIRSCHBAUM CO.
TO SALESMEN:—This ticket is to go to the purchaser. Please place in inside pocket.
Lot
Size
Date
Signed

"Look for the Fixed Price and Guarantee Ticket on the Sleeve."

The real test for comparison of clothes-value

lies not only in the production of correctly tailored garments of absolutely reliable materials, but in the fairness of the prices at which the garments are offered by the retailer.

Kirschbaum Clothes

$15, $20, $25, and up to $40

are sold at prices which are *fixed at the factory.*

Who could possibly know so well as the maker, the intrinsic worth of every garment?

Who could figure as accurately, the actual cost of production—and the *fair percentage of profit* which should reasonably be added?

Kirschbaum Clothes are made *only* of pure woolens—chemically, *not* commercially, "pure."

They are cold-water shrunk by the London process—the only efficient method.

They are hand-tailored at every point where durability, good service and lasting shapeliness demand hand work.

They are thoroughly stylish, not only in the sense that they typify the very latest modes, but are distinctively elegant in pattern and finish.

In nearly every city and town throughout the country there is a Kirschbaum dealer who would consider it a privilege to show you the various points of merit claimed for these superior clothes. If you cannot find a Kirschbaum dealer in your locality, we shall be pleased, on request, to send you the name of the nearest one.

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK

And yet they cling to life. I met a man who crossed the Channel—I believe it was from Flushing—with the hopelessly wounded English prisoners who had been sent home to England from Germany in exchange for as many wrecked and battered Germans on their way back to the Fatherland.

One young boy was all eagerness. His home was on the cliff above the harbor which was their destination. He alternately wept and cheered.

"They'll be glad enough to see me, all right," he said. "It's six months since they heard from me. More than likely they think I'm lying over there with some of the other chaps."

He was in a wheeled chair. In his excitement the steamer rug slipped down. Both his legs were gone above the knees!

Our hands were full. The General had picked up a horseshoe on the street at Ypres and given it to me to bring me luck; the Commandant had the framed pictures. The General carried the gargoyle wrapped in a newspaper. I had the nose of the shell.

We walked through the courtyard, with its broken fountain and cracked walks, out to the machine. The password for the night was "Ecosse," which means "Scotland." The General gave the word to the orderly and we went on again toward Poperinghe, where we were to have coffee.

The firing behind us had ceased. Possibly the German gunners were having coffee also. We went at our usual headlong speed through almost empty roads. Now and then a lantern waved. We checked our headlong speed to give the password, and on again. More lanterns; more challenges.

Since we passed, a few hours before, another car had been wrecked by the road. One sees these cars everywhere, lying on their sides, turned turtle in ditches, bent and twisted against trees. No one seems to be hurt in these accidents; at least one bears nothing of them, if they are. And now we were back at Poperinghe again.

A Letter From the Hero of Liège

The Commandant had his headquarters in the house of a notary. Except in one instance, all the houses occupied by the headquarters' staffs that I visited were the houses of notaries. Perhaps the notary is the important man of a French town. I do not know.

This was a double house with a center hall, a house of some pretension in many ways. But it had only one lamp. When we went from one room to another we took the lamp with us. It was not even a handsome lamp. In that exceedingly comfortable house it was one of the many anomalies of war.

One or two of the best things from the museum at Ypres had been secured and brought back here. On a center table was a bronze equestrian statue in miniature of a Crusader, a beautiful piece of work.

While we were waiting for coffee the Commandant opened the lower drawer of a secretary and took out a letter.

"This may interest Madame," he said. "I have just received it. It is from General Leman, the hero of Liège."

He held it close to the lamp and read it. I have the envelope before me now. It is addressed in lead pencil and indorsed as coming from General Leman, Prisoner of War at Magdeburg, Germany.

The letter was a soldier's simple letter, written to a friend. I wish I had made a copy of it; but I remember in effect what it said. Clearly the hero of Liège has no idea that he is a hero. He said he had a good German doctor, but that he had been very ill. It is known, of course, that his foot was injured during the destruction of one of the fortresses just before he was captured.

"I have a very good German doctor," he wrote. "But my foot gives me a great deal of trouble. Gangrene set in and part of it had to be amputated. The wound refuses to heal, and in addition my heart is bad."

He goes on to ask for his family, for news of them, especially of his daughter. I saw this letter in March. He was taken a prisoner last August. He has been seven or eight months without news of his family.

"I am no longer young," he writes in effect, for I am not quoting him exactly, "and I hope my friends will not forget me, in case of an exchange of prisoners."

He will never be forgotten. But of course he does not realize that. He is sixty-four

(Continued on Page 49)

To Folks Who Dally With Corns

To you who pare corns—

You who use liquids—

Or other old-time ways.

You've amply proved that using such things is merely dallying with a corn.

For your own sake, prove the right way. Millions of people have found it. Millions of corns are ended by this wondrous **Blue-jay** plaster.

The corn pain ceases the moment you apply it. Then the B & B wax—a famous chemist's invention—gently undermines the corn. Generally in 48 hours the whole corn comes out, without any pain or trouble.

Ask your friends. Scores of them have proved that **Blue-jay** makes it folly to have corns.

Blue=jay
Plasters

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
Samples Mailed Free

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

NEVERBIND
Boston Garter

Help Your Legs Keep Cool **Real Year Round Comfort**

NEVERBIND doesn't choke your legs because there's NO RUBBER in the leg band. No garter is stronger, yet it weighs only ½ an ounce—a real COMFORT bringer.

If your dealer is out, we'll send sample pair, postpaid, mercerized, 25c; double-grip, 35c; silk, 50c.

George Frost Co., Makers, Boston, Mass.

POMPEIAN
OLIVE OIL
ALWAYS FRESH
PURE-SWEET-WHOLESOME

Nathan Flexible No-Metal **Arch Supports**

give immediate relief to tired, aching feet, rest the body and aid Nature to restore normal strength to weakened arches. Relieve and prevent flat feet. Write for Booklet and FREE 10-day Trial Offer.

View of arch cut with knife.

Nathan Anklet Support Co., 90-C Reade St., N.Y.

Digitized by Google

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

"No, you can't harm '61' Floor Varnish by washing it. It does not mind water, hot or cold, and enjoys vigorous cleansing. You will notice too, that there are no heel prints or scars on the floor."

LIKE a rare, transparent glaze, "61" Floor Varnish reveals the grain of the wood—but better still, it is tough and wear-resisting. It is heel-proof, mar-proof and water-proof.

A floor finished with "61" will not make a drudge of you or your servants. Just wipe, when dirty or dusty, with a damp cloth or use a floor mop. And whenever you feel like it, do not be afraid to use plenty of soap and water.

There are

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products

for every purpose

And of them all, there is one with an indefinable charm, Vitralite, *the Long-Life White Enamel.* Notwithstanding its charm and dainty whiteness, it has staying power, durability and long life, whether it be used inside or outside, on wood, metal or plaster. It will not mar, scratch, crack, peel nor turn yellow and may be washed repeatedly without harm.

The quality of P. & L. Varnish Products has always been their strongest guarantee. Our established policy is full satisfaction or money refunded.

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects, and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

Address all inquiries to Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

Send for Sample Panels and interesting book on Interior Decoration. Be sure to mention whether you are interested in Vitralite or "61" or both.

Vitralite

THE LONG-LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

Digitized by Google

BEAVER BOARD

WALLS & CEILINGS

BEAVER BOARD
PURE WOOD FIBRE
TRADE MARK

3 We were astonished at the quickness with which the panels of BEAVER BOARD were put up—without noise or litter—and were more eager than ever to see the whole room completed.

2 It was a happy day when work was really started by preparing the walls for BEAVER BOARD according to the printed instructions.

1 It took only a minute or two to answer the advertisement. Do it yourself and you'll be as pleased with the results as we were.

4 You can see for yourself why we're so pleased with these walls and ceilings, with their attractive panelling and pleasing decoration. No cracked plaster or wallpaper for us!

The Room They Planned Themselves

A story of interest to all who build or remodel

They had seen an advertisement of BEAVER BOARD, and, as they happened to be planning a new home, were naturally interested.

They had heard of it before, but didn't realize that it was a wood product, made of pure-wood-fibre in long, wide panels that were nailed right to the studding and made lath and plaster unnecessary.

They were even more interested in decorative possibilities—the attractive paneling, the beautiful and durable results of painting the surface. So they answered that advertisement and got a booklet that told them of many other BEAVER BOARD advantages.

It wasn't long before they bought the BEAVER BOARD from the local dealer and engaged a carpenter recommended by the nearest branch office of The Beaver Board Companies.

The new walls and ceiling went up like magic, without the usual lath and plaster litter. The painting, too, was quickly done, decorative wood strips applied, and they were actually moved in and settled long before it would have been possible with lath and plaster.

BEAVER BOARD In Brief

Easy to put up. Easy to decorate. Doesn't crack or deteriorate. Clean and sanitary. Is adaptable to all kinds of rooms and buildings. Millions of feet are used every year in new construction and for remodeling old rooms or buildings.

Greatest of all Wall-Board Improvements. Three years' constant work by the Beaver Laboratories has produced a method of treating fibre and sizing both front and back of each panel (patents pending) that gives protection against changes of climate and temperature. It makes sizing by the user unnecessary and greatly increases the economy of painting.

Warning—All wall-boards are not BEAVER BOARD. Because of its large sale and the length of time it has been on the market BEAVER BOARD is sometimes thought to be merely another name for wall-board. The name applies only to the product of The Beaver Board Companies, with name and trade-mark on every panel. Insist on seeing both and thus be sure of the permanent strength, rigidity and durability due to pure-wood-fibre, all through, and time-tested methods of manufacture.

BEAVER BOARD is sold by 9,000 lumber, building material and hardware dealers in large, wide panels to suit all average needs. If you don't find dealer, our nearest office will direct you, and also recommend contractors and carpenters if requested.

Write to our nearest office for the free sample and booklet that have helped thousands get better walls and ceilings.

The Beaver Board Companies

United States: 101 Beaver Road, Buffalo, N. Y.
Canada: 303 Wall Street, Beaverdale, Ottawa.
Great Britain: 4 Southampton Row, London, W. C.
Australia: 369 Queen Street, Melbourne, Victoria

Branch Offices at

BALTIMORE,	1016 Calvert Building	KANSAS CITY, MO.,	305 R. A. Long Building
BOSTON,	514 Old South Building	MINNEAPOLIS,	734-736 McKnight Building
CHICAGO,	1003 Conway Building	NEW YORK CITY,	3732 Grand Central Terminal
CLEVELAND,	614 Williamson Building	OMAHA,	1429 Woodmen of the World Building
DETROIT,	1017 Dime Savings Bank Building	PHILADELPHIA,	4124 Land Title Building
INDIANAPOLIS,	525 Merchants Bank Building	SAN FRANCISCO,	317 Rialto Building

Digitized by Google

Kept Young with White Lead

Here, in 1775, Patrick Henry expressed the undying sentiment of America in his words, "Give me liberty or give me death."

These words have consecrated the little church, and it is fitting that it be kept young despite its hundred and seventy-four years.

Dutch Boy White Lead

and pure linseed oil are the materials that preserve it. Your home, too, can laugh at time if you direct your painter to keep it well painted with Dutch Boy White Lead and Dutch Boy Linseed Oil. He can mix them to suit your house and tint to suit your taste. It is the economical, long-wearing paint.

Would you like to have materials for a paint test, together with booklet of practical suggestions and color schemes? Ask our nearest office for Painting Aids No. 74.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, Buffalo, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, St. Louis, San Francisco
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co. Philadelphia)
(National Lead & Oil Co. Pittsburgh)

Visit our exhibit in the Home Builders' Permanent Exposition in the Craftsmen Building, 6 East 39th Street, New York. An experienced decorator is in charge whom you may consult free of cost.

"I Told You Tire-Doh Would Fix it, Dad"

The boy knows what he is talking about—what thousands of grown-up car owners know, what you should know. If you are disgusted with the trouble, inconvenience and expense of tire repairs, just try

TIRE-DOH

Once you try it, you will never take your car out again without a TIRE-DOH outfit in your tool-kit. Whether an inner tube has a pin-point puncture, or a tear as long as your arm, TIRE-DOH will repair it. Best of all, anyone can use it—anywhere—on the road—in the garage—without heat—without tools—and the average puncture repaired with TIRE-DOH costs less than 2 cents.

When you have made a TIRE-DOH repair, you can forget all about it, and be sure that it will stay repaired, for

Tire-Doh Repairs Are Permanent

TIRE-DOH is not an experiment. An ever-increasing sale for six years proves that it does the work.

TIRE-DOH is not a tire filler, but an inner-tube and casing repair. Use it to fill cuts and sand blisters in casings, to keep out the water and dirt that rot and wreck the fabric.

TIRE-DOH also mends other articles of rubber—rubber boots, gloves, hot water bags, etc.

At Your Dealer's or direct from us, $1.00

DEALERS—Tire-Doh is the standard repair. All jobbers who handle automobile supplies sell Tire-Doh.

Atlas Auto Supply Co.
3275 W. Lake Street, CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 46)

and very ill. One read through all the restraint of the letter his longing to die among his own people. He hopes he will not be forgotten in an exchange of prisoners!

The Commandant's orderly announced that coffee was served, and we followed the lamp across the hall. An English officer made a fourth at the table.

It was good coffee, served with cream, the first I had seen for weeks. With it the Commandant served small, very thin cakes, with a layer of honey in the center. "A specialty of the country," he said.

We talked of many things: of the attitude of America toward the war, her incredulity as to atrocities, the German propaganda, and a rumor that had reached the front of a German-Irish coalition in the House of Representatives at Washington.

From that the talk drifted to uniforms. The Commandant wished that the new French uniforms, instead of being a slaty blue, had been green, for use in the spring fighting.

I criticized the new Belgian uniform, which seemed to me much thinner than the old.

"That is wrong. It is of excellent cloth," said the General, and brought his cape up under the lamp for examination.

The uniforms of three armies were at the table—the French, the Belgian and the English. It was possible to compare them under the light of a single lamp.

The General's cloak, in spite of my criticism, was the heaviest of the three. But all of them seemed excellent. The material was like felt in body, but much softer.

All of the officers were united in thinking khaki an excellent all-round color.

"The Turcos have been put into khaki," said the Commandant. "They disliked it at first; but their other costumes were too conspicuous. Now they are satisfied."

The Englishman offered the statement that England was supplying all of the Allies, including Russia, with cloth.

Bathtubs Used as Beds

Sitting round the table under the lamp, the Commandant read a postcard taken from the body of a dead German in the attack the night before. There was a photograph with it, autographed. The photograph was of the woman who had written the card. It began "Beloved Otto," and was signed "Your loving wife, Hedwig."

This is the postcard:

"*Beloved Otto:* To-day your dear cards came, so full of anxiety for us. So that now at last I know that you have received my letters. I was convinced you had not. We have sent you so many packages of things you may need. Have you got any of them? To-day I have sent you my photograph. I wished to send a letter also instead of this card, but I have no writing paper. All week I have been busy with the children's clothing. We think of you always, dear Otto. Write to us often. Greetings from your Hedwig and the children."

So she was making clothing for the children and sending him little packages. And Otto lay dead under the stars that night—dead of an ideal, which is that a man must leave his family and all that he loves and follow the beckoning finger of empire.

"For King and country!"

The Commandant said that when a German soldier surrenders he throws down his gun, takes off his helmet and jerks off his shoulder straps, saying over and over, "*Pater familias.*" Sometimes, by way of emphasizing that he is a family man, he holds up his fingers—two children or three children, whatever it may be. Even boys in their teens will claim huge families.

I did not find it amusing after the postcard and the photograph. I found it all very tragic and sad and disheartening.

It was growing late and the General was impatient to be off. We had still a long journey ahead of us, and riding at night was not particularly safe.

I got into the car and they bundled in after me the damaged pictures, the horseshoe, the piece of gargoyle from the Cloth Hall and the nose of the shell.

The orderly reported that a Zeppelin had just passed overhead; but the General shrugged his shoulders.

"They are always seeing Zeppelins," he said. "Me, I do not believe there is such a thing!"

That night in my hotel after dinner, Gertrude, Lady Decies, told me the following story:

The Man Who Sells You Your Underwear Knows the Sign

There isn't a jeweler's clerk who doesn't know what "sterling" means and just where to find it on the article—*if it's there.* But a clerk doesn't want to talk on that subject, if the article he wants to sell isn't so marked. Sometimes clerks go so far as to say, "Oh, yes, it's silver" (that's not saying "sterling" you know) and then skip quickly to other points.

Sometimes an underwear clerk when asked for "Porosknit" says rather quickly (parenthetically you know), "Oh, yes, that's Porosknit Underwear" (he only meant it had an open mesh—holes he calls them—something like Chalmers "Porosknit").

CHALMERS "Porosknit" GUARANTEED

The clerk knows where to find the *sign* of the *genuine*—the label shown below—on which you can rely for summer underwear as you do on "sterling" for silverware, because Chalmers "Porosknit" is guaranteed so broadly that if you (in your own opinion) are not satisfied, you are made so. No man can get or give more.

No clerk, no store that evades putting this label and garment before customers—at least when they ask for it—is fair to those customers.

Not only—

How do you brush your teeth?

But—

What dentifrice do you use?

Try this new way of brushing your front teeth—then grasp the handle of the tooth brush nearer the end and use the same up-and-down stroke on the inner and outer surfaces of your teeth—particularly the inner surfaces. Use

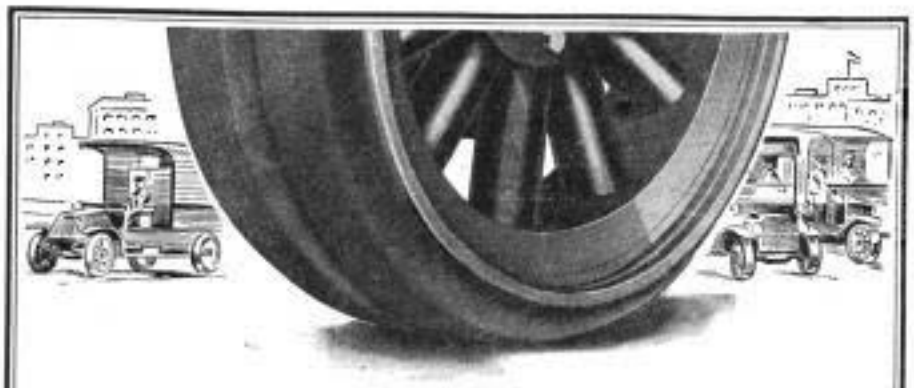
Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

Both are safe. Both dissolve quickly in the mouth—do not settle between the teeth—correct excessive acidity of mouth—safeguard from receding gums and loosening teeth.

Send 2c stamp today for dainty sample of Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream. I. W. Lyon & Sons, 522 West 27th Street, New York City.

Save the coupon in every Dr. Lyon's package. They entitle you to one of Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Brushes, FREE.

Digitized by Google



Truck Tires Free

Unless the 1915 Goodyear S-V Outwears Any Other

Here is an offer which Truck users cannot afford to neglect. It will settle for you, without any risk, the entire Truck Tire question.

For three months—April, May and June—this amazing warrant goes with every S-V Truck Tire put on under these conditions:

Every Penny Back

Equip opposite wheels, at the same time, one with a Goodyear S-V, one with any other standard make tire of like rated size, bought in the open market.

If the Goodyear S-V fails to cost less per mile than the other, we will return you its full purchase price, making the S-V free.

Mark that—no partial rebate, no mileage adjustment, no replacement. The tire that fails is *free*. Get this guarantee in writing when you buy the tires.

Never Such a Warrant

Never before has such a warrant been given on any class of tire. If widely accepted, it means with us a million-dollar stake. It is given without reservation against any tire in the field. It covers accidents as well as wear.

Numerous makers claim to build tires as good as the Goodyear S-V. Let us stop arguing in print and in person. Let us compare them on opposite wheels. We have done that already, under every condition. Over 5,000 S-V tires were tested out on trucks before we made this offer. We know to a certainty the results you'll get, barring accidents.

We have worked for eight years on this Truck Tire problem. We built 29 types before arriving at this one. We built 74 models of this S-V type before we attained this perfection.

We give you in it, as compared with others, 20 per cent more available tread rubber. The shape ends bulging, breaking or excessive grind. The compound minimizes friction.

The tire can't creep, as we press it on at a minimum of 50,000 pounds. It can't separate, for the tread, the backing and the rim are welded into lasting union.

GOODYEAR AKRON, OHIO
S-V Truck Tires

Go to a Goodyear Distributor or ask our local branch where you can get this warrant on the latest S-V tire. Accept it while the offer lasts.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., Desk 158, Akron, O.

Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires

We Make Demountable, Block, Cushion, Pneumatic and Other Types of Truck Tires

(2374)

The National Lullaby

Faultless Pajamas Night Shirts

since 1881

E. Rosenfeld & Co. Makers, Balto and New York

"I had only twelve hours' notice to start for the front. I am not a hospital nurse, but I have taken for several years three months each summer of special training. So I felt that I would be useful if I could get over.

"It was November and very cold. When I got to Calais there was not a room to be had anywhere. But at the Hotel Central they told me I might have a bathroom to sleep in.

"At the last moment a gentleman volunteered to exchange with me. But the next day he left, so that night I slept in a bathtub with a mattress in it!

"The following day I got a train for Dunkirk. On the way the train was wrecked. Several coaches left the track, and there was nothing to do but to wait until they were put back on.

"I went to the British Consul at Dunkirk and asked him where I could be most useful. He said to go to the railroad station at once.

"I went to the station. The situation there was horrible. Three doctors and seven dressers were working on four-hour shifts.

"As the wounded came in only at night, that was when we were needed. I worked all night from that time on. My first night we had eleven hundred men. Some of them were dead when they were lifted out onto the stone floor of the station shed. One boy flung himself out of the door. I caught him as he fell and he died in my arms. He had diphtheria, as well as being wounded.

"The station was frightfully cold, and the men had to be laid on the stone floors with just room for moving about between them. There was no heat of any sort. The dead were laid in rows, one on top of another, on cattle trucks. As fast as a man died they took his body away and brought in another wounded man.

"Every now and then the electric lights would go out and leave us there in black darkness. Finally we got candles and lamps for emergencies.

"We had no surgical dressings, but we had some iodine. The odors were fearful. Some of the men had not had their clothes off for five weeks. Their garments were like boards. It was almost impossible to cut through them. And underneath they were coated with vermin. Their bodies were black with them frequently."

Lady Decies' Story

"In many cases the wounds were green through lack of attention. One man, I remember, had fifteen. The first two nights I was there we had no water, which made it terrible. There was a pump outside, but the water was bad. At last we had a little stove set up, and I got some kettles and jugs and boiled the water.

"We were obliged to throw the bandages in a heap on the floor, and night after night we walked about in blood. My clothing and stockings were stained with blood to my knees.

"After the first five nights I kept no record of the number of wounded; but the first night we had eleven hundred; the second night, nine hundred; the third night, seven hundred and fifty; the fourth night, two thousand; the fifth night, fifteen hundred.

"The men who were working at the station were English Quakers. They were splendid men. I have never known more heroic work than they did, and the curé was a splendid fellow. There was nothing too menial for him to do. He was everywhere."

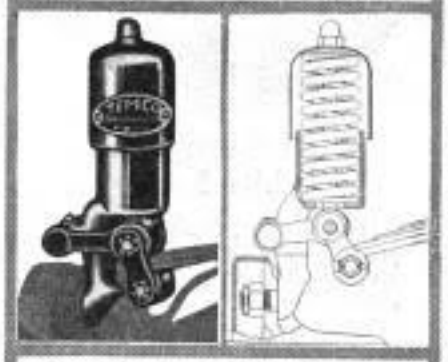
This is the story she told me that night, in her own words. I have not revised it. Better than anything I know it tells of conditions as they actually existed during the hard fighting of last autumn, and as in the very nature of things they must exist again when the weather opens up.

It becomes a little wearying, sometimes, this constant cry of horrors, the ever-recurring demands on America's pocketbook for supplies, for dressings, for money to buy the thousands of things that are needed.

Read Lady Decies' account again, and try to place your own son on that stone floor on the station platform. Think of that wounded boy, sitting for hours in a train, and choking to death with diphtheria.

Read that account again, and then cry for "war" the next time the national pride receives what it considers an affront. Cry for war—if you dare!

TEMCO SHOCK ABSORBERS for FORD Cars



No Other Ford Shock Absorber Combines These Advantages

Temcos have a *telescoping dust-cap.*

Even when telescoped, Temcos are as tall as others. When extended (normal position), Temcos are the *tallest* shock absorbers made for Ford Cars.

So we use *longer springs* and, not content with greater length, we also make them *stronger and more flexible* by using *two Genuine Crucible Vanadium Helical Steel Springs in each shock absorber.*

Radius Links hold Temcos vertical, preventing side-sway—minimizing skidding.

Unlimited Guarantee

Temco Shock Absorbers must fully, thoroughly and completely satisfy you in every way, or you may return them and get your money back.

Complete Set of Four $15

The installation is perfectly simple—no holes to drill—anyone can put them on. Write for descriptive matter. Get them of your dealer or from us direct.

The Temco Electric Motor Co.
518 Sugar St., Leipsic, Ohio

Base and Floor one continuous piece.

Imperial Sanitary Floor

Put on Like Plaster—Wears Like Iron

A composition ⅛ in. thick easily applied over any foundation—will not chip or come loose.

A continuous, fine grained, smooth, non-slippery surface, practically a seamless tile—fireproof, waterproof, germproof—no crack, crevice or joint for the accumulation of dirt.

The Best Floor

for Kitchen, Pantry, Bath Room, Laundry, Porch, Garage and Show Room, Restaurant, Church, Factory, Dairy, Theater, Hotel, Office Building, Railroad Station, Hospital—all places where durability, sanitation and low cost of up-keep are the requirements. Your choice of five practical colors, Red, Buff, Brown, Gray and White.

Full information and sample FREE on request.

IMPERIAL FLOOR CO., 20 Cutler Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.
On the market nine years.

If coming to New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?

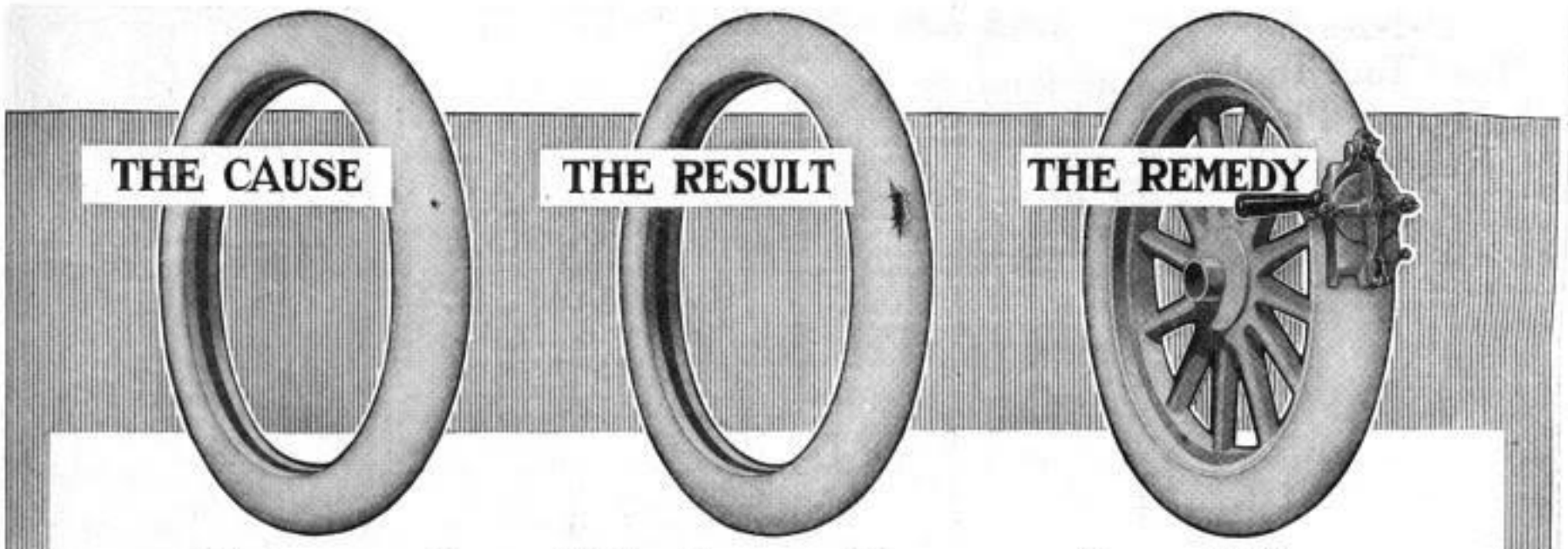
THE CLENDENING, 190 W. 103 St., New York
Select, Home-like, Economical, Suites of Parlor, Bedroom, Private Bath for two persons $50.00 daily. Write for descriptive booklet G with fine map of city.

Big Profits to Rider Agents
OF THE HOWARD NEW STYLE BICYCLE

Send at once for our free proposition. Learn all about this wonderful bicycle, entirely different from the ordinary sort.

HOWARD CYCLE CO., Dept. S.P., Trenton, N. J.

Digitized by Google



Stop the Hole—Save the Tire

Like a "stitch in time saves nine," so vulcanizing the small hole saves the blow-out later on.

These small holes when neglected expose the fabric. Sand blisters form. Water and moisture ooze through and rot the fabric. Then comes the blow-out—a big repair bill and usually a ruined tire. Stop this needless trouble and expense.

You can save your tires, save repair bills, increase your mileage and prevent tire trouble by vulcanizing the small cuts and holes with a Shaler Vulcanizer. You can keep your tires in perfect condition all the time.

SHALER Vulcanizers

Increase Your Mileage—Save Repair Bills—Prevent Roadside Delay

will repair any puncture, rip, cut, tear or hole in casing or tube in a few minutes and make the repair the strongest part of the tire.

The Shaler is simple and easy to use. Anyone who can drive a car can easily and quickly vulcanize any tire with a Shaler. It requires no watching or regulating. You do not have to fear overcuring or undercuring the rubber. The Shaler has an **automatic heat control** which provides the exact heat for perfect vulcanization—no more—no less. Shaler Vulcanizers are standard. Their principle is correct.

We are the world's largest makers of vulcanizers and make a complete line for every need, in every type—Alcohol—Gasoline—Steam or Electric. We make small portable outfits for tourists — Tube-Kit, $2.00 (for vulcanizing tubes), Ford-Kit, $2.75 (for Ford owners), Vul-Kit, $3.50 (to carry in tool box for roadside repairs to tubes and casings), Model D, $12.50 (Electric outfit for private garages), and Garage Outfit at $60.

SHALER

Tube-Kit $2.00

Does away with temporary patches for repairing tubes. It takes no more time to repair a tube permanently with a Shaler Tube-Kit than it does to use a make-shift patch. Can be carried in the tool box for roadside repairs or can be used indoors. Has no exposed blaze—is free from soot and smoke and the fuel cannot spill and flare up. Handle is detachable. Is nickel plated, clean and rustproof. Complete $2.00.

SHALER

Ford-Kit $2.75

For Ford Tubes and Casings

This model, designed especially to fit Ford tires, makes every practicable tube repair, and, what is much more valuable, mends casing cuts too. Safe, simple, clean. No exposed blaze, so can be used close under a fender.

Sold by most dealers. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer's name is given.

Get This Book Free
"Care and Repair of Tires"

"Care and Repair of Tires" tells the proper inflation you should maintain in your tires according to weight, load and seasons. It describes fully how to protect the tires while car is idle in the garage—how to care for them in winter and extreme hot weather—how to avoid substances that rot the rubber and fabric. It gives splendid hints on the spare tire and its care—how to carry extra tubes. It explains the tire sleeve, the blow-out patch—repair plasters and plugs and emergency or temporary repairs. This book because of its accurate and reliable information is quoted as an authority by American and Foreign Automobile Publications. It is really a text book on the care of automobile tires. It also describes each Shaler Model in detail and explains how it operates.

To Dealers—Garages and Repair Shops

Garages can add $20.00 or more a day to their profits vulcanizing tires with Shaler Vulcanizers. Accessory dealers can greatly increase their sales and profits selling portable Shaler Vulcanizers to motorists because it's the only accessory never included with any car's equipment. Every repair shop should have the Shaler Garage Outfit. Every accessory dealer should stock the tourist Shalers. Use the coupon today. Get our interesting proposition and read our free book, "Common Sense About Tire Repairs" (for dealers only).

C. A. SHALER CO., 1400 Fourth St., Waupun, Wis.

Canadian Distributors—JOHN MILLEN & SON, Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Montreal, Vancouver

SHALER

Vul-Kit $3.50

Fits Any Size Tire

Can be carried in the tool box for emergency repairs to tubes and casings. Does away with patches and cement. Has no exposed blaze. Absolutely safe. Burns gasoline or alcohol—an exclusive Shaler feature. No watching, no regulating; simply fill the cut or puncture with new rubber, clamp on the vulcanizer—fill and light the generator. You can't overcure or undercure a repair. Handle always cool. Anyone can use it. Complete, $3.50.

Sold by most dealers. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer's name is given.

Dealers—Garage Coupon

C. A. Shaler Company, 1400 Fourth St. Waupun, Wis.

Send me catalog, dealers' terms and free book, "Common Sense About Tire Repairs" (for dealers and garages only).

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Do you sell accessories?_____

Have you a repair department?_____

Jobber's name_____

Car Owner's Coupon

C. A. Shaler Company, 1400 Fourth St. Waupun, Wis.

Send me your free book, "Care and Repair of Tires," and catalog of Shaler Vulcanizers.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

From whom do you buy your Auto Supplies?_____

Digitized by Google

P-f-f-f-f Toc! Toc! Toc! And Your Pipe is Ready to Fill

You know the old familiar motions every pipe-smoker employs. They would be the delight of an efficiency expert.

A sweep of the hand from the pocket or the table top and your pipe is gripped in your teeth.

A blast of breath through the stem and three smart taps on your heel—and your pipe is ready to fill.

NOW. What are you going to fill it with? If you could fill it with a tobacco you might like better than your present brand or mixture, you would be willing to give it a trial, wouldn't you?

Thought so.

Would you be willing to give Edgeworth a trial if a sample were placed in your hands? You certainly would if some friend asked you to smoke a pipeful or two.

Well, the manufacturer of Edgeworth asks you to do it. If you will send him your name and address on a post card, with the name of a store where you sometimes buy your tobacco, a generous sample of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed will be sent you, prepaid, to try.

Send and get the sample. It may be a revelation to you.

Edgeworth is not the biggest selling smoking tobacco in the world. It is not the second biggest seller, it is not yet the third biggest seller.

But with the men who smoke it—with the pipe-smokers who have "found" Edgeworth, either through the sample that is given or through some friend—it is simply without a rival.

To the Edgeworth Smoker there is simply no other tobacco but Edgeworth; other tobaccos are for the other fellow.

This is a strong statement. The sample of Edgeworth offered you must prove it. Send for the sample; you will like it.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket size tin, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. It is on sale practically everywhere. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is easy to roll into a tight, round cigarette. In a cigarette it is slightly milder than in a pipe and the flavor of an Edgeworth cigarette is refreshingly different.

If you will accept the proffer of a free package, write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen (10c size) carton by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

A Health Merry-Go-Round affords healthful outdoor exercise with chosen companions for your children during summer vacation. Keeps them off the street and relieves you of worry. Provides mind-healthful home amusement, of which the children never tire.

Absolutely safe; no cogs. Strongly built of iron, steel and wood. Repair proof. Ornament to the lawn or to public playgrounds. With or without canopy. Organ for music.

Every Machine Guaranteed. Sent on Free Trial. Write for Free Illustrated Catalog.

Let us also send you literature and prices on our children's slides and other playground outfits.

Dealer Wanted—Attractive Proposition

HEALTH MERRY-GO-ROUND CO., Dept. 315, QUINCY, ILL.

THE LIGHT TO LEEWARD

(Continued from Page 8)

high above her head a Coston signal. As the red glare lighted the deck round them and she saw him bent over the wheel, she read in his white face the story of his trial. Lying awake in her berth she had felt the schooner come up into the wind and then pay off again. Wondering, she had thrown a robe about her and crept up to the top of the companion, where, unknown to her husband, she had watched the rockets from the distressed vessel. She had realized the battle he was fighting, alone there on deck, and now that he had made his decision she had returned quietly to the cabin, got the Coston light, and burned it as a signal to the distressed steamer that her plight had been discovered.

From a full heart Jim Medford breathed a prayer for aid and comfort for this weak woman who, in an emergency, had proved as strong as he. The girl came aft and put her arm round him, and together they watched a red rocket burst from the darkness ahead.

"They have answered our signal in kind," he muttered. "They know now a vessel is coming to stand by. But, oh, my dear, the price we pay may ——"

"Man of mine shall never run from a ship in distress," she answered proudly. "Can we help them, Jim?"

"Perhaps," he answered. "We'll be up to her right after daylight. Better go below and get some more Coston lights. It'll encourage the women and children to see those rockets."

At seven o'clock he could see the distressed vessel. She was a large coasting passenger steamer, and as she rolled in the trough of the sea the waves broke over her continuously. At seven-thirty the Corona Vance, with Jorgensen at the wheel, lurched in under her stern and passed up to leeward of her. From the bridge her master shouted through the megaphone that he had lost his rudder and was driving onto the beach. The master of the Corona Vance had read her name as he passed astern, and the situation was clear to him now.

"Passenger boat Spokane, running between San Francisco and Seattle," he explained to his wife, standing at the chain scuttle. "She's lost her rudder, and because she's a single-screw boat she can't head up into this wind. Running in the regular steamer lanes she couldn't have been more than fifteen miles off the coast when she broke down, and she cannot be more than five miles off the beach now, although I can't see very far through these rain squalls."

He sailed the schooner wide round the steamer and passed down to windward.

"We'll put a bridle on her," he bellowed through the megaphone, and the wind carried his message to the worried man on the bridge. "Use me for a drag and you can head up."

The captain of the steamer waved both arms upward and outward, the universal signal of the seas that he had heard and understood.

"Got a doctor aboard?"

The captain went into consultation with his mate, who was seen to hurry below, and as the Corona Vance came up to leeward again her master received his answer:

"One of our passengers is a doctor."

Medford nodded. As he came down again on the weather side he saw a group of men astern brail a light line to a cask and toss it overboard. Quickly it drifted astern, Jorgensen sailed the Corona Vance into the bight of the line, and the captain fished it up with a boat hook and hauled aboard the towing hawser to which the light line was attached, while the schooner hung shivering in the wind. Quickly he made the hawser fast on the towing bitts, and the steamer took up the slack. From their end of the hawser the steamer people bent the bridle—two other lengths of heavy line, which they carried to the port and starboard chocks respectively, on the main deck aft. When the propeller churned the slack of the hawser was promptly taken up, and immediately a strain was put on that rein of the bridle that led to the starboard chock. As the steamer was moving ahead now, immediately she swung slowly under the tension and headed for the open sea; presently her passengers lined the deck and cheer on cheer came floating down the wind to the battered little schooner. They had seen a cripple at the helm and but one man had received the vessel's hawser. They had seen her foresail torn to ribbons, with the gaff and boom swinging at the caprice of the wind, and they had seen that her port bulwarks had been ripped away. In distress herself, she had come out of the night and offered her waterlogged hull for a jury rudder! So they cheered the big man forward and the cripple at the helm.

As the steamer headed for the open sea Captain Medford let all of his sails come down by the run, and snugged them up as best he could. He had started aft to take the wheel from Jorgensen when there came a violent jerk at the hawser—a jerk that nearly threw him off his feet and shook the schooner to her marrow bones. He ran forward again with the intention of making the slack of the hawser fast round the mainmast; but even as he reached it the bitts were plucked out of the old schooner's deck as a clumsy dentist pulls a decayed tooth, and in an instant the Corona Vance, free of the hawser and without a stitch of canvas spread, broached to and shipped a sea.

Seeing their desperate plight, Jorgensen instantly lashed the wheel and came hopping across the poop down the companion to the main deck. The captain saw him hopping along by the weather rail. True, Jorgensen was a cripple, but despite this fact he possessed one asset that yet might save the Corona Vance: he had a hundred and ninety pounds of bone and sinew—and beef was what Jim Medford wanted now; wanted it at the end of the forestaysail halyard. Through the white water boiling along the deck he raced to meet the crippled mate.

"On to my back," he yelled, faced round and bent his big body. The mate leaped and the master ran forward with him, dropped him, and left him clinging to the main shrouds while he cast off the staysail halyards.

"Now then, bully!" he yelled, and Jorgensen hopped to his side. Together they swung on the halyard, and the forestaysail rose slowly. When they had it three-quarters up they belayed the halyard to the pin, and the schooner's head came up out of the smother of foam.

With the mate on his back once more Captain Medford fought his way to the mainsail halyards. Their most desperate efforts, however, were unequal to lifting the heavy wet sail more than fifteen feet, but that was enough in that breeze.

"Anything to hold her up," the skipper gasped. "Hang to the halyard, Jorgensen, until I get to the wheel."

The schooner now had canvas enough spread to give her steerage way, and with the captain at the wheel she obeyed, and loafed slowly through the great seas; with her decks free of water now Jorgensen hopped to the poop ladder and crawled back to the wheel.

"Phew!" the skipper said as Jorgensen's white face appeared at the break of the poop. "That was the closest I've ever been to Davy Jones' locker. Come, take the wheel."

With the mate at the wheel the captain went below. Even in the midst of the fast, exciting work of the past hour he remembered that his wife had not appeared at the cabin scuttle, and now as he bent over the berth where she lay he knew the reason why.

"You've lost the steamer," she whispered. "Too bad, Jim, dear." And her white arms went round his neck to comfort him.

"I'll save you yet," he whispered fiercely, and from the locker beneath her berth he took a bundle of flags. "I stood by them," he said grimly, "and now, if they're human, they'll stand by me."

Under the wisp of sail they had been enabled to get on her the Corona Vance, head up, was creeping toward the steamer, helpless once more in the seas. Her captain, turning to a man who stood on the bridge with him, watched her coming.

"There's a man and a sailor in command of that little hooker," he said admiringly. "Did you see him and that cripple snatch her out from under the blanketing seas that time. Gad, sir, I thought she'd wallow and be torn to pieces in fifteen minutes. And now the indomitable fellow is going to pick up the hawser again and make it fast to his mainmast."

"I doubt it, captain," the other replied. "There's his ensign hoisted upside down. He's in distress. I wonder what's wrong.

Milady Chocolates

Every Piece a Surprise

A Favour Box For You

To introduce you to the excellence of Milady Chocolates we will send a charming "Will You Remember Me" Favour Box containing nearly a quarter of a pound of Milady Chocolates and a handsome Milady Stick Pin, prepaid on receipt of 20 cents in stamps to cover postage and packing—two boxes for 30 cents.

In ordering, please send your candy dealer's name

American Candy Co., 223 Broadway, Milwaukee
Makers of REX Chocolates. Ring of Bitter Sweets

Red Head

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)

SPARK PLUGS

Your Ford car would run smoother and steadier if equipped with *Red Head* Ford Plugs—long body. **Guaranteed a lifetime.** Ask your dealer or direct. 75c.

Spark Plugs for every type of engine

Emil **Grossman Mfg. Co., Inc.**
20 Bush Terminal
Brooklyn, N. Y., U. S. A.

Makers of "Everlastingly Good" Motor Necessities

'Ever-Ready'

'RADIO' BLADES are intensely keen to shave you. The real joy shaves. Fit standard frames. Note wrapper and blade as illustrated. Sold everywhere. 6 for 30c—10 for 50c. 'Ever-Ready' Safety Razors with 12 blades—$1.00 complete.

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Patents secured or our Fee Returned.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 1 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

Digitized by Google

How the Conklin Fills Itself

These sectional views show just what happens when you use the famous "Crescent-Filler."

When pressed with the thumb (see small hand below) the "Crescent-Filler" compresses the elastic ink reservoir, completely deflating it. *(See illustration at left.)*

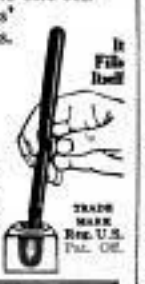
When the pressure is removed from the "Crescent-Filler" the reservoir expands naturally, sucking ink from the well until it is filled. *(See illustration at right.)*

Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen

NON-LEAKABLE

Insist on seeing the inside of any self-filling pen offered you; see for yourself the Conklin's simplicity in comparison with any other. Crescent and presser-bar are one piece. No springs or hinges. Nothing to break or get out of order.

The "Crescent-Filler" is the one self-filling device tested by 16 years' use and over a million users.



Sold by Stationers, Jewelers, Druggists, on 30 days' trial, $2.50, $3, $4, $5 and up. Write for catalog.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO.
280 Conklin Bldg., Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A.

BOSTON *WINNIPEG, CAN.*
DENVER 709-718 Ed'C Bldg. *SAN FRANCISCO* 370 Market St.

TRADE MARK Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

THIS 1915 Model **Ranger** 30 DAYS Free Trial

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER —30 DAYS one month's free trial on this finest of bicycles — the "Ranger." We will ship it to you on approval, *freight prepaid*, without a cent deposit in advance. This offer is absolutely genuine.

WRITE TODAY for our big catalog showing our full line of bicycles for men and women, boys and girls at prices never before equaled for like quality. It is a cyclopedia of bicycles, sundries and useful bicycle information. It's free.

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, equipment and parts for all bicycles at half usual prices. A limited number of second-hand bicycles taken in trade will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each.

RIDER AGENTS wanted in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1915 model **Ranger** furnished by us.

It Costs You Nothing to learn what we offer you and how we can do it. You will be astonished and convinced. **Do not buy** a bicycle, tires or sundries until you get our catalog and new special offers. **Write today.**

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. T-55, CHICAGO, ILL.

30 Days' Free Trial

Direct to you at factory prices. Beautiful, sanitary, Enameled snowy-white inside and out; revolving shelves, cork-cushioned doors and covers; porcelain drinking water reservoir and cooling coil—attachable to city water system if desired.

White Frost SANITARY **Refrigerator**

Guaranteed 25 years; lasts a lifetime. Adopted and used by U. S. Government. Easy payment plan. Freight prepaid. Write today for handsome free catalog.

WHITE FROST REFRIGERATOR CO., Dept. E-1, Jackson, Michigan

Remember, he asked if we had a doctor aboard?"

From the halyards of the Corona Vance a pennant went up; then another and another. Jim Medford was calling in the international code to send off a small boat to him.

As she passed up to windward of them the steamer people saw that a can of oil, brailed to a rope, had been hove off the schooner's lee bow. A few minutes later another can went overboard off her lee quarter.

"He expects that small boat," the captain of the steamer said anxiously, "and he's going to stand off to windward and spray the sea with oil. The waves won't break then, you know." He gazed at his companion. "It might be done," he suggested.

"It had better be done," the other responded quietly. "Call for volunteers to man a boat."

Apparently the master of the Corona Vance entertained no suspicion that the steamer captain would decline to send the lifeboat he had requested, for promptly he set to work to rig a tackle from the end of his close-hauled main boom, the while the little vessel ratched backward and forward scattering the oil across the heaving waters. His tackle rigged, he disappeared down the cabin scuttle, to emerge presently supporting the cloaked figure of a woman, and with his arm round her he waited.

"He wants to transfer that woman to the steamer," the mate bawled. "Lively, now, lads. He'll stick by us if we stick by him, remember that."

Because of the free distribution of oil on the surface of the sea the steamer rolled easily in the cross swells, which no longer broke over her, and presently a boat was successfully launched from her lee side, with the first mate in charge. The moment the boat appeared round the steamer's stern the master of the Corona Vance placed his wife in a boson's chair and lashed her in. Then he hoisted her to the end of the main boom and passed the lowering line round the main mast and then up to the cripple at the wheel. Then he slowly slacked off the main sheet and the girl swung wide over the oil-swept water.

"Cut the fall when I lower away," Medford shouted to the men in the lifeboat. "Be ready with a sharp knife." He made fast the main sheet and took the lowering line from Jorgensen.

The men in the lifeboat, watching their opportunity, suddenly shot in under the wide-hanging boom, and on the instant the master of the Corona Vance lowered away. A strong arm reached out and grasped the girl, a knife flashed, and with its precious freight the lifeboat danced away back to the steamer.

The Corona Vance, with her master's strong hand on the helm, followed the lifeboat round to the lee of the steamer and watched the difficult and dangerous task of getting the boat on board again.

A glance showed him that this would be impossible, however. The sea was running so high that for the lifeboat to attempt to run in alongside the plunging steamer, in the hope of making fast to the dangling davit falls and being hoisted aboard, would mean the destruction of the boat against the side of the vessel and the death of its occupants. He bellowed a warning for them to stand off, and as he came down on the weather side of the vessel he shouted to the steamer captain:

"Swing out a cargo boom, with plenty of slack on your fall, and drop a freight net into that lifeboat."

Again the master of the steamer waved his arms in that comprehensive gesture, and presently a cargo boom was swung wide over the steamer's lee counter, and the heavy block, with the huge, dirty rope freight net hanging to its hook, was lowered to the surface of the water. Promptly the men in the lifeboat pulled up and hauled the freight net aboard. Athwart their craft they spread it and the girl crept in on it and knelt. Over her head they looped it and once more pulled gingerly in under the block dangling from the cargo boom. To reach up as they passed beneath, seize the block and insert the hook of it into the slings on the freight net, was the work of an instant. The mate in the boat signaled the winchman on the forecastle head and the girl was snatched out of the boat, swept by a huge green sea, hoisted high in the air and landed in on the steamer's deck, where two deckhands promptly rescued her and bore her away into the waist of the vessel.

Razor blade magnified 1000 times

DON'T LET YOUR RAZOR ABUSE YOUR FACE

THE cutting edge of every razor—"ordinary" or "safety"—consists of microscopic teeth. Magnified 1000 times these teeth look like the teeth of a cross-cut saw. See illustration above.

Now rust forms on these teeth. This makes the blade dull—makes it "pull" and hurt your face.

You don't wipe any "safety" or "ordinary" razor blade dry enough to prevent this "surface rusting." Apply 3-in-One shaving oil before and after shaving. 3-in-One positively prevents rust on any metal.

This is the way to have a perfect shave: Moisten your thumb and forefinger with a few drops of 3-in-One. Draw razor blade between them. Then if an "ordinary" razor, strop in the usual way, first putting a few drops on the strop. You'll be surprised and delighted at the keen edge that comes so quickly and shaves so perfectly.

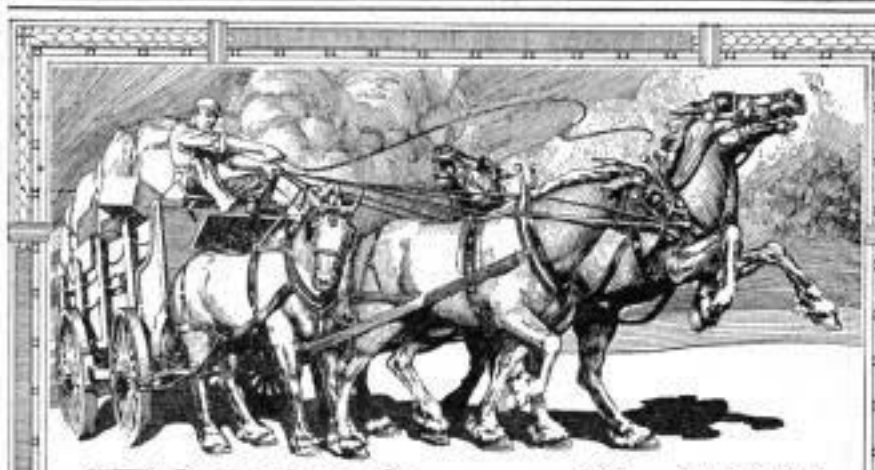
After shaving, be sure to repeat the oiling. That will absolutely prevent any rust forming between shaves. 3-in-One makes the razor slip over the face "slick and smooth." Also prevents the soap from burning or smarting after even a close shave. 3-in-One shaving oil has a delicate, agreeable flavor.

You can get 3-in-One at any good drug, hardware or general store. 1 oz., 10c.; 3 ozs., 25c.; 8 ozs. (½ pint), 50c. Also in patent Handy Oil Cans, 3½ ozs., 25c.

FREE 3-IN-ONE FOR YOU

A postal will bring you a generous free sample. Also the scientific "Razor Saver" circular. Write this very day and prove these things for your own self.

Three-in-One Oil Co.
42 EUR. Broadway **New York**



FORD Owners: Have YOU This Kind of Power?

THIS is how your Ford acts with a poor ignition system. Each horse represents a cylinder of your engine, the wagon your car. Instead of pulling equally, as they should, one horse is jerking ahead, another to the side, one backing, and the other plunging in the air. The truck is getting nowhere. It is being wrenched and racked. It is a true example of EXPENSIVE INEFFICIENCY.

Poorly designed multi-unit coil ignition systems make your engine pull like these four balky horses; one cylinder pulls powerfully, another barely moves down on its proper stroke; each cylinder works against the others. There are vibration, uneven power and overheating. The engine and car soon become racked and ruined.

THE BOSCH MAGNETO
The · Modern · Ignition · System

cures all this, for it serves the Ford as well as it serves the scores of high grade cars on which it is standard. It gives power and snap to the engine, because its arc-like sparks ignite ALL the gas in the cylinders and occur in exact relation to each other. It produces even running, the utmost efficiency and a smile of satisfaction. It's like the powerful team pulling together—IT'S A REAL NECESSITY.

You save yourself all ignition worry, you get a better car, you're satisfied when you fit your Ford with a Bosch Magneto. A simple attachment makes it easy.

Write for "The Key to Ford Efficiency" and get an inkling of how to make your Ford a better car.

Bosch Magneto Company, 233 West 46th Street, New York
Chicago Detroit Toronto **San Francisco**

Bosch Attachments made also for all battery ignited cars.

Digitized by Google

The snug fitting ankles, the shrink-proof feet, the brilliant silk-lustre and marvelous wearing qualities of the new

Inter woven

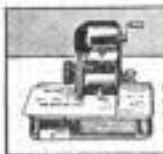
TOE AND HEEL

Socks

have made them famous everywhere

Your dealer will supply you, 25¢ up

PEERLESS CHECK WRITERS



Our New Free Booklet, Giving Burns and Pinkerton Advice on handling checks, should be read by every business man. Shows the risk of loss by "raising"; why depositors, not banks, lose if checks are not properly protected; why Peerless protection is *proper* protection. The Peerless imprint is the amount line—protection is the power. Has displaced "Not Over" and similar protection with 16,000 leading concerns and banks. Send for booklet No. 42-3.

Peerless Check Protecting Company, Originators of Exact Protection, Rochester, N. Y.

PEERLESS TRADE MARK AND IMPRINT

TEN DOLLARS TWO CENTS

YOUR BANK BAL

ALADDIN HONEYMOON HOME

HERE'S a little nest for the new bride! ALADDIN designers worked hard to make it perfect. You'll agree they have succeeded. It's furnished complete, ready to nestle in.

Price Includes this complete ALADDIN Read-Cut house, Dollar-a-Knot material all cut to fit, hardware, etc., all furniture for dining-room, living-room, bedroom and kitchen; electric fixtures for complete house; rugs for entire house; complete bath-room outfit—bath tub, lavatory, closet; kitchen sink; complete furnace ready to install—everything ready to furnish complete. Get the ALADDIN catalog No. 300 today. It tells all about this house and a hundred others.

THE HOUSE—All Fixtures and Furniture **$968**

NORTH AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION CO., *Homebuilders to the Nation.* 104 Aladdin Ave., Bay City, Mich.

Jorgensen turned his white face to Captain Medford. "Safe-O!" he shouted.

"Thank you, Mr. Jorgensen," the master answered. "I owe her life to you. And now if those steamer people are wise they'll rig a sling from the rings at bow and stern of that lifeboat and haul it aboard with its crew, just as they hauled in Mrs. Medford."

An hour later, with the lifeboat back aboard and her hawser fast on the sturdy foremast of the Corona Vance, the steamer continued her voyage. Right in the Spokane's frothy wake Jim Medford held the battered nose of the Corona Vance, and presently when they were well off the dangerous coast the steamer turned north. At noon a familiar strip of coast loomed up to starboard.

"We'll be into the Sound about five o'clock," Jim Medford promised his mate.

It was just dark when the Spokane steamed into the harbor at Victoria and dropped anchor. The Corona Vance, very low and water-logged now, still swung at the end of the bridle, and the master of the steamer sent the second mate with half a dozen men in a small boat over to the schooner to do for her what the two exhausted men aboard her could not do—get her anchor overside and clew up her canvas. These matters attended to, they returned to the Spokane with a promise to return in the morning and take Jorgensen ashore to a hospital, Captain Medford hung out his riding lights and he and Jorgensen turned in.

About an hour later the boat from the steamer came alongside again, and a brisk, well-dressed, businesslike person clambered aboard through the snaggly bulwarks, followed by the master of the Spokane.

"He's down below, I believe, Mr. Farrington," the steamship captain suggested.

"Then we'll go below, captain," his companion replied crisply. "I'll thank that man in person to-night if I have to wake him up to do it, and I imagine you feel that way about the case yourself."

They found Jim Medford and Jorgensen asleep in their berths, but they could not awaken them, for the survivors of the Corona Vance had completed a thirty-day battle with the elements and now they were resting. So Farrington wrote a note and set it across the face of the alarm clock at the head of the skipper's berth. Here Medford found it the following morning, and read:

"My dear Captain Medford: Came aboard last night to express my gratitude to you for saving our ship and passengers; also for saving me, for I was aboard the Spokane too. Your heir was still in the offing when I came aboard, but the doctor says he'll make port about daylight, and for you not to worry. My gift to the youngster is a job to its daddy, if he cares to take it, and I think he will, for the Corona Vance appears to be due for the boneyard and her skipper out of a job. You are the dock superintendent for our company in San Francisco at three hundred dollars a month, and I advise you to accept. I have a couple of kids myself and I know what an expense they are. You can't do justice to this infant and its brave little mother on the hundred a month you earn in a lumber hooker, and besides, a married man should be home with his family.

"Again thank you. I'll take care of your mate too. Sincerely and gratefully,

"ANDREW FARRINGTON,
"President Western States Steamship Co."

For a long time Captain Jim Medford sat on the edge of his berth, running his hand through his tousled hair and wondering if it wasn't a dream after all. Three hundred dollars a month, and every night a night in port! Why, that was as good a salary as the master of a trans-Pacific passenger boat gets. He could do many things with three hundred dollars a month. They could live comfortably on a hundred and fifty and buy a little home on the installment plan, and the other hundred and fifty they could set aside for a rainy day.

He sprang out of his berth, resolved to dress and carry the glad tidings where they would do the most good, and Jorgensen, watching him through the open door of his stateroom across the cabin, raised an old deep-sea chantey:

Oh, if it be a girl, I will dance her on my knee;
And if it be a boy, he will cross the raging sea
With his ——

"Not by forty fathom, he won't!" Jim Medford chuckled. "This going to sea is a dog's life, and my son shall have none of it."

Jorgensen suddenly sat up in his berth and peered through the open deadlight across the blue waters of Puget Sound to the Spokane, swinging at anchor two cables' length distant.

"The Spokane is all dressed up," he declared.

Jim Medford jumped out on deck and looked at her. Sure enough, she was "dressed." The Stars and Stripes fluttered at her gaff, and every pennant in her flag locker streamed from forestay, backstay and from truck to truck. As Captain Medford gazed upon her the master of the Spokane came out on deck, saw him, waved his hand and shouted.

"I didn't know this was a holiday, sir," Jorgensen declared as the master of the Corona Vance came down into the cabin to finish dressing.

"To-day," said Jim Medford, "is the greatest day in history. My son was born to-day, and they've dressed the Spokane up in honor of him and his mother."

"Oh!" said Jorgensen humbly. "So that's it. But what's that skipper shouting 'Ship ahoy!' for?"

"He isn't shouting 'Ship ahoy!' at all, you Norwegian blockhead! He's shouting 'It's a boy!' Congratulate me, old man, and hear my vow: If he ever goes to sea I swear I'll disown him."

Routing Rust

THIS Age of Steel has roused a world-wide battle with rust, and more chemists and other experts are studying possible weapons for this battle than are busy on almost any other industrial problem. Concrete owes much of its present growth to the difficulty of protecting steel and iron against rust.

Absolutely pure iron will not rust and fairly pure iron will rust only slowly. One way, therefore, is to improve the grade of iron; and manufacturers now sell iron that is guaranteed to withstand rust for considerable periods. It is possible, though expensive, to purify iron completely by electricity; and electrolytic iron, as it is called, may before long be common commercially.

Surface coats of protection are, however, the favorite methods of to-day; and many such coatings have appeared lately. The latest one is a metal coat that can be applied on an iron or steel structure after it has been erected, in much the same way that paint is applied. Finely powdered metals—such as tin, lead or zinc, or all three in proper proportion—are mixed in oil and painted on the bridge or column or other structure that needs protection. Then the painted surface is heated by a hand torch or in whatever way is most convenient.

The oil burns away and the powdered metal melts, but does not run. As the metal cools it takes a tight grip on the iron surface and forms a tin or alloy coat, which stops rust.

Digitized by Google

TIMKEN
ROLLER BEARINGS

Timken Bearings on spindle with front wheel removed

Good For Life

Timken Bearings outlive your car

Do you want that kind of bearings in *your* motor car?

Or the trouble and expense of replacing bearings that fail to stand front wheel service?

Here are the facts—the decision rests with you.

The constant pound and vibration of hard driving puts the front wheel bearings of a motor car to a test that either makes or breaks their reputation—they stand or fail at this point of severest service.

On the spindles of the front axle, the bearings are first to feel the jar and pound of every bump and rut in the roadway.

They must take the forward lunge of the car's weight when the wheels suddenly drop into a hole in the pavement or bump over car tracks—they must resist the savage side thrust of every swerve to right or left.

Timken Bearings *have proved* their ability to stand the punishment of front wheel service, in hundreds of thousands of motor cars, both pleasure and commercial. Long hard use, year after year, does not affect their ability to give the same perfect service they render when your car is new.

And because of this ability you can depend on Timken Bearings for a lifetime of satisfactory service in the front wheels of your motor car.

But there are still other places where good bearings are equally essential—fully as important. In the rear wheels, where bearings must carry more than half the weight of the car and load—on the pinion shaft and at the differential, where gears must be held in perfect mesh and shafts in true alignment—in the transmission, through which full power must come to the rear axle.

These are the points where Timken Bearings will stand the punishment of hard service, day in and day out, as your car grows old.

It will interest you to know the names of the cars that have Timken Bearings and to know where, in each model, the bearings are used.

Write for "The Companies Timken Keeps" and the Timken Primer A-9 "On Bearings." Both books mailed free, postpaid, on request. No salesmen, no letters.

The Timken Roller Bearing Company
CANTON, OHIO

Digitized by Google

THE NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK-STOVE No. 7 shown above combines a four-burner stove, fireless cooker, oven, cabinet and warming shelf into one compact, yet roomy, complete cooking device.

Just close the oven damper, turn out the flame and you have a "Fireless Cooking Oven."

Open the door, remove the oven racks and all four burners become available for grate surface cooking.

See this wonderful NEW PERFECTION Stove at your dealer's. He has it in two sizes, as well as a big line of other NEW PERFECTION Stoves with one, two, three and four burners, with or without cabinets and baking ovens—and at prices within the reach of all.

Two million housewives are now using these stoves. More in use than all others combined. Every purchaser is a satisfied user.

All NEW PERFECTION Stoves are dependable, easy to operate, easy to care for. The burners light at the touch of a match and regulate instantly.

For kitchen, camp, cottage, laundry, dairy, these stoves fit every need. Be sure to get the genuine NEW PERFECTION OIL COOKSTOVE.

Send to Dept. A for our *free* illustrated catalogue, or send 10 cents in stamps for the famous NEW PERFECTION Cook Book, containing 227 prize recipes.

THE CLEVELAND FOUNDRY COMPANY, 7355 Platt Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

MADE IN CANADA BY THE PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY, LTD., SARNIA, ONTARIO.

SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE OR WHEREVER YOU SEE THE PICTURE OF THE NEW PERFECTION GIRL.

Digitized by Google

SECRETS OF THE CHAIN STORE

(Continued from Page 17)

"You must let nothing interfere with registering a sharp and clear impression on the mind of every customer that the word of a customer in this store is never questioned for an instant, and that we do not permit any customer to remain unsatisfied in the least particular with either our service or our goods. I am glad this incident came up, because it gives me an opportunity to drive this lesson home to you in a way that will leave no lurking suspicion that there might be a case in which you would be justified in questioning the word of a customer."

Every minute feature of service in the chain-store system is thought out by able specialists at the central executive office; nothing is left to guesswork or to the imagination or caprice of a clerk, or even a local manager. The very words with which a clerk greets you as you approach the counter are chosen for him; and if he allows you to pass out of the store without receiving the salutation, "Thank you! Come again, please!"—and this omission is noticed by the manager—he will be called to account for it.

In all the classes, meetings, banquets and conventions of the employees of the chain—and these are regular and frequent—some phase or refinement of courtesy is always brought forward for discussion. Before any act or salutation is accepted for the courtesy code of the chain store, the question is always raised as to whether or not it is too pronounced and liable to create an unfavorable impression with the majority of customers. It is also repeatedly tested in actual demonstrations before the employees, and later, experienced clerks are delegated to demonstrate its effect on actual customers.

From this hasty sketch of what service means in the chain-store system, and the methods by which it is developed, it should be apparent, I think, that the average independent storekeeper will make no mistake in studying this subject as it is handled by the keen and resourceful management of the big chain.

In looking at the chain store with the eyes of the retailer who is studying its methods in order to defend himself better against its encroachments, its distinctive sort of salesmanship opens up an alluring line for investigation. Here, again, instruction always precedes action; and, before a clerk is allowed to take his place behind the counter and deal with the public, he is given a thorough drilling, not only in the chain policy and service, but in what the management calls constructive salesmanship. This is taught, not only by a skilled specialist, who is kept moving from one city and store to another, but by practically every executive traveling out of the central office.

The instruction given to the new clerks is of two kinds: the individual, hand-to-hand kind, and that which they receive in the classes and meetings of the chain employees. These evening classes are often held as frequently as twice a week, and are always attended by one of the executives of the chain or by a special salesman. The feature of the evening is always a salesmanship demonstration in which clerks impersonate customers and executives take the rôle of clerks, the demonstration being well staged in order to make it more convincing.

What Real Salesmanship Means

"Salesmanship," declares the former general manager of this chain of fifty drug stores, "is something more than serving a customer quickly and pleasantly with the particular article he comes in to buy, and which he asks for when the clerk comes forward to serve him. That we regard as service rather than salesmanship. But suppose the customer is a woman who has entered the store with the thought of buying a toothbrush—and nothing else. If that clerk, as he slips the toothbrush into its slender envelope, quietly suggests to the customer that perhaps she may be in need of toothpaste or toothpowder, or possibly a mouthwash, and ends by selling her those, and perhaps several other bathroom luxuries, he proves himself a salesman according to the chain-store definition.

"To be a real constructive salesman the clerk must have at least a moderate amount of imagination—enough, at any rate, to call up before his mind other things carried by the store that are naturally associated with the article for which the customer asks. Of course this must be done quickly and tactfully.

"A very close and extended observation of the activities of this kind of salesmanship has convinced me that a master of the art will sell to at least eighty per cent of his customers one or more articles in addition to the one originally asked for; but unfortunately most clerks are not masters of salesmanship, though the kind of training they receive under the system of the chain store certainly develops this faculty to a surprising degree. Of course, suggesting articles not asked for must be done without giving the customer any cause to feel that the transaction is being delayed or prolonged unduly, or that the clerk is attempting to create a demand for something not really wanted.

"Our salesmen are told: 'Consider that you are trying to serve the convenience of the customer by calling his attention to some article naturally associated with the one he has requested—something he may be in need of and would thank you for bringing to his mind.' That is really what happens in most cases where an additional sale is made in this manner; the convenience of the customer is actually served and he is saved the annoyance of finding himself out of an article at the moment when he needs it most."

Going After the Extra Nickels

"The possibilities of a big salesforce thoroughly trained in this kind of salesmanship, and kept in a glow of enthusiasm for its work, are wonderful. I did not realize the responsiveness of such an organization until I put it to the test with a letter headed: Get That Extra Nickel! This was sent to every store employee in the chain and to those of the central staff who made the rounds of the stores. In substance this letter read:

"'The stores of this chain make twenty-five million sales a year. Just think of what it would mean to this organization if all the clerks and telephone operators would speed up their salesmanship to a notch that would get an average of just one extra nickel on each sale! Figure it out for yourselves. It would mean a million and a quarter dollars in additional business, secured without an additional cent of cost. And it would mean increased pay for our whole salesforce. You know that your salaries are already higher than those paid by stores outside of the chain to employees in positions similar to yours, and that you have far more attractive working conditions.

"'Now, if you will put your shoulders to the wheel for a long, steady, constant pull to get that extra nickel on each sale, we shall be able to do still more for you in your pay envelope. Will you do it? Let us hear from you both by letter and through the sales report.'

"The result of this letter was an immediate increase in sales that was sensational in its size. And it was not a mere passing spurt, either. Our clerks held to their quickened pace with wonderful persistence, with the result that our profits in that year were greatly increased—just how much I am not at liberty to say; and our employees who helped to bring this result about secured their fair share of the increase. But the whole point of this incident is that there is always extra speed in a salesforce picked, trained and treated with the care ours receives. The splendid results of the extra-nickel campaign were possible only because our clerks were so thoroughly instructed in the art of constructive salesmanship—which I have illustrated by the incident of the toothbrush and the bathroom accessories—and because we had their enthusiastic loyalty.

"Perhaps right here is the place to say that one reason why the general manager of the chain store, and practically all the other officials and executives of the central office, consistently followed the practice of making frequent trips to all the stores in the chain, and personally talking with every employee in each store, was to prevent the impression on the minds of those employees that they were working for a sign above a door. This precaution has been decidedly effective, and there are very few independent retailers whose clerks are more thoroughly imbued with the feeling that they

Three Things At Once
That's What
O-Cedar Polish

does—cleans, dusts and polishes at a single operation—and does them all BETTER. A few drops of O-Cedar will transform an ordinary dust cloth into a seemingly magical token that changes dusty, dull, dingy furniture, pianos and woodwork into lustrous beauty and utter cleanliness at a single sweep. That's why over 2,000,000 housekeepers use O-Cedar Polish.

Improves Any Polish Mop

Those who own polish mops other than the genuine, original O-Cedar Polish Mops can still have many of the O-Cedar Mop advantages by using O-Cedar Polish to renew their mops.

Send for Liberal FREE Sample

O-Cedar Polish, in convenient sizes, 25c and up, is sold by all druggists, grocers, hardware and department stores, and any dealer will return your money if you are not **delighted.**

Channell Chemical Co., Chicago - Toronto - London - Berlin

Whitman's
the national sweets

Wherever and whenever you want *good* candy, you can get Whitman's. The pretty little green-and-white signs which announce our Whitman agencies dot the whole continent. Notice this on your next motor trip. Every agent everywhere is supplied *direct* from headquarters. In the little far-off places you will find Whitman's as fresh and dainty and inviting as in the big centers. Only sweets of Whitman *quality* could make so many friends in so many places.

Ask for the Super-Extra Package by name. Chocolates of supreme Whitman quality in a charming assortment of nut, hard, and cream centers. Eighty cents the pound. This is the Package which first made Whitman's famous—each piece a delightful "reason why."

Ask for booklet or write us.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

Digitized by Google

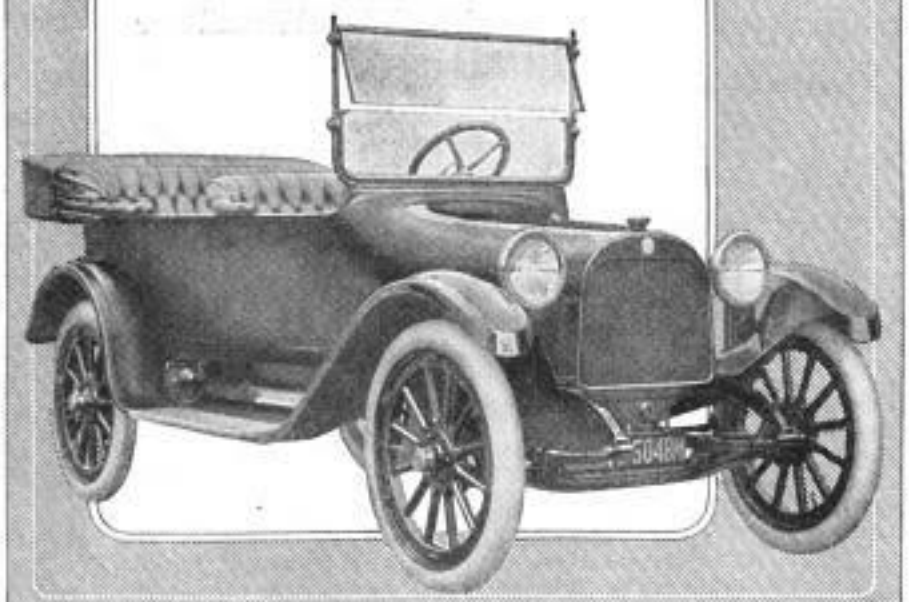
DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CAR

Comfort and economy contribute largely to the pleasure of week-end trips

The sensitive springs, together with the wide seats and deeply tufted cushions, insure comfort to the passengers on any road. The gasoline and oil consumption is unusually low and the tire expense is trifling.

The motor is 30-35 horsepower
The price of the car complete is $785
(f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



This Motor Enthusiast Says:

"Basline Autowline is the biggest little thing that ever went into my car. The only assurance I have of a sure tow home in emergencies."

Basline Autowline

Is famous Yellow Strand Powersteel wire rope. This statement fixes its quality beyond question.

It is about 25 feet long, ¼-inch in diameter and 4¼ lbs. weight. This settles the question of easy handling and carriage.

It fastens—in a moment—with never-slip Patented Snaffle Hooks and cannot mar a car. This proves its convenience and easy use.

You'll need a Basline Autowline some day. Be prepared. Get it now.

Price, east of Rockies, $3.95.

Demand Basline Autowline and look for the Patented Snaffle Hooks.

POWERSTEEL TRUCKLINE is Basline Autowline's big brother. Just right for towing commercial trucks. Price, east of Rockies, $6.50. If your dealer can't supply you, order of us direct. FREE—Autowline Circulars. Write for them.

POWERSTEEL AUTOWLOCK theftproofs cars and spare tires. It's four feet of Yellow Strand Powersteel wire rope with a waterproof covering. Thimbles are spliced in each end. Slips through wheel and spring or around spare tire and rack, and a good brass lock holds it fast. Sold by all dealers, $2.00.

BRODERICK & BASCOM ROPE CO. 811 N. 2d Street, St. Louis, Mo. New York Office, 76 D Warren St.

Makers of famous Yellow Strand Powersteel wire rope.

are working for real human beings than are the clerks of the chain store. They consider their employers not only men, but very human and considerate men. This is evident at the banquets and other social and semisocial gatherings, where the highest officials and the clerks receiving the lowest salaries mingle in a comradeship that is genuine and not simulated.

"Before leaving this subject of salesmanship let me explain that almost every branch of the business has an expert, developed in its own service, who is a traveling instructor in his particular line. For example, this chain has an expert soda dispenser who is a genius in his own line. As a compounder of fancy drinks he is an artist. The soda trade always demands something new, and this man is able to provide it, to give it an attractive appearance and a catchy name, and to build it of inexpensive materials.

"Immediately following his visit to a store will perhaps appear the candy specialist. She happens to be a woman and is as much a wonder in her way as the soda-fountain expert is in his. Practically nothing is done in the candy line about which she is not consulted. Whenever a new store is opened she puts the candy department on its feet and gives it a good start. If the candy department in any store shows signs of weakness she is immediately sent there to gear it up to higher speed, and she seldom fails to do it. How? Not by dealing in glittering generalities and selling a whole lot of the goods herself, but by patiently instructing the candy clerks in every detail of displaying, selling and caring for candy.

"The expert window dresser is another itinerant feature, whose coming is looked forward to by the whole force of every store in the chain. The dressing of a window by this specialist is practically a demonstration of the extent to which goods may be made to sell themselves, and to call customers into the store, where the clerks may apply to them the painless but effective art of constructive salesmanship.

"Every one of these traveling instructors, specialists and executives is a militant missionary on the subject of cleanliness. The campaign for perfect and sanitary cleanliness under chain-store management of the sort I am familiar with is reduced to a science and is absolutely relentless. The store, the goods and the employees not only must look clean, but must be clean in the strictest sense of the term. The pressure for cleanliness is never relaxed for a moment along any line, for the chain-store management fully realizes that this is a most important feature, by which the modern store can command the most liberal and profitable patronage. On certain occasions and for our largest stores we have provided our girls with hairdressers and manicures to improve their appearance."

The Candy-Counter Cat

"The young man who intends to become an independent retailer and who sets himself deliberately to study the methods of chain-store management can learn no lesson more profitable than this: That absolute cleanliness is the biggest asset any trade store can have, aside from the courtesy of its employees. Though the 'good old days' when the cat was allowed to sleep on the candy have gone, so far as most retailers are concerned, the amount of uncleanliness to be found in the average country store—if one begins to dig into the corners a little—is shocking; and their customers, or at least the more refined of them, would break into revolt if they could see those conditions with their own eyes.

"The chain-store management will not tolerate dirt and will not be satisfied with a condition that is anything short of spotless and sanitary. This is mostly because it realizes that the public is quick to appreciate thorough cleanliness; but there is the additional consideration that aggressive cleanliness in a store is a great preventive of waste, of deterioration of goods and of sluggish and water-logged stocks."

The chain-store management attacks the problem of preventing waste with a scientific thoroughness that takes into account the smallest detail; or, as the general manager of the chain expressed it: "No detail of waste is small when it must be multiplied by fifty or a hundred or a thousand in order to get its size for a single day. If a certain leakage occurs several times in each store in the course of a day, and you have fifty stores, the multiple you must use to get the result for a month or a year raises the waste of a penny to a dignified sum."

For this reason the executive office of a chain of fifty drug stores is a wonderful laboratory for the study of constructive economy—and the brand of waste-saving developed here can be described by no name less comprehensive.

The big city drug store, for example, must of necessity be something of a spendthrift in the matter of its lighting bills. A large part of its business is done during the hours of artificial illumination. By an unwritten law it must be so lavishly lighted as to make a bright blur on the landscape of the street. Consequently the amount of electrical current consumed by any drug store of the Broadway, New York, type is almost beyond the belief of an average layman.

There was no question in the minds of the executives of the organization under consideration but that its stores ought to be the best lighted of any in America. The chain management takes nothing for granted, however; and, therefore, the general manager sent for the chief illumination expert of a great lamp-and-fixture concern and arranged with him for a preliminary survey of the lighting system of the chain stores in order to answer two questions: Could the expense of lighting be reduced without reducing its efficiency? Could the stores be better lighted without increasing the light bill? His report was that an expert lighting engineer could so rearrange the whole system as materially to increase its effectiveness and at the same time make a decided and permanent reduction in its cost.

Stopping Leakages in the Chain

Such an engineer was engaged, and he overhauled the lighting arrangements of each store and made a blueprint of the system, showing each socket, the kind of bulb and the candle power that should be used in it. One copy was, of course, left with the local manager, and the others were filed at headquarters for the use of the management and those intrusted with the enforcement of the new lighting rules. The net result of this adventure in economy, as stated by the official who instigated it, was a saving of about twenty thousand dollars in the first year of its operation.

Many elements entered into this economy that helped to swell it to sensational proportions. A more economical type of lamp or bulb was used, and the light sockets were relocated and rearranged on a plan dictated by the principles of scientific illumination instead of guesswork; reflectors, diffusers and other aids to the highest utilization of light were installed. All this permitted a radical reduction in the candle power of the lamps used.

Wrapping paper being used in immense quantities by these stores, the management investigated this outgo to determine three things: the kind of paper that would give, at the lowest cost, the greatest distinction and satisfaction; the amount of wrapping paper wasted; and how to check that waste. Owing to the enormous quantity used by the fifty big stores, the paper mills gladly put their manufacturing specialists at work on this problem, with the result that a cheaper but more attractive paper for wrapping small articles was devised. It was found that in using paper from rolls about twice the amount really required was generally used. Thereafter each manager received his wrapping paper cut in various sizes specially designed for specific stocks and articles. Each size carried with it specifications as to the articles for which it should be used in wrapping.

Here, again, all the thinking was done at headquarters and the clerks were simply called on to follow directions. A paper large enough to wrap a quart bottle was no longer used on a bottle holding half a pint, and each box of candy had a wrapper cut to fit it. Along with a stock of this new paper a letter was sent to each manager telling him that there had been great wastefulness all along the line in this article, and that he and all his clerks were expected to coöperate with the careful effort of the central management to apply intelligence in the use of this supply. The saving was even greater than the management had expected; it ran into big figures—thousands of dollars—in a very short time.

A few months after this systematic economy began a local manager received a letter from the general manager reading:

"Your reports show that in February you used forty dollars' worth more wrapping paper than in the preceding month,

(Continued on Page 61)

Digitized by Google

MILES

Average certified by The Automobile Club of America in the official test with heavy cars of

Strictly Stock Pennsylvania Oilproof

VACUUM CUP TIRES

THESE are the only tires that have ever been submitted to official certified endurance test, and are therefore the tires offering definite mileage assurance based on impartial authority.

This proved mileage applies first to heavy car service. As is well known with light cars, tire mileage increases in proportion to the reduction in weight.

Moreover, even the A. C. A. official average, which was made in 1914, falls short of indicating the full mileages to be expected from 1915 Vacuum Cup Tires.

A new toughening process developed and applied by us has been showing not less than 50% increase in wearing quality.

The Vacuum Cup Anti-Skid Feature

This increased wear resistance also greatly prolongs the guaranteed anti-skid quality of the Vacuum Cups—their effective life being more than doubled.

On slippery pavements the Vacuum Cups have a perfect suction grip, acting on the only principle by which a rubber projection can grip a smooth wet surface.

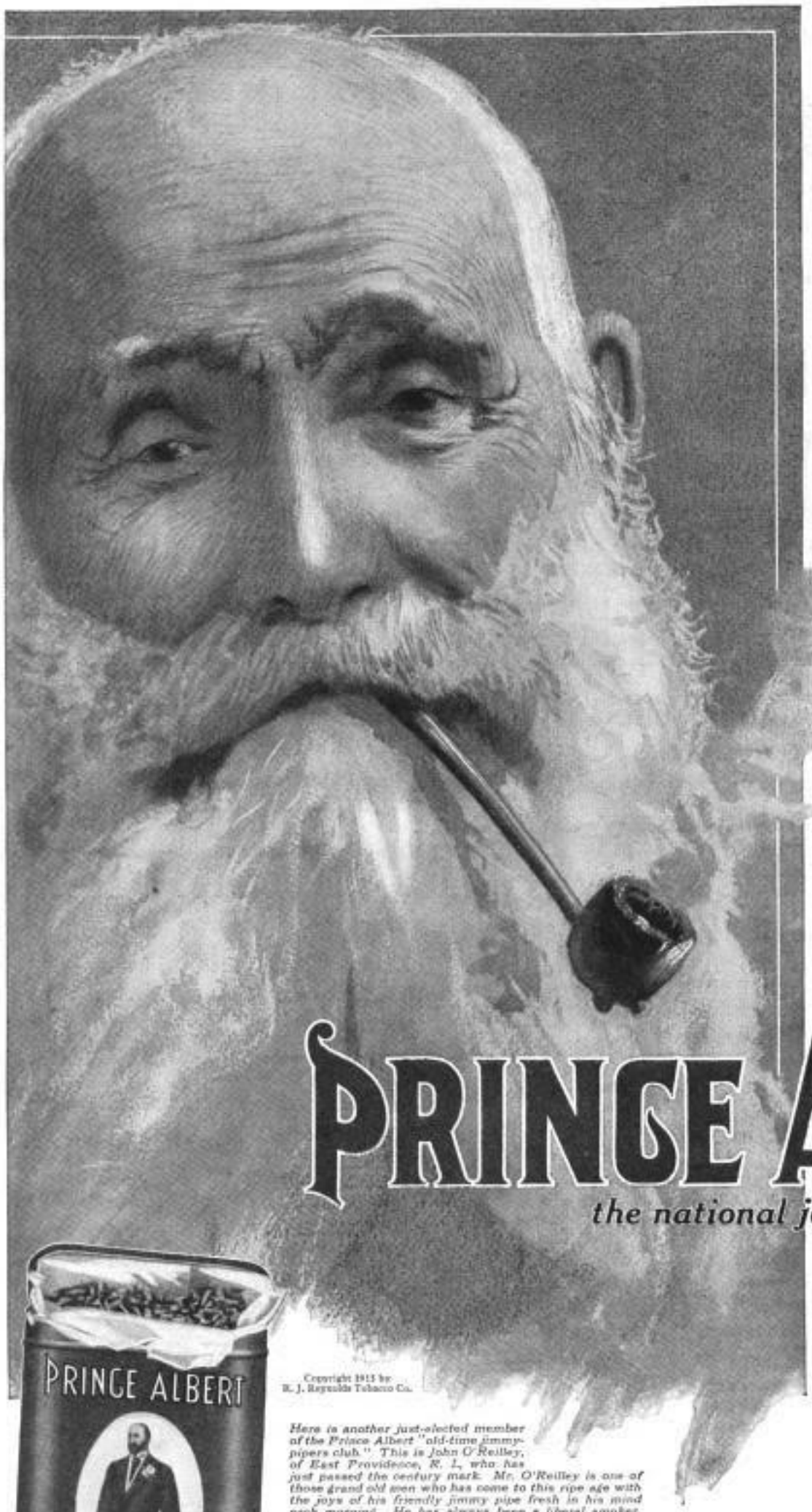
Under our new price schedule, Vacuum Cup Tires are the lowest priced tires on the market of those having any sort of anti-skid feature *added to* the regular thickness of tread.

Interesting new prices just issued for Pennsylvania Gray and Puregum Red Inner Tubes — both with unqualified guarantees.

Pennsylvania Rubber Company, Jeannette, Pa.

Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout the United States and Canada

Digitized by Google



Bang-open your system to some real smoke joy!

It's yours right off the bat, quick as you unlimber that old jimmy pipe or some cigarette makin's papers and nail a few matches and put your faith in a tidy red tin or a toppy red bag of Prince Albert tobacco. *Now,* you've uncorked the sunshine tank; *just let some joy smoke sift into your system!*

Get that P. A. flavor? Get that P. A. aroma? Go to it mighty cheerful, because P. A. can't bite! Puff away like you hit perpetual motion in the first round! And keep fired-up till the cows come home. For it's *surefacts* Prince Albert never grouched any other man's tongue and *won't grouch yours!*

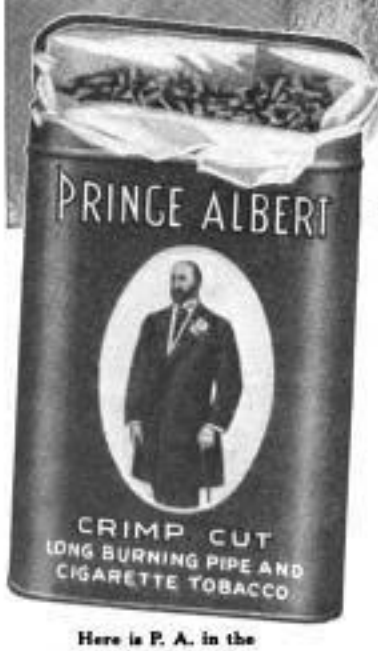
Get jimmypipejoy'us and cigarette makin's happy, then you'll *personally* understand that no other pipe and cigarette tobacco *ever was* or *ever can be* like Prince Albert, because it's made by a patented process that cuts out the bite and the parch. That's why pipe peaceful and cigarette peaceful men call

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Certainly does beat the band how much fun can be gotten out of P. A. if you'll stop cutting capers about "I can't smoke a pipe" or "I can't roll a cigarette," and sport-a-bit and take a chance. You've no idea of the bully goodness, of the joy'us satisfaction, of the contentment and restfulness and that sort of thing that hits every man who gets chummy with P. A.

Hammer this home for what ails your smokeappetite, because you've no time to lose getting introduced to this real and true man-tobacco that's ace-high and a yard wide no matter how you swing on it, jimmy pipe or makin's cigarette!



Here is P. A. in the popular tidy red tin.

Copyright 1915 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Here is another just-elected member of the Prince Albert "old-time jimmy-pipers club." This is John O'Reilley, of East Providence, R. I., who has just passed the century mark. Mr. O'Reilley is one of those grand old men who has come to this ripe age with the joys of his friendly jimmy pipe fresh in his mind each morning. He has always been a liberal smoker.

Prince Albert is sold everywhere because the demand for it is universal. So wherever you happen to run short just drop in the handiest shop that sells tobacco and buy the toppy red bag, 5c; tidy red tin, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors; and that classy crystal-glass pound humidor with the sponge-moistener top.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Digitized by Google

(Continued from Page 58)

which had three more business days in it. Besides, your daily average of business in January was better than in February. It appears to me that you and your associates are not coöperating with us in this economy as you should. If all our stores used an unnecessary excess of wrapping paper to the value of forty dollars a month the monthly waste for the chain would be two thousand dollars, and the total waste for the year on this item alone would be twenty-four thousand dollars."

That manager immediately roused his whole force to the necessity for eliminating wrapping-paper waste. An economical reform of this kind, once started by the management, is never allowed to languish or become forgotten; for it is incorporated into the routine report from each store, and comes automatically to the attention of an executive whose duty it is to keep a sharp eye on the progress made by each store in every activity itemized in the monthly report.

Bottle breakage, for example, is a large item. This has been greatly reduced by a rule requiring each clerk to fill out a breakage slip whenever he breaks a bottle. The chain saved hundreds of dollars a year by this simple rule, carefully enforced.

How carefully little leakages are watched is indicated by the fact that in one store it was found that the soda dispenser, who was careful to keep the bowl of eggs brimming full, in order to make its appearance more attractive, failed to remember that if the eggs remaining in the bottom of the bowl were not taken out and placed on top of the new pile the result would be a layer of undisturbed stale eggs in the bottom of the bowl.

One unpleasant experience on the part of a customer as a result of this kind of oversight was enough. The fountain expert at headquarters was promptly notified and immediately devised a receptacle for eggs that rendered an accumulation of stale eggs in the bottom impossible.

The sizes of the scoops for serving ice cream are carefully determined at headquarters. Eggs and ice cream are the special diet of drug-store and soda-fountain clerks, and only the vigilance of the local manager can cope with this leakage and keep it down to reasonable proportions. Therefore, constant pressure must be applied to the local managers in order to repress this and other forms of waste that do not seem to lend themselves to more automatic and arbitrary treatment. A letter that really electrifies into action the fifty local managers of this chain of stores may mean the saving of many thousands of dollars at one stroke.

The Art of Good Buying

Here, for instance, is a punch delivered by the general manager of the chain which put every local manager on his toes:

"There are some small leaks in the store under your management that should be stopped. We think you should locate them rather than ourselves, and that you will prefer to do so. Consequently we simply call your attention to the necessity of finding and stopping them. A saving of ten dollars a week would be an almost infinitesimal fraction of the weekly business done by any of our stores; and yet that economy—about one dollar and forty-two cents a day—would mean twenty-six thousand dollars saved to the chain in a year. The leakage at the soda fountain and the candy and cigar counters must amount to more than this. From this time forward we shall expect you to effect a saving of ten dollars a week."

The results of this letter showed that the local managers were capable of responding to an appeal that was somewhat general in character, but which was founded on a shrewd and sensible analysis of the situation. Leaks were actually stopped to the extent of more than ten dollars a week in each store.

The greatest economies of chain management, however, are effected by means of centralized and scientific buying. Goods sell themselves to the chain store or else they remain unbought. No clever salesman can persuade a sale here—the goods and the price do the business; these two elements determine the outcome of practically every negotiation. Certainly a clever argument or a brilliant presentation has no bearing here. Every article considered for purchase that is amenable to a laboratory test is subjected to it. The chain is not open to the wiles of salesmanship; that commodity is entertained only behind the counters of its stores.

"The public," declares the former manager of this big chain, "has no idea of the amount of undesirable stuff that is unloaded on the ordinary storekeeper—especially the average druggist—by keen salesmen. Much of it is either commercially or intrinsically worthless. If it has not the vitality of genuine merit it is a poor investment and sure to work ultimate harm to the reputation of the store. If it is simply not what the people want, then it is a financial sinker about the merchant's neck. The average independent storekeeper—particularly in this business—suffers more waste and loss through bad buying than by any other means. He permits a load of stuff to be 'wished' on him by adroit salesmen.

"About the biggest thing a young man intending to become an independent retailer can learn from chain-store methods is the lesson of buying on a common-sense and scientific basis. He may never be able to maintain a regular testing laboratory approaching in effectiveness that of the chain, but he cannot fail to absorb something of the spirit of scientific buying which will prove a protection to him later."

Helping the Help to Climb

"Make no mistake on this score: in commercial life generally the art of selling is far more highly developed than that of buying. Or put it this way: I can find you twenty men who are really expert salesmen to one that is an expert buyer. Scientific buying is one of the great elements of strength of the chain-store system. The equipment of chain stores is identical and interchangeable. This means lower manufacturing cost, increased convenience and frequent saving of waste."

How many independent retailers are able to tell just how often they should turn their candy, cigar, stationery or other stocks? The percentage is admittedly small. And those who are able to tell, at the drop of the hat, just how many times one of these stocks has been turned since the beginning of the year form a still smaller proportion of the total; but the local manager of the chain store may at any moment expect to receive a note from the central office reading:

"Your candy stock has been turned, so far this year, at the rate of only nine times a year. This is not enough activity. It should show a pace of at least twelve times; that is the minimum with us. How do you explain this sluggishness?"

Every kind of stock kept in the stores has a carefully determined standard of movement; and when this is not maintained the manager must speed up on that stock at once or show cause. The proper relative investment in the various stocks carried has been figured out carefully by the management and determined on a basis as nearly scientific as possible—another evidence of the chain's consistent struggle to push guesswork out of the problem.

Inventories of chain stores are taken often and without warning, under the direction of a traveling expert who has all the details of inventorying standardized. This unexpectedness of stock-taking tends to discourage pilfering and it greatly stimulates the turning of stocks according to schedule.

One way by which the auditor at the head office detects a general tendency to waste in any store is this: Each manager is given, in the shape of an index number, the proper relation between his purchases and his sales. When his purchases or requisitions reveal the fact that his stock is creeping up the index number immediately reflects the increase. For example, if the index number of the stock to be carried in his store is sixty-five and his requisitions produce an index number of, say, seventy-five, the executive immediately knows that something has gone wrong. Either the manager is careless in his assortment of goods, or he lacks vigilance in keeping his stock at the proper level, or he is not getting the proper gross profit, or he is being robbed and not getting the money.

The chain that is national in its extent is able to use the great national weeklies and magazines to push its special brands and preparations, and to hire the best advertising talent to prepare its copy. This is an advantage that the independent retailer cannot hope to command; but the big thing for the independent retailer to learn from the advertising department of the chain store is how to prepare the signs and

SPRING-STEP HEELS

Walk on Rubber Cushions

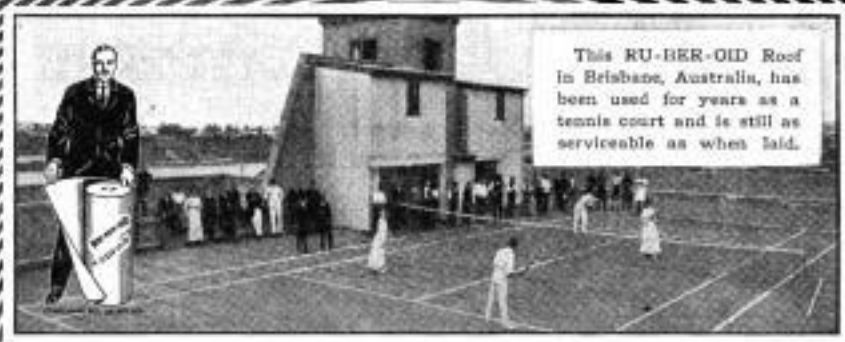
The barefoot boys walk on soft heels. So should you. Have Spring-Step Heels put on all your shoes. They will give you genuine comfort and make your shoes last longer.

Learn the real joy of walking on Spring-Step Rubber Heels.

These new Spring-Step Red Plug Heels cost no more than ordinary rubber heels. Don't accept inferior heels—get "Spring-Steps."

Ask for the Heel with the Red Plug

Spring-Step Rubber Heels are made by the largest Rubber Company in the World.


This RU-BER-OID Roof in Brisbane, Australia, has been used for years as a tennis court and is still as serviceable as when laid.

Wear-Proof

Tramp on it, throw live coals on it, let rain, snow, hail and sleet beat upon it; subject it to tests that ordinary roofing could never meet, and still

Pronounced "RU" as in RUBY
RU-BER-OID ROOFING
COSTS MORE - WEARS LONGER

will be unharmed, because it is made to resist the most severe usage. The long life of RU-BER-OID has brought it more than 300 imitators. The U. S. Court of Appeals enjoined imitators from using the word "Rubberoid or any similar name as the trade name or brand" of their roofing.

RU-BER-OID Roofing cannot crack, warp or rot. Cheaper roofings resemble it in appearance, but not in *durability*. Look for the "Ru-ber-oid Man" (shown above) on every roll.

RU-BER-OID Roofing laid more than 20 years ago is still giving perfect service. It is almost repair proof. It is sold by the leading retailers in each community.

RU-BER-OID is made in attractive gray and in colors (Ka-lor-oid)—Tile Red and Copper Green.

Free Books for You

Our illustrated books tell and show how to build and roof attractive and economical structures of all kinds. Mark and mail the coupon now.

The STANDARD PAINT CO.
NEW YORK and CHICAGO

Also makers of Ru-ber-oid Shingles, Amiwud Wall Board, and Impervite Waterproofing for Concrete

The Paraffine Paint Co., San Francisco (Under License)
The Standard Paint Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal

Building Book Coupon

The Standard Paint Co., 568 Woolworth Bldg., N. Y. City
Send me samples of Ru-ber-oid and the books opposite which I mark X. I intend to roof a.....

☐ Roofing a Home
☐ Building a Poultry House
☐ Building a Bungalow
☐ Building a Barn
☐ Building Your Own Garage
☐ Covering Your Factory
☐ Artistic Roofs
If a dealer, check here ☐

Name.....

Address.....

Digitized by Google

"That's Your Friend, The B. V. D. Label, Boys!"

"TAKE a mental snapshot of that *Red Woven Label*, Tom, and you won't be fooled as I've been once. Now, they can't sell *me* anything but B. V. D. Underwear. I'm just as particular about my *underclothes* as I am about my outer clothes.

"I prefer B. V. D. because it feels so soft and fits so good. Take my word for it, it's certainly cool and comfortable, washes up like new and gives me no end of wear. I don't buy, if the B. V. D. Red Woven Label is missing."

On every B. V. D. *Undergarment is sewed This Red Woven Label*

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07), $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment.

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

The B. V. D. *Company, New York.*

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

HALLMARK SHIRTS

"My Shirts—
the kind I've always wanted; at the price I wish to pay."

In HALLMARKS—the phrase "Fabric Quality" *means* something. Distinctive patterns and perfect tailoring in every detail.

Before buying your Summer shirts ask your dealer to show you HALLMARKS in laundered and French cuff styles.

Everywhere—$1, $1.50, and up.

HALL, HARTWELL & CO., Troy, N. Y.
Makers of
SLIDEWELL COLLARS

SAFETY FIRST

No Lengthy Advertisement is required to convince intelligent people of the desirability of purchasing handkerchiefs that reach them with a minimum of handling.

SEALPACKERCHIEF handkerchiefs are carefully made, soft laundered, inspected, folded, wrapped in tissue paper, placed in packages and sealed. Sensible people know that a manufacturer to succeed *must give value.*

SEALPACKERCHIEF

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

is on sale in thousands of good shops throughout the country. *But,* guard your own interests.

Ask for SEALPACKERCHIEF by name which is on every package, else you may not receive what you ask for.

Any dealer can secure SEALPACKERCHIEF if he will pay the price. You pay no more. Take a supply with you when you are going on a journey. There are many times when a fresh Kerchief comes in handy.

Packages for Men and Women Containing 1 for 10c, 3 for 25c, 2 for 25c, 3 for 50c, 1 for 25c.

SEALPACKERCHIEF CO.
New York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco

tickets that can be used so effectively in any store. This is another phase of salesmanship in which the chain store is an adept. Much trade is lost to the average retailer because he often neglects to help his goods to sell themselves. The failure to affix snappy and attractive price tickets to all displayed goods is a reliable way of doing this.

The right kind of descriptive price cards result not only in more sales but in quicker sales, as they help to expedite the customer's choice and save many questions.

No lesson of chain-store methods at their best is more important to the independent retailer than that of the proper handling of help. The general manager who has been quoted before in this article insists that this point should be emphasized, and says:

"Once a department-store manager asked me how we were able to get results from our help that no department store with which he was familiar could approach. My answer was rather brutal, but it served the purpose of making my point. 'I have always suspected,' I said, 'that the motto of the average department-store management must be: "If anything goes wrong raise hell with the help!" We follow the opposite line. No manager in this chain would dare to bully or ridicule a clerk. It doesn't pay; it is waste of the worst kind.'

"Just how far we go with our help is indicated by one experience: A local manager said to me that he regarded a certain clerk as hopeless. He said: 'I've tried to put the spurs to him in a decent way, but he doesn't seem to have the power to respond.'

"The man had a clean set-up and I decided that the fault must be more with the local manager than the clerk; so I spent several hours with the new man. He was evidently flattered to receive such attention from the general manager and told me his life story. He had been in business for himself and was successful for a time, and then met reverses and defeat. His spirit was somewhat broken by this, and when he took one job after another, with men who did not know how to handle him, he became discouraged."

Research With a Soda Fountain

"When our talk was over he was a different man. He knew that I understood him and that he had my viewpoint. From that minute he began to climb. To-day he is drawing a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. And that local manager thought he couldn't learn!

"Instead of repressing and snubbing and browbeating a clerk simply because he happens, at the moment, to occupy a subordinate position, his employers should endeavor to develop his individuality to the highest possible point. The local manager who is quick to catch this point of chain policy is on the way to high promotion.

"One manager noticed that a new clerk seemed fascinated by the business of the soda fountain. He was, therefore, assigned to that station as a helper. From that instant the fountain and all its equipment began to shine with a new luster. He was keen to experiment with new combinations and the manager encouraged him in that line of research. He started at twelve dollars a week and in just five years was getting five thousand dollars a year.

"The weakness of the chain store is that it is owned and managed—so far as most of its stores are concerned—by persons who live elsewhere. This doesn't make so much difference in a large city; but in a small one, or in a country town, local ownership is a big element. To overcome this the local manager must be able and tactful; he must make the store the most attractive, hospitable, cleanly and serviceable public place in the community.

"If the head of the chain enterprise does not keep up the quality and enthusiasm of his local managers he will be beaten all along the line. Regular meetings of local managers are held at headquarters four times a year. About thirty days before each meeting the store managers are notified of the main subjects that will be covered at the session, concerning which they are expected to bring all available information.

"The task of the executives is to send them back with larger enthusiasm for the policies, the methods and the men of the organization. When a manager's enthusiasm begins to wane it is time to promote a clerk to his place."

They're *Your* Teeth

You can do just as you like about taking care of them.

But if you don't protect them from "acid-mouth" you are pretty sure to lose them. 95% of tooth-decay, it is said, is caused by "acid-mouth."

That is a mighty strong reason why you should use

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

It tends to counteract "acid-mouth."

Pebeco cleans and whitens the teeth; purifies and refreshes the mouth; strengthens the gums.

"Constructing railroad bridges is my profession. Pebeco Tooth Paste is my choice of tooth pastes because it works on the only scientific principle by which teeth can really be *saved*—by acting against harmful mouth acids."

Sample Tube and Test Papers FREE

A ten-day trial tube and acid-test papers to test your mouth for acid—sent free. May we have your name and address?

LEHN & FINK
122 William St. New York
MAKERS OF PEBECO
Canadian Office, 1 & 3 St. Helen St., Montreal

We Will Pay For Your Summer's Vacation

Go where you please; do what you like.

WE will advance the money you need, in exchange for a little of your spare time this spring. Hundreds of young men and women have been able to go to the shore, to the mountains, to the country, because they accepted *this offer we are making you.* Upon receipt of your letter, we will tell you why we will "finance" your vacation. Address

Agency Division, Box 871

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Digitized by Google

Sunshine – the Wonder Bakery – Biggest in the World

THIS largest bakery in the world has just been opened in New York City. It has come to supply the enormous demand for Sunshine Biscuits that our bakeries in Kansas City, Minneapolis, Omaha, Dallas, St. Louis, Chicago and Boston were unable to fill. For the Sunshine purity and appetizing taste of Sunshine Biscuits have won their way into all parts of the world.

In every Sunshine Bakery Sunshine Biscuits are baked—not in the dusty air of the basement, but up in the sunshine on the top floor in scores of mammoth ovens. Every process is performed in the sunshine which pours through myriad windows. That is why they are called Sunshine Biscuits.

Perhaps to you the word Sunshine has been merely an attractive name for a biscuit. To us it stands for a principle, an ideal, an essential ingredient in every Sunshine recipe.

Sunshine Biscuits are made in almost numberless varieties. Their superior quality is as evident in Takhoma Biscuit (the Sunshine Soda that breaks evenly in the center) as in the famous Sunshine Specialties, which include those most tempting of Biscuit Bonbons—Sunshine Hydrox, Sunshine Clover Leaves, Sunshine Tan San.

Sunshine Biscuits are delivered freshly baked to grocers everywhere.

Visitors are welcome at all Sunshine Bakeries. Come and see Sunshine Biscuits made in the Sunshine. It's a treat and an education. We should like to send you some examples of Sunshine Biscuits for you to try. Send 10c, partially to cover the cost of postage and packing, and you will receive a wonderful "Revelation Box" containing fourteen kinds of Sunshine Specialties.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits

751 Thomson Ave., L. I. C., New York

Sunshine Biscuits

"The Quality Biscuits of America"

Digitized by Google

Maxwell

This is the car that 38,000 happy owners have given the "rough and tumble" acid test of real automobile owners' wear

An automobile on the road for 18 months in constant, every-day use by an owner ceases to be a designer's theory.

It becomes—either a great automobile success; or it becomes—a great automobile failure.

Multiply one model by 38,000 and give each one of these 38,000 automobiles day in and day out rough and tumble wear, and if this car stands up and delivers, it has become one of the rare great automobile successes.

And that is the Maxwell success today—that is exactly the "Acid Test" that the Maxwell has passed through, and that is why the Maxwell is the most talked about automobile that is built today.

The Maxwell automobile is today one of the very few great automobile successes the world has ever known.

The Maxwell Company's Guarantee of Service to Maxwell Owners

No other automobile is backed by a more reliable service than that guaranteed every Maxwell owner. More than 2,000 Maxwell dealers—located in every part of this country and Canada, and 54 District Managers' Offices, are always ready to give expert advice, make adjustments, and supply or secure new parts at reasonable prices.

And this splendid service organization is perfected and completed by Sixteen great Maxwell Service Stations, which are so located throughout the country that a Maxwell dealer can get, within a few hours, any part that he has not in stock.

Order a Maxwell now, and when you want it delivered, you will get your car—not an excuse on delivery day.

Maxwell Five-Passenger Touring Car,	$695, f. o. b. Detroit.	In Canada, $ 925.
Maxwell Roadster, ...	670, f. o. b. Detroit.	In Canada, 900.
Maxwell Cabriolet, ...	840, f. o. b. Detroit.	In Canada, 1,105.
Any model equipped with electric self-starter,	$55 extra.	In Canada, $70 extra.

Write for beautiful 1915 Maxwell Catalogue. Address, Department B.

MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY, Inc. . . Detroit, Michigan

"Every Road is a Maxwell Road"

Digitized by Google

THE ANARCHIST

(Continued from Page 13)

My mother—my mother—my mother was a peasant. I too, monsieur, was bred to a life of toil. Early in the morning, before the gray had turned to rose, I went forth with my flock of long-white-haired goats, and with my own hands prepared for them at noonday their meal of prickly pear."

"Charming! Charming! Charming!" the gentleman murmured. "Particularly those goats! I can see them now, clustered about you, eating their meal of prickly pear. But your style, madame, if you will pardon me, is, I think, too vivid, too picturesque for a dry, official *dossier*."

"You think I am deceiving you?"

"Not at all, madame. Only actual experience could have given you so vivid an idea of goats. But I must trouble you to let me put the facts into concise form."

She gave her birthplace, her age as twenty-nine, her condition as widowhood; education—none at all; her successive places of residence, which included most of the capitals of Europe. She had been in service, in families that she named, as chambermaid and governess. Her husband had been in the Buranian army. She had three children, now living with her mother in the Buranian capital.

He took it all down in his notebook, placed the book in his pocket, and declared himself quite satisfied.

"And you will not betray me to King Paul?"

"Not while you observe the conditions."

"His Majesty," she began with an affectation of carelessness, "has he any particular object in his visit to Paris?"

"None, madame, that can interest you as one of his oppressed people. His object, as I understand, is merely to conduct certain semiofficial negotiations in regard to his daughter-in-law, the Crown Princess Elena."

"And what is he going to do about the Princess?"

"I believe he has decided that the safest thing for him and the state is to marry her off."

"Indeed! And is the lady to be consulted?"

"At the proper time—that is, after the negotiations have been completed."

"And who is the fortunate bridegroom?"

"The second son of the Grand Duke of Carlsbourg—Prince Victor."

The Countess Lipska became of a sudden very thoughtful. She walked to the window, looked out on the Place Vendôme, and then came back.

"M. the Secret Agent," she said, "you have asked me a great many questions. Now I shall ask you some. What is your name?"

"You may call me—M. Vibert."

"That is not your real name?"

"Oh, no, indeed, madame! We agents never tell our real names—any more than the hangman does."

"You seem like a gentleman."

"I am one."

"Then, M. Vibert, I would suggest to you that you make your surveillance for the rest of the day personal and absolute. I feel—oh, I cannot tell you how I feel—nervous, distraught; mad for distraction and entertainment. Indeed, if you don't look after me, on your own head be it; for I feel an irresistible desire to go out and throw a bomb at that old King Paul!"

III

M. VIBERT found the Countess Lipska extraordinarily, almost pathetically, ignorant of the things people do to prove to themselves that they are in Paris. She scarcely knew where one teas or drives, or goes to the theater, or has supper afterward. M. Vibert had always supposed that haunts like these were the native heath of the adventuress.

And being ignorant, she was most eager to learn, like a young girl out of the convent—yearning to grow all at once from a bud to a full-blown woman of the world. She had never been to the Pré Catalan; she had never been to the Café de Paris; she had never been even to the Folies-Bergères—those places whither every good American repairs the day after landing.

Installed in a new retreat she would twist and turn and look about her, and lean across the table to him with a flood of eager questions: "Who comes here? Who are these people? What are they doing? Are they respectable?"—always with a slight bias in favor of their not being quite conventional or respectable.

M. Vibert did his duty by her and kept her so busy she had scarcely time to think of mischief; for it was not only one day or two that he called for the Countess at her hotel in the Place Vendôme—it developed into a habit. She was insatiable; she could not get enough pleasure. And as for him, he had all the satisfaction of the male the world over in seeing a pretty woman's lips part and her eyes glow under the spell of a new experience provided by him.

Her tastes, after all, were of the simplest. She loved interminable driving in the Bois in a hired cab, and teaing afterward while the shabby cabman waited for them without the barrier—waited and waited, for she put all the poetry of her semi-oriental nature into the mere drinking of a cup of tea.

She loved the Hungarian musicians and the oversoulful way they had of tearing the heart out of the songs of the boulevards; she loved the damp, sweet breath of the earth and evergreens that blew in on them from the wood; she loved lingering until the frank frivolity of the afternoon had melted into the sweet melancholy of twilight, and twilight had deepened and become the romance of night—until, in other words, the lanterns were lighted and one might as well stop for dinner as move on.

And always, M. Vibert noted, she was acting and trying to imagine herself other than what she was—a part, no doubt, of her miserable vocation. She wished herself an actress, an American, a shopgirl—even a servant!

"And why," he said, "would you wish to be a servant?"

"Oh, yes!" the Countess returned; "a Breton servant, running out in my black frock and coif to bring my mistress a loaf of bread! Enchanting! I am alone; I am away from my native Brittany, which makes me a bit of poetry to look on. I have only to work and receive my wages, which I save, if I please, for my *dot*—and I and my thoughts are free!"

"But I understood, madame," said M. Vibert—not in the *juge-d'instruction* tone he once had used; oh, no, he was tender and sympathetic now, you may be sure—"that among the earlier vicissitudes of your life you had been ——"

"True; true!" she interrupted hastily. "That was quite different. A miserable time, monsieur! Do not remind me of it."

They were sitting thus one evening, at the end of dinner, half in light, half in darkness—she toying with the remains of a liqueur, he smoking one of a procession of cigarettes. Oddly enough, she was not fond of smoking. Sometimes she lighted a cigarette—as she had done to-night—barely puffed it, and then threw it away impatiently into the grass. She sat now, brooding, looking away into the shadows.

"And what is our impersonation to-night, madame?"

She was ready on the instant, for the first time, with a play that included him.

"I will tell you what we are. I have been thinking it out. We are shopkeepers' children and we are *fiancé*. Our parents have arranged our marriage; and we have met, but in a stiff, stupid little drawing-room, and at stiff, stupid little dinners where we have sat—oh, so shy and tonguetied!—wondering, wondering about each other. You are wondering whether I am as innocent as I seem; and I whether you can possibly be as romantic as you look. What age have you?—really, I mean."

"Twenty-eight, madame."

"You may keep that age. I am twenty-nine; but I choose to be only nineteen. We have run away to dine together all alone, and to wonder what it will be like to dine together all the evenings of our life. We are beginning to think we shall like it. There! Is not that charming?"

"Charming, madame; but perhaps a little ——"

She looked at him sharply.

"Perhaps you are already *fiancé*?"

"Oh, no, madame."

"Or married?"

"Still less, madame."

"Achieve your adjective, then."

"My adjective was to have been—a little commonplace."

"Commonplace? Oh, no!—for you would have been making love to me."

Start Your FORD
Or Any Other Light Car From The SEAT

With the famous Sandbo Starter—a wonderful invention—the starter that always starts, winter or summer, no matter what the temperature. Sold on a guarantee to **start any motor that can be started** by hand cranking—for Fords, Maxwells, Metzes, Saxons, Studebaker Fours and all light cars.

Throw Away Your Crank

Attach the Odd-Shaped Wheel—then you can start your car from the seat **every time.** In one revolution this odd-shaped wheel gains six inches over the ordinary crank. That's where we have the big leverage—the increased speed over hand cranking—that's what makes the

Sandbo Starter

Put Your Foot on Primer and Pull Handle—Away She Goes

the logical starter. It "turns the motor over" and turns it faster than anyone can possibly spin it by hand. It gives the engine **a complete revolution.**

Over Two Compressions—Past Two Ignition Points

Price $14

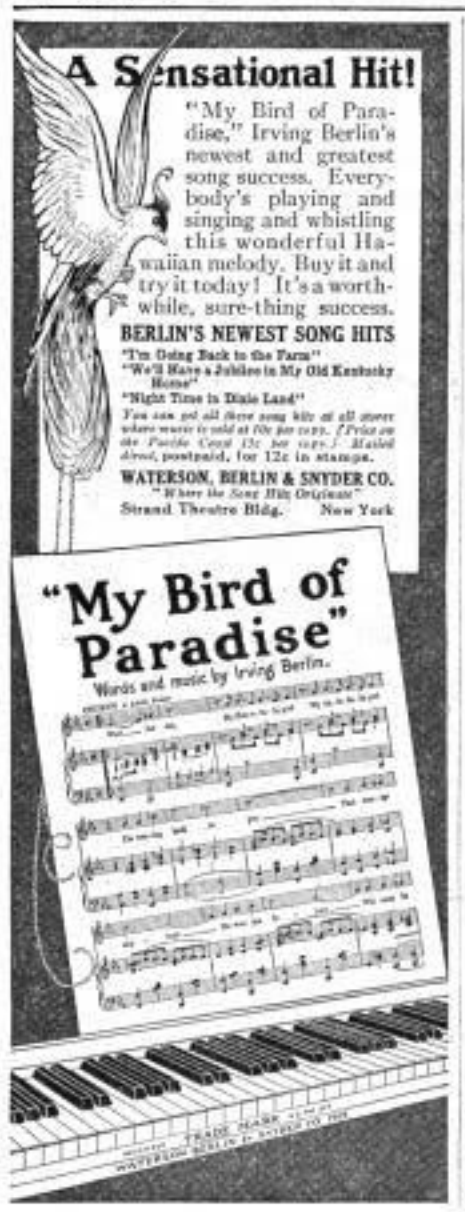
The engine must start if it's startable. You prime the carburetor from the seat—a quick pull (not a hard one) on the neat handle on the dash and your engine goes. Simple, sure, safe (double release in case of back fire). Easy to attach—nothing to get out of order. 47,000 Sandbo Starters in use April 1st—every user a booster. Price $14.

Illustrated booklet free on request. Visitors at the Panama-Pacific Exposition may see the Sandbo demonstrated in the Transportation Building.

Note the odd-shaped wheel. Write today for Free Booklet—telling the "why" of it.

Agents and Dealers Wanted

The Sandbo Starter is a splendid money maker for agents and dealers the country over. We need good men in territory where we are not now represented. Salesmen and agents with Fords or other light cars given the preference. Write

SANDBO STARTER COMPANY
29 Sandbo Building Rock Island, Illinois

A Sensational Hit!
"My Bird of Paradise," Irving Berlin's newest and greatest song success. Everybody's playing and singing and whistling this wonderful Hawaiian melody. Buy it and try it today! It's a worthwhile, sure-thing success.
BERLIN'S NEWEST SONG HITS
"I'm Going Back to the Farm"
"We'll Have a Jubilee in My Old Kentucky Home"
"Night Time in Dixie Land"
You can get all these song hits at all stores where music is sold at 10c per copy. Price on the Pacific Coast 12c per copy. Mailed direct, postpaid, for 12c in stamps.
WATERSON, BERLIN & SNYDER CO.
"Where the Song Hits Originate"
Strand Theatre Bldg. New York
"My Bird of Paradise"
Words and music by Irving Berlin.

Chauffeur: "Yes Sir, I've tried various oils, and I find that she runs better on HAVOLINE."

Motorist: "How do you account for it?"

Chauffeur: "Why, she simply goes farther on the same amount of fuel—she doesn't seem to get out of order so quickly, and I find the pistons and cylinders are left pretty clean."

Motorist: "Well, is it O. K. for this kind of a car?"

Chauffeur: "O. K.'s the word. Your car takes HAVOLINE Medium. There are different grades for the different makes."

Motorist: "All right, buy a couple of cans."

HAVOLINE OIL, is sold by all Garages and Auto Accessory shops. Look for the blue-and-white can with the inner seal.

The HAVOLINE lubrication booklet, free upon request. Write today to

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
17 Battery Pl. Dept. A New York

HAVOLINE OIL
"It Makes a Difference"

Digitized by Google

You Roll Them Right With Riz La Croix

Millions of smokers the world over who make their own cigarettes use Riz La Croix "papers" exclusively, because these famous "papers" are *easier to roll* with, make *better* cigarettes and insure *complete* enjoyment.

RIZ LA ✠.

(Pronounced: REE-LAH-KROY)

FAMOUS CIGARETTE PAPERS

Made from the best *flax*-linen, a *vegetable* product, Riz La Croix are as *pure* as a pure food and entirely *wholesome*.

Perfect combustion and pure quality render them absolutely *tasteless* in smoking — you get the fine, unspoiled flavor and fragrance of your favorite tobacco.

Your cigarettes roll *smooth*, round and "*hold together*," because of the lightness, thinness and natural adhesiveness of Riz La Croix.

5c

FREE

Two interesting, illustrated Booklets—one about RIZ LA CROIX Cigarette Papers, the other showing how to "Roll Your Own" cigarettes—sent anywhere in U. S. on request. Address The American Tobacco Co., Room 1321, 111 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

10¢ Whit-Leather GUARANTEED HOSIERY for Men Women & Children

Tough as Whit-Leather

DON'T let the *small price*—10c—prejudice you against Whit-Leather Hosiery. It buys *the biggest money's worth* that has ever been given in quality and durability with an *extra guarantee* that 6 pairs will show no holes in four months, or we replace them free, or your money back.

Two grades only—10c and 12½c

IF your dealer hasn't them, we will send hose post-paid on receipt of price and his name. Give size, color (all solid colors), also whether men's, women's or children's hose are wanted.

Whit-Leather Hosiery Mills

Selling Agents:
A. Gilmer Bros. Co., Inc. Winston-Salem, N. C.

Choosing the Right Knife

isn't a matter of knowledge. You can be *sure* of quality and of long life in picking your pocket companion if you'll just select one bearing the Keen Kutter Trade Mark. That identifies top-notch materials and first-rate workmanship.

KEEN KUTTER

Pocket Knives have highest quality English crucible steel blades that take and hold a paper-cutting edge. They have plenty of snap in the springs. Dealer authorized to refund price for any Keen Kutter piece not proving satisfactory.

Send for our Cutlery Booklet No. A-551

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY
St. Louis New York Philadelphia Toledo
Minneapolis Sioux City Wichita

It was quite two days since the Countess had first discovered that M. Vibert was making love to her in every way but in words. For a man whose every glance was a witness to the fascination she exercised on him, his self-control was marvelous and could be ascribed only to prudence. There are penalties to being an adventuress.

Now he leaned forward and his tone was tense.

"Madame la Comtesse," he said, "I love playing with fire. I have loved playing with fire and thinking I would not let it burn me. Now I have decided it is pleasanter to be burned."

He seized her hands as he spoke; and it somehow surprised his mood when she quite conventionally drew them away, breathing:

"Oh, you mustn't do anything like that!"

She was surprised that he submitted so tamely to having them withdrawn. She looked up and caught him staring over her shoulder. Evidently he had caught the eye of an acquaintance.

"At whom are you staring in that very stupid way?"

"Don't look!" he admonished her.

Of course, at that, she deliberately prepared to look her fill. She turned, preening herself to let fall on some unknown wretch a haughty, transfixing stare.

"I beg you not to do it!" remonstrated M. Vibert.

She lifted her chin defiantly, twisted her head and then flashed back again, with a swift, birdlike turn of the throat. She looked frightened.

"You saw him?"

"Yes, I saw him. M. Vibert, let us go away. Quickly! I don't want to stay here."

Out of the shadows a tall form was bearing down on them revealing presently a countenance quite familiar at that moment in the shop windows of Paris—a bronzed countenance decorated with dashing imperial and white mustache. The strange gentleman tapped M. Vibert familiarly on the shoulder and said:

"Present me, my dear boy, to your charming companion."

His charming companion removed her hands from their task of shading her face and looked up defiantly into the royal countenance. After a moment of surprise King Paul stooped and imprinted an unemotional kiss on the lady's forehead.

"Ah, my dear Elena!" he said. "And how have you amused yourself in Paris?"

"Quite well, papa," replied the lady, "until the present moment."

IV

"YOU knew it!" the Countess declared. "You knew it all the time. You have been playing with me! You are in his pay, very likely!"

The old King had discreetly withdrawn and left them alone, smiling a wily smile over his daughter-in-law's head—alone, indeed, for their charming dreams were gone and they were face to face with a sordid reality.

"On my honor!"

"On your honor!"

"Pray allow me a moment to readjust my ideas before I am called on to rise and defend my honor."

"I do not believe you are a secret agent at all."

"I admit it. I have wondered at your allowing yourself to be deceived so easily."

She noticed that no hint of change had crept into his manner since the fatal discovery of her royal birth. He was neither servile nor embarrassed—which proved him either noble or of an unshakable impudence.

"My dear lady, I must prepare you for an unpleasant shock."

"Don't tell me you are ——"

"One of the miserable race that should be blotted from the earth? I am!"

The Countess leaned back and looked at M. Vibert coldly.

"Fate could never be so cruel, so hackneyed and so commonplace as to turn you into Victor of Carlsbourg ——"

"Heaven forbid! I am only his younger brother, Stephen—and I adore you!"

Her breast heaved with relief and her eyes sparkled. Soft, sighing music came from the pavilion and the scent of flowers was all round them.

"Let us," she said, "go back to where we were. Of course I must be married sometime, and that will annoy our old fox just as much as though you were a mere captain of the guard."

The believer in equality and the rights of man stretched her hand across the table,

Cheney Cravats

upset any notion you may have had that a silk tie will not wear a long time and retain its neat appearance. Just you drop into your favorite shop, ask to see the Cheney spring line at 50c, $1 and $1.50. Pick out a few that you like; try them out. But be sure to look for this identification in the neckband:

CHENEY SILKS

CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers
4th Ave. and 18th St.
New York

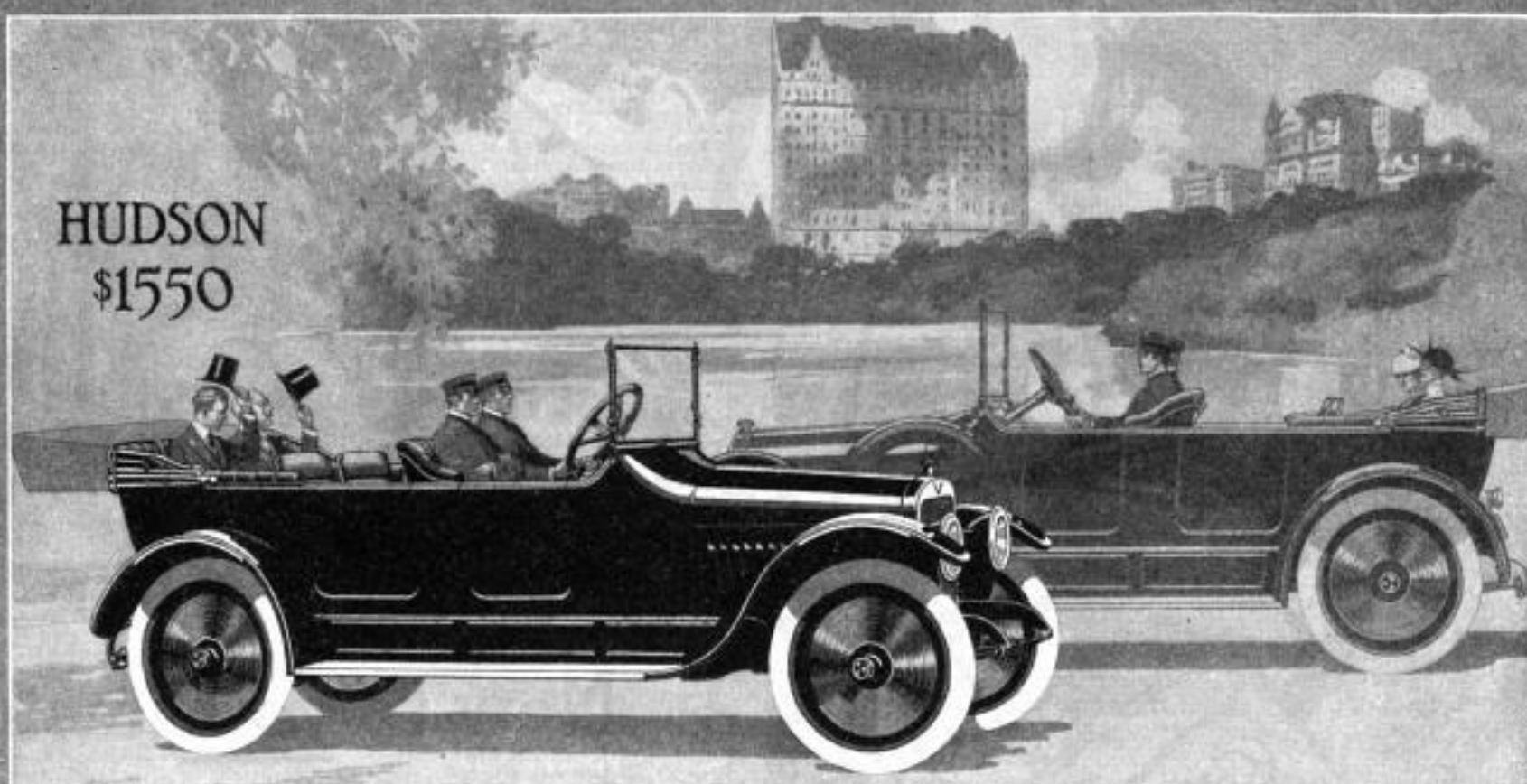
$500.00 *for* COLLEGE EXPENSES

YOU can earn that amount easily during the spring and summer. Hundreds of energetic young men and women did it last summer by representing *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

YOU CAN BEGIN NOW

The Curtis Publishing Company
Educational Division, Box 574
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Digitized by Google



The New Idea of Class

Time was, you know, when horsepower marked the standing of a car. Then size and price. Extravagance and excess were in vogue.

Those times have changed. Not in motor cars alone, but in all ideas of living. Simplicity has come in place, refinement, moderation, satisfaction without show.

The HUDSON was a leader in that change. It was a pioneer in lightness, in operative economy and in class at a modest price. It created this new-day type.

Now HUDSON typifies good taste. One is everywhere impressed by the class of men who own it. Many of them have long owned cars at two and three times this price. The most conspicuous proof of the change in trend is this growing HUDSON clan.

No More Experiments

Another notable fact is this: Fully nine-tenths of the HUDSON owners are men who have paid for experience. They are men who are done with experiments.

Such men, when they come to a new type, demand more than fair promises. They want proof of perfection. Otherwise, they know the risks and are not inclined to take them.

These men are buying HUDSON in the Light Six type, because 12,000 men have proved it. These owners, in the past two seasons, have driven some 30 million miles. In the HUDSON, every question has been answered. Men are everywhere ready to vouch for it.

These old-time motorists—the men you see in HUDSONS—know that our mammoth output insures the greatest value. Our financial strength insures them constant protection.

They know that Howard E. Coffin, our chief designer, never makes mistakes. That a model he stands for, after four years of work on it, is certain to be right.

They know that this new type has involved many radical changes. And a little saving in price is not sufficient insurance. One breakdown would eat it up.

They know how cars differ in service, in upkeep cost and second-hand value. Costly experience has taught them to buy cars of the HUDSON class.

New Ideals in Vogue

HUDSON stands for uncompromising quality. There are a thousand temptations to skimp a car in aiming at attractive price. HUDSON designers have never yielded to one of them.

HUDSON stands for true lightness. Over-weight is crudity. The HUDSON weight—2870 pounds—has been attained, part by part, by better materials and better designing. It has cut tire and fuel cost in two, as compared with old-time Sixes, without one sacrifice of strength.

HUDSON stands for absolute refinement. We have devoted four years to this model. And two of those years, since this type first appeared, have been given to final touches.

The more you see and know, the more the HUDSON will grow on you. It will be your first choice in this class. Prove this now, while most HUDSON dealers can still make prompt delivery. We have trebled our output to help avoid the long delays of last year.

7-Passenger Phaeton, $1550, f. o. b. Detroit
Four other body styles

The HUDSON Company never loses interest in the cars it sells. So long as a car is in service we maintain our interest in the character of its service. That's one great reason for HUDSON reputation.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan

Digitized by Google

Camel

New to your taste!

Camel Cigarettes have a flavor as unique as it is enticing. They are mild and mellow, yet have "body"; they may be smoked liberally, because they are *free* from tongue-bite, throat-parch and any unpleasant cigaretty after-taste.

Blended choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos in Camels appeal to smokers more than either tobacco smoked straight. Camels *will not tire the taste*, and are as refreshing as they are satisfying.

You will instantly appreciate Camel *quality* and *blend*. Compare Camels with *any* cigarette sold at *any* price. **Camels will stand any test!**

Camels will meet every cigarette desire! You owe it to yourself to know the real enjoyment this remarkable *blend* will give you! 20 for 10c.

If your dealer can't supply you with Camel Cigarettes, send 10c for one package or $1.00 for a carton of ten packages (200 cigarettes), sent postage prepaid. If after smoking one package you are not delighted with Camels, return the other nine packages and we will refund your dollar and postage.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Cigarettes

Digitized by Google

THE PHŒNIX

(Continued from Page 20)

and he nodded to her as politely as he had nodded to the clock. He took out a big silk handkerchief and blew his nose. And then we all sat down, just the way folks do after a funeral, when they read aloud from the will. Martin spoke not to me and not to Alice, but just to some spot in front of his eyes.

"I have reached a decision," said he. "And it becomes my duty to state it to you, Mr. Dame, and to this young woman. What I ought to do I will not hesitate to do."

"Of course—that's right," said I.

"There is such a thing as personal honor," he went on, nodding and folding his arms. "There's also such a thing as family honor. Justice and honor are in the world; and justice and honor require that you, Alice, shall have returned to you and to your little daughter the fullest measure of amends I can make to you, to repair the wrong done by Christian Whitney. Accordingly ——"

He stopped there and waited, as though to weigh his words. Then he went on:

"Accordingly I have come, Alice, to ask your hand in marriage."

The girl gave a little cry of fright and her gray eyes closed tight! The man of steel looked at her sternly and raised his hand slowly.

"Do not misunderstand," said he, talking like one of Jane Austen's novels. "I have in mind only restoration to you of the name of Whitney and the obligation of the family, of which I am now the only representative, to give to you and to your little daughter continuous and adequate support.

"Fortunately I am able to tell you that I have for women nothing but respect. No affection for any one of them could come to me. The matter is purely the performance of an obligation—principally to that innocent little human being who has many years to live. I cannot bear to have a woman near me. The cry of a baby is most irritating to me. The process, therefore, is simple. Do you listen?"

Alice nodded her head and folded her hands in her lap, as though she were waiting for a verdict in a murder trial.

"I propose, then, that a ceremony be performed. I propose that where you came from and why I married you shall not be disclosed to anyone who does not know. I propose that for three weeks you shall reside in the Whitney homestead, where you will then have not only a human but a legal right to be. I propose that at the end of three weeks—no more, no less—you leave my house and go away, wherever you may wish.

"Full provision will be made for you. You shall never need for anything. You may return home—go or do as you like. You owe nothing to me. The family debt will have been paid off. All arrangements have been made. It is only necessary for you to go now with me to the house of one of these native clergymen. He will be ready for us."

"I can't," she said, standing up. "I can't!"

Whitney pointed to the pink knitted shawl on the sofa and what was under it. I think he held his finger out for five minutes, motionless; and the girl stared at it as though a light burned on its end. At last she spoke. She said:

"Yes."

So Martin went away with her in the rain and the mud—a curious pair, picking their way under two umbrellas toward the town. At five she came back; and, without a word, she took the baby and pressed my wife's hand until it was almost asleep, and then went over to the old Whitney home. She went through the gate, and up through the geometrical pines and past the iron dog, and up the steps and into the house.

She had been married. And there you are!

There was talk enough in Bodbank! Some said she was a woman from South America who had been sold to Martin as a slave when she was thirteen years old. Some others said she had come to visit us, just as we had said, and that the man of steel had softened toward her. Some said Martin had married her for money.

And so it went. Days come and go, but chatter and the prattle go on forever. It was a mystery; and, like all mysteries, time unwinds it. Time unwound it; and at the end of two weeks the story of the depot master, and of my foreman, and of the livery-stable keeper who had let the mare to Christian and had had so much trouble getting it back from the Junction, where Christian had left it, and other stories, were all put together.

So something like the truth was known; and Bodbank was disappointed, because when Bodbank guesses Bodbank can make the truth look like a crab apple beside one of my Black Bens.

None of it touched Martin Whitney. None of it touched Alice, his wife. Neither of them went off the place and nobody came near them. And there you are!

Spring had come on; and sometimes, through the open window in the upstairs room, a light would shine where the girl was going to bed in the old-time four-poster. Sometimes I could hear her singing, as though she had found some kind of happiness, and I thought maybe it was that she was looking forward to the day when she could go away.

Sometimes I noticed she had done little things round the old place. She had found some old curtains somewhere and hung them in the windows of one room downstairs. I wondered whether she had done it to please him.

He was eating his meals alone in his room; he had them carried up by the Spanish servant. Most of his days he spent in the carpenter shop; and in the evenings he would go for walks and only come home late, to sit on the porch—'way into the night. I could see the glow of his tobacco, and the flare of matches as often as the pipe would go out. He was a man of steel, they said.

Once I saw him at a moment when the girl had walked down under the pines and left the baby in the little box she had fixed for it. He got up from his chair and went and looked down at the little thing—the way a dog looks down at a new litter of kittens—as though it was hard to understand.

And sometimes, when he was sitting alone beside the front door and I could hear her singing upstairs, I used to think of what he had said about women humming round the house. But I knew if I went over and looked I'd find his face like a galvanized-iron mask. And there you are!

Nobody knows about matters of this kind—how they work out; but I remember that there was almost a week more to run when, on Friday, the sixth day of May, there came the big revolution. And I was away.

About noon the girl went out onto the porch of the old Whitney place. She was dressed exactly as she had been when she came. She wore the same hat, the same brown suit, the same shoes; and she carried the baby in her arms. She found Martin sitting there, resting after his work in the shop.

"Good-by!" she said with a new look in her face. Whitney just stared at her. "I'm going," she said.

"It is not yet time," said he. "The day has not come."

"Nevertheless, I am going," she answered, looking straight at him out of her big gray eyes.

"What is the matter?" asked Martin.

And then she threw open all the batteries of her feelings.

"I've realized—that's all," she began. "I'm tired of being treated the way I've always been treated—like a potted plant. It's the way most women are treated, it seems to me. I'm not a piece of property. I owe no apologies to anybody for what I've ever done. The worst thing I ever did was to be a woman. And, before it's too late, I want to live so my daughter will know, when she grows up, that a woman isn't a helpless, feeble feather, blown about in the world's wind.

"Listen! I grew up in a way that made me think, no matter how much I reasoned about it, that a woman was always like a trunk. A trunk belongs to somebody and has to be taken care of by somebody, and it hasn't any destiny of its own. And it goes where it is checked. And it's claimed at the other end. Somebody always owns the trunk. They may like it. They may not. It may be useful and it may be pretty; but it's a trunk. You can't fool me by your chivalry talk any longer."

"Stop!" said the man of steel, closing his square mouth. He might as well have said it to the flow of the Mississippi.

"You can't fool me with the chivalry talk," she went on. "You've treated me as

THE world is a wonderful, ever-changing panorama of new and interesting sights to the man who rides a 1915

Indian Motocycle

You are not confined to "some place within walking distance," but may go wherever you wish, comfortably, quickly, economically, at 25 miles or more an hour, on an Indian.

An exhilarating spin before work; a refreshing ride after supper; Sunday and holiday tours out in the cool, unlimited open—these are what the Indian brings you.

The *Cradle Spring Frame* yields a solid comfort on rough roads which comes from no other kind of riding. The 9 exclusive Basic Advancements assure the continued world-supremacy of this "Master of Them All"—the 1915 Indian.

ONE, TWO AND THREE SPEED MODELS

2,800 Indian dealers—everywhere—assure over-night service—anywhere

1915 Catalog on request

HENDEE MANUFACTURING CO., 701 State Street, Springfield, Mass.

(Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World)

Branches and Service Stations: Chicago, Dallas, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Atlanta, Toronto, Melbourne, London

What Kind of a Towel Did You Use Today?

A fabric towel?—the towel the crowd used? If so, ask yourself these questions:

Who Used It Before You?

Do You Know the Health of Every Person Who Used It?

Was It Safe to Use?

Quite apart from the danger of contagion, the very idea of the fabric towel for common use in public, semi-public and business places is surely repugnant to your sense of cleanliness.

Here is the individual, the sanitary, the safe, towel to use.

Absorbent

ScotTissue Towels

Fold and "Use Like a Blotter"

Never touched until you use them. Soft and linenlike. Their snowy whiteness bespeaks absolute cleanliness, and when it comes to absorbency—the real paper towel test for satisfaction and economy—ScotTissue's superiority is convincing. How much moisture will a paper towel absorb from the skin and how quickly? That is what gives satisfaction in a towel.

ScotTissue comes in rolls; also in flat sheets for our new patented fixture which delivers one towel at a time, already folded and ready for use, free or coin delivery.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

By Dr. Randle C. Rosenberger

the well-known bacteriologist of the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, regarding the dangers of the fabric towel, which recently appeared in "Forecast Magazine." This publication has permitted us to reprint the article in booklet form for free distribution.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY

723 Glenwood Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Digitized by Google

The Cigarette with three times as many friends

TALK about men who can afford *any* priced cigarette! More of them smoke FATIMA than any other brand. Because FATIMA gives so much *more* in cigarette satisfaction than the mere price of 15c stands for.

The fact is that smokers of *all sorts* have built that score of *3 to 1 in favor of* FATIMA —three out of four smokers will not have any other 15c cigarette.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

Distinctively Individual

THE TURKISH BLEND *Cigarette*

20 for 15¢

6 DAYS AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION $30

First-class hotel. Room & bath. Bus and baggage free. Admissions to Fair and Joy Zone Attractions. Tours of San Francisco Bay and Cities. All for the $30. Transportation and tour advice free. Guaranteed service. Highest references. Tour Companies' trade solicited.
SECURE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW. Write or wire for information.
EXPO. TOUR SERVICE CO., 155 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Sheer weight with sure wear!

Here's a cool, silky summer sock so sheer that you can *see* through it; yet so durable that it takes a long time to *wear* through it.

One ounce per pair — No. 599 — Only 25 cents

Notice the whole-foot reinforcement. It begins far back over the toes and extends to a point above the heel line of a low shoe—every wear-part reinforced with extra strong, "extra twist" yarn. Colors: black, white, heliotrope, dark grey, navy blue, golden tan and palm-beach. Sizes 9 to 11½.

Gauze weight with good wear is what you want now—get some 599's. If you don't know of an Iron Clad dealer nearby, send us 25 cents a pair and give colors and sizes wanted. We prepay postage.

TRADE Iron Clad MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

New catalog in colors, *free*
Shows Iron Clads for the whole family. Send for it today.

Cooper, Wells & Company
212 Vine Street
St. Joseph Michigan

though I had something to blush for. And the only thing I had to blush for was being willing to be a piece of baggage that could be routed through life by men only, like a consignment of so many pounds of such and such so-called priceless material. You think you're better than Christian, do you? You're not! He treated me as though he was a dog! You've treated me as though *I* was the dog! I'm going!"

Martin never moved a muscle of his face. He got up again, just like an ambassador, and made a low bow.

"Where shall I send you your maintenance?" said he quietly.

"Nowhere!" the girl flung out at him. "Nowhere! I'm going away with my daughter. We'll pay our way or go down. We'll route ourselves. Good-by!"

Whitney looked at her a long time.

"I might suggest that no train leaves on the W. L. & N. until nine to-night," he said.

"There's one at the Junction at ten minutes of five. I intend to be driven there," she said.

Martin bowed very low again.

"Good-by!" said he.

And the woman went down the steps, with the baby in her arms, and walked up the North Road toward the new car line, half a mile away.

The man of steel put his hands on his knees, I suppose, like those gods they carved in red granite in the old Egyptian days; and he stared out over the Mississippi. And after a while he walked down to the iron dog and leaned on it, and threw some barley to the birds. He never even looked at her. And there you are!

I was away all the afternoon; but about a quarter after four o'clock my foreman was cleaning my touring car and saw a shadow fall on the floor. He looked up—and it was Whitney. Martin's face was as hard as flint.

"Larsen," said he to the big Swede, "I want to borrow that car, and I want you to run it for me. I'll want it a couple of hours or more."

"Sorry, Mr. Whitney," Larsen said to him. "Mr. Dame has given me orders never to let the car go out without his word for it."

"Where is Mr. Dame to-day?"

"He's gone down the river to see an oil well in Pelican," said my foreman. "Mrs. Dame went with him."

"I'll have to have the car," the man of steel said. "I'm sorry too; but I'll have to have that car."

"No use, Mr. Whitney," says Olaf, the most stubborn yellow-haired man in the world. "I cannot did it—that's all!"

Martin did not answer him. He walked out quietly enough and he was gone about five minutes. When he came back he said one word:

"Larsen!"

The Swede looked up and found himself staring down the barrel of an old forty-four, of the type they used in the days when weight and bore meant power.

"Crank her!" said Martin, reaching behind him and turning off the hose. "You know me, Larsen. I spent most of my working life in a country where I had to do what was necessary when it was necessary! Make this little trip plesant for yourself! Undertakers tell me that blonds never look natural."

Olaf has another quality besides stubbornness—he's glad to be alive and well. In that he takes great delight. It was a bad hour for Olaf.

The Swede is a good apple man, but a poor chauffeur. He takes too many chances. No matter what I said to him, he always would drive for speed. And yet, with Martin Whitney sitting beside him, holding a watch in the palm of his hand, Larsen had a memorable day in his experience at the wheel.

The North Road leads out to the prairie, where there are places in the long stretches that keep wet more than half the time. The soil is black and slippery, like machine grease; and twice they skidded clear off the wide crown, over the grass and into the mock-orange hedges. Before they got to Jones' place, where they raise the white turkeys, the screw cap of the water tank at the far end of the hood was blowing steam, until they couldn't see through the windshield.

"Got to have water!" Larsen roared out.

Martin never changed his expression as he leaned over and shouted into Olaf's big, long-lobed ear:

"Air-cooled! Air-cooled! If you stop her now I'll put foreign matter into you."

Larsen might have debated whether he'd rather die by accident or design; but he kept on. His face was white. He says it felt white! It was not due to the fine dust.

On the upland the roads were sun-dry, and the dust rolled up in a cloud that could be seen for miles on the prairie and settled behind them, long after they had passed, on the fields of young corn. Then, at the W. L. & N. surface crossing, the car jumped clear of the ground and lit with the engine racing so hard that the jump forward nearly snapped off their heads.

It was four-fifty-five when Olaf swung the car, sweating and panting like a run fox, up to the Junction Station. There wasn't a soul on the platform. The station agent came out and stared at them—that was all.

"Train gone?" asked Martin Whitney, his black coat so covered with dust that if he had stretched himself out in the road you couldn't have seen him.

"Yep," said the agent.

Olaf says that answer was like a gunshot at close range to Whitney. He put up both hands to his vest as though he had been shot in the chest; he went over to the baggage truck and sat down, and his head fell forward, and he stared at the boards on the platform.

"What train did you mean—the down train?" asked the agent, whittling a match.

"No; the other—Number Ten!" exclaimed Whitney.

The station agent picked his teeth leisurely and blew the match out of his lips.

"She's half an hour late. I have to flag Number Ten. Don't you see I've got the signal out for her? There's a woman inside—drove up from Bodbank. Number Ten ain't usually late. She starts at Springfield; yes, at Springfield. A man came through the other day on Number Ten. He says they're going to put a Pullman car on her. I was reading in the paper how ——"

He was going on like that; but Martin wasn't listening. He had jumped for the station door.

He opened that door—and there was Alice in a corner, with the baby still in her arms. Martin Whitney ran over to her; and he almost fell on his knees.

"Well, what do you want?" she asked.

"You'd better come back," he said.

The girl looked at him a long while.

"My, but you're dusty!" she said.

"You'd better come back," Martin said again.

She looked at him, a little suspicious.

"It's because you respect me now that you want me," said she. "I know that's it. It's because you respect me."

"No," said Martin in a kind of breaking voice, considerably not like an ambassador. "No. It's because—I like to hear—I like to hear you—humming round the house."

"Honest?" she asked, looking at him, still suspicious.

"Honest!"

"All right. I'll go back," says she. "Here—take the baby."

The man of steel!

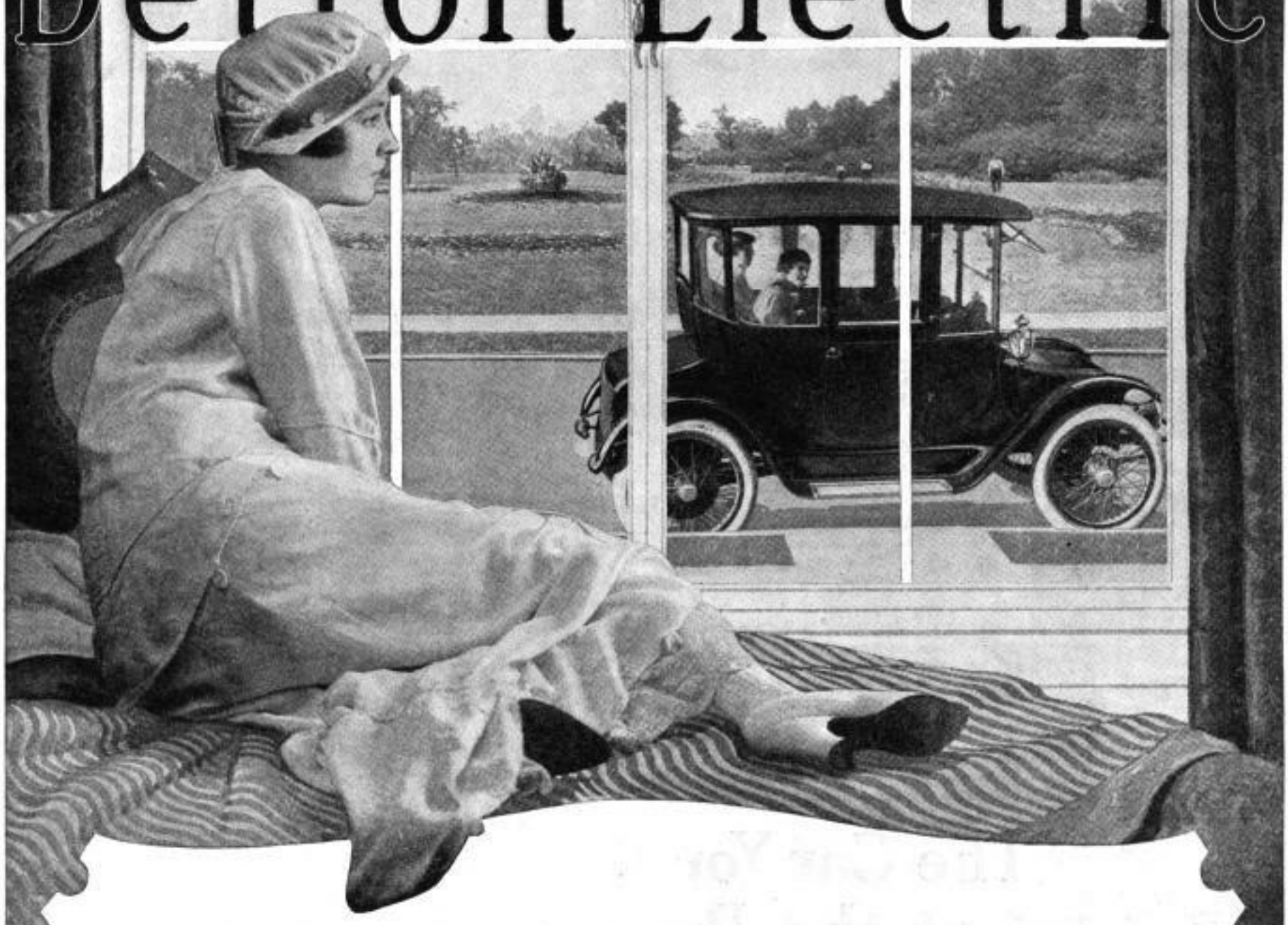
Bodbank has half forgotten them. They went to South America—Buenos Aires or somewhere; two or three children, I hear. The old Whitney homestead burned down February 12, 1913. You can see the cellar now, filled with snow in winter and weeds in summer. Some of the pines are left. The junkman took the iron dog.

Oh, yes—and for a long time the barley Martin had scattered for the birds was sprouting up.

As I said, human beings are much alike.

Digitized by Google

Detroit Electric



"If I only had a Detroit Electric"

It is the ideal car to take the convalescent out into the warm sunshine and fresh, crisp air—to start her on the road to complete recovery and to help her regain her health and strength. It is noiseless in operation, immaculately clean, free from fumes common to other types of automobiles, easily and safely driven and always ready for service at any moment.

For the entire family, too, it is the preferable car. For any use and every occasion—shopping expeditions, trips to the club, theatre, afternoon calling, for invigorating spins through the parks and for the formal evening affairs—it is equally adaptable and correct. With a Detroit Electric there's no need for a chauffeur, a minimum of mechanical troubles to annoy and delay you at an inopportune moment and it is just as efficient in winter as in summer.

Many base their preference for the Detroit Electric upon its notably handsome appearance, its grace of line, refinement of detail and richness of appointment. Many select it because of its mechanical superiority, its perfection of construction, its greater battery capacity and simplicity and ease of operation. And those who have driven many types of cars, who are essentially motor wise, give the Detroit Electric first place; not because of any single superiority but because of its rare combination of all the desirable features.

From the six handsome models (priced from $2600 to $3000) you'll find one which will appeal most strongly to you. For the business man and his particular needs there is the Detroit Electric Cabriolet at $2650.

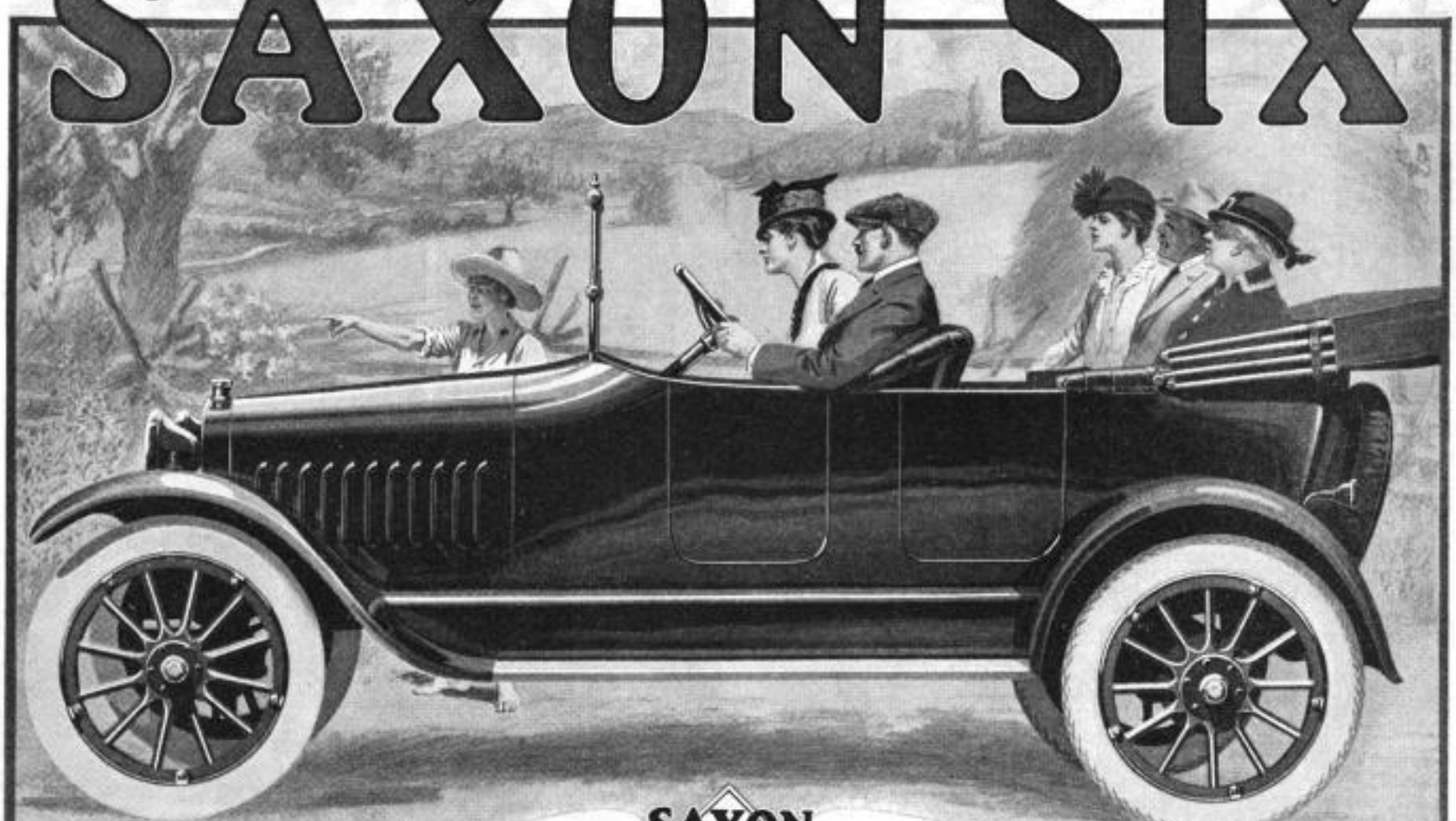
Anderson Electric Car Company, Detroit

World's Largest Manufacturers of Electric Pleasure Vehicles

(5)

Digitized by Google

SAXON "SIX"



SAXON
Strength Economy Service

The Car You Want—a "Six" —at the Price You Like

See and Test this Car and So Be Satisfied of Its Quality

HERE is the "Six" with all the luxury—power—size, that men previously had associated only with cars of much higher price.

At the price of $785 it offers, we believe, more headline features—and a finer value—than any other touring car in the world.

And because it is light in weight and well designed throughout, it is economical. No owner of a Saxon "Six" has ever complained about upkeep expense.

Everything about the Saxon "Six" is genuinely good—the high-speed motor, giving the perfect smoothness which only a "Six" can give; the beautifully finished body; the high-grade materials; the complete equipment.

Let Saxon Specifications Tell Their Own Story

Motive power? The Saxon "Six" has, we believe, the greatest high-speed, light-weight motor yet produced. It develops 30-35 H. P. It keeps cool and "sweet" under all conditions. Of course everyone recognizes the superior advantages of a six-cylinder motor in a touring car.

Comfort? Saxon uses cantilever springs of vanadium steel—the newest and best type of spring suspension; 32x3½ inch tires; 112-inch wheelbase; good upholstery.

Looks? One of the strongest appeals of the Saxon is its handsome, stylish appearance, as exemplified by its streamline body, crowned fenders, tapered bonnet—and its body finish. Twenty-two operations are required in finishing a Saxon body. It receives 10 coats of paint and varnish—and the quality of work is A-1.

Plenty of Room for Five

Room? No car selling below $1250 has more width of the tonneau seat than you get in the Saxon "Six." It is a five-passenger touring car of generous all-around dimensions—plenty of leg room. All passengers ride comfortably.

Sound mechanical features? Well, there's the six-cylinder motor, honeycomb radiator, Atwater-Kent ignition, Rayfield carburetor, dry plate clutch, three-speed transmission, floating rear axle with full roller bearing equipment, drop-forged I-beam front axles, best type artillery wheels, big brakes—everything sound and good.

Materials? In all the vital parts of the Saxon "Six" materials are of the same specifications as are used in cars selling at $2000 and more.

The Saxon "Six" is fully equipped and every feature is of uniformly high quality—Gray & Davis electric starting and lighting system, speedometer, dimmer attachment for headlights, double ventilating rain-vision windshield, one-man top, quick-acting curtains, electric horn, robe rail, tools, tire kit, extra demountable rim, tire carrier—everything complete.

You can now see this car at your dealer's. We urge you to inspect it. If you do not know who handles the Saxon in your territory, write us for his name. Again we say, "See and test this car for yourself and so be satisfied of its quality."

Judge This Car Yourself

Your own eye will tell you if it is beautiful.

Your own ear will tell you if it is quiet and smooth and "sweet" in operation.

Your own observation will tell you if it has power and snap and flexibility.

Your own nerves will tell you if it is comfortable to ride in under all conditions, and easy and safe for the driver to handle.

Your own business judgment will tell you if there is in this car, as we claim, an all-around value that is extraordinary.

We invite the test and are sure, in advance, of your verdict.

Saxon Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan

Digitized by Google

¶ The only thing in the world that will get there without apparently moving is a shirt tail. You know where—*UP!!*

¶ Every shirt tail is doing it—Ask the man!

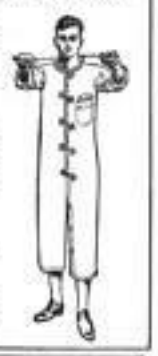
¶ Obviate discomfort—"Turn your shirt tails into drawers."

¶ That means **OLUS**—the shirt with drawers attached—same price as the ordinary shirt because the tail material is used for drawers—sensible economy with endless hours of comfort.

¶ If **"OLUS"** label isn't in the neck, it's a substitute and isn't coat cut.

Important—Wear only an undershirt with **OLUS**; no further underwear is necessary.

$1.50—$2—$2.50—$3—$3.50 and upward to **$12.**



OLUS ONE-PIECE PAJAMA for lounging and comfortable sleep. No strings to tighten or come loose. For Men and Women. **$1.50** and upward.

OLUS booklet on request.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

Phillips-Jones Company, Inc.
1129 Broadway, Dept. P, New York

"The Roofing Development of the 20th Century"

Is spark-proof and weather-proof. Double width cuts cost of laying.

NEPONSET SHINGLES
PATENTED

are also very attractive in appearance.

They can not rust, crack or buckle. One layer of these materials, in Neponset Paroid Roofing, has lasted sixteen years on many buildings. This built-up, tapered shingle puts seven layers on your roof. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Book—"Repairing and Building"—Free

This book gives good advice on questions that are coming up for you to answer.

BIRD & SON, 107 Neponset St., East Walpole, Mass.
Established 1795
Chicago, 1416 Monadnock Bldg.
New York Washington San Francisco
Canadian Office and Plant: Hamilton, Ont.

PATENTS
MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE
Established 1861.—602 F Street, Washington, D. C.
New York City and Chicago. Manufacturers buy good patented ideas. BOOKLET FREE.

THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

(Continued from Page 23)

time we talked intimately I would ask you to what you yourself attributed your success?"

"I will not attempt to answer you in epigrams," he replied. "I will pay a passing tribute to a wonderful constitution and an invincible sense of humor, which I think help one to keep one's head under many trying conditions. But the real and final explanation of my success is that I embraced the popular cause. I came from the people, and when I entered into politics I told myself and every one else that it was for the people I should work. I have never swerved from that purpose, and it is to the people I owe whatever success I am enjoying to-day."

The Duchess nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes," she admitted, "you are right there. Shall I proceed with my own train of thought quite honestly?"

"I shall count it a compliment," he assured her earnestly, "even if your thoughts contain criticisms."

"You occupy so great a position in political life to-day," she continued, "that one is forced to consider you, especially in view of the future, as a politician from every point of view. Now, by your own showing you have been a specialist. You have taken up the cause of the people against the classes. You have stripped many of us of our possessions—the Duke, you know, hates the sound of your name—and by your legislation you have, without a doubt, improved the welfare of many millions of human beings. But that is not all that a great politician must achieve, is it? There is our empire across the seas."

"Imperialism," he declared, "has never been in the foreground of my program, but I call myself an Imperialist. I have done what I could for the colonies. I have even on their behalf abandoned some of my pet principles of absolute freedom in trade."

"You certainly have not been prejudiced," she admitted. "Whether your politics have been those of an Imperialist from the broadest point of view—well, we won't discuss that question just now. We might perhaps differ. But there is just one more point. During the whole of your career you have set your face steadfastly against any increase of our military power. You have opposed all schemes for national service. You have taken the stand that England can afford to remain neutral, whatever Powers on the Continent may fight. Now tell me, do you see any possibility of failure, from the standpoint of a great politician, in your attitude?"

"I do not," he answered. "On the contrary, I am proud of all that I have done in that direction. For the reduction of our armaments I accept the full responsibility; and it is true that I have opposed national service. I want to see the people develop commercially. The withdrawing of a million of young men, even for a month every year, from their regular tasks not only would mean a serious loss to the manufacturing communities, but would be apt to unsettle and unsteady the men themselves. Further, it would kindle in this country the one thing I am anxious to avoid—the military spirit. I do believe that geographically, and from every other point of view, England, with her navy, can afford to fold her arms, and if other nations should at any time be foolish enough to imperil their very existences by fighting for conquest or revenge, then we, who are strong enough to remain aloof, can but grow richer and stronger as a result of the disasters that come to them."

There was a momentary silence. Then the Duchess reopened the subject.

"I come, you must remember, Mr. Hebblethwaite," she observed, "from long generations of soldiers, and you, as you have reminded me, come from a long race of yeomen and tradespeople. Therefore, without a doubt, our point of view must be different. That, perhaps, is what makes conversation between us so interesting. To me a conflict in Europe sooner or later appears inevitable. With England preserving a haughty and insular neutrality—which on account of her present military condition would be practically the only course open to her—would be almost compulsory—the struggle would be between Russia, France, Italy, Germany and Austria. Russia is an unknown force; but in

Remember "See America First" means See Glacier National Park on the Great Northern Railway. Vacations $1 to $5 Per Day.

Glacier National Park!

Season June 15 to October 1

This tremendous mountainland, high in the splendid Montana Rockies, now may be enjoyed as never before.

A new mammoth mountain hotel, the "Many-Glacier," has been erected on Lake McDermott, in the Park's heart. The gateway hotel, the "Glacier Park"—at the Great Northern's trackside—and nine enlarged chalet groups complete a chain of delightful hostelries.

New tours—by auto-stage deep in among the mountains, a-saddle over wonder trails onto the Continental Divide—have been arranged.

California Expositions via Glacier Park!

By overland trains across Rocky and Cascade Mountains to Pacific Northwest—en route a tour of Glacier Park—aboard steamships Great Northern and Northern Pacific to San Francisco—going or returning travel this "Great Northern way."

"See America First" GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY Glacier National Park

Send for new free Glacier Park Literature and Expositions Folder. Clip the coupon and mail.

H. A. NOBLE, General Passenger Agent, ST. PAUL
C. W. PITTS, General Agent, Passenger Department 210 So. Clark Street, CHICAGO
STEPHEN LOUNSBERY, General Agent, Passenger Dept. 1184 Broadway, NEW YORK

H. A. NOBLE, Gen. Pass. Agent, Great Northern Railway, Department 15, St. Paul, Minn.
Please send Glacier Park Books and California Expositions Folder.

Name_____

Address_____

Catalog Free

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen Patents. Send for 3 free books; inventions wanted, etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities.
RICHARD B. OWEN, 35 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

The Big "Little" Things in Dress

103 K.P. Pair Links, $2.50

103 K.P. 4 Vest Buttons $3.00

104 K.P. 3 Studs, $1.00

Goes in like a needle

Holds like an anchor

The biggest "little" things in a man's evening attire are his shirt studs, vest buttons and cuff-links. They must be refined and correct in design. The wearer of

Krementz
Bodkin Clutch
DRESS SETS

relies on the Krementz reputation for correctness and distinctive elegance. The wide variety of Krementz designs includes your personal preference. And whether your selection is simple or elaborate it will conform to fashion's demands, because it's Krementz. The famous Krementz Bodkin Clutch defies breakage. It goes in like a needle and holds like an anchor. Prices of complete sets range from $5.25 to $6.50 at good dealers'. Or you may order direct if your dealer hasn't them in stock.

"Show Me" Booklet 9

illustrates men's correct jewelry for all occasions. It will be mailed on request.

Dealers

If your jobber cannot supply you, write us for the name of one who can.

Krementz & Company
Newark, New Jersey

IVER JOHNSON

The Stride of a Giant

One revolution of the pedals drives a bicycle about 22 feet. The effort is less than when taking one stride.

You can cycle five times as far in a given time as you could have walked—and with less fatigue. Anyone can ride a mile in four minutes. Think what this means in country living, getting to work on time, more time at home or for sport!

The four or five dollars extra you pay for an Iver Johnson Bicycle earn a big dividend in dependability, ease of pedaling and safety. An Iver Johnson is as good as a bicycle can be—if you pay less you get a poorer machine. Prices, $20 to $55.

Send for 84-page book of Bicycles, Motorcycles and Firearms.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
290 River Street Fitchburg, Mass.
NEW YORK: 99 Chambers Street

Digitized by Google

LIGHT WITHOUT FIRE

Without matches—without wires—without danger

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS

Guaranteed for real service by the largest manufacturers of Flashlights in the world

75 styles and sizes; from 75c to $7.50, each with its own dependable power plant—an EVEREADY Tungsten Battery.

Illustration shows five popular styles (from left to right):
2630, Nickel Plated; U. S. $1.25, Canada $1.40. 6091, "Cigarette Case"; U. S. $1.00, Canada $1.20
2682, "Fountain Pen"; U. S. $1.00, Canada $1.10. 6981, Silver Plated; U. S. $1.25, Canada $1.40
2626, Silver; U. S. $1.20, Canada $1.35

FOR SALE AT 40,000 STORES

Catalogue No. 1 on request from

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Company
Long Island City - - - - New York
Branches: Atlanta, Chicago and San Francisco
CANADIAN FACTORY:
Canadian Ever Ready Works of Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto

The "*REAL*" Keens Them All

Fitted with Grain Leather Strop. Specially treated for sharpening every kind of safety razor blades, as well as all old-style Jack Razors. Gives your blade a keen, cutting edge.

AGENTS! DEMONSTRATORS! 100% profit in this for you. Your chance to make big money easy. Write quick for prices and territory. Send $1.00 for sample. Money back if you want it.

CANTON RAZOR STROP CO.
705 Cook Street Canton, Ohio

HERZ (The famous "Bougie Mercedes" of Europe) SPARK PLUG

Used by U. S. Army and Navy. WHY? No cracking porcelain—4 sparking points—Platinum-alloy electrode—self-cleaning. Guaranteed a year—usually outlasts the motor. Dealers or direct from us—$1.50. HERZ & CO., 245 W. 55th St., New York

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

A Fortune to the Inventor

who reads and heeds it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 6 cents postage. Write or at once. R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Leisure Hours and Spending Money

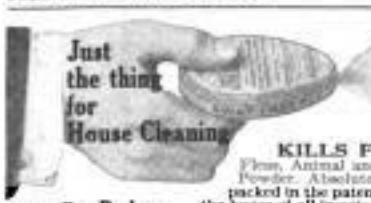
ALMOST everyone has some spare time. It can be converted into money with little effort. If you will look after the local subscription renewals and new orders of *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* we will pay you liberally in commission and salary for whatever time you can give to the work. Let us tell you our plan.

Box 872 Agency Division
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

Magnificent Steel Launch $96
Complete With Engine, Ready to Run

18, 20, 21 and 27 ft. boats at proportionate prices. All launches tested and fitted with Detroit two-cycle reversible engines with speed controlling lever—simplest engine made—starts without cranking—has only 3 moving parts—anyone can run it. THE SAFE LAUNCH—absolutely non-capsizable—needs no boathouse. All boats fitted with airtight compartments—cannot sink, leak or rust. We are sole owners of the patents for the manufacture of rolled steel, locked-seamed steel boats. Orders filled the day they are received. Boats shipped to every part of the world.

FREE CATALOG. Steel Rowboats $26. MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO., 1030 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.



El-Vampiro

KILLS FLIES, COCKROACHES, MOTHS, BED BUGS

Fleas, Animal and Plant Lice, Mosquitoes, Ants, and all insect life. It is a vegetable Powder. Absolutely harmless to children, adults or domestic animals. The only insecticide packed in the patented bellows box, always ready and easy to use. Get a box today and rid the house of all insects. 10c package at your dealer or two packages postpaid for 25c from us.

10c Per Package At Your Dealer

ALLAIRE, WOODWARD & CO., 128 Main St., Peoria, Ill. DEALERS: All Drug Jobbers Sell El Vampiro

my mind I see Austria and Italy, with perhaps one German army, holding her back for many months, perhaps indefinitely. On the other hand, I see France overrun by the Germans very much as she was in 1870. Very well, then; with Ostend, Calais, Boulogne and Havre seized by Germany, as they certainly would be, and turned into naval bases, do you still believe that England's security would be wholly provided for by her fleet?"

Mr. Hebblethwaite smiled.

"Duchess," he said, "I felt quite sure that sooner or later our conversation would draw near to the German bogey. The picture you draw is menacing enough, but I believe the events you outline are just about as likely as the overrunning of Europe by the yellow races. There is a military element in Germany that is to be regretted, but the Germans themselves are a splendid, cultured and peace-loving people, who are seeking for their future not at the point of the sword but in the counting-houses of the world. If I fear the Germans, it is commercially, and from no other point of view."

"I wish I could feel your confidence," the Duchess sighed.

"I myself have recently returned from Berlin," Mr. Hebblethwaite continued. "Busby, as you know, has been many times an honored guest at the German universities and in the great cities. He has had every opportunity of probing the tendencies of the people. His mind is absolutely and finally made up. Not in all history has there ever existed a race freer from the lust of bloodthirsty conquest than the German people of to-day."

Mr. Hebblethwaite concluded his sentence with some emphasis. He felt that his words were carrying conviction. Some of the conversation at his end of the table had been broken off, that the guests might listen to his pronouncements. At that moment his butler touched him upon the elbow.

"Mr. Bedells has just come up from the War Office, sir," he announced. "He is waiting outside. In the meantime he desired me to give you this."

The butler presented a small silver salver on which reposed a piece of paper. Mr. Hebblethwaite, with a little nod, unrolled it and glanced toward the Duchess, who bowed complacently. With the smile still upon his lips, a confident light in his eyes, Mr. Hebblethwaite held out the crumpled piece of paper before him and read the hurriedly scrawled pencil lines:

"Germany has declared war against Russia and presented an ultimatum to France. I have other messages."

Mr. Hebblethwaite was a strong man. He was a man of immense self-control. Yet in that moment the arteries of life seemed as though they had ceased to flow. He sat at the head of his table and his eyes never left those penciled words. His mind fought with them, discarded them, only to find them still there hammering at his brain, traced in letters of scarlet upon the distant walls. War, the great unbelievable tragedy, the one-thousand-to-one chance in life which he had taken! His hand almost fell to his side. There was a queer little silence. No one liked to ask him a question, no one liked to speak. It was the Duchess at last who murmured a few words. The silence had become intolerable.

"It is bad news?" she whispered.

"It is very bad news indeed," Mr. Hebblethwaite answered, raising his voice a little so that every one at the table might hear him. "I have just heard from the War Office that Germany has declared war against Russia. You will perhaps, under the circumstances, excuse me."

There was a queer singing in his ears. The feast seemed to have turned to a sickly debauch. All that pinnacle of success seemed to have fallen away. The faces of his guests, even as they looked at him, seemed to his conscience to be expressing one thing, and one thing only—that same horrible conviction that was deadening his own senses. He and the others—could it be true—had they taken up lightly the charge and care of a mighty empire and dared to gamble upon, instead of providing for, its security? He thrust the thought away. The natural strength of the man began to reassert itself. If they had done ill, they had done it for the people's sake. The people must rally to them now. He held his head high as he left the room.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Florsheim SHOE

MEN WEAR THEM EVERYWHERE

YOU can afford to pay $5 or $6 for your next pair; it's like making an investment—in footwear. The initial outlay may be more than you have been paying, but the returns will show a larger percentage in length of service, added comfort and individual style.

Booklet showing "Styles of the Times" free on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago

"The Piccadilly" Tan or Black, Skeleton Lined. Style 1684

BRIGHTON CARLSBAD SLEEPINGWEAR

A new One-Piece Pajama Suit!

Pajamas Perfected

PAJUNION—One-Piece Sleeping Garment for Summer

The cool Pajunion is a delight in hot weather. This one-piece pajama suit can't twist and bind and, having no bunching trouser draw string, is loose and comfortable.

The Pajunion is made on distinctive, smartly designed lines. Thoroughly well-built in every detail, the tailoring is perfect. The price is the same as old-style pajamas—$1 to $3—with an unlimited choice of laundry-proof materials and patterns.

The Pajunion is but one of 517 Styles of Brighton-Carlsbad Sleepingwear For All The Family All The Year.

Several thousand good dealers sell The Pajunion. If your own dealer hasn't it, write us for illustrated list and sample swatches of material.

H. B. Glover Co. Dept. 31 Dubuque, Iowa

Digitized by Google

FEDERAL

Federal "Rugged Tread" Tires are scientifically designed in construction and perfectly balanced in materials. In all those qualities that provide enduring satisfaction to the motorist, they are unexcelled. We believe they stand supreme for extra service.

Exclusive features of design and processes, added to the experience gained in seventeen years of tire manufacture, give Federal "Ruggeds" extra wear, extra safety, extra freedom from trouble and annoyance.

The Exclusive Federal

Double-Cable-Base

adds hundreds of miles to the life of every Federal Tire. The heavy endless double steel cables anchor the tire firmly to its rim and permit the use of a soft, flexible bead-filler, instead of the ordinary hard, sharp-pointed bead-filler, thus providing the necessary elasticity at the flexing point just above the rim.

This scientific construction eliminates the four most common and costly tire troubles.

No More Rim-Cutting
No More Danger of Tire Slipping Off

No More Tube Pinching
No More Blow-Outs Just Above the Rim

Beveled studs add more life to "Rugged Treads." The studs of the outer rows are of graduated thickness, tapering down to the outer edges. Therefore they cannot project beyond the center studs, after slight wear, and press into the fabric to break it and cause blow-outs. This design is typical of the scientific construction of Federal Tires.

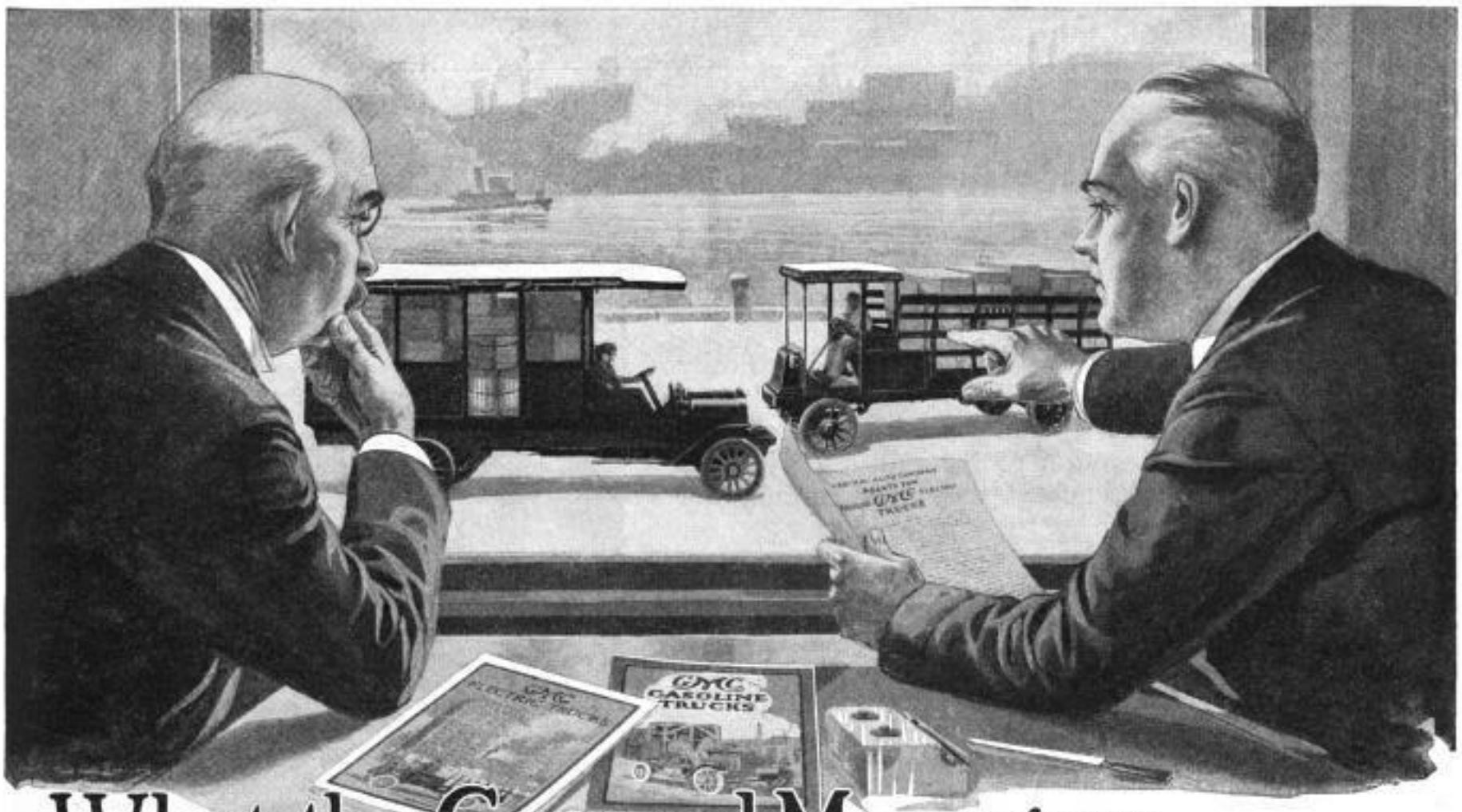
Federal "Ruggeds" are a safeguard against skidding on slippery pavement or muddy road. The big, broad, rugged studs give safe, sure traction.

All Styles and Sizes
"Rugged" and Plain Treads

Federal Rubber Mfg. Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Branches, Distributors and Service Stations in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere.

Digitized by Google



What the General Manager said to the President

"I'll tell you, Mr. Miller, we're losing money every day we postpone the change from horses to motor trucks, and now that we have an opportunity to dispose of our horses at a good price, *right now* is the time for us to make the decision. I am thoroughly convinced that this is the thing to do, and I think the facts I have gathered together will convince you, too.

"Our total investment in motor equipment to handle 50% more freight than we are now hauling would be very little more than we have invested in our present outfit.

"We are using valuable ground for stable and shed room now that we need, and need badly, for an addition to our warehouse. Trucks wouldn't require half the room and we could use cheaper space farther out.

"I've spent a lot of time investigating this matter, and the saving per ton-mile on our haulage will alone put us to the good in less than a year—to say nothing of the better service to our customers and the ability to extend our field of operations.

"So far as I am concerned, the only question to settle is the kind of trucks that we ought to install. I've investigated several of the leading makes—all of them good, but this GMC line appeals most to me. They make a full line of both gasoline and electric trucks, and their prices are mighty reasonable.

"It's my opinion, based on my investigations to date, that we ought to use both electric and gasoline. The GMC agents offer to have a transportation man come here and help us analyze the proposition. Their experience would, of course, be valuable to us, and as they make both kinds of trucks their advice would be without prejudice. What do you think?"

An exhibition of GMC Trucks is being held in the Transportation Bldg., Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco.

GMC
GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY
TRUCKS

Gasoline *Electric*

"Well, Harper, I believe your judgment is good. I suggest that you write the GMC agency today and let them get on the job and see just what we need. If we are going to make the change, the sooner the better."

Harper did write, we got on the job, secured the order and the trucks are making good. They'll make good for anyone with a haulage problem of any kind.

We make gasoline trucks from 1,500 lbs.

to 5 tons capacity; electrics from 1,000 lbs. to 6 tons. In gasoline trucks, we make both worm and chain drive. We make a truck to fit *your* business. Why not do as Harper did—write us today?

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY

One of the Units of General Motors Co.

Pontiac **Michigan**

Direct Factory Branches:—New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Kansas City, Chicago, San Francisco

(1)

Digitized by Google

THE BUSHER ABROAD

(Continued from Page 27)

things a bargun and you cant make no miss take what ever you buy. So I says Well I dont want none of there barguns because they dont sell nothing that I want or got no use for it.

Then he dident say nothing for a wile and finely he says I wonder if I could find him now and I says what are you talking a bout and he says O I dident know I says any thing out loud but I was just thinking so I says What was you thinking a bout and he says he dident like to tell me because he might may be not be able to find the man and then I would be dissapointed. So I says What man was you looking for and he says Well I will tell you a bout it but if we cant get a hold of him again you musent get dissapointed and I says no I wouldent and then he sprung it on me.

Well Al it seems that the 1st. day we was in Cairo he was walking down the st. a lone and he run in to a africa man standing on the coroner and the man called him to 1 side and ast him did he want the biggist bargun that a man ever got and Evans says what was it and the man says he had a scarab from Cops tume and Cops was the chief of police here in Cairo 4 thousend yrs. a go. A scarab Al is a bug thats turned to stone and use to be a live like any bug but most bugs when they die mole a way til they aint nothing left of them but a scarab gets hard and the longer they been dead the harder they get.

Well Al theys only a bout a ½ a doz. scarabs in the world and they averige $50.00 dollars a peace is what it costs to get them and of coarse they wouldent no body be a sucker enough to pay $50.00 for a dead bug but scarabs is some thing more then plane bugs. There luck peaces Al and the man that owns 1 cant never have no real bad luck but nothing but good luck all the wile. This scarab that the africa man had was the only 1 in the world from Cops tume and Evans says Cops was the luckest man in africa because he dide 4 thousend yrs. a go.

So Evans says to the man Leave me see your scarab and the man showed it to him but made him stand a way from him far enough so as Evans couldent knock him down and take it a way from him but Evans seen in a min. that it was a real scarab and not no fake so he ast the man what would he take for it and the man says ½ a porus plaster or a bout $10.00 and Evans ast him why was he selling it so cheap and the man says he picked it up in the st. and it dident bellong to him and he was hard up and out of work and he couldent find the man or womman that losted it and so he would half to sell it and get what he could for it.

So at 1st. Evans was going to buy it off of him and then he thot to him self that he dident need no luck peace because hed been playing right clost to the right field seats in St Louis and nothing never hapened to him and he says thats the most dangerus place in the world to play and besides hes left hand it and what more could a man ask and besides he couldent a ford to spend no more money on the trip so he told the man no he couldent buy the scarab and the man says your makeing a big miss take and Evans says Could I buy it and give it to 1 of my friends or sell it and the man says No because if you done that it would contract the charm. Well Evans told him he was sorry but he couldent buy it and the man says all right and Evans come a way and left him.

So he was telling me a bout it when we come a way from the party and he says It just hit me all at onct that you was the man that should ought to have it because if you had a little bit of luck a long with the stuff you got they couldent no body beat you but I dont know weather I can find the man or not or if hes may be sold it all ready. So I says Where was he standing at and Evans says he was down to the coroner of 4th and Olive st. and I says I dident know where that was so Evans says he would take me there but he kept warrening me all the way that the man had probily sold the scarab or we couldent find him but any way we husseled down there and sure enough the man was still standing there yet and I could see that Evans was telling me the truth because when he spoke to the man the man ansered back and he certunly looked hard up Al and like he need it money.

So Evans ast him right off if he still had that scarab yet and the man says witch 1 and Evans says the 1 from Cops tume that you was showing me and says you would sell for ½ a porus plaster and besides you havent only got 1. So the man says yes and dugged down in his pocket and come up with it and its the funnest looking thing you ever see Al and it looks some thing like a bug only hard and no wings or nothing on it and Evans says to the man It was gray when you showed it to me the other day and the man says yes and now its green because its older then it was and the older they get they turn green. So Evans ast me did I want to buy it and I says I dident know and he says whats the matter dont you beleive what I been telling you and I says yes and he says well then whats the matter so I had to come out and tell him that I dident have no money a long with me.

Well Evans says he dident have no money nether or he would lone me some and it looked like we would half to pass it up but finely Evans ast the man if he would be there at 7 a clock and the man says yes he would and Evans ast me if I knowed where I could borry the money and I says yes I could get some off of Callahan or Comiskey or Mcgraw so we fixed it up that we was to go back to the hotel and get the money and meet the man at 7 a clock so I and Evans went back to the Hotel as fast is we could and Callahan was the 1st. 1 I run in to so Evans left me and I went up and ast Callahan could I have ½ a porus plaster and he says Get a hole 1 and charg it to the club whats the matter have you got a cold so I seen he over herd me and I says No I dont want no medisin what I want is $10.00 so he says Thats diffrunt and he give it to me.

Well Al I was a scared the man would of ducked and may be sold the scarab before we got back but no he was there and I pertended like I thot the price was pretty steap and ast him couldent he come down a little and sure enough Al he come down to $7.50 and I thot Evans would fall over. So I took the scarab and stuck it in my pockit and kept my hand on it all the way back to the hotel and we wasent no sooner a way from where the man was that sold it to me and then Evans says Well your lucks started all ready when you can get a bargun like that and it was a grate bargun at $10.00 dollars and you got it for $7.50 and you should ought to buy the ciggars so we stoped in at a place on the way back to the Hotel and I bought him a ciggar but I been smokeing to much latily so I dident get none for my self.

Well old pal I cant hardily wait til we get to where ever it is wear going next and play an other ball game and I will get Mcgraw to leave me pitch it and I will show these birds what I can do when I got some luck a long with me and I wisht I could pitch a city serious game against the cubs before I loose the scarab but of coarse I aint going to loose it Al and I would like to see some body try and get it a way from me and Evans says I better not tell no body a bout haveing it or they might some body steal it off of me.

Well if they do Al they will have a fight on there hands. But Evans promussed to not tell no body and of coarse thats the best plan to keep it to our self and leave them wonder what I done with the jinks thats been chaseing me ever since I bust it in to the big league and I wisht Id of had this here scarab all the wile I been pitching ball and Id of made Mathewson or any body else record look sick.

So when we got back to the Hotel I run in to larry Doyle and Donlin and told them a bout the big bargun I got and they both promussed to not say nothing so some body will get a big supprise the next time I get a chanct to pitch and Callahan will wisht more then ever that he hadent never loned me to the giants for the trip.

Of coarse Al this aint nothing like a 4 leave clover or a horse shoe or 1 of them things that peopl thinks is lucky but I dont beleive theys any thing in them things but this here scarabs a diffrunt thing and they aint no ? a bout it or they wouldent ask them prices for it $50.00 a peace because thats the reglar price and just think of me geting a hold of 1 for $7.50 but you couldent get no $50.00 a peace for a 4 leave clover or a horse shoe but you could buy all you wanted of them for $1.00 and that shows they aint realy nothing to the bunk a bout them being lucky.

Well Al I got the old scarab hid a way where they wont no body find it and I cant

What Happened After He Sent This Coupon?

Read the Letter and See

What happened to him will happen to you. His work's easier, he feels better and will certainly make more money as a result.

Send the coupon and find out the shortest, quickest way to ***your*** goal through the

Course in Personal Efficiency

Prepared by Harrington Emerson
Conducted by the Review of Reviews

Denison, Texas, Feb. 19, 1915

Emerson Institute,
Gentlemen:

Since I commenced the study of Personal Efficiency, I am as far ahead of my former self as the German nation is ahead of the Mexican.

I am Chief Dispatcher on 450 miles of a busy railroad.

By applying Efficiency 20% reduction has been made in the number of locomotives required.

Four thousand train and engine men have been called and departed on time, without even one man being late.

Benjamin Franklin was the pioneer Efficiency man, but Harrington Emerson, by teaching others how to find the easiest, quickest and best means to reach the desirable things of life, has conferred on humanity the greater boon.

My work begins at 8 A. M. and ends 11:30 P. M.; am never sick, tired, worried, nor irritated. I have learned from you how to reason, plan and execute.

During all ages man has looked for the philosopher's stone; I found mine when I saw your advertisement.

Efficiency is the wonderful new science of saving waste, of getting further with less effort.

It shows the efficient man how to increase profits.

It shows employees how to increase their worth and salaries.

It shows the professional man how to get more out of the day's work and out of life. It has been endorsed by Universities and Chambers of Commerce.

It was tested and proved by the War Department of the Federal Government.

For forty years Mr. Emerson has practiced, thought and taught Efficiency; first to big organizations—then to individuals personally—and now you can have by mail these 24 lessons prepared by Mr. Emerson. Whatever you do, you need Efficiency. Business man—professional man—business woman—housewife—every individual who is trying to get more out of life needs this course.

24 Page Book FREE

FREE Send the coupon at once for this valuable book entitled "Where's the Money Coming From?" illustrated in colors, telling "What Efficiency Is, What It Can Do For You"; "Your Undeveloped Possibilities," and a dozen other articles—with a special article by Harrington Emerson.

7000 already are enrolled. If you want to do less work and get more for it—send this coupon. If you are trying to get ahead and the way seems closed—send this coupon. If you need more money and see no way to get it—send the coupon. If you're overworked and tired—send this coupon. **Send the Coupon Today for the Free Book.**

Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Place, New York

S.E.P. 5-13-15
REVIEW OF REVIEWS
30 Irving Place
New York

Send me particulars about your course in Efficiency, also 24-page book: "Where's the Money Coming From?"—FREE. This puts me under no obligation.

Name_____

Address_____

EASILY HANDLED

Trade Mark Reg. No. 94743

—saws clean and smooth, does not crack or break, always lies flat, does not shrink or warp, can be papered without any misgivings.

Give the credit for these and other strong Compo-Board features to the wood core construction, and look for the wood core when you buy, if you want to be sure of getting the genuine.

Write for sample piece and book of original home interior suggestions.

Northwestern Compo-Board Co.
4303 Lyndale Ave. N.
Minneapolis, Minn.

You could dip this house in water

Stucco, concrete or brick walls absorb much water, becoming damp, unsanitary and disfigured. But they can be waterproofed and beautified with

TRUS-CON STONETEX

APPLIED WITH A BRUSH

A liquid cement coating which becomes an inseparable part of the wall, sealing all pores and filling hair-cracks. Hard as flint. Dampproof, weather-resisting. Gives uniform, artistic color. Applied to new or old walls. Furnished in a variety of pleasing tones.

It will pay you to learn about Trus-Con Waterproofing Products. Write for full information telling us your needs.

THE TRUS-CON LABORATORIES
101 Trus-Con Building, Detroit, Mich.
Waterproofings—Dampproofings—Technical Paints

Digitized by Google

AN ANCIENT SYMBOL AND A MODERN MEANS OF PROTECTION

The ancient custom of *seeking* protection was to have a winged disc carved above the doorway. The modern practice of *getting* protection is to have a Colt in the home. A Colt Automatic makes *your* home protection an actual fact—not a fanciful trust. The Colt is a tangible bulwark against lawless intrusion—and is automatically safeguarded against unintentional discharge.

The COLT Automatic

is a correctly balanced, ever-ready, hard-hitting pistol. The Colt is automatically *locked when cocked*. You must simultaneously *grip the grip* and pull the trigger in order to fire it. But, see the Colt at your nearest firearms dealer. You will sense the feeling of safety as your fingers close over its sturdy grip. Compare it with any pistol and your choice will be a Colt.

"You Can't Forget to Make a Colt Safe."

The Colt was adopted by the Army and Navy because of its "Marked superiority to any other known pistol."

Write for free Colt booklet, "How to Shoot," and catalog No. 85.

"The Colt Fires the First Shot First."

THE COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

I Am Making A Special Factory Price On

10,000 Rapid Fireless Cookers

Big bargain to introduce cooker into new neighborhoods quick. Write before price advances.

30 Days' Free Trial

Cooker is aluminum lined throughout. Complete cast-fit aluminum utensils free. Write for Free Book with 150 recipes and Bargain Prices direct from factory.

Wm. Campbell Co., Dept. 14, Detroit, Mich.

Auto Hat-Carrier

Keeps your hat clean

A neat, practical, specially designed dust-proof box to hold your street hat while motoring. 13 in. diameter; 6 in. high. Handy at home for storage. Daintily cloth covered. Delivered by parcel post. Send $1 with your order.

Owens & Traeger, 1100 Jefferson St., Hoboken, N. J.

The Right Idea in Oil Stoves

Florence Oil Stoves are *safe*, reliable, simple, convenient, economical. They put their heat into the cooking instead of out into the room. Heat is easily regulated by a little lever. No wicks to trim; no valves to leak. A glass "bull's-eye" always shows you amount of oil in tank.

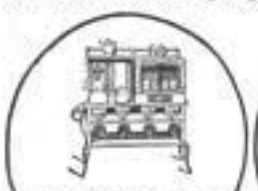
FREE—A Good Cook-Book

An unusual recipe book, "Household Helper." Contains quite "different" cooking and menu suggestions. We know you will appreciate this book. It is Free. Write for it, giving your dealer's name.

Four-Burner, High Frame, FLORENCE Automatic

FLORENCE Oil Cook Stoves "Look for the Lever"

We believe no other stoves approach Florence Oil Stoves in reliability and economy—in the intensity of heat, in work done by a given quantity of oil—in their low cost of ½ cent an hour per burner. We believe the lever principle is the right principle for an oil stove—others cannot use it because the patent is ours. All Florence Stoves and Ovens are guaranteed.



FLORENCE Blue Flame, High Frame, Leg Stove.

FLORENCE Glass Door Oven for Visible Cooking. Rust-proof.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE COMPANY

Address 122 School St., Gardner, Mass.

do nothing but wait til we get to where ever wear head it and play an other game and then we will see weather its a fake or not but I guess they aint no fake a bout it hey Al.

Well Al I got to be geting to bed because we leave here in the A. M. and I been going some today and need a good rest but I couldent wait til tommorow to tell you a bout my luck and I know it will be good news to you. And I supose I might as well tell you what else we done today and it wont take long.

This A. M. we was drove a round town and done some more site seen and I guess we certunly seen evry thing they is to see in the 3 days we been in Cairo and I can get a long all the rest of my life with out seen no more musks and desserts. This P. M. we was tooken up to the america Council 8 like I told you and had a party and stuff to eat and drink and I talked the pone off wile we was eating and its a pone I wrote to spring at this party and I will coppy it down so as you can see what I hand it them:

Wear going to leave Cairo
and Boys we hate to leave
Youve showed us a grand good time
Is why we hate to leave.

I pitched a game in the sand
And so it was no supprise
That I couldent win my game
With the sand blowing in my eyes.

I done pretty good I think
to hold them to a tie
When I couldent see where was I pitching
On acct of the sand in my eyes.

We seen the Pyrmids and spinix
and all they was to see
The desserts and musk and campbells
Was a mung the things we seen.

Good by boys we will you remmember
Your well come has been grate
And we will all ways remmember
Cairo and the boys of Council 8.

I would of gave them more bull a bout there lodge only I for got to find out weather they was K. C.s or elks or what was they but any way the peace I give them made a big hit and the america Council him self was tickeled to deth and Schaefer says it was the best Id wrote yet and Im geting better right a long.

Well Al thats a bout all they is to tell because I all ready told you what I done after the party and that was when I and Evans got the scarab. We leave here tommorow A. M. on a train and go to Alexander and from there we get on an other boat and go some wheres else and I wisht we was going to play 1 game in Alexander before we get on the Ship bord so as I could try out my luck peace and after this Wiltse and Leverenz and them other left hand it stiffs wont have nothing on me for luck and I will show Allen some thing when I get back home.

When he sees I got some luck to go a long with the rest of my stuff he will probily jump the league if he aint been canned by Comiskey all ready by wirelest telegram. O you little scarab.

Your pal. JACK.

Speedy Dressers

AN INGENIOUS Frenchman has recently invented and placed on the market a little device that will make new records possible for quick dressing and undressing. It is a sort of hook-and-eye arrangement that can be hooked up or unhooked almost instantaneously. His original purpose was to make it possible for soldiers to get in and out of sleeping sacks without losing any time, but his idea is being applied now to clothes also.

On each of the two edges that are to be hooked together is sewed a continuous line of metal clasps. A buckle is made to slide up and down over these clasps in such a way that when the buckle is pulled up it hooks all the clasps together, and when it is pulled down it unhooks them.

Thus, simply pulling the buckle up hooks the garment completely; while the unhooking operation can be accomplished by pulling on the two edges—exactly like tearing a sheet.

Weather-Proof Lawn Hose

Goodyear-Akron Lawn Hose is always "on tap" when you need it. Ordinary wear and tear can't affect it. That is because of the high-grade rubber and the exclusive Goodyear features in construction.

GOODYEAR AKRON Lawn Hose

This hose has the six famous ribs running its full length. These ribs prevent kinking and twisting. The hose won't chip and crack. It will far outlast, with normal use, any ordinary hose. If you want hose satisfaction, get Goodyear-Akron Lawn Hose.

Sold by dealers everywhere. If your dealer is not supplied, send us his name and we will see that you get it immediately by express, prepaid.

Price per foot, in any length—¾-inch, 18c a foot; ⅝-inch, 17c a foot; ½-inch, 16c a foot.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio
Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires

See Those Ribs!

(2339)

OFFICE BOYS:
Wilfred Ash is one of you

Wilfred is making good with a big company in Chicago. Like other office boys, he must work for some time to get "a raise" of a dollar a week.

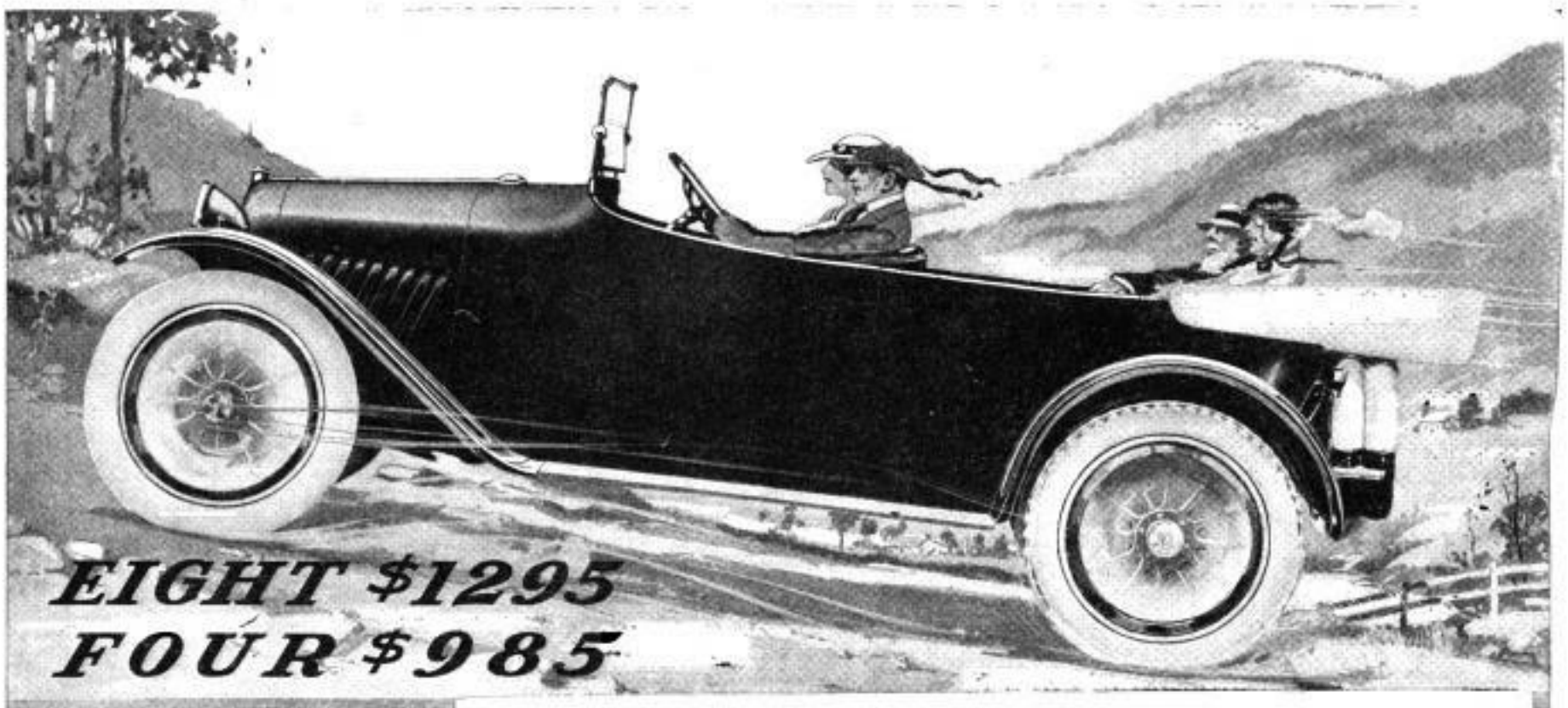
But Wilfred found a quicker way to get that dollar a week extra. Connected with his company and with other concerns in the same building are many persons who could be interested in *The Saturday Evening Post*. He called on them and now he delivers that periodical to them every Thursday during his lunch hour. Thus he earns $1.10 each week in addition to his wages.

Any Office Boy
Can earn Fifty Cents the first week

without interfering with his other duties. He can readily find enough customers to earn from $1.00 to $1.00 extra each week. Upon request we will send everything you need to begin. Special prizes are offered to boys starting now. Write today to

Sales Division, Box 873
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Penna.

Digitized by Google



INDIANA ENTHUSIASM
"I made it a point to test the car on one of the steepest hills in this part of the country, known as the Reelsville hill. The Detroiter Eight negotiated this hill on high with perfect ease the first attempt."

A PHILADELPHIA RECORD
"There is not a hill within 15 miles of Philadelphia but which has been conquered by the DETROITER EIGHT, with high gear lever never touched from start to finish."

KNOXVILLE, TENN., OWNER REPORTS:
"I never saw a car of such wonderful efficiency and of such pulling quality and smoothness."

A TEXAS DRIVER WRITES:
"The consensus of opinion of about a hundred friends who have ridden with me this month is that the Detroiter Eight is the most powerful slow and fast pulling motor car in the world, and its riding qualities are equal to any $5,000 car on the market."

WINS IN NEW ENGLAND
"We did everything that was ever done by any car at any price and then some. The Detroiter Eight is the most-talked-of car in New England today."

A LOVER OF SPEED
"I will venture to say that the inhabitants living along the sides of these hills never saw such a dust raised by a car ascending, since automobiles were invented."

A CALIFORNIA OWNER SAYS:
"The Detroiter Eight will do things that no other car in the world will do."

—and this is happiness

Only the rush of wind and the flying fence posts reveal the speed at which you are traveling. And like the soft singing of the wind is the low drone of the eight-cylinder motor,—four thousand, five thousand, eight thousand power impulses every minute, overlapping and blending into tremendous but controlled energy.

You look upward toward the distant hill-crest and note the steepness of the white road. Did your eyes deceive you? The hill-side becomes a level. You see deep sand. It is nothing; the grip of the tires tosses it aloft in sun-catching clouds. You see the road roughen into ruts and hummocks—but you feel them only through a gentle, swaying motion that is itself a pleasure.

No pause, no falter, no feel of straining mechanism. It seems as though the horizon were a magnet, ever drawing you forward, yet never reached.

Such is the new mode of travel in an

Eight-Cylinder

Detroiter

Have you taken a ride? If not, better ask the nearest *Detroiter man* for one.

The Detroiter Eight motor develops 55-60 horsepower; the car weighs under 2,500 pounds:—the greatest relative horsepower built into an American car. Yet as smooth as clockwork. ***Accelerates from five to thirty miles on high, in 12 seconds!***

Pistons are aluminum alloy. Carbon cannot form on them. The motor remains ***perpetually*** clean and powerful.

Body lines reproduce exactly the famous "boat type"—the exquisite style which Europe, since the war, can no longer supply; wheelbase 112 inches, with very narrow turning radius.

Finish: 20-operation deep; rich Kimball green with gold stripe. Genuine hand-buffed, straight-grained leather. Platform springs. Full-floating axle. Dry-plate clutch. Tires 33 x 4, non-skids on rear, with duplex tire carrier. Four 24-inch doors. Every latest refinement.

Quick deliveries are being made despite the fast-growing demand. See our local dealer.

Handsome folder in actual colors on request.

A few valuable territories are still open to responsible dealers. Quick action alone will get contract.

Briggs-Detroiter Company

501 Holbrook Avenue Detroit, Michigan

Digitized by Google

For Graduations

No. 4072. Exquisite Heller Oriental Cultured natural pearl, fancy hand-carved mounting. Price $9.

No. 4071. Beautiful Heller Oriental Cultured natural pearl, single-stone ring, perfectly plain mounting. Price $12.

No. 4075. Handsome Heller Oriental Cultured natural pearl, fancy black enameled solid gold mounting. Price $10.

For Birthdays

The Time to Buy a Gem-Set Ring

Birthdays and approaching graduations bring the need of gift suggestions. Every heart warms to a gem-set ring. It is the most prized of all presents. It carries a dainty sentiment that endears it forever—it serves as a lifetime reminder. A Ring of rare beauty is within the reach of everyone's purse.

No. 2995. Young lady's solid gold, three-stone novelty little-finger ring in genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet. Price $5.00. In pink sapphire or synthetic ruby, price $12.00.

No. 4859. Gentleman's solid gold, fancy mounting of good weight with genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet and genuine cut diamond in centre of stone. Price $16.50. In synthetic ruby, pink sapphire, or tourmaline, price $20.00.

No. 3978. Gentleman's heavy solid gold ring with genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet. Price $10.00. With synthetic ruby, price $12.00.

No. 4065. Hand-carved, solid gold man's ring with Oddfellow, Masonic, Elk or any other emblem gold incrusted in the centre of genuine tourmaline, pink sapphire or synthetic ruby. Price $16.50. In genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet, price $15.00. Same ring, perfectly plain stone with no emblem, price $10.00.

No. 4050. Handsome solid gold, lady's little-finger ring with genuine Russian lapis lazuli. Fancy hand-carved mounting. Price $9.00.

No. 4369. Gentleman's hand-carved massive solid gold ring with three-facetted genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet. Price $10.00. In synthetic ruby, price $11.50. In genuine tourmaline or pink sapphire, price $15.00.

A Tribute to a Master-Designer of Rings

Rings were merely rings until some years ago. Then came a master to the art of designing rings. For the past twenty years he has been regarded by those who know as the leader in this craft.

This page is a tribute to him—to WHITE, the artist who made the gem-set ring famous.

His designs are of rare beauty, distinctive and exclusive—masterpieces to delight the connoisseurs.

If you want a ring for yourself, or for son, daughter or friend, you will want to see W-W-W Rings.

Known as W-W-W Rings

These rings are known to your jeweler as W-W-W Rings. They are made only in solid gold and are set with precious and semi-precious stones.

The wide range of prices—$3, $4, $5, $10, $25 and up—is made to fit all purses. WHITE'S hobby is *inexpensive beauty*. He personally designs every ring that bears the W-W-W mark.

W-W-W Rings

Made Only in Solid Gold with Stones Guaranteed to Stay

All W-W-W Rings are of solid gold, and every stone is *guaranteed secure.*

If at any time a stone comes out or is cracked we will replace and reset it free. This covers all stones but diamonds. It makes your purchase doubly safe.

Where to See Them

If these superlative rings are not now being shown at your jeweler's, write to us and we'll tell you where to see them. Go see them before you buy anything else to give for birthdays or graduations. You will never regret that you did this. The charm, the sparkle, the unusual design, will reward you twofold for your trouble.

A Beautiful Catalog and This Interesting Story—FREE

Send for Your Copy Now

A talented writer has written for us a charming short story about a gem-set ring. It is full of rich human interest. It is worth sending for.

We will send you a copy free—just for a postcard and the name of your jeweler.

The book also shows pictures of beautiful set rings, a choice selection of the four thousand styles we make, giving full descriptions and prices; also a list of birth stones, telling what each stone means.

Send for it today. See these White designs. Read the thrilling story that has been written around a famous W-W-W Ring.

WHITE, WILE & WARNER, Dept. M 224, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Makers Of Solid Gold Gem-Set Rings In Which the Stones Do Stay

No. 3982. Young lady's massive, solid gold little-finger ring with genuine amethyst or topaz. Price $5. Same ring with genuine green tourmaline or synthetic ruby, price $7.50.

No. 6733. Handsome, solid gold man's ring with square synthetic ruby or genuine garnet, plain shank. Price $12.50. In genuine amethyst or topaz, price $10.00.

No. 3967. Young lady's solid gold little-finger ring with genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet. Price $6.00. With synthetic ruby or pink sapphire, price $7.50.

No. 3985. Young lady's solid gold fancy little-finger ring in three-facetted genuine garnet, amethyst or topaz. Price $9.00. In genuine green tourmaline, price $10.00.

No. 2753. Lady's solid gold cluster set ring with two genuine oval garnets or any birthstone and two genuine whole pearls in the centre. Price $7.00.

No. 3218. Lady's solid gold, fancy cluster set ring with genuine topaz or amethyst, surrounded by four genuine pearls. Price $7.50.

Digitized by Google

KEEP COOL AND COMFORTABLE IN

MUNSING WEAR

MUNSING UNION SUITS

In sheer summer fabrics

WEIGH ONLY A FEW OUNCES

They are made in every required style and size for men, women and children, in a great variety of fabrics of fine quality. Some of these fabrics are the lightest in weight that can be made. For instance, men's Munsingwear Union Suits in the style illustrated in this advertisement, in size for a man with 38 inch chest measurement, in fabric number 7600, weigh only 6 ounces; in fabric number 7500, 7 ounces. Women's Summer Munsingwear Union Suits may be had that weigh only 4 ounces.

In the sheer, light weight summer fabrics, there are hundreds of openings to the square inch, through which the air reaches the body. An opening to match approximately every pore in the skin. They give perfect ventilation, keep the body cool and dry. Millions of discriminating men and women know that Munsingwear summer fabrics are the coolest that can be worn. They are popular because satisfactory.

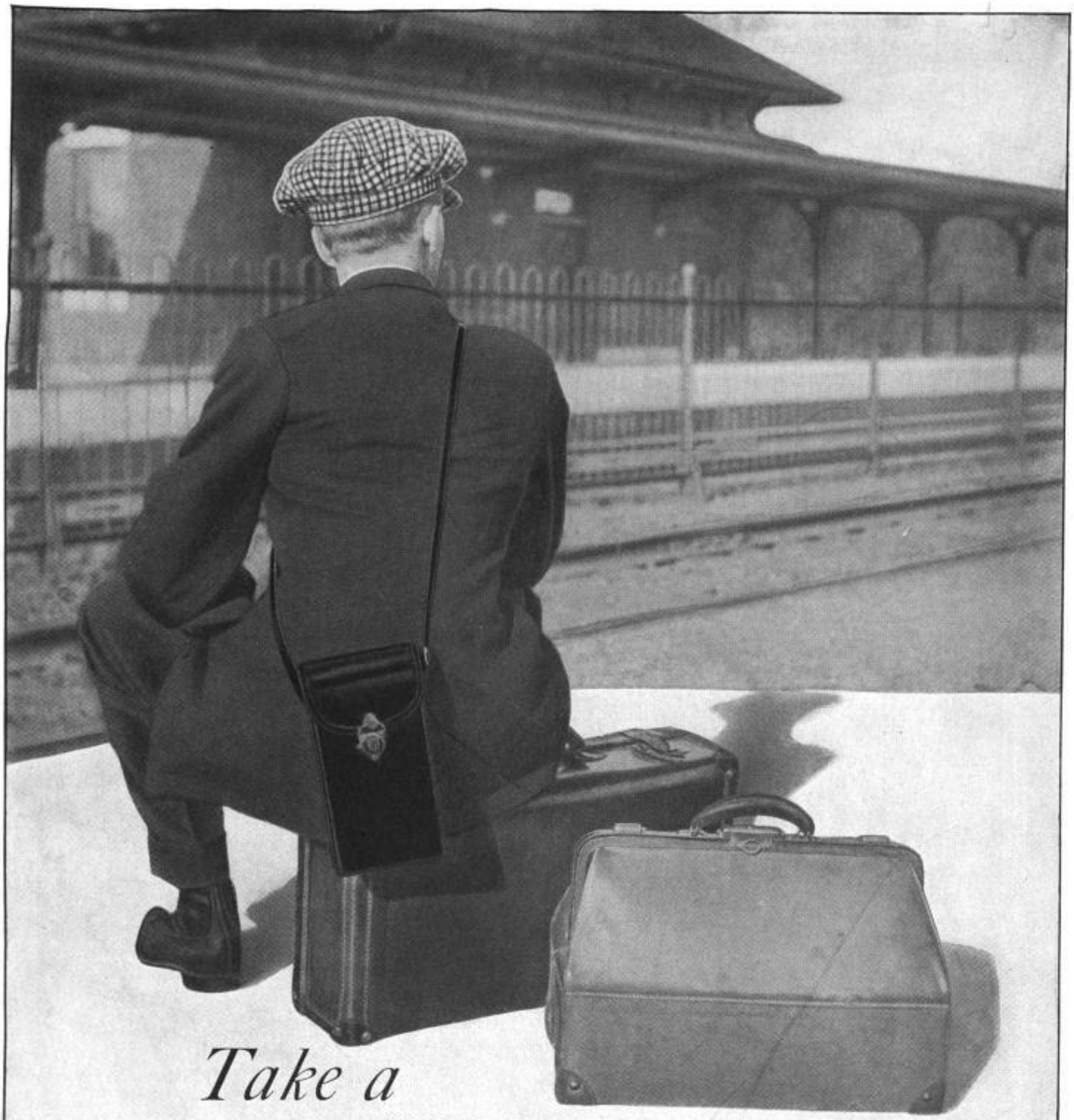
Over 9,000,000 perfect fitting Munsingwear garments will be required in 1915 to supply the demand from trade already established. If you want cool, comfortable, non-irritating underwear of fine workmanship and appearance at popular prices, be sure to say Munsingwear. For samples of fabrics, prices and name of Munsingwear dealer in your town, address

The Northwestern Knitting Company

Minneapolis, Minnesota

DON'T SAY UNDERWEAR — SAY MUNSINGWEAR

Digitized by Google



Take a KODAK with you

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

Catalogue free at your dealer's or by mail.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Digitized by Google

Holeproofs are the ideal summer hose—six pairs are guaranteed to need no darning for six months

DURING the past 16 years millions of people have come to know the vast improvements that Holeproof Hose provide.

Now men, women and children—hundreds of thousands of entire families—enjoy additional hosiery *style*, *comfort* and *economy*. We make Holeproof in silk for men and women. In cotton for grown-ups, and children, too.

Three pairs of the silk are guaranteed to wear three months without holes—six pairs of the cotton are guaranteed for six months.

If any of the pairs fail in that time we will replace them with new hose absolutely FREE.

Such hose are the result of experience and of paying the price for the finest materials the world affords. That is all there is to it.

25c to $1.00 Per Pair

And note that Holeproof, with all their advantages, cost the same as common hose. In fact, because Holeproof *wear* longer than others, they are the *least expensive hose on the market.*

Ask your dealer for Holeproof. *Look for the trademark.* There's only *one genuine Holeproof* and it bears that mark on the toe.

The genuine is sold in your town. Ask for dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Write for free book that tells all about these hose.

Men's, 25 cents per pair and up—Women's, 35 cents per pair and up—Children's, 35 cents per pair.

Holeproof Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, Ltd., LONDON, CANADA
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, 10 Church Alley, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND (652)

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF RICE LEADERS OF THE WORLD ASSOCIATION

A New Feature in Women's Stockings

The Holeproof Elastic Ribbed Cotton Top on either silk or cotton stockings—a feature that means ideal comfort for both stout and slender women.

A top that stretches wide but always returns to shape—it is fast becoming our most popular number.

Ask your dealer about it. If he can't supply you write us and we'll see that you get it. Holeproof, of course, can be had also with the regular hemmed garter tops.

Holeproof Guaranteed Silk Gloves
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Every man and woman should also examine Holeproof Silk Gloves. They are now sold in many stores. Made of the best quality silk, with *reinforced* finger tips that are *guaranteed* to outwear the gloves themselves.

We would not give the name "Holeproof" to any but the most durable gloves on the market. Write for prices and free book that tells all about them. We send them direct upon receipt of price if we have no dealer near you.

Digitized by Google

THERE is no weak link in the chain of Ivory Soap accomplishment. It does well everything that soap can do.

Ivory Soap removes the dirt and grime of a hard day's work. Ivory Soap provides a refreshing bath and toilet at any time. Ivory Soap bathes the baby without irritation to the tender skin. Ivory Soap washes delicate garments without injury. Ivory Soap cleans beautifully and safely the better home furnishings.

Ivory Soap is not limited to any one kind of cleaning because it does not depend upon ingredients suitable only for special kinds of work. Ivory Soap is nothing but pure soap of the best quality. It cleans thoroughly because it is pure, high-grade soap. It cleans gently because it is pure, high-grade soap. Its purity and quality make Ivory Soap safe and effective for every purpose.

IVORY SOAP . . . . .

IT FLOATS . . . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1915, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 187 — *PHILADELPHIA, MAY 22, 1915* — *Number 47*

H. R.

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

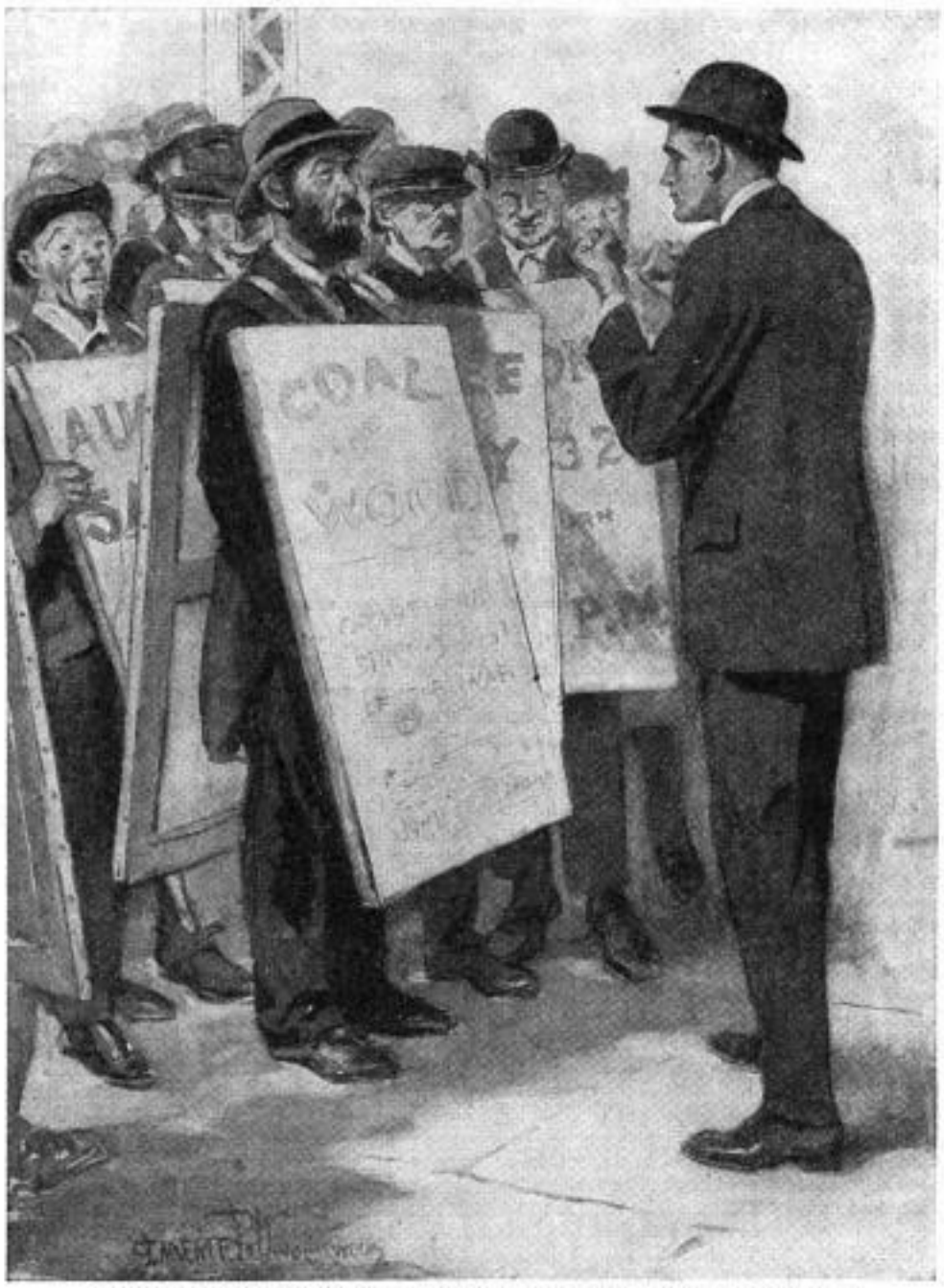
ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THE trouble was not in being a bank clerk, but in being a clerk in a bank that wanted him to be nothing but a bank clerk. That kind always enriches first the bank and later on a bit of soil somewhere.

Hendrik Rutgers had no desire to enrich either bank or soil. He was blue-eyed, brown-haired, clear-skinned, rosy-cheeked, tall, well-built and square-chinned. He always was in fine physical trim, which made people envy him so that they begrudged him advancement. But it also made them like him, because they were so flattered when he reduced himself to their level by not bragging of his muscles. He had a quick-gaited mind and much fluency of speech; also the peculiar sense of humor of a born leader, which enabled him to laugh at what any witty devil said about others even while it prevented him from seeing jokes aimed at his sacred self. He not only was congenitally stubborn—from his Dutch ancestors—but he had his Gascon grandmother's ability to believe whatever he wished to believe and his Scandinavian great-grandfather's power to fill himself with berserker rage in a twinkling. This made him begin all arguments by clenching his fists. Having in his veins so many kinds of un-American blood he was one of the few real Americans in his own country, and he always said so. It was this blood that now began to boil for no reason; though the reason was really that it was spring. He had acquired the American habit of reading the newspapers instead of thinking, and so his mind always worked in headlines. This time it worked like this:

MORE MONEY AND MORE FUN!

Being an American he instantly looked about for the first rung of the ladder of success. He had always liked the cashier. A man climbs at first by his friends; later by his enemies. That is why friends are superfluous later. Hendrik, so self-confident that he did not even have to frown, approached the kindly superior.



"Just Now You are Nothing But a Bunch of Dirty Hoboes—Scum of the Earth!"

"Mr. Coster," he said pleasantly, "I've been on the job over two years. I've done my work satisfactorily. I need more money." You could see from his manner that it was much nicer to state facts than to argue.

The cashier was looking out of the big plate-glass window at the wonderful blue sky. New York! April! He swung on his swivel-chair, and facing Hendrik Rutgers stared at a white birch by a trout stream three hundred miles north of the bank.

"Huh?" he grunted absently. Then the words he had not heard indented the proper spot on his brain and he became a kindly bank cashier once more.

"My boy," he said sympathetically, "I know how it is. Everybody gets the fit about this time of year. What kind of a fly would you use for—I mean, you go back to your cage and confine your attention to the K-L ledger."

A two hours' walk in the Westchester hills would have made these two men brothers. Instead, Hendrik allowed himself to fill up with that anger which is apt to become indignation and thus lead to freedom. Anger is wrath over injury; indignation is wrath over injustice. Hence the freedom.

"I am worth more to the bank than I'm getting. If the bank wants me to stay——"

"Hendrik, I'll do you a favor. Go out and take a walk. Come back in ten minutes—cured!"

"Thanks, Mr. Coster. But suppose I still want a raise when I come back?"

"Then I'll accept your resignation."

"But I don't want to resign. I want to be worth still more to the bank, so that the bank will be only too glad to pay me more. I don't want to live and die a clerk. That would be stupid for me, and also for the bank."

"Take the walk, Hen. Then come back and see me."

"What good will that do me?"

"So far as I can see it will enable you to be fired by no less than the big chief himself. Tell Morson you are going to do something for me: Walk round and look at the people—thousands of them. They are working! Don't forget that, Hen—working; making regular wages! Good luck, my boy. I've never done this before, but you caught me fishing. I had just hooked a three-pounder," he finished apologetically.

Hendrik was suffocating as he returned to his cage. He did not think, he felt—felt that everything was wrong with a civilization that kept both wild beasts and bank clerks in cages. He put on his hat, told the head bookkeeper he was going on an errand for Mr. Coster and left the bank.

The sky was pure blue and the clouds pure white. There was in the air that which even when strained through the bank's window screens had made Hendrik so restless. To breathe it outdoors made the step more elastic, the heartbeats more vigorous, the thoughts more vivid, the resolve stronger. The chimneys were waving white plumes in the bright air—waving toward heaven! He wished to hear the song of freedom of streams escaping from the mountains, of the snow elves liberated by the sun; to hear birds with the spring in their throats, admitting it; and the impatient breeze telling the awakening trees to hurry up with the sap. Instead, he heard the noises that civilized people make when they make money. Also, whenever he ceased to look upward, in the place of the free sunlight and the azure liberty of God's sky he beheld the senseless scurrying of thousands of human ants bent on the same golden errand. When a man looks down he always sees dollar-chasing insects—his brothers!

He clenched his fists and changed, by the magic of the season, into a fighting man. He saw that the ant life of Wall Street was really a battle. Men here were not writing on ledgers, but fighting deserts and swamps and mountains and heat and cold and hunger—fighting Nature; fighting her with gold for more gold. It followed that men were fighting men with gold for more gold! So, of course, men were killing men with gold for more gold! So greatly has civilization advanced that to-day man not only is able to use dollars to kill with, but boasts of it.

"Fools!" he thought, having in mind all other living men.

After he had definitely classified humanity he felt more kindly disposed toward the world. After all, why should men fight Nature or fight men? Nature was only too willing to let men live who kept her laws; and men were only too willing to love their fellow-men if only dollars were not sandwiched in between human hearts. He saw in great happy flashes the comfort of living intelligently, brothers all, employers and employed, rid of the curse of money—the curse of making it, the curse of coining it out of the sweat and sorrow of humanity.

"Fools!" This time he spoke his thought aloud. A hurrying broker's clerk smiled superciliously, recognizing a stock-market loser talking of himself to himself, as they

Digitized by Google

all do. But Hendrik really had in mind bank clerks who, instead of striking off their fetters, caressed them as though they were the hands of sweethearts; or wept, as though tears could soften steel; or blasphemed, as though curses were cold chisels! And every year the fetters were made thicker by the blacksmith habit. To be a bank clerk now and always—now and always nothing!

He now beheld all about him hordes of sheep-hearted things with pens behind their ears and black-cloth sleeve protectors, who said, with the spitefulness of magazine editors:

"You also are of us!"

He would not be of them! He might not be able to change conditions in the world of finance, not knowing exactly how to go about it; but he certainly could change the financial condition of Hendrik Rutgers. He would become a free man. He would do it by getting more money, if not from the bank then from somebody else. In all imperfectly Christianized democracies a man must capitalize his freedom or cease to be free.

He returned to the bank. He was worth thousands to it. This could be seen in his walk. And yet when the cashier saw Hendrik's face he instantly rose from his chair, held up a hand to check unnecessary speech, and said:

"Come on, Rutgers. You are a fool, but I have no time to convince you of it. You understand, of course, that you'll never work for us again!"

"I shall tell the president ——"

"Yes, yes. He'll fire you."

"Not if he is intelligent, he won't," said Rutgers with assurance. The cashier looked at him pityingly and retorted:

"A long catalogue of your virtues and manifold efficiency will weigh with him as much as two cubic inches of hydrogen. But I warned you."

"I know you did," said Hendrik pleasantly. Whereupon Coster frowned and said:

"You are in Class B—eight hundred dollars a year. In due time you will be promoted to Class C—one thousand dollars a year. You knew our system and what the prospects were when you came to us. Other men are ahead of you; they have been here longer than you. We want to be fair to all. If you were going to be dissatisfied you should not have kept somebody else out of a job."

Hendrik did not know how fair the bank was to clerks in Class C. He knew they were not fair to one man in Class B. Facts are facts. Arguments are sea foam.

"You say I kept somebody out of a job?" he asked.

"Yes, you did!" The cashier's tone was so accusing that Hendrik said:

"Don't call a policeman, Mr. Coster!"

"And don't you get fresh, Rutgers! Now, see here, you go back and let the raise come in the usual course. I'll give you a friendly tip: Once you are in Class C you will be more directly under my own eye!"

Instead of feeling grateful for the implied promise, Hendrik could think only that they classified men like cattle. All steers weighing one thousand pounds went into pen C, and so on. This saved time to the butchers who, not having to pause in order to weigh and classify, were enabled to slit many more throats per day. He did not know it, but he thought all this because he wished to go fishing. Therefore, he said:

"I've got to have more money." His fists clenched and his face flushed. He thought of cattle; of the ox-making bank; of being driven from pen A into pen B. And in the end—fertilizer!

"I've got to!" he repeated thickly.

"You won't get it, take it from me. To ask for it now simply means being instantly fired."

"Being fired" sounded so much like "Being freed" that Hendrik retorted pleasantly:

"Mr. Coster, you may yet live to take your orders from me if I am fired. But if I stay here you never will, that's sure."

The cashier flushed angrily, opened his mouth, magnanimously closed it, and with a shrug of his shoulders preceded Hendrik Rutgers into the private office of the president.

"Mr. Goodchild," said Coster, so deferentially that Hendrik looked at him in surprise for a full minute before the surprise changed into contempt.

Mr. Goodchild, the president, did not even answer. He frowned, deliberately walked to a window and stared out of it sourly. A little deal of his own had gone wrong, owing to the stupidity of a subordinate. He had lost Money! He was a big man, with jowls and little puffs under the eyes; also suspicions of purple in cheeks and nose, and suspicions of everybody in his eyes. Presently he turned and spat upon the intruders. He did it with one mild little word:

"Well?"

The Old Fellow Wore the Hunted Look That Comes From Thirty Years of Fear of Dismissal

He then confined his scowl to the cashier. The clerk was a species of the human dirt that unfortunately exists even in banks, and has to be apologized for to customers at times when said dirt, before arrogance, actually permits itself vocal cords. They spoil the joy of doing business, damn 'em!

"This is the K-L ledger clerk," said Coster. "He wants a raise in salary. I told him 'No,' and he then insisted on seeing you." Years of brooding over the appalling possibility of having to look for another job had made the cashier a skillful shirker of responsibilities. He always spoke to the president as if he were giving testimony under oath.

"When one of these chaps, Mr. Coster," said the president in the accusing voice bank presidents use toward those borrowers whose collateral is inadequate, "asks for a raise and doesn't get it he begins to brood over his wrongs. People who think they are underpaid necessarily think they are overworked. And that is what makes Socialists of them!"

He glared at the cashier, who acquiesced awestrickenly.

"Yes, sir!"

"As a matter of fact," pursued the president, still accusingly, "we should reduce the bookkeeping force. Dawson tells me that at the Metropolitan National they average one clerk to two hundred and forty-two accounts. The best we've ever done is one to one hundred and eighty-eight. Reduce! Good morning."

"Mr. Goodchild," said Hendrik Rutgers, approaching the president, "won't you listen to what I have to say?"

Mr. Goodchild was one of those business men who in their desire to conduct their affairs efficiently become mind-readers in order to save precious time. He knew what Rutgers was going to say, and therefore anticipated it by answering:

"I am very sorry for the sickness in your family. The best I can do is to let you remain with us for a little while until whoever is sick is better." He nodded with great philanthropy and self-satisfaction. But Hendrik said very earnestly:

"If I were content with my job I wouldn't be worth a whoop to the bank. What makes me valuable is that I want to be more. Every soldier of Napoleon carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack. That gave to Napoleon soldiers who always won. Let us clerks understand that a vice-presidency can be won by any of us, and you will see a rise in efficiency that will surprise you. Mr. Goodchild, it is a matter of common sense to ——"

"Get out!" said the president.

Ordinarily he would have listened; but he had just lost money. That made him think only of one thing—that he had lost money! The general had suddenly discovered that his fortress was not impregnable. He did not wish to discuss Feminism.

Of course Hendrik did not know that the president's request for solitude was a confession of weakness, and therefore in the nature of a subtle compliment; so instead of feeling flattered Hendrik saw red. It is a common mistake. But anger always stimulated his faculties. All men who are intelligent in their wrath have in them the makings of great leaders of men. The rabble in anger merely becomes the angry rabble—and stays rabble.

Hendrik Rutgers aimed full at George G. Goodchild, Esq. (Aa1), a look of intense astonishment.

"Get out!" repeated the president.

Hendrik Rutgers turned like a flash to the cashier and said sharply: "Didn't you hear? Get out!"

"You!" shouted Mr. George G. Goodchild.

"Who, me?" Hendrik's incredulity was abysmal.

"Yes, you!" And the president, dangerously flushed, advanced threateningly toward the insolent beast.

"What?" exclaimed Hendrik Rutgers skeptically. "Do you mean to tell me you really are the jackass your wife thinks you?"

Fearing to intrude upon private affairs, the cashier discreetly left the room. The president fell back a step. Had Mrs. Goodchild ever spoken to this creature? Then he realized it was merely a fashion of speaking, and he approached, one pudgy fist uplifted. The uplift was more for rhetorical effect than for practical purposes, which has been a habit with most uplifts since money-making became an exact science. But Hendrik smiled pleasantly, as his forbears always did in battle, and said:

"If I hit you once on the point of the jaw it'll be the death chair for mine. I am young! Please control yourself!"

"You infernal scoundrel!"

"What has Mrs. Goodchild ever done for me that I should make her a widow?" You could see he was sincerely seeking information in order to be just. The president of the bank gathered himself together. Then, as one flings a dynamite bomb, he utterly destroyed this creature:

"You are discharged!"

"Tut, tut, I discharged the bank ages ago! I'm only waiting for the bank to pack up. Now listen to me."

"Leave this room, sir!" He said it in that exact tone of voice!

But Hendrik did not vanish into thin air. He commanded: "Take a good look at me!"

The president of the bank could not take orders from a clerk in Class B. Discipline must be maintained at any cost! He therefore promptly turned away his head. But Hendrik drew near and said:

"Do you hear?"

There was in the lunatic's voice something that made Mr. George G. Goodchild instantly bethink himself of all the hold-up stories he had ever heard. He stared at Hendrik with the fascination of fear.

"What do you see?" asked Rutgers tensely. "A human soul? No, you see K-L! You think machinery means progress, and therefore you don't want men, but machines, hey?"

The president did not see K-L, as at the beginning of the interview. Instead of the two enslaving letters he saw two huge emancipating fists. This man was far too robust to be a safe clerk. He had square shoulders. Yes, he had!

The president was not the ass that Hendrik had called him. His limitations were the limitations of all irreligious people who regularly go to church. He thus attached too much importance to to-day, though perhaps his demand loans had something to do with it. His sense of humor was altogether phrasal, like that of most multimillionaires. But if he was too old a man to be consistently intelligent he was an experienced banker. He knew he had to listen or be licked. He decided to listen. He also decided, in order to save his face, to indulge in humorous speech.

"Young man," he asked with a show of solicitude, "do you expect to become governor of New York?"

But Hendrik was not in a smiling mood, because he was listening to a speech he was making to himself and his own applause was distinctly enjoyable, besides preventing him from hearing what the other was saying. That is what makes all applause dangerous. He went on, with an effect of not having been interrupted:

"Machines never mutiny. They therefore are desirable in your system. At the same time the end of all machines is the scrapheap. Do you expect to end in junk?"

Digitized by Google

"I was not thinking of my finish," the president said with much politeness.

"Yes, you are. Shall I prove it?"

"Not now, please," pleaded the president, with a look of exaggerated anxiety at the clock. It brought a flush of anger to Hendrik's cheeks, seeing which the president instantly felt that glow of happiness which comes from gratified revenge. Ah, to be witty! But his smile vanished very suddenly. Hendrik, his fists clenched, was advancing. The president was no true humorist, not being of the stuff of which martyrs are made. He was ready to recant, when ——

"Good morning, Daddy," came in a musical voice. Hendrik drew in his breath sharply at the narrowness of his escape.

She who approached the purple-faced tyrant was the most beautiful girl in all the round world! It was spring. The girl had brought in the first blossoms of the season on her cheeks and she had captured the sky and permanently imprisoned it in her eyes. She was more than beautiful. She was everything that Hendrik Rutgers had ever desired, and even more!

"Er—good morning, Mr.—ah ——" began the president in a pleasant voice.

Hendrik waved his hand at him with the familiar amiability we use toward people whose political affiliations are the same as ours at election time. Then he turned toward the girl, looking at her straight in the eyes for a full minute before he said with impressive gravity:

"Miss Goodchild, your father and I have failed to agree in a somewhat important business matter. I do not think he has used very good judgment, but I leave this office full of forgiveness toward him because I have lived to see his daughter at close range in the broad light of day!"

The only woman before whom a man dares to be a physical coward is his wife, because no matter what he does she knows him. Mr. Goodchild looked frightened, but said blusteringly: "That will do, you—er—you!" He pointed toward the door theatrically. But Hendrik, putting his fingers to his lips, said: "Hush, George!" and spoke to her again:

"Miss Goodchild, I am going to tell you the truth, which is a luxury mighty rare in a bank president's private office, believe me."

She stared at him with a curiosity that was not far from fascination. She saw a well-dressed, well-built, good-looking chap with particularly bright, understanding eyes, who was on such familiar terms with her father that she wondered why he had never called.

"Let me say," he pursued fervently, "without any hope of reward, speaking very conservatively, that you are without question the most beautiful girl in all the world! I have been nearly certain of it for some time, but now I know! You are not only perfectly wonderful, but wonderfully perfect! All of you! And now take a good look at me ——"

"Yes, just before he is put away," interjected the president, trying to treat tragedy humorously before this female of the species. But for fear of the newspapers he would have rung for the private detective whose business was to keep out cranks, bomb-throwing anarchists and those fellow-Christians who wished to pledge their word of honor as collateral on time loans of less than five dollars. But she thought this friendly persiflage meant that the interesting young man was a social equal as well as a person of veracity and excellent taste. So she smiled noncommittally. She was, alas, young!

"They will not put me away for thinking what I say," asserted Hendrik with such conviction that she blushed. Having done this she smiled at him directly, that there might be no wasted effort. Wasn't it spring and wasn't he young and fearless? And more than all that, wasn't he a novelty and she a New York woman?

"When you hear the name of Hendrik Rutgers, or see it in the newspapers, remember it belongs to the man who thought you were the only perfectly beautiful girl God ever made."

"Mr. Rutgers, I am sorry you must be going," said the president with a pleasant smile, having made up his mind that this young man was not only crazy, but harmless—unless angered.

"But you'll come back, won't you, when you are famous? We should like to have your account."

Hendrik ignored him. He looked at her and said:

"Do you prefer wealth to fame? Anybody can be rich. But famous? Which would you rather hear: 'There goes Miss $80,000-a-Year Goodchild' or 'That is that wonderful Goodchild girl everybody is talking about'?"

She didn't know what to answer, the question being a direct one and she a woman. But this did not injure Hendrik in her eyes; for women actually love to be compelled to be silent in order to let a man speak—at certain times about a certain subject. Her father, after the immemorial fashion of unintelligent parents, answered for her. He said stupidly: "It never hurts to have a dollar or two, dear Mr. Rutgers."

"Dollar or two! Why, there are poor men whose names on your list of directors would attract more depositors to this bank than the name of the richest man in the world. Even for your bank, between Saint Vincent de Paul and John D. Rockefeller, whom would you choose? Dollars! When you can dream!"

Hendrik's eyes were gazing steadily into hers. She did not think he was at all lunatical. But George G. Goodchild had reached the limit of his endurance and even of prudence. He rose to his feet, his face deep purple. However, Providence was in a kindly mood. At that very moment the door opened and a male stenographer appeared, notebook in hand. Mr. Goodchild sat down again. Civilization does its life saving in entirely unexpected ways, even outside of hospitals.

"*Au revoir*, Miss Goodchild. Don't forget the name, will you?"

"I won't," she promised. There was a smile on her flower lips and firm resolve in her beautiful eyes. It mounted to Hendrik's head and took away his senses, for he waved his hand at the purple president, said with a solemnity that thrilled her, "Pray for your future son-in-law!" and walked out with the step of a conqueror. And the step visibly gained in majesty as he overheard the music of the spheres:

"Daddy, who is he?"

At the cashier's desk he stopped, held out his hand, and said with that valiant smile with which young men feel bound to announce their defeat: "I'm leaving, Mr. Coster."

"Good morning," said Coster coldly, studiously ignoring the outstretched hand. Rutgers was now a discharged employee, a potential hobo, a possible Socialist, an enemy of society, one of the dangerous Have-Nots. But Hendrik felt so much superior to this creature with a regular income that he said pityingly: "Mr. Coster, your punishment for assassinating your soul is that your children are bound to have the hearts of clerks. You are now definitely nothing but a bank cashier! That's what!"

"Get out!" shrieked the bank cashier, plagiarizing from a greater than he.

The tone of voice made the private policeman draw near. When he saw it was Hendrik to whom Mr. Coster was speaking he instantly smelt liquor. What other theory for an employee's loud talking in a bank? He hoped Hendrik would not swear audibly. The bank would blame it on the policeman's lack of tact.

"*Au revoir*," and Hendrik smiled so pleasantly that the policeman, whose brains were in his biceps, sighed with relief. At the same time the whisper ran among the caged clerks in the mysterious fashion of all bad news—the oldest of all wireless systems! Hendrik Rutgers was fired! Did life hold a darker tragedy than to be out of a job? A terrible world, this, to be hungry in!

As Hendrik walked into the cage to get his few belongings pale faces bent absorbingly over their ledgers. To be fed, to grow comfortably old, to die in bed, always at so much per week—Ideal! No wonder, therefore, that his erstwhile companions feared to look at what once had been a clerk! And then, too, the danger of contagion! A terrible disease, freedom, in a money-making republic, but fortunately rare, and the victims provided with food, lodging and strait-jackets at the expense of the state. Or without strait-jackets—bars.

Hendrik got his pay from the head of his department, who seemed of a sudden to recall that he had never been formally introduced to this Mr. H. Rutgers. This filled Hendrik at first with great anger, and then with a great joy that he was leaving the inclosure wherein men's thoughts withered and died, just like plants, and for the same reason—lack of sunshine.

On his way to the street he paused by his best friend, an old fellow with unobtrusive side whiskers, who turned the ledger's pages over with an amazing deftness and wore the hunted look that comes from thirty years of fear of dismissal. To some extent the old clerk's constant boasting about the days when he was a reckless devil had encouraged Hendrik.

"Good-by, Billy," said Hendrik, holding out his hand. "I'm going."

Little old Billy could not afford to be seen talking in public with a discharged employee! He hastily said "Too bad!" and made a pretense of adding a column of figures.

"Too bad nothing! See what it has done for you to stay so long. I laid out old Goodchild, and the only reason why I stopped was I thought he'd get apoplexy. But say—the daughter! She is some peach, believe me. I called him papa-in-law to his face. You should have seen him!"

Billy shivered. It was even worse than any human being could have imagined!

"Good-by, Rutgers," he whispered out of a corner of his mouth, never taking his eyes from the ledger.

"You poor old —— no, Billy, thank you a thousand times for showing me Hendrik Rutgers at sixty. Thanks!" He walked out of the bank, overflowing with gratitude toward fate that had flung him into the middle of the street. From there he could look at the free sun all day, and of nights at the unfettered stars. It was better than looking at the greed-hieroglyphics wherewith a stupid few enslaved the stupider many.

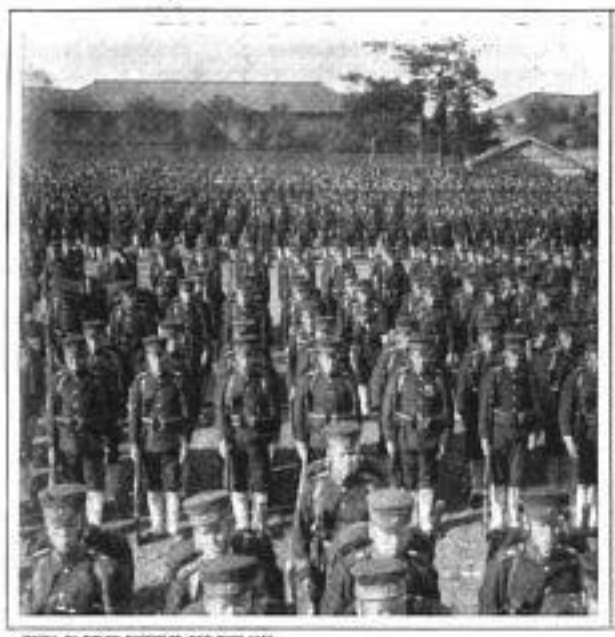
He was free! He stood for a moment on the steps of the main entrance. For two years he had looked from the world

(Continued on Page 41)

There Was Firm Resolve in Her Beautiful Eyes

Digitized by Google

BANZAI—AND THEN WHAT?



A Section of the Japanese Army at the Great Review

An Ainu Aborigine With His Wife and Family

A Public Demonstration in Japan

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

CLASSIFYING them scientifically and dispassionately—for passion and prejudice have no place in science—it appears that our traditional friends, the Japanese, are the precocious kids of the universe. In addition they have come to the belief that their precocity is genius. They have developed their smartness to a self-appreciation that now amounts to an egotism that is as universal as it is uniform. From whatever exterior angle it is observed—American, English, German, Russian or French—it is almost overweening.

Probably there is no other country where the sense of proportion is so lacking as in Japan. There is no perspective, either in the Foreign Office or in the paintings on the fans, or anywhere between those extremes. The Japanese have a fair sense of personal humor, but governmentally and nationally they take themselves so seriously that they are sometimes absurd. In their opinion Japan is the pearl in the oyster of the world.

In reality of course Japan, though entitled to unstinted credit for wonderful progress, is nevertheless a nation holding herself up as a World Power by her bootstraps, and trying desperately to conceal the difficult operation from outsiders—and from some insiders too.

"What does the United States think of our fiscal policy?" a leading Japanese statesman asked me.

The Infant Prodigy of the East

"TO BE perfectly frank with you," I replied, "the United States is neither concerned nor interested in your fiscal policy—unless you want to borrow some money. Probably not a hundred men out of our hundred million people know what your fiscal policy is, or care."

The Japanese statesman was aghast. The idea that the policies of Japan are not of universal and national interest in America was beyond his conception. To him, and to all the rest of them, anything that is Japanese must be not only international in scope and interest but formidable in international consequences.

During the course of the negotiations between Japan and China, when the demands made by Japan on China as a result of Japan's victory at Tsing-tau were being considered, a leading Japanese newspaper, discussing the position of Japan in relation to China and the position of the United States in relation to Mexico, seriously concluded that Japan would not be justified in interfering in Mexico provided the United States did not interfere in China—that is, in the broad sense, Japan would magnanimously refrain from telling the United States what the United States must or must not do in Mexico, but insisted that the United States, as a return for this magnanimity, must not interfere with or make suggestions concerning Japan's actions in China.

I trust the full significance of that, as showing the state of mind of Japan, sinks into you, dear brethren.

There never was an infant prodigy who was not also an infant egotist. It is undeniable that Japan is an infant prodigy in the sense of Western development. There are men still living in Japan who were living there when Japan was under the sway of feudal lords, closed practically to outside influences, and four hundred years behind the spirit of the age; and there are plenty of men who were living when the great struggle for and against opening the country was in progress. To-day Japan is an alert, aggressive and progressive country. As they are fond of saying in Japan, that country has accomplished in a generation what it took Europe four hundred years to accomplish.

While this development has been in progress the outside world, and especially the United States, has been prodigal of its praise. Japan, because the precocious mind has an imperfect sense of proportion, has seriously accepted the extravagances of commendation; and now we have this nation, worthy of high consideration for her really important achievements, demanding the highest praise and the highest consideration, and thinking herself not alone a worthy constituent part, in her sphere, but in addition to this a criterion.

Japan needs trade. Japan needs money. Japan needs many other things. Most of all, Japan needs a philosophic sense of humor—but not more than a lot of Americans who are so raucously concerned over those twin bogies, the Yellow Peril and the Mastery of the Pacific.

Japan's attitude toward the United States, for example, is but a legitimate outcome of two things: the first is the continued stream of you-are-great-you-are-wonderful encomiums we have flooded on the Japanese since the days of Perry; and the second is the recently manifested fear of what the Japanese may take into their inscrutable Oriental minds to do to us when Japan happens to be in a conquering mood. It is no wonder Japan takes herself so seriously when we, among others, supply so lavishly the materials for this frame of mind.

I found the following paragraph in one of the Tokio newspapers when I was in Japan:

According to the investigation of the Finance Department the total amount of domestic national loans in Japan at the end of February, 1915, was 1,019,485,278 yen and the total amount of foreign national loans was 1,518,500,788 yen, which makes a grand total of 2,537,986,066 yen.

Now a total of 2,537,986,066 yen is likewise a total of $1,268,993,033. So I spoke to one of the leading bankers in Tokio about it.

"Is it possible," I asked, "that Japan owes more than one and a quarter billion dollars of national debt?"

A Big Debt for a Small Country

"YES," he replied with much pride; "it means a great deal that a country so small as Japan can owe one and a quarter billion dollars. Isn't it remarkable?"

"It is," I replied—"not only remarkable but significant."

The yellowest portion of the Yellow Peril is not outside of Japan. It is within Japan. Here is a country owing one and a quarter billion dollars—much more than the national debt of the United States when all credits in the way of sinking funds and unimpaired appropriations and available resources are subtracted in both instances; and Japan has a total wealth of twelve or thirteen billion dollars against the one hundred and fifty or sixty billion dollars or more of the total wealth of the United States.

Here is a country where the taxes are already so oppressive and comprehensive that it would take great financial ingenuity to tack on ten sen anywhere without confiscation. For example, my jinrikisha boy, who happens to own his own conveyance, earns twenty yen—or ten dollars in gold—a month; and he gets high wages. He is forced to pay, because he owns his own conveyance, one dollar and a quarter in gold of that ten dollars each month in tax. Think of that, you lightly taxed Americans! And so it goes, with incomes taxed to the breaking point and everything else taxed; with the internal revenue sources squeezed to the last available sen.

Here is a country that sells considerably more than half of its exports to the United States and buys less than three per cent of our exports—a country that has its best customer in us.

And here is a country, they say, that is panting to go to war with us; a country that is waiting for a favorable opportunity to get at us; a country that intends to invade our coast and capture everything we have as far as Denver or Chicago.

Moreover, many of the Japanese think Japan can do that very thing; and a good many people in America think the same thing—a good many people who are in official position and have been. What a great advantage it would be to both countries if, when the Japanese warships are sailing West

A Trolley Car in Tokio Decorated in Honor of the Emperor's Birthday

Digitized by Google

and the American warships are sailing East they should come on an island somewhere whereon there is a large supply of the Sense of Proportion! It is a commodity needed nationally in Japan and in many spots in the United States.

However, it is my business to express my view of what Japan thinks and why, and leave the United States end of it to the two agitated and verbigerous classes—the apologists for and defenders of Japan, of whom we have many, and the numerous nervous persons who see war on the Japanese horizon every time they look toward the Pacific Ocean.

To understand the attitude of Japan toward the United States, these conditions must be borne in mind:

FIRST—Japan's self-esteem and precocity, fostered by indiscriminate and lavish praise from our country.

SECOND—Japan's intense conviction, after the close of the Russo-Japanese War, that she had become a World Power, and that she was the dominator of the East.

THIRD—Japan's jealousy and ensuing suspicion of the United States, which has been her friend, based on the Japanese assumption that Japan was to be in the East—or already was in the East—what the United States was in the West, and the inner realization that the United States is infinitely more powerful than Japan in every way.

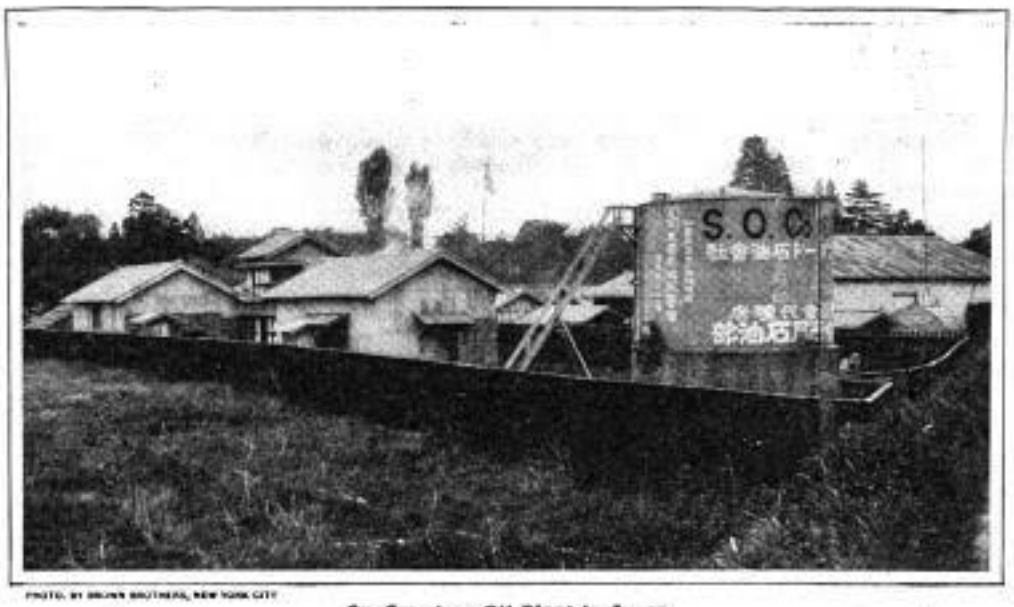
FOURTH—The national urge for full and equal recognition of Japan, based on the supreme conviction that Japan is entitled to that recognition without discrimination or disclaimer for any reason whatsoever. This is the vanity of the national conceit.

You cannot make an Occidental out of an Oriental by the process of putting a silk hat and a pair of trousers on the Oriental; but Japan had an idea that if she conformed in some measure to Occidental externals her Oriental internals were her own affair, and not to be considered. When Western civilization was offered to her she grabbed at it eagerly, but she did not know exactly what to do with it and she assimilated it only in spots.

The Japanese as They See Themselves

HOWEVER, for Japan's purposes, she considered that she had assimilated Western civilization and was in line for full recognition. She claimed for herself that she had proved herself and that she must be taken at her own estimation—which was that she was the Number One Boy of the East who knew all about the West. This was after the Russo-Japanese War. To-day Japan is in exactly the same frame of mind. There came a time two or three years ago when some of the wiser men in Japan began to take national stock, and to consider whether Japan was what Japan's estimate held her to be. Some of them said:

"Let us look into this situation. It may be that our place in the sun isn't so far toward the central convergence of the rays as we have thought it is. Let us check up the books and strike a balance."



An American Oil Plant in Japan

To be sure, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has gone far to solidify Japan's estimation of herself, for here was Great Britain, the tremendous empire, making an alliance with Japan, and thus acknowledging before all the world that Japan was Great Britain's equal. Nevertheless, there were patriots in Japan who discounted that, even, on the ground that it might have—might have—been a move of expediency on the part of Great Britain, and they counseled a national introspective movement. They knew Japan was spread out very thinly in a financial way, and they thought that trade was of more advantage than glory or recognition.

Unfortunately for Japan the Great War came along. Japan, as the ally of Great Britain, very bravely and very patriotically did her part. She declared war on Germany and she took Tsing-tau, the German stronghold in China. Whereupon the old spirit reasserted itself; and to-day Japan feels that she is of the elect, and is supersensitive over any slight, fancied or otherwise, that she can conjure out of any action by any nation—particularly out of any action by the United States. Japan is right back where she was in her cockiest moments; and she did not have far to go.

When you talk with any Japanese statesman or public man—and I talked with most of them when I was in Japan—the conversation concerning the relations between Japan and the United States invariably comes to the statement made by the Japanese:

"After the Russo-Japanese War the relations between the two countries became strained."

At that point I interrupted a dozen times with the inquiry:

"Who strained them?"

"Laying that aside," the Japanese continued, "the fact is that the relations between Japan and the United States became strained; and the situation in California, where our people were discriminated against, made a sharp dissension."

Who strained them? That is a question which cannot be answered definitely; but I know which country looked first for the strain—and that country was Japan. Japan was watching for some slight. Japan had a chip on her shoulder. Japan had the susceptible spot in the exposed position. Japan was suspicious, and suspicion fostered extreme sensitiveness.

The manifestations of this were two in number, and they had a certain reflex action in the United States among persons who for various ulterior motives wanted agitation and who needed a war scare for their own reasons—sometimes patriotic, sometimes commercial. First, the Japanese, having been taught that they are a great and wonderful people; having been interpreted as Orientals of the most subtle kind; having been exalted into demigods by impressionable writers to whom their Oriental aspects appealed—the Japanese considered themselves as not understood by the Americans.

It is always the case that when an interpreter is looking for something to interpret he finds what he wants to find, not what really exists. Various remarkable attributes were ascribed to the Japanese; and they, being precocious, held themselves to have those attributes whether they did or not. Conversely the Japanese were abused roundly by others. There was no middle ground. There was no common-sense position taken that this is a people of a different manner of thought from us, but not so different that they may not be easily understood and worked with easily.

The Japanese as Others See Them

ON ONE side they were held to be marvels. On the other they were set down as inferior. Nobody pointed them out for what they are—an alert and adaptable people possessing no more mentality than the rest of us, and neither more moral nor less moral, from their view, than the rest of us; nor as subtle or occult, or mysterious, or inscrutable as the impressionable and superficial observers, swayed by what was new and strange to them, influenced by what Bushido and history, and the romanticism of a feudal past, set them out to be.

The Japanese, as a corollary of their self-esteem, which was the outgrowth of this constant patting on the back and of their military successes, took this Oriental differentiation seriously, and held that the Americans did not and do not understand them. Wherefore the great thing to do was to make Americans understand them—not as they really are but as they think they are; to impress the Japanese view of the Japanese on the United States.

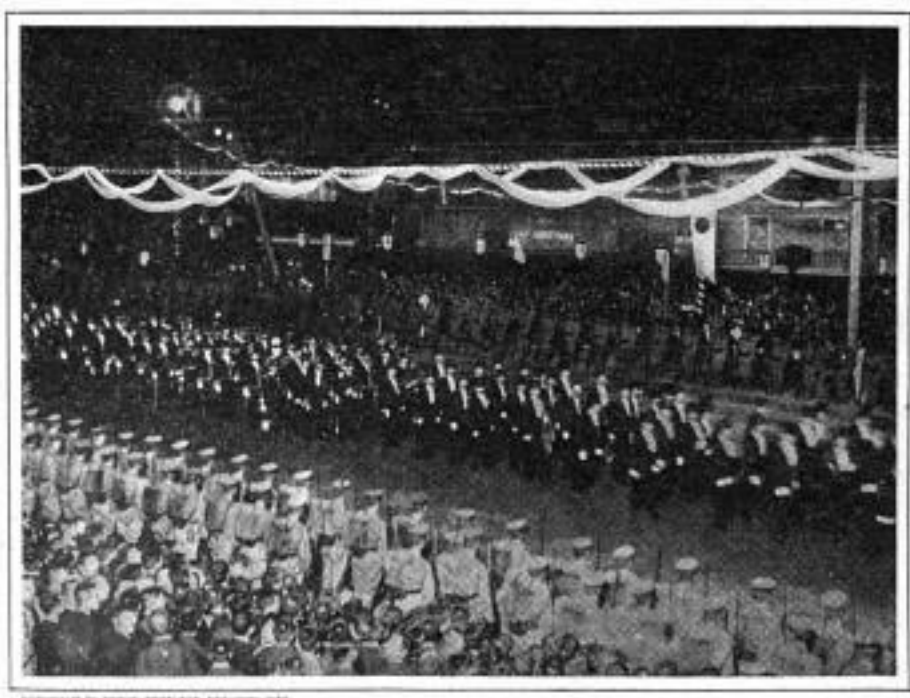
A dozen times or more Japanese public men said to me while I was in Japan:

"I trust you will return home and do what you can to cause the American people to understand us."

"All right," I replied; "but how about your understanding the American people?"

"Oh," each person thus questioned replied patronizingly, "we understand the Americans!"

Well, maybe they do. Certainly they have made very ardent Japanese protagonists out of some of them.



COPYRIGHT BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Thousands of Top-Hatted Gentlemen Walked in the Funeral Procession of the Japanese Emperor

PHOTO, BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Mourning Trees and Native Dress in the Funeral Procession of the Emperor at Tokio

Digitized by Google

These were the two manifestations—that they were not understood by the American people, and that they understood the American people. Looking at it from any angle I fancy the Japanese were right in both instances—to a degree at least. If the American people had understood the Japanese all this yawp about the Yellow Peril and the Mastery of the Pacific, and that sort of thing, would not have been yawped; and if the Japanese had not understood the American people it would not have been yawped either. Thus, the little problem of the Japanese was not to allow or encourage the American people to understand the Japanese as they are, but as the Japanese wish themselves to be regarded and understood.

The truth of it is, of course, that the Japanese have as small concern in reality over whether we understand them—except so far as that understanding makes for their advantage—as we have whether they understand us. Still, the Japanese worked at the job.

Finally a situation arose that caused the yammerers in the United States to begin yammering at greatest bent. Being Americans, we went the full distance. Being Japanese, the Japanese saw to it that they went no distance at all.

We began howling about the Yellow Peril and the Mastery of the Pacific, and predicting war with Japan; and they let the onus of the agitation rest with us, and accomplished exactly the purpose they intended to accomplish, which was to impress on us the opinion of themselves they hold. They had the laugh on us.

Japan never had any more idea of going to war with us as aggressors than Japan had of going to war with Great Britain; but if Japan could let the impression gain ground in the United States that Japan was willing to go to war with us, and could foster the idea of the terrible foe Japan is in war, then Japan was suiting her purpose admirably—which was to get recognition from the United States and to use the attitude of the United States as a leverage for securing recognition from the rest of the world—recognition in the full measure Japan thought she deserved, not in whatever measure it had been accorded. Japan is a most ambitious climber.

We were frightened with stories of how Japan would and could seize the Philippines and Hawaii. It was circumstantially set forth by a Japanese Bernhardi, in a book called Banzai, how the Japanese hordes would invade California, seize San Francisco, stop all trains, cut all wires, ravish the Pacific Coast and march on inland. We had national goose flesh. We swallowed it all like children and gasped for more of the horrible details.

What the Japanese Really Want

FOR battleship purposes and for army appropriations and for fortifications, our professional soldiers and sailors, our armament men, our gunmakers, our armor makers, and all of the crowd whose business is war or the munitions thereof, and our jingoes, repeated these yarns and elaborated them; and the Japanese statemen did their share in fomenting public opinion on their side. Meantime the Japanese were getting what they wanted. They were establishing a basis for recognition in a fuller measure than we had granted them.

They were to take the Philippines and Hawaii. It so happened that while I was in Japan I learned of the real Japanese naval plans for a possible war with the United States. Like every other General Staff, the Japanese General Staff has prepared plans for war with the United States and with every other country—just as our General Staff has plans for war with every possible foe. In order to calm the fears of Captain Hobson and his followers, let me say that, if we have war with Japan, Japan is not going to take the Philippines and Hawaii. Japan knows the futility of that operation; for sooner or later Japan would have to give up the Philippines and Hawaii—and no persons realize that so acutely as the Japanese themselves.

Also, whatever notions Japan may have had of sending an invading force to the west coast of the United States—which notions always were vague and sentimental—have vanished since it has been seen how long it took Great Britain, for example, to get Canadian soldiers to England, and that over a sea where Great Britain and her allies were in command. Do not suppose the Japanese are not fully aware of the greater difficulties they would meet in the Pacific Ocean, where the distance is greater and where the sea would not be under their command, because the American Navy is superior to the Japanese Navy and the Panama Canal is open.

Japan has no such fancy notions in mind. What Japan intended to do, and still intends to do, in the remote contingency of war with the United States, is to stay calmly at home and wait for the American Navy to come to Japan. The Japanese have plans for mining the waters adjacent to their country. They have submarine and torpedo plans. They intend to stick to their base and wait. Being Orientals they can wait and will wait as long as is necessary—a year—two years—any length of time.

They figure that home pressure from our volatile people would send our ships over to Japan. Possibly it would. Then, in their own waters and at their own bases of supplies, the Japanese think they might win. Whether or no, they intend to remain right in Japan; and if there is any fighting to be done they will do it there. Still, so long as we have men with armor plate to sell, and with guns to sell, and with many other things to sell, it is likely we shall continue to hear of this seizure of the Philippines and this seizure of Hawaii, and of the triumphant march of the Japanese soldiers on Denver and Chicago—and all the rest of that twaddle.

Economics cuts no figure with the professional war maker and the professional agitator. It makes no difference to them that Japan is burdened with debt, is poverty stricken, or that we buy nearly three-quarters of her products. They never consider what such an invasion would cost Japan, or where Japan would get the money, or what would happen at home, with the best Japanese customer—by far the biggest—shut off! None of those reasons appeal to them, and they continue playing into the hand of Japan, making her believe that what she thinks of her commanding position in the world is true. True? Why not? Is not the United States afraid of her?

As I said in a previous article, Japan does not want war. Japan wants trade. That is the excuse for the Japanese demands on China, which I shall discuss after I get to China and find out the Chinese view; and that is the secret of everything else Japan does. Japan must expand commercially. And that brings me to the Mastery-of-the-Pacific side of it.

So far as the Mastery of the Pacific is concerned, I assume it means either military and naval mastery or commercial mastery. Either can be dismissed in a line. There is no way of telling who is master of the Pacific in a military sense until conclusions are tried. We may be masters or the Japanese may be masters; but that will not be proved until the Japanese Navy and the American Navy have a battle or a series of battles. Fighting strength on paper counts for nothing. It will take grips to determine that. Personally I have no doubt as to what grips would determine; but neither have the Japanese. So that must rest until it is proved.

Then comes the commercial mastery, which, I take it, means preponderance of tonnage of ships. Why waste any time over that? The Japanese have at least three big lines of shipping on the Pacific—the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, and the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, and their subsidiaries—to say nothing of smaller lines. I think I am correct when I say that one or all of these lines are under mail subsidy by the Japanese Government. They own and operate many ships. Opposed to these we have the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, with six or seven ships in the trans-Pacific trade; and we should not have those if it were not for the genius and persistence of R. P. Schwerin.

Why prate about the Mastery of the Pacific? That seems to be a settled proposition—commercially, at any rate. There is one point over which the Japanese are entitled to pat themselves on the back—they have whipped us in trans-Pacific commerce.

Still they remain suspicious of us, and still they continue to try to make us understand them, which, of course, is only their method of trying to get their viewpoint impressed on us to their ultimate advantage. They need standing to get trade; they need trade to remain alive. They are at their limit in their own country and beyond it. They must expand; and they can the better expand if they are considered as equals taking their just dues, rather than as pretenders taking what they can get.

It is a complicated problem, this mixture of self-assertion and cupidity; of ideals and utilitarianism; of pride, and poverty of resources. It is almost pathetic to observe the eagerness with which the Japanese seek to maintain themselves at their own estimation among the nations of the world; and their skill at it is marvelous. In their inner selves the Japanese are afraid they are not quite so wonderful as they have been told they are and affect to believe they are; and they go to any lengths to sustain that standing, as they also go to any lengths to find out whether people really mean what they say about them.

A Nation That Knows the Publicity Game

THERE are no people in the world, in my opinion, so sensitive to ridicule and so hurt by it as the Japanese. There are no people so jealous of their dignity, their position, and whose tender feelings are so easily hurt.

You may berate a Japanese and that is your affair—it is nothing to him; but if you laugh at him and ridicule him he is ready either to kill you or to kill himself. They have been taught for centuries to smile at all times, to avoid the semblance of emotion; but in reality they are deeply emotional, and their supersensitiveness is the cause of many things that seem inexplicable when considered from any other angle; for that supersensitiveness breeds suspicion, and suspicion leads them into many petty enterprises.

Psychology has no set rules. The attitude of mind of one people differs from the attitude of mind of another people, but each attitude has its justifying causes. Thus, when you come to analyze the Japanese and lay out for inspection the training of centuries beside the quick apprehensions of half of another century, the superstitions and the inherent mental impressions of feudalism, with its code of ethics, which was life or death, and the requirements of a life where that code must give way to modern necessities, you get a complex organization that is bound to produce interesting and curious manifestations.

You get a nationality that is persistently jealous of its outside influences; that desires above all else to appear to the world in the most favorable light; and that is afraid it may not be justified in making the claims it does, but makes them and uses every expedient to carry them through. You get, based on this very nationality, a suspicion which comes from the inside feeling that others may discover there is dross in the gold, and a frantic endeavor to find out what the foreigner thinks, and an even more frantic endeavor to make him think the Japanese way. What happens in Japan is of small consequence to the Japanese. They can cover that up, whatever it may be, and do; but what happens outside that concerns them is of vital moment.

To that end they have two procedures that are working constantly. One is the system of interior and exterior spying that is maintained. The other is the publicity propaganda that operates with such elaborate skill whenever its services are required. Coincident with these there is a system of press censorship, of control of the news, of control of the sources of news and of the distribution of the news; of continuous espionage and censorship.

An official in the Department of Communications, whom I happen to know, told me with great pride, when I was in Japan, that they had just secured from Russia a machine which made the work of opening and reading letters much easier. The former method was to steam the letters open, read them, copy them if desired, and seal them again. This Russian machine, as I understand it,

(Continued on Page 53)

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Navy Department at Tokio

Digitized by Google

PERFECTLY NEUTER

Showing the Disadvantages of Low-Grade Popular-Price Language

By Montague Glass

I SEE this morning there is a letter from the President, where he says we should keep a neuterality, Abe," Morris said, one morning in October.

"Is *that* so?" Abe retorted. "Well, that bloodsucker'd better not stick his nose so much into other people's business, Mawruss."

Morris appeared to be mildly shocked.

"I don't know as you got any call to speak that way about a big *Melammed* like President Wilson, Abe," he protested. "There's a feller which you could really call a *Chosid*, Abe, if ever there was one; and ——"

"President Wilson!" Abe cried. "I thought you meant Sam Feder, president from the Kosciusko Bank. Well, anyhow, Mawruss, how does it come that President Wilson writes us a letter? I suppose it's one of them imitation typewriting letters, *mit* a facs'mile for a signature."

"*Geh weg!*" Morris exclaimed disgustedly. "He wrote in the newspapers a letter to the *Leute*, telling us we should keep a neuterality, on account of the war in the old country."

"Yes?" Abe said.

"Which I could see by your face, Abe," Morris continued, "that for all you understand from the English language, Abe, when President Wilson asks you you should keep a neuterality, Abe, he might just so well ask you you should keep a dawg *oder* a card index, or something; because you don't know what a neuterality is at all."

"It ain't necessary when I got such a learned man for a partner, Mawruss," Abe retorted. "I am a plain, everyday feller, Mawruss. I use only low-grade, popular-price words, Mawruss; and I ain't ashamed of it, neither."

"Well, you don't got to get sore about it," Morris said conciliatingly, "because neuterality means—that we should stay perfectly neuter. In other words, Abe, we shouldn't knock Germany, *oder* England and France, or even Russland, while the war lasts, Abe, on account we might make somebody *brogus* at us."

Abe flapped his right hand impatiently.

"I suppose there are some people which really must got to have President Wilson write 'em a letter, or a house fall on 'em or something, before they could use a little common sense," he said; "*aber* me, I am built differencely, Mawruss. I was perfectly neuter before President Wilson even got the idee to write such a letter, and I would remain so without you or President Wilson telling me so, either." He slammed a bill file on the table by way of emphasis. "Furthermore, the feller goes too far!" he said.

"Who?" Morris demanded—"President Wilson?"

"Seemingly you got President Wilson on the brain," Abe retorted. "Whenever I am talking from Sam Feder you jump to the idee that I mean President Wilson, Mawruss—which, even if I am a Republican, Mawruss, I bet yer President Wilson wouldn't treat me the way Feder does when I went to see him this morning."

"You went to see Feder this morning?" Morris asked Abe. "Why, what for do you went to see Feder this morning, Abe? We ain't got no more an account with the Kosciusko Bank, *Gott sei dank!* We could get all the accommodation we want with the National Hardware Bank."

"I hope you are right, Mawruss," said Abe.

"Well, anyhow, I'm going down to see them people to-day," Morris retorted; "and if the worser comes to the worst they couldn't turn us down no harder than Feder used to done it."

"I bet yer he used to turn us down hard! That's what I told Rosie this morning, Mawruss; but she says to go and see him anyhow, and the least that bloodsucker calls me is a murderer. So I told him, Mawruss, if he feels so bad about it as all that, why don't he go back to hinter-Berlin, where he says he comes from, Mawruss; and ——"

"*Aber* what has Rosie got to do with you seeing Feder?" Morris insisted.

"Rosie has got just so much to do *mit* it as Mrs. Polongin, which I guess you heard of Jake Polongin, owner of the Herrick, Jameson Dry-Goods Company, of Portland?"

Morris nodded.

"And when Rosie showed me the letter from Mrs. Polongin this morning, y'understand, I thought right away how last winter Mrs. Feder is getting into us already for ten dollars a whack *mit* two orphan asylums and a society for poor widders *mit* small children," Abe continued; "which you could bet your life, Mawruss, them poor fellers is leaving plenty widders *mit* small children, because in Russland, Mawruss, a married couple which has got less than six in the family, Mawruss, is practically childless—ain't it?"

Morris raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"The Least That Bloodsucker Calls Me is a Murderer"

"You mean you are going to see Feder to collect some money for widders and orphans in Russland?" he asked.

"Ain't I just telling you?" Abe replied.

"And I suppose he gives you right away a thousand dollars!" Morris jeered.

"With a hundred per cent discount for cash!" Morris continued. "The way that feller talked made my blood turn cold. 'If them fellers are suckers enough to fight against Germany,' he says, 'let 'em get shot!' he says. And I asked him does he think them poor *Schnorrers* fight because they enjoy it, and he says: 'Let 'em not fight—let 'em run away.' And I says a fine show *unser Leute* got to run away! If they run away they shoot 'em anyhow, I said; whereas when they fight, even if they put 'em in the front row even, might they would have a little luck and lose only a leg or an arm maybe. And all Feder says is the Germans should help the Germans and not the Russians."

"Well, Abe," Morris continued, "there's lots of fellers from *unser Leute* which is getting shot on the German end of it too."

"*Aber*, Jake Polongin ain't interested in them, Mawruss," Abe said.

"And on account Jake Polongin ain't interested in 'em, then Germany would lose, I suppose?" Morris said.

"The Germans I ain't interested in at all," Abe replied; "but we would lose, Mawruss, on account the letter Mrs. Polongin wrote to Rosie said that Jake would be in New York on Thursday to buy goods, Mawruss, and would stop in here to get the money we are going to collect."

"*We* are going to collect!" Morris exclaimed.

"Sure!" Abe said. "I can take a few hours off on my way down town, Mawruss, and you could also take a couple hours in the afternoon, Mawruss, on your way home, y'understand. We've been bled for orphan asylums and hospitals long enough, Mawruss. Now is our chance we should get a little even, Mawruss—and the first one we would strike is Simon Kittler. From the interest he takes in charities, Mawruss, you will think that feller was manufacturing knee pants and did all his business *mit* orphan asylums."

"A competitor should hear you talk that way about a good customer like Simon Kittler, Abe!" Morris said reprovingly.

"*Yow*—a good customer!" Abe exclaimed. "This year nobody is a good customer, Mawruss. Retailers buy their goods only when they got to buy them, and in the cheapest market at that. So far as Simon Kittler is concerned, he would as lief get his goods from Leon Sammet as from us if we don't quote the lowest figgers; so you should go up and see him this afternoon yet, and ——"

"I wouldn't positively do nothing of the kind," Morris interrupted.

"Why not?" Abe asked.

"Because, in the first place, we've got our hands full collecting from people which owes us for merchandise, Abe, without we should waste our time trying to get in money for other people," Morris replied. "And, in the second place, there's plenty widders and orphans right here in New York City; and if that ain't enough territory, Abe, there's also Jersey City and Brooklyn. We live in America—not in Russland, Abe; and if you feel you must got to do some collectin', y'understand, here is several dozen monthly statements laying on my desk, Abe, which you could save the cost of a rubber stamp by writing on every one of them: 'This account is overdue. Please remit!'"

For the moment, Abe could think of no fitting rejoinder; nor were his mental processes assisted by the monthly statements, which he gathered up from his partner's desk. Indeed, the more statements he examined, the greater became his conviction that Morris was right; and he had about decided to abandon any further relief work for Mrs. Polongin when Morris appeared from the direction of the cutting room, passing an exploratory thumb and finger over his chin.

"Do I look like I needed a shave, Abe?" he asked.

Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"What is the difference how you look, Mawruss?" he said. "The way business is nowadays, Mawruss, you could take chances on growing a full beard even before a buyer comes into the place."

"Buyers I ain't talking about at all," Morris said. "I am going down now to see them people, Abe; and when you're asking somebody they should lend you money, y'understand, while you don't want to give them the impression you are living too high exactly, still, at the same time, they ain't goin' to turn you down on the excuse that you should save your money and not throw it away left and right in barber shops, y'understand."

"But, Mawruss," Abe protested, "Polongin ain't askin' us we should do this thing for him right in the middle of the day."

"Polongin!" Morris cried. "What is Polongin got to do with it?"

"*Aber*, you said you was going down the street to see them people," Abe said; "and Simon Kittler is ——"

"Simon Kittler!" Morris repeated. "Who said I am going to see Simon Kittler? I am going down to see Max Nietenthal, of the National Hardware Bank, to get an accommodation, so we should be able to meet our bills on the first of the month, Abe."

He struggled into his overcoat and Abe turned again to his pile of monthly statements.

"Everybody ain't so easy on their customers like we are, Abe," he said. "And if we couldn't pay for our piece goods to the day the account is due, Abe, what our creditors is going to do to us would make Belgium look like a real-estate boom already."

II

MORRIS glanced at his watch as he went down in the elevator, and it occurred to him that a light luncheon might fortify his courage in the matter of asking accommodation at the bank. He therefore resolved to eat first and apply for his loan afterward; so ten minutes after he left the firm's office he was seated at the corner table in Wasserbauer's Café, with a napkin tucked in his collar.

He was midway in the consumption of a large dish of paprika chicken when Wasserbauer paused at his elbow and sighed so heavily that the bill of fare was wafted from its place between the pepper caster and the salt shaker into Morris' paprika chicken.

"A hundred times I told them new waiters they should take from the table the bill of fares when the customers is through ordering," Wasserbauer said, after he had rescued the menu from the chicken and had licked the gravy from his fingers. "What them fellers know about waiting on table, Mr. Perlmutter, a Chink in a chop-suey joint could learn 'em already!"

Morris shrugged his shoulders.

"If that's all what troubles you, Wasserbauer," he said, "you shouldn't kick at all. You should only be thankful

Digitized by Google

you are not in the garment business, Wasserbauer, because war times or no war times, people must eat—ain't it?"

Wasserbauer nodded sadly. "People must eat," he admitted; "*aber* they don't got to pay for other people they should eat. A feller which is blowing a customer eats the equivalent from six people paying for themselves, Mr. Perlmutter. And you know as well as I do, Mr. Perlmutter, nowadays, from all the entertaining customers a business man does, I don't sell two glasses beer extra a day."

"Well, anyhow, you are better off as living in Russland, where you was born, Wasserbauer," Morris began; but Wasserbauer raised his hand warningly.

"Don't say that, Mr. Perlmutter," he protested; "otherwise somebody might overhear you."

"*Aber* you was born in Russland, wasn't you?" Morris insisted.

"I don't claim I was born nowheres, Mr. Perlmutter," Wasserbauer declared. "I am an American sitson and I let it go at that. I ain't taking no chances on my customers, since Belgium started this here war."

"Belgium started the war!" Morris shouted.

"That's what I said," Wasserbauer replied. "I got lots of *Elsassers*, Englishmen, *Oestreichers* and fellers which claim they was born in Germany eating here every day; *aber*, so far, I ain't struck a customer which comes from Belgium, y'understand. So I put it up to Belgium, Mr. Perlmutter, and I'm sure you couldn't blame me."

"For my part, you could say California started it," Morris said, "because the start I don't care about at all. A quick finish is what I am looking for, Wasserbauer, on account I lost enough money by this here war."

As he spoke, he stirred his cup of coffee with a tablespoon until a brown pool six inches in diameter had collected on the tablecloth.

"Them new waiters again!" Wasserbauer exclaimed as he grabbed a teaspoon from the adjoining table. "They would honestly serve a knife and fork with a charlotte ruche, Mr. Perlmutter!"

"The old ones wasn't so good, neither," Morris commented; "otherwise why should you fire 'em?"

"Fire 'em!" Wasserbauer said. "What do you mean—fire 'em, Mr. Perlmutter? They threw up their jobs on me, Mr. Perlmutter, to go back to the old country to get shot—the three best waiters I got. Louie, Jake and Albert goes back to Deutschland."

"Business must be good over there," Morris said.

"Business nothing!" Wasserbauer replied. "They went back to fight."

"To fight!" Morris exclaimed. "Do you mean to told me that Louie—that big *Herzogfümer*—goes back to fight?"

Wasserbauer nodded.

"Why, only last month he is telling me him and his wife got a baby die on 'em!" Morris said.

"Sure, I know," Wasserbauer said. "They've got two other children too."

"And such a feller goes to war!" Morris commented as he reached for his coffee. "Honestly, Wasserbauer, the police ought to arrest him for it!"

Wasserbauer laughed mirthlessly.

"They would got to go a long way to do it, Mr. Perlmutter," he said—"further than Europe; believe me!"

Morris put down his coffee.

"You mean he is dead?" Morris said; and Wasserbauer nodded again.

"Them Russians shot him the first day," he went on. "The widder received a registered letter last week. She thought it was money he was sending her; and when the letter carrier goes downstairs he meets the City Marshal coming up with a dispossess notice. I got the judge to give her till to-morrow morning she should either move or pay the rent. She owes twenty-six dollars for two months."

"*Ai, Gewalt!*" Morris cried.

"Which I would give her a job washing dishes, Mr. Perlmutter," Wasserbauer continued; "*aber mit* two small children, she would got to put 'em in a home, y'understand—a year and a half and three years old, Mr. Perlmutter—which she wouldn't do it. And I don't blame her, neither."

Morris wagged his head from side to side and made sounds through his nose by way of expressing his sympathy.

"Five dollars a week I give her since Louie went away," Wasserbauer said, "which I got to pay twelve hundred dollars my license next week; and meat goes up all the time!"

Morris continued to wag his head and again he reached for his coffee.

"Wait; I'll get you a hot cup," Wasserbauer said. "She lives on East Ninety-ninth Street near Madison Avenue; and you needn't be afraid to have Mrs. Perlmutter call there. The place is neat like a pin."

"Write me down the address on a piece of paper," Morris said, "and the Ladies' Aid what my Minnie belongs to would go round and see her."

"Excuse me, Mr. Perlmutter," Wasserbauer said—"she don't want no charity." Here he proceeded to make a fine but pertinent distinction. "She wants money," he concluded; and he fastened on Morris so hypnotic a glance that, though his every impulse was to resist by flight the promptings of his warm heart, Morris weakly felt for his check book.

"Make it to the order of Mrs. Dora Schumann for twenty-six dollars," Wasserbauer said as he thrust his fountain pen into Morris' trembling hand; and a moment later Wasserbauer folded away the check in his waistcoat pocket. "Gawd will bless you for this, Mr. Perlmutter!" he said.

Morris waved away the benediction with both hands.

"Only don't tell my partner what a sucker I am—that's all what I ask," he said; and ten minutes later he paid his bill and proceeded to the bank.

It was nearly one o'clock; and despite Abe's resolution to stick at his task of indorsing threats on the pile of monthly statements he could no longer curb his appetite. Accordingly he entered Wasserbauer's restaurant, not five minutes after Morris had departed, and seated himself at the same table, where Wasserbauer immediately hailed him.

"If You Ain't Satisfied With the Way I am Dictatin' Letters, Mawruss, Go and Get President Wilson for a Partner"

"Ain't it a quincidence, Mr. Potash?" he said. "Your partner was just now sitting at this selfsame table, eating from paprika chicken—which, if I do say it, Mr. Potash, is something elegant to-day!"

"That feller's got a stomach like a goat!" Abe commented.

"*Gott sei dank* for that!" Wasserbauer said. "*Aber, mit* paprika chicken, a baby in arms could eat it, because a feller don't got to got no stomach to digest chicken, whereas paprika is something elegant for *Mägenbeschwerden;* and you could ask any big professor if he wouldn't tell you the same."

"I take your word for it, Wasserbauer," Abe said; "so I guess I would eat some *Koenigsberger Klops mit Kartoffel Kloss* and save twenty cents on the chicken."

"You should ought to consider your stomach before twenty cents, Mr. Potash," Wasserbauer advised him.

"Why, what's the matter, Wasserbauer?" Abe asked. "Ain't you got no confidence in your own food at all?"

"In *Koenigsberger Klops* I got confidence only for young fellers, Mr. Potash," Wasserbauer replied; "and, for that matter, I also keep it here Boston-baked beans, Mr. Potash."

"Tphoo-ee!" Abe exclaimed. Wasserbauer made a wide gesture.

"Well, there you are!" he said. "The chances is if you was to eat Boston-baked beans the least you would get is wind on the heart, Mr. Potash—and yet I got to keep it the same like *Koenigsberger Klops*, Mr. Potash, on account some people don't feel that they've eat lunch at all unless they've got a little *Magenadure* to show for it."

"*Nu*, Wasserbauer, make an end!" Abe declared. "Bring me some paprika chicken and be done *mit* it."

Two minutes later Wasserbauer bore, with his own hands, to Abe's table a steaming dish of paprika chicken—all white meat. Abe adjusted a table napkin so that it draped from his collar to the edge of the tablecloth, after the fashion of a battleship spreading torpedo nets before going into action; and then he attacked the succulent dish with such great smacking noises that Wasserbauer could not disguise a satisfied grin.

"Felix," he called to a waiter, "bring Mr. Potash a fresh-made cup coffee *mit* whipped cream."

"How did you know I wanted coffee?" Abe asked.

Wasserbauer waved his hand reassuringly.

"'Sall right, Mr. Potash," he said. "If you don't want that coffee after you smell it, y'understand, I'll drink it myself!"

"You seem to be doing putty much everything here yourself," Abe commented. "Why don't you let the waiters attend to the customers, Wasserbauer? What're you paying for anyhow?"

Wasserbauer sat down at the adjoining table. He felt sure the coffee would complete the work begun by the paprika chicken, the object of which was to render Abe susceptible to a charitable appeal. He therefore wasted no time in further introduction.

"The fact is," he commenced, "there's some waiters you could trust to wait on a good customer and there's some waiters you couldn't. If Big Louie was here now, Mr. Potash, I would be sitting behind the cigar counter, perfectly satisfied he should attend to you."

"Well, what did you get rid of him for?" Abe asked. "He's got *dock* a wife and children, Wasserbauer; and even if business would be rotten, y'understand, a feller should got a little *Rachmonos* once in a while."

Wasserbauer shrugged satirically.

"If I wouldn't got *Rachmonos* for them people, Mr. Potash," he said, "I don't know who would got it. Certainly the customers don't give a damn what happens to Louie—*oder* his widder, neither."

"Widder!" Abe exclaimed. "Is Louie dead?"

Wasserbauer nodded.

"Why, the feller was the picture of health!" Abe cried.

"Sure, I know," Wasserbauer said. "*Im Preussen* the pictures of health they stick always in the front row, and so they always get shot first."

Abe laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate away.

"Do you mean to tell me that Big Louie goes back to Deutschland and gets shot?" he said.

"Finish your chicken, Mr. Potash," Wasserbauer replied. "If the widder and children starve that's no reason why you should miss your lunch."

"You got a soft heart, Wasserbauer, I must say—like a brick," Abe said.

"Could I help it if that loafer goes back to Deutschland and leaves his wife without a cent in the house?" Wasserbauer demanded. "Actually the day she gets the news he's shot, y'understand, the landlord sends her a dispossess; und Louis is such a patriot, he must got to go back. Such a feller deserves to get shot—honestly!"

He rightly concluded that an attitude of harshness rather than sentiment would provoke Abe's sympathy, and he imparted so savage a note to the last statement that Abe was genuinely shocked.

"*Koosh*, Wasserbauer!" he said. "The feller is dead; and if the poor widder and children is starving it isn't their fault."

"Well, what do you want me to do?" Wasserbauer asked—"pay the rent? If he'd been working for me when he died, then I would say yes. *Aber* I consider I am doing enough when I allow the woman five dollars a week, Mr. Potash. So if you've got so much *Rachmonos* for the woman—now's your chance." He pulled out his fountain pen as he spoke. "Make me out a check to the order of Mrs. Dora Schumann for twenty-six dollars," he said, "and I will see the rent is paid."

"Twenty-six dollars!" Abe cried as though he expected the sum to be in marks or francs.

Wasserbauer nodded.

"Felix!" he shouted. "Bring from the cigar case a blotter. Mr. Potash wants to make out a check."

He looked round and noted the presence of several garment manufacturers.

"For such a charity as you are doing, Mr. Potash," he said in a tone nearly as loud as he had employed toward Felix, "Gawd will bless you."

Abe scowled fiercely at Wasserbauer.

"All right, Wasserbauer," he said. "You think I am bluffing—what? Gimme the pen!" He was still scowling when he handed the check to Wasserbauer. "I can be just as charitable as any other sucker, Wasserbauer," he said; "but I want you to do me a favor, Wasserbauer."

"'Sall right, Mr. Potash," Wasserbauer assured him. "I wouldn't mention a word about this to Mr. Perlmutter."

III

AS SOON as Abe had parted with his check he began to feel a righteous glow, which persisted until he reached the firm's office, where he found Morris with his head buried in the columns of the Daily Cloak and Suit Gazette.

"*Nu*, Mawruss," he said cheerfully, "did you seen Nietenthal?"

Digitized by Google

Morris put down the paper and exposed a face so distorted with anger and disgust that Abe's righteous glow became immediately quenched.

"What's the matter, Mawruss?" he asked. "Did the paprika chicken disagree with you?"

Morris tried to exclaim, "Paprika chicken nothing!" but the first syllable of pa-prika was too much for his trembling lips. At length he grew calm enough to enunciate.

"Murderer!" he cried. "You are shedding my blood!"

Abe had heard this statement on many trivial occasions, such as arriving at the office ten minutes after Morris or going home at five minutes to six. He therefore concluded that his partner had reference to his protracted luncheon.

"I must got to eat, the same as you, Mawruss," he protested.

"Eat!" Morris cried in terrible accents. "Choke! Poison yourself! What do I care? You are ruining me!"

"What do you mean—ruining you?" Abe asked; and for answer Morris poked the Daily Cloak and Suit Gazette at him.

With a palsied forefinger, Morris indicated a paragraph that read as follows:

NATIONAL HARDWARE BANK

PRESIDENT MAX NIETENTHAL RETIRES

Max Nietenthal, who for nineteen years has been president of the National Hardware Bank, has retired on account of ill health. His resignation was accepted at a meeting of the bank's executive committee last night.

He will be succeeded by Samuel J. Feder, for ten years president of the Kosciusko Bank.

Abe read and reread the item, with bulging eyes, and there rose in his throat a lump that may or may not have been paprika chicken. In any event, it effectually choked off all comment and allowed Morris to give play to his feelings unchecked.

"Widders and orphans in Russland he must look after!" Morris exclaimed. "We ain't got widders and orphans enough in New York City to suit him!"

Abe looked up from the paper, his face purple with emotion.

"What did Feder say to you?" he asked huskily.

"He wouldn't see me at all," Morris replied. "He sent out word he was holding a meeting of the German-American Aid Committee in his office and couldn't be disturbed."

Once more Abe disappeared behind the paper and Morris gained a fresh start.

"Such a big heart for Russland you got! Maybe you expect to get from the Czar an accommodation a few thousand dollars—what? If that's the case let me know, Abe, and I would also go out and try to collect for them *Litvaks* what Polongin writes you about."

The tips of Abe's red ears showed above the paper, but he maintained a discreet silence.

"You don't got to get the President to write you a letter about keeping neuterality!" Morris continued. "You got too much sense for that!"

Here Abe threw down the paper.

"'Senough, Mawruss!" he said. "I heard enough already. The President says we shouldn't help out the Russians *oder* the Germans, but he didn't say nothing about we shouldn't help out a customer, Mawruss. If Polongin wants me to do him a favor, Mawruss, the President can write letters till he runs out of postage stamps and he wouldn't affect me any. I don't care if Polongin's widders is *Litvaks oder Bayern*. All I know is, Polongin is a customer from ours—ours, Mawruss—not mine alone. He's a customer of you and me both, Mawruss; and what I done was for your sake the same as mine."

"Much obliged," Morris commented bitterly.

"Furthermore, there's plenty banks in New York, Mawruss; and if we got to pay a little more for the accommodation, Mawruss, what we sell Polongin when he comes to town will easy make up for it."

"I hope so," Morris said, with what to Abe seemed an offensive emphasis on the word "hope."

"Well, you can sit still here and hope, Mawruss, while I am out hustling so we can make a charge for Polongin next week," Abe said; "because the money from the bank we don't need till the first of the month, Mawruss, whereas we ain't got no time to lose if we want to sell Polongin a bill of goods."

He rose from his seat and put on his hat.

"Where are you going?" Morris said.

"Never mind where I am going," Abe replied. "If you don't want to do a charity for Polongin's widders—all right. At least you could see that our sample line would be ready for him when he calls next week. Don't leave everything to me, Mawruss!"

He paused at the elevator.

"Remember you got a drawing account the same as I got it, Mawruss," he concluded; "so try to be anyhow of a little assistance here."

It was fortunate for Abe that no inkwell reposed on his partner's desk, for Morris was still seeking something to use as a missile when the elevator door closed behind Abe.

"I don't wonder you look scared, Potash," said a voice from the rear of the elevator—"the way they don't give you no time to get into the elevators in this building, Potash. Honestly, I think it's a wonder every time I come out of here alive!"

"No one compels you you shouldn't walk downstairs, Mr. Klinger," the elevator operator commented.

"And I don't want none of your lip, neither," Sol Klinger continued.

"Mr. Klinger is right," Abe added. "What call do you got to get fresh *mit* the tenants here?"

"Tell your troubles to the landlord!" the operator retorted; and as they reached the ground floor he brought the elevator to a stop so abruptly that Abe and Sol Klinger groaned in concert.

"That's a low-life bum for you!" Abe said after they were completely out of hearing of the elevator man.

"I bet yer!" Sol Klinger replied fervently. "A soldier *im Russland oder Oestreich* don't run such a risk as me and you do every day right here in New York City, Potash."

"With this difference," Abe amended, "that if you and me was to die, Klinger, our widders would *doch* got enough to live on; whereas *im Russland*, when them poor fellers gets shot, y'understand, the widders and orphans starve to death."

Klinger was licking the refractory wrapper of an imported perfecto, and he nodded sadly.

"My heart bleeds for 'em," Klinger answered, striking a match.

"Well, if that's the case," Abe retorted, "I am collecting for Polongin on account of the poor widders and orphans of the soldiers *von unser Leute im Russland*, Klinger; and if you would like to give me from five to ten dollars a check, why I ——"

"Excuse me!" Klinger grunted. "From what Polongin are you collecting?"

"Tell Me, Abe, Do You Got That Letter With You What Mrs. Polongin Wrote to Rosie?"

"From Jacob Polongin, of the Herrick, Jameson Dry-Gooda Company, Portland," Abe replied.

"*Aber* Jake Polongin ain't ——"

"Sure, I know what you're goin' to say," Abe went on. "You're goin' to tell me that Jacob Polongin ain't no customer of yours; but once in a while a feller should do a charity without expecting to sell goods from it. We ourselves ain't expecting that Polongin buys from us anything at all this season, Klinger, on account business is so rotten, y'understand; but, just the same, me and Mawruss was born in Russland and naturally we got sympathy for them poor soldiers *von unser Leute* over there."

"And Polongin is asking you to do this?" Klinger said.

"I told you we ain't considering Polongin exactly," Abe insisted. "A feller could got a heart once in a while to oblige a competitor even."

"Sure he could," Klinger admitted; "so here is two dollars, Potash, *aber* don't put my name down on Polongin's list."

"Why not?" Abe said. "Do you think I am the one not to give you credit just so Polongin wouldn't think well of a competitor?"

"You should have the credit with Polongin," Klinger said. "All I want is to see that you should help out them Russians, Mr. Potash. And if I was you I would look to it that Leon Sammet, Louis Elenbogen, and a few more of the *Rosh̆oyim* should give you a couple dollars also."

"Of course, Klinger," Abe said as they shook hands at the corner, "I'm much obliged for the two dollars and the advice, y'understand; *aber* if I am going to collect only two dollars from each of them, Klinger, I would got to go the length and breadth from the garment trade in order to make any showing at all."

"So much the better," Klinger concluded, "so long as Polongin hears about it."

Abe shrugged his shoulders; and before he could say anything further Klinger had jumped on a Twenty-third Street cross-town car.

"Maybe he's right," Abe muttered to himself; and acting on Klinger's suggestion he proceeded at once to Sammet Brothers' place of business on Thirty-third Street.

It cannot be said that Leon Sammet accorded him a warm greeting.

"Hello, Leon!" Abe said as he entered; and Leon turned at once to the shipping clerk, who stood at his elbow.

"*Nu!*" he bawled. "How many times did I tell you to keep the covers over them new models there?"

And it was not until he had assisted the shipping clerk to draw the denim curtains over the sample rack that Leon addressed his competitor.

"Well, Potash," he said, "what can I do for you?"

It was on the tip of Abe's tongue to inform Leon that, for all the ideas a competitor might glean from Sammet Brothers' sample line, he might just as well copy his models after a Grand Street show window of the season before last. On second thought, however, he cleared his throat instead, and smiled in what he conceived to be an affable manner. *(Continued on Page 57)*

"I Thought Right Away How Last Winter Mrs. Feder is Getting Into Us Already for Ten Dollars a Whack"

Digitized by Google

SELLING SHOT AND SUPPLIES TO EUROPE—By C. P. Engel

"OH, YES; he made his money during the war." Our fathers heard this of the generation before them and we have listened to it in our own time. It has long been an accepted fact that war shows its silver lining to the man who has something to sell and who gets there first. He was, indeed, a fortunate personage; his prerogatives were many and his business was laid out for him according to inviolable rules, all of which worked to his advantage.

It was his privilege to boost the price; to dump dead stock; to substitute; to give short measure. In the Commissary Departments were too often a great many figureheads and nincompoops, and the way to get next was through bribery and influence. Honorable dealings—even common decent business methods—were deemed inadvisable among these fellows, and the man who was most esteemed was the one who made his in any way he could; and the more, the better.

Somehow this tradition filtered down through the generations; and when this present great war began many men remembered, and, putting behind them all proved theories of business success, they attempted to work according to these old-fashioned theories. It is a curious fact that some manufacturers, some financiers, who ordinarily would never have dreamed of playing crooked, apparently had accepted these contrary rules of the war game. Mind you, not every one who took a hand was double-dealing; but some were implicated, so many incidents of this sort could be cited, that Yankee shrewdness received a black eye it will take months of righteous dealing to remedy.

By this date, however, even these business men have almost learned their lesson. Selling supplies to the foreign armies is now recognized as a tremendous business undertaking—a business run by thoroughly up-to-date business men, who know values and who are satisfied to make very much less than would ordinarily be considered a legitimate profit, because of the present enormous quantities involved. Also, the Purchasing Departments of each government are now made up of experts in every line—men who know the government requirements, who understand the materials they are buying, who are in close touch with each market, and who realize fully what is a fair price to pay.

It will be interesting, then, to look more closely into this matter of war business, to learn the way some folks thought it was done, and the way it has actually developed.

In the beginning most of the governments dispatched commissions to the United States, with orders to investigate the markets. In some cases authority was given to buy; in others, merely to report and submit samples. These commissions, as a rule, were under a tremendous disadvantage.

In the first place, as foreigners, and frequently as military rather than business men, they found much difficulty in locating the manufacturers. And when they did it was next to impossible to get the right price. It was the old whisper: When you catch an army, milk it—milk it quick and milk it good! Often the commission had to ask somebody to direct it to the manufacturer; and for this service the somebody demanded payment. But he only knew somebody else who knew the manufacturer. And of a certainty this middleman also demanded his bit.

A Rake-Off at Every Turn

ALSO, this first somebody had told others of his friends about the large government war order to be had, and they, also, had become personally appointed middlemen. Each approached the manufacturer with the same sort of secret information—that he alone had the power to place an order for a million dollars' worth or so of this manufacturer's output. The manufacturer naturally grew excited. He was convinced that the foreign armies were merely waiting for his goods before going into battle. His pride soared. He refused to give options. He sat tight and waited for the order to be laid at his door.

Meantime the commissions, without ever having communicated with the manufacturer direct, had forwarded one or another of the various prices he submitted to them to their governments. And then they also waited. There is even one case on record where the head of a commission, being moved more by mercenary than by patriotic impulses, himself further inflated the prices.

This commission was approached by a large firm of horse dealers. The price asked was a hundred and sixty-five dollars a head. The dealers were told that their data would be carefully filed, and that if later the commission was interested they would be duly notified. The next day a man who had been present during this interview came to the horse dealer and, ignoring their former meeting, stated that he could introduce the dealer to a foreign purchasing commission that was in the market for horses. The man's rake-off must be ten dollars a horse.

PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Mr. Charles M. Schwab, Whose Company, Bethlehem Steel, Has Received Large War Orders, and Mr. Anthony J. Drexel

The horse dealer, though perfectly willing to agree to this, protested that his price of a hundred and sixty-five dollars a horse was so low that it would not stand the extra commission. Then it was suggested that the price should be raised to a hundred and seventy-five dollars a horse, and a letter was written confirming this agreement. The next day this man took the horse dealer to the commissioner, who apparently did not remember ever having met him before. The matter was rediscussed in detail and the order was placed, without further delay, at a hundred and seventy-five dollars a horse.

And here was the scheme: The grafter was in the regular employ of the commissioner, drawing a salary for just this sort of work. In this particular instance the commissioner's home government discovered the fraud, the order was canceled, the commissioner recalled and court-martialed.

Because of the very high prices submitted by the commissions the War Departments frequently postponed their buying. In some cases Mister Manufacturer grew tired of waiting and sent his own personal representative abroad to interview the government; but in nine cases out of ten he never reached the powers in control. When he landed on the other side this agent was about in the same fix as the commission had been in New York. He was dealing with centuries of honored precedents and it was required that he present his goods in the way these people were accustomed to have them presented.

Just as in China, if you wish to sell a merchant something, you talk for an hour or more about everything else under the sun except the matter of sale, mentioning that most casually toward the end—so, in modern England, France and Russia there are certain precedents that must be as rigidly followed.

We are taking examples largely from the Allied armies because whatever buying Germany is doing is being done so secretly as to be negligible, so far as this article is concerned.

Furthermore, social position counts largely in these commercial war transactions, and the agent or firm who would do business must almost invariably be on the same social plane as the members of the War Department. Russia is particularly punctilious about this. One large export house in New York, being unable to reach the Russian war officials through its regularly accredited agents, has employed a member of New York's Four Hundred—a name associated with wealth and family—to make a trip to Russia in its interests.

Let us follow for a moment the manufacturer's agent who has planned to do business direct with the foreign governments. He goes to France, let us say. Finding that he cannot reach the Central Supply Office himself he looks about for some concern to handle his goods. A dozen or more firms are suggested to him. Perhaps only one or two of them, however, have the right entrée. Yet they all want an option on his goods; naturally they all tell him they can do this business for him. Now it is up to him to pick the firm that can be of real service.

Say he is fortunate enough to have his goods presented to the Commissary Department. The officials probably discover that they have seen samples like this before, quoted at much higher prices—due, as you will remember, to the second and third profits tacked on by the middleman who had sent these samples over. But of this reason the government knows nothing and cares less. So the commission in New York is open for a severe calling down for not getting the bottom price.

Too Clever by Half

SUPPOSE, however, the manufacturer's agent pulls a blank; suppose his goods never receive official recognition at all. Then finally he will return home; and the manufacturer will declare that the big orders placed by the warring nations are all a fake.

One amusing tale is told of a shrewd manufacturer who paid dearly for his greed. A certain agent in New York received from a foreign government a request to submit samples of sweaters. Definite specifications were given and an order was assured if the requirements could be met. The agent immediately sent a lengthy night telegram to a selected list of large sweater manufacturers, outlining specifications and requesting an immediate response. He received replies or samples from all except one, a large firm entirely responsible and perhaps in every way the most desirable. So, after waiting a few days, the agent called this manufacturer by long-distance telephone. This was what he heard:

"Sure, we received your wire. Thanks for your tip. We are glad to know that X—— is in the market for sweaters and exactly what they require. Our special representative left yesterday on the Lusitania. Will do business direct with the War Office. We don't propose to divide commissions with any agent in this country."

The representative reached X—— all right, but he never touched more than the outskirts of the War Office. And so, after hanging about for six weeks or more and running up a large expense account, he was called home. Meantime a less hoggish—not to say a more honorable—competitor who had submitted samples as requested received through the agent an order large enough to work his factory on double shift for several months.

And so the foreign War Offices, being in most cases dissatisfied with the work of the official commissions, and the American manufacturers, balking at the delay and loss occasioned by their own greed or ignorance or by causes they themselves were unable to control, were both in full readiness to welcome the entrance into the field of a legitimate middleman.

This middleman must, however, possess certain very definite qualities. He must, first of all, be financially responsible; he must have the right sort of connections abroad; he must be familiar with the American market; and he must be farsighted enough to realize that big business comes to the man who plays straight with both sides and who is satisfied with merely a just profit.

These qualifications peculiarly fitted the banker. So, though other responsible business men have gone into this war-brokerage business, it is chiefly bankers, foreign and American, or Wall Street houses, who are doing the really big business. A number of concerns in New York that had at first gone into this war business merely as a side issue soon found these transactions assuming such proportions that a separate organization and office were necessary.

There are also groups of foreign moneyed men who have opened offices in New York, putting in charge men familiar with the American buying end and themselves taking care of the European selling end. Conspicuous among

Digitized by Google

this group is a French syndicate operating in New York through an American financier and business man well known both in this country and abroad.

The foreign governments have found these legitimate business men most satisfactory to deal with. Almost invariably they have been able to quote lower prices than the commissions. It seems that official war business automatically inflates prices. And, knowing the market, these middlemen could not only find better values and better grades of goods, but frequently they rounded up more goods because they could go to kindred manufacturers and show them how to make the desired articles.

Often, with both middleman and commission in the field when a particularly desirable article was being negotiated for, they would bid against each other, and the government would have to pay an inflated price, no matter with whom it did business. Therefore, in many cases the official commissions have now been withdrawn or kept here simply for inspection.

For the purposes of this article we shall select a foreign American organization and describe in detail its troubles, its successes, its methods of doing business—and so on. These details, however, may be accepted as typical of the experiences of all similar concerns.

This firm is composed of a number of foreign bankers who have had solid financial rating for half a century or more. Their social position is unquestioned. To begin with they sent one of their number to New York to look over the field. Then they opened offices in Paris, Petrograd, London, and recently in Rome. However, most of their business up to date has been done with France.

The American manager of this firm, on his arrival in New York, took rooms at one of the large hotels and tried to hide himself. It is a mistaken idea that the minute a buyer for foreign armies reaches this country he heralds the news broadcast. In truth, if he has any real business to place he endeavors to conceal his identity and sends word to only the men he needs.

The manager registered at the hotel his personal name. Being an American by birth, though he had lived for a number of years abroad, he sought out some old friends whom he could trust, and through them started his negotiations. In each particular business he then selected one man who was thoroughly familiar with that field, and from him secured what information he required. Each man, though not enjoined to secrecy, was advised not to talk too much; and yet the news filtered out.

Business Adventurers in the Selling Game

ONE day the manager found a few unsolicited visitors at his door. He saw them all, and gave them, wherever possible, a chance. The next day more visitors appeared; and their number increased by bounds, until after a while there were a hundred or more of them daily, and several hundred telephone calls.

One very unpleasant feature that now developed was the perpetual espionage under which he found himself. Wherever he went he realized that he was being spied on. Some of the visitors, who endeavored to find out what he was buying, were unmasked as spies. He discovered that the keyhole of the door communicating with his library was being frequently used. His office was always occupied, day and night; but once, when inadvertently it was left empty for a few minutes, several cablegrams were taken from his desk. These contained confirmations of orders.

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Hundreds of Horses are Being Shipped Weekly

At the beginning the sudden growth of the number of salesmen for war supplies was probably due to the old idea that war business was a happy-go-lucky free-for-all—and let the best man win! Also, it was just about this time that Wall Street shut down and a general business depression was on; so about every third man out of a job promptly went into the business of selling war materials to the foreign governments. It meant no money outlay, netted excessive profits, and required only the expenditure of some valueless time. There were several ways in which these men—"touts," the manager calls them—tried to do business.

The first way was for one of them to go to some manufacturer—say, of socks, for instance—tell him that he knew where he could land a big war order, get a list of prices and a few samples, and blithely hie him to the manager. He believed the only additional trouble he would have to give himself, before bringing in the order, would be to add to the already inflated prices quoted by the manufacturer a nice little sum for his own profit; but the manager had determined to deal with the manufacturer direct. Moreover, he knew values. A very few questions unmasked the tout, and he left, with only the samples in his pocket.

Then there was the fellow who in some way had met the manager, and who, presuming on this acquaintance, went round to various manufacturers offering to introduce them at so much an introduction—usually a percentage of sales. In one instance the manufacturer of an automobile tractor was approached by a man who offered to introduce him to somebody about to place a large war order. The man was to be protected by a commission. Of course the manufacturer agreed.

It developed that Man Number One did not know the purchasing power, but he would introduce the tractor manufacturer to the real man who was truly "next." So the manufacturer met Man Number Two and agreed to protect this one also with a commission, though he believed this boosted price would inevitably ban his product. Only after letters had been carefully written confirming these commission agreements was the name of the real buyer revealed. It turned out to be the manager with whom this tractor manufacturer was already negotiating his factory output at a much lower figure than he had quoted even to Man Number One.

And there was yet a third breed of tout. He was the man who came to the manager and tried to find out what was being bought. He then intended taking this information to a manufacturer and, of course, claiming a commission. This one would even try to get from the manager a promise of an additional commission for his unsolicited services in locating the manufacturer.

These mushroom business men developed by thousands. They virtually lived in the hotel. They were there as early as seven A. M.; and the manager tells of one man who knocked on his door at one A. M. with "most important information." For several weeks the manager scarcely left his rooms—even for meals. At first he had seen and listened to everybody who called; but these touts got to be such a nuisance that he was obliged to engage a doorman.

Now this courteous old gentleman receives each visitor and, with a few skillful questions, discovers whether the man is an accredited representative of a manufacturer. A private secretary does a like service over the telephone. When a man comes in he is asked for his card. A personal card is a distinct handicap. If he comes from a legitimate business house he is likely to carry its business card.

This, of course, is not an inviolable rule if the man can pass the rest of his third degree. He gives his card; states what he has to sell. Suppose it is cloth. "Where is your factory?" he is then asked. "What is its output?" As government orders are large, a factory of small capacity is not considered, because farming out work is in most cases unsatisfactory. He is also likely to be asked how many threads to the inch, how heavy is the material, how much wool in it, and so on.

These are questions a man in the business can answer without hesitation, but the tyro must remain dumb. And so he never gets beyond the anteroom.

Some men will not accept this dismissal. There have been ragged counts and earls and lords who have tried to capitalize their aristocratic handles. One man, not long ago, calling himself Count So-and-So, stated that he was interested in many manufacturing plants in New England. When asked to be more explicit he said there were so many he could scarcely enumerate them—oh, thirty or more!—and he was sure he could supply whatever was wanted if only he could get a hint as to what it was. As he was rather seedy-looking for such a prosperous individual, and did not even have a card, he also was ushered out.

Exhibitions of Bluff and Effrontery

ONE man came in offering five million rifles—had them right where he could put his hand on them. Now, rifles are worth almost their weight in gold. It is said, in fact, that Russia could almost double her men in the field if she had proper equipment. Naturally, then, the manager was eager to get such a large number of rifles, being certain of a market for them. The order depended only on an examination of the rifles to see that their quality and number were O. K. But this was just what the man was unable to bring about. He had evidently thought that rifles would be a good thing to offer for sale. Having made the sale he would then go out and hunt up his manufacturer—of course not realizing the difficulty he would have. And so his beautiful order also fell through.

Another man, probably in the same fix, had fifty thousand horses to offer; and yet, with this great asset on a snowy day in January, he was wearing a threadbare spring overcoat.

Perhaps the slickest case of bluff, plus gall, was the man who offered two hundred and fifty rapid-firing guns. He seemed to know what he was talking about and promised to call for the manager the following day and show him the guns. When he arrived the next day he sat down comfortably and conversed about everything under the sun except guns. Finally the manager grew impatient, and asked whether the man was ready to go to see the guns.

"Oh, do you know, when I got back to the office yesterday I found my representative had just sold those guns to England, and they are already on my transport, on the way over!"

The manager, though an unbeliever, was patient. But when the man requested him to cash a check for fifteen dollars—remember that day's cash sale of two hundred and fifty guns!—the man left in a hurry.

One man came to this office trying to sell silk underwear. The doorman neglected to ask whether it was waterproof, for use in the trenches.

All these incidents, however, took place in the early days of the business. By now the manager has his manufacturers pretty well lined up and knows where to go for what

(Continued on Page 31)

The Immensity of These War Orders and the Poor Shipping Facilities Make Transportation a Problem

Digitized by Google

DEA EX MACHINA

By Grace Ellery Channing

FIVE whole days the gray girl had come and gone, and sat at meals in full view of the Bellair party. Mouselike she had crept to table, melted furtively into her chair, and mouselike crept away again. One saw her stealing about the grounds, book in hand, as unrelated to the various groups and activities of hotel life as some solitary visitor from Mars.

Certain aspects of her, indeed, suggested rather a survival in time; that, instead of Martian, she might merely be mid-Victorian. Now as she stole past the tennis court, so narrowly eluding Kate's racket stroke as to draw a startled "Good gracious!" from that strenuous young woman, she looked more gray-ghostly than ever. Kate's eyes followed frowningly the head she had so narrowly escaped batting over the net together with her ultimate and victorious ball.

There was a murmur, colorless and indistinguishable as the slim, fading shape which made haste to efface itself in the woods beyond. Still frowning, Kate cast herself on the grassy court border.

"It's beginning to get on my nerves. Nobody speaks to her; nobody even notices her except those loathsome Van Dusens—and they only to turn up their noses."

One of the two figures at her feet turned to gaze lazily in the direction of the vanished girl.

"Well, you'll admit she isn't precisely winning."

"Exactly!—which makes it the shabbier. If she were—or were anybody—they'd all be feeding out of her hands; you know that perfectly. Just because she's a dowdy little thing, why treat her like a leper?"

She glanced impatiently at the other figure at her feet; and, as though obeying wireless intimations, Humphrey Kane sat upright.

"What do you want me to do?"

"I'm thinking," answered his fiancée.

The two young men exchanged glances. Kate's thoughts—the fearsome thoughts of an idle woman—had been known before now to produce the unforeseen. It was, indeed, the main reason why they interested her.

Before them stretched the silent tennis court, deserted by the other players, who had disappeared—after the fashion of summer visitors—to dress for dinner or to watch the sunset and rose-glow of the mountains. Kate maintained her boding silences, and her companions waited.

"You know"—she spoke suddenly—"they say you can make people anything by treating them as though they were that thing."

Two pairs of raised eyes and eyebrows met this intelligent statement.

"I beg pardon," said Humphrey politely.

"What are you handing us now, Kate?" Thus bluntly her brother Philip.

"Why, simply, if we should treat that girl as though she were attractive, she would be. And I say we do! We'll show those Van Dusenites! If we take her up she's made."

The calm conviction of this statement robbed it of its arrogance. When one is born a Bellair, with millions, and is engaged to a Kane, with millions more, some things are assumed without assumption. Senator Bellair's only daughter was too completely accustomed to that knowledge of wealth which is power even to think of ignoring it; there it was—a feature in the landscape to be reckoned with—like Mount Washington before her. To ignore it would have been—for Kate—the snobbish thing. The ability to make others was a part—a not unpleasing part—of her heritage; and, having the by no means unusual amiability that can accompany even the unearned gifts of Fortune, Kate now and then "made" a person for charity—or for fun.

In the brief instant following her speech the two auditors silently held consultation and established a league for defense.

"I'm afraid you can't do much with—er—the material," observed Humphrey cautiously. "You must admit she is a bit dowdy."

"But nice—anyone can see that." She added ambiguously: "I'll fix that."

She Began to Show an Almost Fatal Intelligence in Every Sense

"See here!"—Philip put it with a brother's brutal frankness—"you are biting off more than you can chew; I know that type."

"Shy?"—his sister nodded blithely—"I'll fix that too."

Philip grinned; he looked at his brother victim, who sighed.

"Oh, well; where do we enter?"

"You will enter"—Kate sat bolt upright and spoke with animation—"at the ball to-night."

Life had suddenly taken on a fresh interest; it often did with Kate. The worst of an impeccable engagement, on which conventionality itself smiles, is that it but meagerly provides those small adventures which so adorn the great one. From one circumscribed world, in which there was everything, Kate's engagement merely translated her to another and precisely similar world, where there would also be everything; instead of riding in an automobile given her by her father, she would ride in an automobile given her by her husband.

Humphrey himself would be the only new feature, and Humphrey might be considered as a doubtful novelty. Kate and he had grown up in so exactly the same code and set of surroundings that they would virtually take one another for granted; what editors call the "surprise element" had been, so far as possible, eliminated from both their lives. Kate had told the truth when she said the gray girl had begun to get on her nerves; she had only omitted to add that she was likewise beginning to be bored with the place generally; it is a penalty those pay who have seen all places. The gray girl, therefore, looked to Kate like a benefaction.

"The ball ——" began Philip; ending hopefully: "Maybe she won't be there."

"She will," his sister assured him. "And I want you both to treat her as—as a great success—so she will be."

Humphrey's opening lips were closed by a poke in the ribs from Philip.

"Perfectly simple, old man. You see that ancient hack there? Looked at in the right spirit, it may win a Derby. Or take that five-cent motor over there—by faith it shall become a six-cylinder car."

"Don't be silly!" Kate spoke peremptorily. "You can't apply psychic principles to—to unpsychic things. You both know perfectly well that, tell any woman she's a beauty and she'll—er—respond."

"Something in that," admitted Humphrey, rapidly reviewing experience; but Philip hunched his fine shoulders.

"Huh! So I'm to tell her she's a beauty, am I? Kindly stay round to bail me out when she has me arrested for a dangerous lunatic."

"Come, Phil"—his sister stooped to coax—"do be nice! Why should you begrudge the little thing a good time for once—dancing with her a bit, and doing up those Dusenites?"

"Oh, well," her brother conceded weakly, "have your way, as usual. Don't mind whom I dance with myself—so long, that is, as she does dance."

"And to-morrow"—his sister discreetly evaded this issue—"you can take her motoring; I dare say she's never been."

"Every girl's been! Don't care, though, whom I motor, either," murmured Philip, still affably.

"You"—Kate turned on her peculiar property—"will teach her tennis."

"Lord!"

"And you might ——" She hesitated.

"Huh?"

"Well, boating by moonlight—just once," she finished hurriedly.

"Not on your life!" The answer came grimly. "Any moonlighting I do ——"

"Oh, very well," Kate compromised gracefully—after all, there are limits—"Philip can take her."

"Ha!" exclaimed Philip. He sat upright and looked his sister sternly in the eye. "Let's get right down to tacks: What are you after anyhow? I'm willing to register benevolence, kindness, the whole range of Christian virtues; but if you think you see me trying regularly to flirt with that little leftover from the days that are no more, I tell you right now ——"

"Nonsense! Of course not!" Kate interrupted him. "I only ask you to be nice—play the game; just what I've seen you do with twenty other girls every summer of your life," she added cruelly. And, disregarding her brother's muttered "Girls, yes—not ghosts!" she went on with a fine piety: "I should think you'd be glad—I should think you'd feel sorry ——"

"We do," Humphrey replied sadly; but Philip only shrugged.

If not better, he had known his sister longer than Kane, and in any clash between the United States Senate and its daughter he knew which side to back. Moreover, all at once he had a genial idea.

"Count on us!" he said with sudden, suspicious cheerfulness.

"Within limits," amended Humphrey, who had no revelation.

"But you want to remember one thing"—Philip squared his shoulders and smoothed an immaculately cut sports coat—just as he was he might have stood for Gibson: "I don't answer for the consequences. These things don't always turn out just as you plan them, you know," he finished oracularly.

"What do you mean?" Kate demanded.

Her brother met her gaze unblushingly.

"Girls are foolish things; they sometimes imagine things," he simpered.

Kate surveyed him with scorn.

"Well, of all —— You men think a lot of yourselves, don't you?" She turned with wrathful curiosity to her betrothed. "I suppose you, too, think yourself irresistible?"

"If I did ——" Humphrey caught adroitly the hand bearing the still recent signet of his strictly limited and constitutional reign; with a wave expressive of the futility of all words Kate withdrew it, walking magnificently away in the direction of the woods.

"Not a minute lost—that's Kate! Wish you joy, old man!" grinned Philip, adding inconsequently: "Queer things—girls!"

Digitized by Google

"Well—can you beat it?" Humphrey looked helplessly after her. He threw back his head to laugh, then checked himself with a sudden loyalty, which was to Philip the painful sign of a lost comrade. "After all, y'know—it is decent of her to want to give the poor little thing a fair running."

"Decent! Oh, yes; a big heap jolly decent it is!" Philip replied vindictively. "We're to do the work; she's to have the fun, feel good—and crumple the Van Dusenites. I always knew Maude Van Dusen would have to pay some day for—well, for things. Now listen well!" He leaned to his prospective brother-in-law's ear. "It'll save you trouble in the end—and teach Kate a thing or two," he concluded in a lengthy whisper.

Slowly on Humphrey's countenance comprehension widened to a broad smile; he grasped Philip's hand.

"I'm on, old man," he said briefly.

They lifted their athletic lengths from the grass—two personable, well set-up, faultlessly tailored "for sport" young specimens—lit their cigarettes and, chuckling, sauntered toward the hotel, vastly pleased with themselves and the prospect. Not even Humphrey could deny that Kate might profit by a lesson.

Pure of all duplicities, Kate walked briskly down the wooded path, halting when at last her shadow, falling on a page, caused the reader to look up.

"Lovely evening, isn't it? Do you mind if I sit down?" asked Kate, depositing herself beside the gray girl.

Mary Davis replied with her half-startled smile; she closed her book politely, but with a finger in it, as though vaguely expectant of her visitor's departure. Kate glanced at the cover.

"Shaw? You read a lot, don't you?" Mentally she made comment that she had always said she was not common, while critically her eye appraised her neighbor.

Kate's own hatless head, with its brightly ruffled hair, her rolled-up sleeves, abbreviated gown and general attire, formed a whole to pain Kate's ancestors, and to delight doctors and those who follow the early Greek. She was not barefoot only because it did not yet happen to be the fashion. She was rosy and tanned and vigorous.

Beside her the gray girl showed very gray indeed. A careful shade hat was pinned above the primly coiled hair; her sleeves came to her wrists; and her face, by contrast with Kate's, showed almost pallid above her closely collared shirt waist. Everything about her was nice, with a distressing, picket-fence nicety surrounding her slim and stiff little figure.

"Do I disturb you? You like to be alone, don't you?"

"Sometimes." Mary Davis blushed her painful blush.

"I hate it!" said Kate; and she emphasized the words with a skipped stone.

"Oh, but you aren't alone," the girl replied, and stopped; coloring again as though aware of indiscretion.

"Oh, I have Philip, of course—that's my brother—and Mr. Kane, I'm engaged to him; but men are different. I don't know a girl here; most of them I wouldn't"—a statement that would have considerably surprised Maude Van Dusen. If it surprised Miss Davis also, she made no sign; she looked politely interested only.

"For instance," continued Kate, "there's the ball to-night; I hate going down alone. I wish"—she spoke as though the idea had just occurred to her—"you'd go down with me. Won't you?"

Her eagerness was admirable. Considering everything, it was even more; but Miss Davis shrank together almost, as if Kate had wounded her.

"Oh, I couldn't—I couldn't possibly; I never do."

"Of course you couldn't alone," assented Kate; "but with us? Phil and Humphrey would take care of us, you know, and—my brother wants to meet you," she finished mendaciously.

But Mary Davis shook her head.

"I—I really couldn't."

"Don't you dance?"

The painful little blush answered her.

"A—a little," said Mary Davis.

"Well, then ——"

"Oh, it's ever so nice of you; but I don't think really —— You see, I never expected, and so I didn't ——"

"Is it clothes?" Kate's nonchalant tone made it simple; but, even at that moment, something warned her not to offer to lend. "It's only a hotel dance. Haven't you any old thing—anything white?"

Mary Davis looked at her. An odd little excitement flickered into her shy eyes; she began to speak quickly and color came into her cheeks.

"I've got a crêpe de Chine."

"There," thought Kate, "she's quite pretty already!" And she thrilled with the successful experimenter's emotion; the first reaction had been perfect. Aloud she said:

"The very thing! Let's hurry back—dine and dress; and afterward ——" She dragged Mary Davis up with an impetuous hand which took no account of larch trees; the hat and hair of her victim paid toll.

"Oh!" exclaimed Kate. "All that lovely hair—and you do it up like that!" The last was an unpremeditated cry of horror, having nothing to do with suggestion.

Mary Davis, impervious, continued hastily to roll up the tight little wad and spear it into place, blushing the while. Kate ached as she beheld her.

"You'd be just ravishing with that hair loose! Look here: what did you say your number was? I'm coming over early to gather you up." She virtually tucked Mary Davis under her arm and bore her away.

"Do forgive me for being so early!" she pleaded a few hours later as she burst into Mary Davis' room, casting aside the while one of those artlessly simple wraps which cost a fortune, and displaying a gown to match.

Mary Davis' own was no simpler—indeed, it was not quite so simple; that, perhaps, was what ailed it. With an eye of compassion Kate noted the daring efforts to meet her hints halfway: the slight loosening of locks, which might be Mary Davis' idea of a riotous coiffure; and the timid turned-away half inch of gown from a very pretty throat. Kate eyed her victim with the subtle elation of a child before a new toy it means to play with.

"Huh!"—her head on one side—"our flippant ways are not for you; but between flippancy and strait-jackets —— Do you mind?" Her fingers worked subtly among the soft masses of hair, pulling, patting, arranging, adapting. "You've got lovely hair."

"Oh, do you think so?" asked Mary Davis, raising grateful eyes.

"And a pair of eyes!" commented Kate mentally. "Child, do you know you've got a throat!"—she peeled away an inch of gown—"and shoulders!" She peeled away inches more. Her victim raised protesting hands.

"Oh, I couldn't—I never could!"

"Nonsense!—it's almost high-necked now," said the arbiter of destinies autocratically. "Haven't you a bit of lace or chiffon?"

"I've got this." Miss Davis hesitatingly produced a really beautiful thing.

"Ideal! My dear, you'll be the feature of the evening!"

With something of the awe of a creator, Kate watched the gray girl turn a lovely pink as she gasped doubtfully:

"Oh, do you think so?"

"If she only had the very slightest idea how to hold herself and walk!" thought that creator sadly, following the timid, almost huddled shape of her protégée down the stairs.

Anxiously she sought confirmation in the faces of the two expectant cavaliers waiting at the foot, and, glancing hastily again at her creation, asked herself whether it could possibly be that she was already "quite"—for both men had moved, with something which could only be described as precipitation. Almost before Mary Davis had accomplished her blushingly awkward little bows, Philip had drawn her hand through his arm. He bent to her gallantly.

"I am to have the first, you know."

Good old Phil! Kate smiled her approval.

"I—you won't find I dance very well, I'm afraid," hesitated Mary Davis.

"Oh, but you're going to—and I'm no Vernon Castle."

Kate hastily suppressed another kind of smile; Philip's dancing was famous.

"Now I, on the other hand, dance beautifully, Miss Davis." This from Humphrey, who did not. "Phil, where do I come in? Don't, please, imagine you are the whole corps de ballet!"

Kate smiled again—Humphrey sounded so in earnest; and as Philip swept his partner away Kate beamed on her own.

"You are both doing splendidly, and already it works!"

Humphrey was gazing after the dancing couple; it was quite a moment before he woke up to say:

"I beg pardon? Yes, as you say, she's quite charming."

"Well, hardly that!" Kate's tone expressed her surprise and noted Humphrey's returning gaze to the dancers. "But she's a trifle nearer to date—say, late Victorian now!" Her own foot tapped impatiently an inviting floor; and still Humphrey gazed and mused.

"Odd, isn't it, how you can see and see a person, and then all at once ——"

"All at once—what?"

"Why—see them!" Humphrey concluded innocently. "By the way, shall we dance?" As Kate made no reply, he placed an arm about her and they tangoed none too gracefully away.

At the other end of the room Philip presently halted, breathless. There was a bump on each of his knees, his toes were lame from much stepping on and his arms from dragging the apparently inert and lifeless form of his partner through the evolutions of the dance. Internally he was saying things, the least of which was that if ever Kate had him doing this again ——

The worst of excelling in any art is that the penalty of even forced failure comes so high. Wiping the perspiration from his brow, he glanced almost vindictively down and encountered a pair of pleased and happy eyes trustfully raised to his own.

"You dance beautifully," he said aloud instantly.

"Oh, do you really think so?"

From somewhere Miss Davis produced an unsuspected dimple—and then another; her cheeks were softly pink and the loosened hair was looser. It was touchingly apparent that she believed she had danced beautifully.

"Why, certainly; all in the world you need is practice—and to know the steps," he added candidly. "Look here"—he glanced for inspiration—"we'll go outside where it's cool—for I'll be hanged if I'll make a spectacle of myself on that floor twice!"—this by parenthesis.

His companion hesitated—barely; one could fairly see a mounting recklessness take possession of her.

"I should love to if—if ——"

"In my bright lexicon there are no ifs."

Mary Davis laughed softly and suddenly.

"Bulwer! I didn't know anybody quoted him nowadays."

Philip noted the undercurrent of that laugh; mentally he registered that she might be worth talking to—later.

Never Was a Pupil Graduated So Quickly

Digitized by Google

"I remember; Kate says you read Shaw, Synge—all the highbrows." He put his arm about her. "Now then: one—two—three!"

A master of anything loves to teach it—especially to an apt pupil. It was fully half an hour later when Humphrey, hounding them out by a shuffling of feet and low voices, came to the door-shadow, where he stood for an amused minute listening and looking.

"Phil is going the pace—as usual," he thought, chuckling. "Well, talk of monopolies in restraint of trade!" He announced himself, advancing: "Miss Davis, this is my second dance!"

"Oh—really?" The girl turned to him a startled face of such flushed and transparent happiness that Humphrey knew a pang of conscience and looked accusingly at Philip.

"Nonsense!" that gentleman answered the uttered—not the implied—remark. "We're just getting on." Meeting his chum's eye again, he stopped. "Oh, well, you can take my pupil now; you'll find she's some dancer."

And once more Mary Davis reiterated her happy cry: "Oh, do you think so!"

Both men, looking at her shining eyes and parted lips, smiled involuntarily—not at but with her. She lifted eyelashes that she certainly could not have grown during the last half hour, though neither had noticed them before, and gazed gratefully from under them at Philip.

"I'm afraid it's only Mr. Bellair's kindness."

"Well, you'll get the plain, unvarnished truth from me," Humphrey assured her. "Phil can dance for two—I can't."

"You won't have to. Just remember what I told you," Philip warned his pupil, and followed them into the room to watch their progress. Jove! She had really caught on; the little thing was really dancing. His practiced eye discerned through the still slightly hesitant movements the action of the natural dancer, and he inconsistently knew a creator's pride. Then:

"Damn!" he said aloud.

Peter Van Dusen—precisely Peter—led by fate or malice, bore down on the dancing pair with a perfect German ninety-centimeter of a partner. There was a brief engagement, and the opposing forces drew off for repairs.

"Confound that clodhopper of a Humphrey!" thought Philip with indignation, and smiled sweetly. Two soft eyes, looking about timorously for witnesses of defeat, had encountered his and mutely implored pardon—yet, he would have sworn, with a glint of amusement in them too. "Oh, if she's got a sense of humor too!" thought Philip.

"Were you very, very much ashamed of me?" asked Mary Davis, still breathless as Humphrey brought her to a safe mooring beside his chum.

"It was all that hulking Van Dusen's fault," said Humphrey apologetically.

"Not a bit of it!" Philip returned quickly. "If you'd been dancing with anyone who knew how to dance —— Never mind! We'll show them, this next dance ——"

"No, you won't!" interrupted Humphrey quickly. "You did me out of two already. The next is mine—isn't it, Miss Davis?"

Mary Davis was a study in dazed, ecstatic confusion.

"Poor little kid!" thought one of her companions. "I don't believe she's ever had any attention before!"

"Well, if Kate could see her handiwork now!" thought the other. And this latter must have percolated through Mary Davis' delirium into the calmer spaces of her brain, for she spoke suddenly:

"Oh, I think I'd better go to your sister, please."

"All right." Humphrey crooked a prompt elbow. "I'll take you."

"Well, you have your nerve with you!" began Philip, astonished. "It was me, Miss Davis ——"

He followed the two with a mute and mounting interest. It was all very well for Humphrey to carry out the agreement—their agreement—but it would also be very well for him to remember he was engaged, and to Kate at that. Darkly he began to review chapters in his future brother-in-law's past.

"Where have you been all this time? You look perfectly sweet!" This in a whisper as Kate adjusted a curl of her protégée's hair—somewhat flauntingly, in that Maude Van Dusen was at hand and observant. Mary Davis bloomed back at Kate with the innocent, dazzled eyes of youth—youth of a kind that Kate herself had never dreamed of—which, in fact, she had hardly believed existed.

"Having the loveliest time—thanks to you," said Mary Davis shyly.

Kate was touched. She turned to invite Humphrey's sympathetic participation in this moving exhibition, but Humphrey had secured Mary Davis' dance-card and was writing his name on it in a great many places, while Philip surveyed the process with displeasure. A young man tapped Humphrey on the arm and withdrew him to a discreet distance; and Philip promptly held out his hand.

"May I see that card?" He spoke with authority, and Miss Davis meekly consigned it to him. Austerely he began to fill in the unoccupied spaces.

"Van Dusen," said Humphrey, approaching Kate, "wishes to be presented to Miss Davis—I suppose to explain why he omitted to kill her outright." His glance was interrogative; Kate glowed response:

"Aha!"

"Well, I certainly don't see any need of bringing that bounder in!" Philip disgustedly offered.

"But we can't exactly refuse, can we?" asked Humphrey.

"Of course not!" Kate interposed with authority.

A moment later she exhibited a shameless triumph as Philip's pupil was whirled away by Peter.

"Well, what do you say now? Does it or doesn't it work? Isn't it fun? Philip, what are you glowering about?"

"If you ask me I call it disgusting! They've never been able to see her before; and now, just because ——"

Kate laughed.

"Well, did you ever see such a transformation? Why, she's almost pretty! And she quite dances ——"

Kate's Engagement Merely Translated Her to Another and Precisely Similar World

"Almost pretty—quite dances!" her brother repeated sardonically. "Kate, you make me tired!" He walked away.

"Well!" Kate turned in astonishment to Humphrey. "What's the matter with Phil? It appears we're too successful; he actually objects!"

"Maybe he's right!" Humphrey's gaze was on Van Dusen and his partner. "Since she's with us, I suppose we have some responsibility. He didn't say he wanted to dance; she's much too innocent and nice a girl for that young ——"

Kate stared.

"About how old do you two gentlemen take Miss Davis to be?" she asked ironically.

"What's that got to do with it? Some girls are born sophisticated; but she's ——"

"Certainly of age!" Kate concluded.

"She was when you took her up!"—this was Philip returned to the charge. "It's your own doing entirely."

"But, my dear Philip, I didn't propose to adopt her for life."

"Just like a girl!" Philip shrugged. "Take her up for a whim and throw her down for a fancy."

"Throw her down! Because she's dancing ten minutes with Peter Van Dusen? Besides, I took her up not, as you say, for a whim, but for a theory—a theory, by the way"—and now sarcasm seized on Kate—"which seems to be proving itself abundantly. You can dance with her all the rest of the evening, you know—if you like."

"Can I, indeed?" replied her brother coolly. "How about the dances Humphrey has bogged?" He held up the card for inspection. Kate gazed incredulously.

"Five—six—seven. Have you really asked her for seven dances?" She turned to her fiancé.

"I didn't count them. I only supposed you wouldn't think it looked well for her to dance the entire program with Phil."

Kate looked from one to the other.

"It's kind," she said at last; "but, after all, there's no need to overdo it."

"Oh"—Humphrey spoke airily—"we don't mind—a little bit!" He grinned faintly and looked at Philip, who surveyed him stonily.

"It's a weird idea of Humphrey's that his reputation—I suppose as an engaged man—makes it perfectly proper and appropriate for Miss Davis to dance the entire evening with him. Or perhaps he's found out—what I saw at a glance—that she's going to make the best little dancer in the place."

It was now at her brother that Kate stared.

"Well," she said finally, "I don't understand either of you in the least."

She said no more, which was wise. It is not easy to blame people for carrying out your own instructions—even a little too perfectly. Humphrey's name was not down for seven dances on her card; but Miss Bellair never lacked partners.

Throughout the evening Kate became aware of an omnipresent Mary Davis, eternally circling the room with one or the other of her allies. Philip—good boy!—had chosen her for the cotillion, and under his expert guidance the girl was dancing more and more featly; a hesitant moment, an occasional misstep, a fleeting upward glance of contrition—"And how that child does use her eyes!" thought Kate with some amazement—alone betrayed the novice.

Philip's manner was all that is gallant and protective—alas, Philip's fatal manner—too well known to Philip's sister! And he had expressly warned her that he "would not be answerable for the consequences." When she was not dancing with Philip, Miss Davis appeared to be dancing with Humphrey; both of them were taking their favors to her, Kate noticed—also Peter Van Dusen and, as the evening wore on, a lengthening, baffled train of Peter's following.

These, so far as Kate was able to judge, were being high-handedly dealt with by the victors on the field.

A vague wonderment fell on Kate. Almost Mary Davis might be said to be ever so Victorianly but quite creditably flirting—what with those eyes and smiles and blushes. Kate gave it up; but, when Mary Davis came to say good night to her later, there was that in her disarming gratitude before which all sprouting annoyance fell away.

"I never had such a good time in my life!" she said; and the look with which she said it, directed solely at Kate, proclaimed a strict neutrality in her use of dangerous weapons.

"Don't forget you are to be at the tennis court at nine sharp!" Humphrey reminded her.

"Or that you are going motoring at two sharp!" Philip admonished, pressing her hand when saying good night.

Kate's glance followed her protégée's ascent; actually she seemed to hold herself more erect—to move more lightly. Kate turned to say graciously her own good night.

"You behaved beautifully!"

"Forget it!" Philip said, shrugging.

"And you——" She turned to Humphrey.

"Cinderella has a pair of eyes."

"Also lovely hair," Kate contributed magnanimously.

"Item—one smile!"—this from Philip. "But the really important point is that that little nun was born to dance, and when she does dance——" He waved his hands.

"She'll be more charming yet." Kate nodded wisely as she ran upstairs.

The victim of her own prophecy, she paused next morning to contemplate the matutinal Humphrey—in itself a subject worth contemplating—engaged in instructing Miss Davis how to handle a racket. For this it seemed necessary to stand very near the net and take very frequently the hand that protruded from one timid sleeve, turned back an inch or two from a slender wrist. Miss Davis' shade hat was on the ground, and in the morning light she was certainly and altogether "quite"—there could be no doubt about that.

(Continued on Page 28)

Digitized by Google

THE BIG DOC

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. SCHOONOVER

"Don't Go to Get Out! I'll Have You Back as Quick as You Could Find the Way"

JENNIFER LLOYD, M.D., Ph.D., Fellow of Royal Societies, paused before the final period of his address on metabolism to the Harvey Society. He was conscious of a sudden increase in the secret dissatisfaction that had settled on him in the year past. The Harvey Society was composed of the inner ring of the physicians of the metropolis, the men who contributed definitive articles to the important medical publications, whose names represented standard treatments throughout the country. They formed a critical and hairsplitting audience; and Jennifer Lloyd realized that they were critical now, if not actually hostile. It was a new and unpleasant experience. He had, ever since he was a newly graduated interne, been accustomed to almost fanatical attention and applause from the members of his profession, which had fostered a natural arrogance of temper that made the present palpable impatience, the dissent of the society, difficult to endure.

He saw that Riggs, seated well to the fore, could scarcely wait until he had finished to present a question, an objection. Lloyd realized that it would be well taken. Riggs was considerably younger than himself; and in an aggravation of his spleen he decided that, rather than prolong his subject into the masked acrimony of a wrangle, he would shut the other up. He glanced, half unconsciously, at his watch, as if to intimate the loss of valuable time. Then:

"Such," he concluded with a touch of defiance, "has been the result of my experiments on the relation of diet and the motor responses to sensory impulse. The isolated squads called A and B, subjected to the food schedules outlined, showed a consistent increase or a retarding in the speed of their mental processes and control."

He bowed ungraciously and there was a perfunctory rattle of applause. It had scarcely subsided before Riggs was on his feet.

"That is certainly very suggestive," he pronounced; "but can you assert that the responses noted were the result of a selected diet and not of the unusual conditions surrounding your subjects? Men segregated as you describe are totally different from the same men in the ordinary course of their daily lives. And, if I may say so, it is the latter aspect of the question that should exclusively occupy us. The application of medicine in its broadest sense to crude, unselected living is, after all, the problem."

Lloyd regarded him for a moment without response.

"As you know," he said finally in a voice as polished and sharp as a scalpel, "I am attached to the Wagmann Foundation for the purpose of scientific research, I am not a general practitioner; and I must leave the application of my laboratory work to them. Any further discussion must wait ——" He again glanced at his watch; then started through the small gathering to the exit beyond.

"But, doctor"—a kindly voice arrested him—"can't you stop for some refreshment that will materially assist the processes of geniality?"

"I'm sorry," Lloyd responded; "I must get on. . . . Some cultures at the Foundation. Thank you, Benedict—and the society."

With a nod here and there, which he strove to make more than perfunctory, he passed through the room and out to the street. It was a warm night in April; there was not a sign of natural greenery in the paved cavern of the city street; the watery stars were cut off by the sharp, artificial lines of the buildings opposite—yet somehow the air was instinct, potent, with the changing season, the flowery growth and expansion of the year.

Pausing for a moment before the narrow segment of the Harvey Society structure, Jennifer Lloyd was conscious of this spring softness; he was even more aware of his consciousness of the fact—and that, too, disturbed him. He had not thought of the seasons for a period beyond his memory—he had had no time for such sentimentality; ridden by the conviction of the immense importance of his investigations at the institution, he had contemptuously ignored all other considerations.

Now, increasingly through the past months, the uncomfortable feeling had fastened on him that his scientific labors had been of questionable value, if not actually worthless. That young sprig, Riggs, had given a definite shape to the doubt which had crystallized from a mere vague impatience with his materials. It was incontestable that the final worth of his experiments lay in their practical application to life. And lately he had begun to realize that that application was difficult to establish. Men isolated in a laboratory were different from those under the stress of accidental freedom. It would be impossible to subject the latter to the treatment he had evolved.

His small yellow landaulet was waiting at the curb; and, the thought of the smug seclusion of the Foundation Building being strongly distasteful, he decided to ignore the cultures and go home. Rolling smoothly over the black asphalt, he continued his train of thought.

There was, he realized, growing to prominence among the better members of his profession a school whose cry was practical results. The old worship of absolute science, so powerful at his most formative period, was giving place to the sway of the general practitioner—"The family doctor!" he said aloud, a little bitterly. His frame of mind, since it was not at concord with the time, had already grown a little old-fashioned.

The motor stopped before his dwelling and he dismissed it for the night. His house, lower than those on each side, finely proportioned, with woodwork immaculately white, had the exclusive air of the exclusive street in which it was situated. He was liberally paid by the Wagmann Foundation and had a secure, comfortable income besides. And, together with so much else, the small, perfectly balanced façade and miniature bay trees in painted tubs added to his exasperation. Suddenly his house seemed too exact, too smug; the clipped bays were a travesty on Nature.

In his discreetly lit hall, with its subdued hangings, its few notably good prints, he removed his hat and coat, and gazed for a fretful moment at his image in a long mirror.

He was a slender man of medium height, correctly dressed, with a smooth, colorless countenance, a clear, intolerant blue gaze, and a high forehead that seemed higher by reason of his thinning hair. His precise appearance pleased him no more than his dwelling and his scientific labors. He turned abruptly and entered a narrow reception room, where he sat in unlit obscurity. He sat motionless, overwhelmed by the depression closing about him. Without preliminary, almost without his volition, a deep conviction formed in spoken words:

"I am a failure!" he pronounced.

II

AT THE expression of that conclusion he felt at once relieved yet more hopelessly involved than before. The admission of his failure, though it cleared him of all inward wrangling, at the same time seemed to give a crushing bulk, actuality, to the ugly fact; and it held out no path of escape whatsoever.

It was too late, he told himself, to begin again; besides—where to begin? The only alternative he knew was already overcrowded with just such men as he himself must become—highly specialized workers among the neuropathic rich. He repudiated the thought of a practice dependent on the vagaries of the idle women who would dissipate his time. That would be even more trivial, more useless, than he now felt his work in the institution to have been.

His disaster was intensified by the fact that in his absorbed progress through life he had gathered about him no intimates, no family. He was too self-centered, too coldly complete, to inspire the affection of men; and he had never sufficiently felt the need of a woman's companionship to marry.

The somber form of a servant passed through the hall to the outer door and Lloyd realized that the bell had been rung. The man returned almost immediately. He investigated the hats and coats on the rack, and then, with a yellow envelope in his hand, started up the stairs. Lloyd called him, switching into the reception room the diffused radiance of indirect lighting.

"Take a Look at Him, Doc: He Claims to be Getting More Miserable Every Day"

Digitized by Google

He tore open the telegram and saw that it was from Doddridge Wagmann, the philanthropist of the Wagmann Foundation, a great capitalist and an autocratic individual. It was composed in his usual signorial manner:

> Leaving Mrs. Wagmann at Buckshot Va in acute nervous condition take first train to Washington and meet my car there at Union Station for Buckshot

This abrupt, virtual command, coming on top of Lloyd's deep depression, angered him out of proportion to the cause. He thought: "I'm not Wagmann's servant, to be ordered, without a pretense of courtesy, wherever he wishes!" He would not go! He decided this, realizing that it was equivalent to a resignation from the Foundation; but obscurely he had already settled on that action. His scientific use, with the death of his self-belief, was at an end.

The condition of Wagmann's wife, he knew, could not be serious. She was exactly the type that only a few minutes before he had contemptuously put aside from his consideration—a willful neurasthenic. He would not go! . . . But what would he do? That question, emerging from the catastrophe of his career, remained unanswered.

Doddridge Wagmann would be angry—and not entirely without reason. He would point out that he had every right to expect Lloyd to respond to his demand; and Lloyd was ignorant of where to communicate with him. Something of the capitalist's energy of power, carried by the telegram, exerted its influence on the doctor. . . . The trip would offer a momentary respite from the disagreeable problem before him.

He mounted the stairs to his dressing room and rang for the servant. The latter appeared and at Jennifer Lloyd's curt direction laid out a necessary change of clothes and packed a bag.

In a closet Lloyd saw the square black bag containing the appliances of a general practice, which he had purchased at the outset of his career. It had been soon laid aside for his specialized work. He wondered idly, securing his gold hypodermic case, whether he could still work in the broader field; and decided that he could. His memory retained facts for a long while; and, in the converse of his associates at medical clubs and congresses, he had subconsciously absorbed a great many of the later treatments.

A Congressional Limited left for Washington within the hour, and he was soon speeding in a hastily summoned taxicab through the city, veiled in the white radiance of arc lights, to the station. On the train he was successful in obtaining a stateroom; and declining to have the berth made up he sat gazing into the flying dark, a prey to dismal, vain thoughts and regrets.

It was daylight before the train entered the steamy turmoil of the Washington station. The steward of Doddridge Wagmann's car was awaiting him on the long concrete platform. He installed Lloyd in the elaborate conveyance, at a choice breakfast; and after a short period of indeterminate switching he was again wheeling through the soft spring landscape. The fruit trees, as Lloyd had foreseen, were white with blossoms, the fields were incredibly green, the maples covered with delicate red foliage. In the background shifted the continuous blue profile of the mountains. He was surprised when the improvised train came to a grinding halt and the steward informed him that they had arrived at Buckshot.

It was a small Virginia village, strung along a single track leading from the main line of the railroad, with the Indian Queen, its sole hotel, where Mrs. Doddridge Wagmann was waiting, at the farther end.

He picked his way with difficulty over the deeply rutted and muddy way to the hotel. It was a tall, narrow structure with a shallow porch and slender columns that towered to a corresponding projection of the roof. He entered a high, dingy office and was immediately shown through an indescribably somber corridor, furnished at regular intervals with haircloth sofas, to Mrs. Wagmann's rooms.

The latter was seated in a confused drapery of lace and pale satin, attended by a maid and an officious companion. Mrs. Doddridge Wagmann was a woman of middle age; but an unremitting and expert attention imparted to her an incongruous coloring and aspect of youth. This effect was convincing from a distance, but it was repellently unnatural on closer inspection. She had elaborate masses of whitish-yellow hair, and a thin, petulant voice.

"It's quite good of you to come," she told Lloyd. "I've been dreadfully upset again. I couldn't go on another mile and Doddridge had to leave me. It's my metabolism. . . . I simply can't get my diet balanced. The effect on my complexion—my nerves—is beyond description!"

"Simon, Somebody's Fooled You. This Man's Not a Real Doctor"

He found her condition even less involved than he had foreseen. And he informed her, with scarcely veiled impatience—a meager tact which he found enormously difficult to assume—that she was now practically normal.

She regarded him with sullen, dissatisfied eyes; and the companion said acrimoniously:

"Mrs. Wagmann is not herself at all."

Jennifer Lloyd told himself, when he had left the room, that it was unendurable. Mrs. Wagmann had insisted on his remaining throughout the day—until the next morning at least. He hastily consumed a crude dinner in the hotel dining room, already filled with flies scarcely disturbed by the long series of connected fans languidly moved by a negro in a soiled white coat; and later he sat smoking on the porch outside his room.

The porch stopped directly on his left, where a broad valley commenced, with a range of low mountains beyond, back of which he saw the confused silhouette of higher peaks and barriers. The sun seemed scarcely to crawl over the enormous unbroken expanse of blue; the afternoon advanced on leaden feet. Mrs. Wagmann, he was informed, had managed to fall asleep.

III

HE WAS sitting, turning over and over the dreary undeniable fact of his failure, when heavy footfalls, approaching him over the echoing porch, drew his attention from himself. It was, he saw, a young man in stained and kneed corduroy trousers stuffed into the tops of short leather boots, a coarse blue shirt with an ill-fitting celluloid collar, and a greenish-black coat that drew uncomfortably across his powerful shoulders. He held a dusty black felt hat in a broad, gnarled hand; and his smooth dark face and his steady dark eyes were overcast with palpable, deep concern.

"Are you the big doc?" he asked Lloyd abruptly. The latter, momentarily disconcerted by the short address, the unaccustomed title, hesitated before replying; and the other reiterated: "Are you the big doc that came clear from New York to see the nabob's wife who stopped off here?"

"I'm Jennifer Lloyd," he replied. "I am attending Mrs. Doddridge Wagmann."

"I heard it in the village," the other continued, "and I came right along to ask a favor; nor it ain't exactly that, neither," he added—"I can pay for it. Doc, my wife, back yonder"—he waved his hand toward the distant blue line of mountains—"she's sick. Old Coffy says he can't do nothing more for her; he says she's going to die. But I—I can't believe it. Linda ain't more than a girl; we've been married only a spell of months.

"I heard it reckoned in Buckshot you was one of the biggest doctors in the world. That's what Crab, the station agent, said; and he caught it right from the people that sent for you. . . . Doc, won't you come up with me and see Linda? It ain't over forty mile; I'll have you back before the lady wakes if it kills a horse. Old Coffy ain't right first-class ——" His voice perished abruptly in the anxiety that drew his youthful face into tense, haggard lines.

Jennifer Lloyd, through habit bred by years of detached research, regarded the other without an emotional stir to what he was yet able to recognize as a moving human appeal. In any case it was impossible to accompany the man into that vague region indicated by the sweep of his arm. Not only had Lloyd come totally unprepared, unequipped, for such an emergency, but he was aware that he must be ready to leave in the morning at the time selected for the safe passage of his special train through the scheduled daily traffic.

"I came down to Buckshot," the boy continued, "to get Doc Stavenger; but he's away for a mark of days. There's nobody else here. . . . Then I heard of you—a chance."

Lloyd shook his head.

"Probably," he told him, "I should be of no use if I went. I am a specialist in—well, rather sophisticated conditions. What's-his-name—Coffy—would understand your wife's history far better than myself."

"If it's the money," the other continued doggedly, "I can give you that. There ain't a penny against me; my place is clear. I could get three or four hundred on it to-morrow."

"It is not a question of remuneration," Lloyd coldly responded.

The animation of momentary hope died from the other's tanned countenance; the mouth drew into an ugly, hard maturity.

"Then be a man!" he shot out. "Give Linda a hope! Just look at her and say if anything in the world can be done. It's appendicitis; we didn't get her in time ——"

"I am not able to do as you ask," Lloyd reiterated.

He felt vaguely dissatisfied with the position that, he assured himself, he had been obliged to take; and, annoyed, he wished to bring the conversation to an end. He rose, retreating through the long window that opened from his room on the porch, obviously waiting for the other to go; but the latter followed him within.

"Doc," he repeated harshly, "only look at her and say—Coffy can follow out what you tell. Why, she ain't over sixteen! We're just starting out."

"It's useless for you to continue," Lloyd curtly pronounced out of his rising exasperation. He turned his back with finality on the dingy figure framed in the window. He heard a deep, slow inspiration. Then:

"They may call you big in New York," a bitter voice pronounced; "but here, in Greenstream County, you'd be too little to call at all!"

Heavy, dragging footsteps echoed over the porch for a moment and died away.

A clangoring bell summoned Jennifer Lloyd to supper; and a vibrant, disturbing memory of the young mountaineer stayed with him through that perfunctory repast and accompanied him later into the enameled presence of Mrs. Doddridge Wagmann.

She had succeeded in working herself into a superficial fever, and the consequent apprehension of the maid and companion was overwhelming. He scribbled a prescription for an attenuated bromide, which was dispatched in a confusion of haste to the local drug store. Then, suddenly impatient of consequences, he brusquely informed Mrs. Wagmann that absolutely nothing was amiss with her.

A petulant anger gathered on her stiff countenance, intensified by the reflected cloud on the faces of her sycophants.

"You are very unsatisfactory," she declared. "I shall tell Mr. Wagmann. It is plain you're not able to understand a delicate nervous system."

The companion added: "Preposterous impertinence!"

Digitized by Google

"Quite normal," Jennifer Lloyd reiterated. "You may go on whenever you please."

Once more in his room, dejection, the sense of failure, settled more blankly about him than before. Outside his window the valley and the mountains were hid in the still, moist spring night. The memory of Mrs. Doddridge Wagmann's insolence fell like a thong on his mental suffering. To that and its kind he would, at any cost, never again subject himself. He had at least the dignity of his name to support him. . . . A hollow refuge, he realized; a straw support.

He grew conscious of a presence in the window opening on the porch and sharply turned. The watery gaslight flickered over the drawn face of the mountaineer who had the sick wife.

"Doc," the latter said, stepping into the room, "I just couldn't go back with nothing—with no hope at all. I tried twice and then turned round. I ought to been home long ago too—there's only a neighbor sitting with Linda. I'm right sorry for what I said a piece back. Put it down to worry and—and come with me! It ain't a question of money between us; it's bigger than dollars or ——"

Lloyd interrupted him sharply.

"You had my answer," he said. He felt that the entire world had conspired to bully and annoy him, to pursue him, with his impotence and indecision. "I have none of the instruments for ——"

He was conscious of a sudden menace in the gaunt face before him, in the grim jaw, and he drew back. But Lloyd did not move quickly enough to escape the swift lunge of an arm, of a knotted fist that reached the point of his relaxed chin.

He felt a wrenching, agonizing shock; and then the night settled imponderable and black about him.

IV

JENNIFER LLOYD became slowly aware of an uneven locomotion that sent cold waves of nausea through him; his teeth ached intolerably and his mouth tasted of blood. He stirred, in a momentary confusion, and found himself propped up in the single seat of a small, rapidly moving vehicle. He could just distinguish the back of a horse and a dim form driving at his side. The latter leaned toward him; a solicitous voice inquired:

"Y' all right now, doc? I didn't go to hit you so hard; but I was terrible worried." It was the young mountaineer; Lloyd realized that he had been knocked senseless and kidnaped. "Do you feel very bad?" the other continued; "I'm powerful sorry."

"I can do without your sympathy," Lloyd acrimoniously informed him. "At the first civilization we meet I shall no longer have need of it."

"We won't meet none," he was told; "we're getting into the mountains. Buckshot's a powerful piece back. Doc, I—I had to do it; you wouldn't come fair and I'm bound to get you home. Only look at Linda—Coffy'll do the rest. He doesn't just know; he ain't right first-class."

Lloyd made no response; none adequate occurred to him. The conditions of his life—his experience, the ultra-civilization he had known—had offered him nothing with which to meet the present situation. He had been unaware that it could occur simultaneously with, for example, the fact of the Wagmann Foundation, in the same world with Mrs. Doddridge Wagmann's delicate nervous system. He should, he told himself, feel outraged; he did, of course.

The cool night air rapidly revived him. The swift progress over the softly undulating way, through an obscurity filled with the scents of the unseen flowering of the earth, was not unpleasant. He moved—and a heavy palm fell on his knee.

"Don't go to get out!" he was warned. "It wouldn't do you much good if you could. I'll have you back as quick as you could find the way."

"I wasn't," Lloyd replied irritably.

The darkness about them thinned; Lloyd felt the influence of the brightening east at their back. Slowly the roadside grew visible—the mountain over which, on a looping track, they were making their way. Below was a broad valley filled with the dawn; he saw emerald fields, silver water, isolated dwellings. At the top of the range he looked forward into another vale, narrower and less cultivated, with a rocky wall beyond. The sun abruptly flooded the broken landscape with aureate light; there was an accompanying tide of bird song; the day was an accomplished fact.

The youthful face at his side was riven with apprehension, restless with swift passages of mute rebellion, haggard from lack of sleep. They passed a man dejectedly driving a cow to pasture; neither responded to his salutation. There was another valley beyond, wilder still, the fields contracted to mere patches about rare, unbarked cabins. Curious sallow faces regarded the rapid passage of the vehicle through the whirling dust, which slowly settled back on fortuitous human forms.

Jennifer Lloyd's trained perception quickly pierced the false fabric of the "rugged mountaineer." He saw men and women below the average height of the city dweller, worn by unremitting toil, unchecked minor maladies, the complete lack of the simplest sanitation, the first principles of healthy living. They were without understanding of the potential energy of food. Unskillfully nurtured, they faced in their insufficient covering the assault of long, bitter winters and the cold, driving rains of spring, bearing on their grim faces, their attenuated bodies, the ravages of the arduous, blind conditions of their living.

As the vehicle progressed over the rising or falling way, he saw that there were more of these isolated cabins scattered through the upland wild than he had realized. Hardly within sight or call of one another, they nevertheless clung to their stony slopes, occupied the meager hollows, casting their tenuous columns of smoke into the illimitable sky.

He forgot for a moment the manner in which he had been conveyed here; but his painful jaw quickly recalled the assault in his room at the Indian Queen. He assured himself again that it had been an outrage for which its perpetrator should be adequately punished; but all rancor had departed from his thought. The episode had momentarily kept him from the slough of despond into which he was sinking. He was meditating the expression of a verbal commonplace when the youth beside him turned in sudden apprehension.

"Doc," he cried, voicing a new panic, "you won't hold this against me? You wouldn't spite us for what I did back yonder? You'll say the best you know?"

Lloyd faced him with quick anger in his keen gaze, on his fine, thin lips; but the other stopped the expression of his resentment.

"I oughtn't to have said that. It's not your kind. The minute I saw you I knew what I'd heard in Buckshot was true. I can tell a man! That's why I couldn't come back to Linda without you. We'll be home over the next rise."

They turned sharply and crossed a low ridge. Beyond, directly on the road, was a small whitewashed dwelling of planed boards, with an outside stone chimney. At the back was a garden patch, a sloping pasture cut from the thick brush, and a shedlike barn. Before it lay a shallow, sparkling green valley, far blue barriers, folded in absolute sunny silence, isolated peace.

V

A GAUNT woman with pale hair screwed into a scant knot, and clad in shapeless faded calico, stood in the doorway of the dwelling.

"It looked like you'd never get back," she called in a worn voice to Lloyd's companion. "I suppose that's the Buckshot doctor?"

"No; it's a better even than him—from New York."

He turned to Jennifer Lloyd, waving him within. As the latter entered he gathered a swift impression of a great, irregular fireplace; a bare floor, with yellowing sheepskins at the doors; and a young, drawn face above a brightly checkered counterpane. Lloyd proceeded immediately to the bed. He read at a glance the contracted lips and fast, superficial breathing of the girl before him.

"Is she bad, doc?" the other whispered at his back. "Is it like Coffy said?"

Lloyd made no immediate response. He saw that his information had been correct—that there could be no question of operation now. The virulent infection was spreading through the girl's system. His lips silently formed the word "peritonitis." It was impossible, without some history of the case, to determine how far the poisoning had gone. A sliding cloud of dark hair fell over a dry cheek, and he turned to the woman in the background.

"Make a tight plait of her hair," he directed.

From without came the muffled stopping beat of horses' hoofs.

"That's Coffy," the boy declared.

Lloyd followed him to the door.

Doctor Coffy was descending from a dusty, hooded conveyance drawn by two shaggy and powerful young horses. The doctor himself was powerful and shaggy, and old. He had a broad, stolid countenance, from which a stained white beard fell, dragging across a tightly buttoned jacket; great stubby hands and ponderous booted feet. But his gaze was as keen as Lloyd's own; it gave an unmistakable impression of force tempered by humorous comprehension born of a long service of humanity. He met Jennifer Lloyd with a direct, open welcome.

"I'm Lloyd, of New York," the latter said, explaining his presence in place of the Buckshot practitioner.

"We've done all we can for this Linda of ours," Coffy assured him. The young man withdrew into the house. "I didn't get her in time," he continued more freely. "She hasn't been married above four months and she wouldn't give in sick. The minute I saw her I knew she was bad off; I was afraid then we were going to lose her. . . . There's no use in tormenting her with this and

(Continued on Page 48)

"Is She Bad, Doc? Is It Like Coffy Said?"

Digitized by Google

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

The Man of Ypres—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

FROM MY JOURNAL—written during an attack of influenza at the Gare Maritime in Calais:

LAST night I left England on the first boat to cross the Channel after the blockade. I left London at midnight, with the usual formality of being searched by Scotland Yard detectives. The train was empty and very cold.

"At half past two in the morning we reached Folkestone. I was quite alone, and as I stood shivering on the quay waiting to have my papers examined a cold wind from the harbor and a thin spray of rain made the situation wretched. At last I confronted the inspector, and was told that under the new regulations I should have had my Red Cross card visèed in Paris. It was given back to me with a shrug, but my passport was stamped.

"There were four men round the table. My papers and I were inspected by each of the four in turn. At last I was through. But to my disgust I found I was not to be allowed on the Calais boat. There was one going to Boulogne and carrying passengers, but Calais was closed up tight, except to troops and officers.

"I looked at the Boulogne boat. It was well lighted and cheerful. Those few people who had come down from London on the train were already settling themselves for the crossing. They were on their way to Paris and peace.

"I did not want Paris and certainly I did not want peace. I had telegraphed to Dunkirk and expected a military car to meet me at Calais. Once across, I knew I could neither telegraph nor telephone to Dunkirk, all lines of communication being closed to the public. I felt that I might be going to be ill. I would not be ill in Boulogne.

"At the end of the quay, dark and sinister, loomed the Calais boat. I had one moment of indecision. Then I picked up my suitcase and started toward it in the rain. Luckily the gangway was out. I boarded the boat with as much assurance as I could muster, and was at once accosted by the chief officer.

"I produced my papers. Some of them were very impressive. There were letters to leading French generals, to Sir John French. There was a letter from the French Ambassador to London, Monsieur Cambon, expediting me through the customs, but unluckily the customs at Boulogne.

"They left him cold. I threw myself on his mercy. He apologized, but continued firm. The Boulogne boat drew in its gangway. I mentioned this, and that, so to speak, I had burned my Boulogne gangway behind me. I said I had just had an interview with Mr. Winston Churchill, and that I felt sure the First Lord of the Admiralty would not approve of my standing there arguing when I was threatened with influenza. He acted as though he had never heard of the First Lord.

"At last he was called away. So I went into a deck cabin, and closed and bolted the door. I remember that, and put a life preserver over my feet, in case of a submarine, and my fur coat over the rest of me, because of a chill. And that is all I do remember, until this morning in a gray, rainy dawn I opened the door to find that we were entering the harbor of Calais. If the officers of the boat were surprised to see me emerge they concealed it. No doubt they knew that with Calais under military law I could hardly slip through the fingers of the police."

A Marine Acrostic

"THIS morning I have a mild attack of what the English call 'flu.' I am still at the hotel in Calais. I have breakfasted to the extent of hot coffee, have taken three different kinds of influenza remedies, and am now waiting and aching, but at least I am in France.

"If the car from Dunkirk does not come for me to-day I shall be deported to-night.

"Two torpedo boats are coaling in the harbor. They have two large white letters which answer for their names. One is the BE; the other is the ER. As they lie side by side these tall white letters spell B-E-E-R.

"I have heard an amusing thing: that the English have built duplicates of all their great battleships, building them of wood, guns and all, over the hulls of other vessels; and that the Germans have done the same thing! What would happen if one of the 'dummy' fleets met the other? Would it be a battle of expletives? Would the German consonant triumph over the English aspirate? and both ships go down in a sea of language?

COPYRIGHT, DAILY MAIL WAR SERVICE

A French Soldier at Prayer Before Going to the Firing Line

"The idea is, of course, to delude submarines into the belief that they are sinking battleships, while the real dreadnoughts are somewhere else—pure strategy, but amusing, except for the crews of these sham war flotillas."

The French Ambassador in London had given me letters to the various generals commanding the divisions of the French Army.

It was realized that America knew very little of what the French were doing in this great war. We knew, of course, that they were holding a tremendous battle line and that they were fighting bravely. Rumors we had heard of the great destruction done by the French seventy-five millimeter gun, and the names of numerous towns had become familiar to us in print, even when we could not pronounce them. The Paris omnibuses had gone to the front. Paris fashions were late in coming to us, and showed a military trend. For the first time the average American knew approximately where and what Alsace-Lorraine is, and that Paris has forts as well as shops and hotels.

But what else did we know of France and its part in the war? What does America generally know of France, outside of Paris? Very little. Since my return, almost the only question I have been asked about France is: "Is Paris greatly changed?"

Yet America owes much to her great sister republic; much encouragement in the arts, in literature, in research. For France has always extended a kindly hand and a splendid welcome to gifted and artistic Americans. But her encouragement neither begins nor ends there.

It was in France that American statesmen received the support that enabled them to rear the new republic on strong and sturdy foundations. It is curious to think of that France of Louis the Sixteenth, with its every tradition opposed to that democracy for which America was contending, sending the very flower of her chivalry to assist the new republic. It is amazing to remember that when France was in a deplorable condition financially it was yet found possible to lend America six million dollars, and to exempt us from the payment of interest for a year.

And the friendship of France was of the people, not alone of the king, for it survived the downfall of the monarchy and the rise of the French Republic. When Benjamin Franklin died the National Assembly at Paris went into three days' mourning for "the great American."

As a matter of fact, France's help to America precipitated her own great crisis. The Declaration of Independence was the spark that set her ablaze. If the king was right in America he was utterly wrong at home. Lafayette went back from America convinced that "resistance is the most sacred of duties."

The French adopted the American belief that liberty is the object of government, and liberty of the individual—that very belief which France is standing for to-day as opposed to the nationalism of Germany. The Frenchman believes, like the American, that pressure should be from within out, not from without in. In other words, his own conscience, and not the arbitrary ruling of an arbitrary government, is his dictator. To reconcile liberty and democracy, then, has been France's problem, as it has been that of America. She has faced the same problems against a handicap that America has not had—the handicap of a discontented nobility. And by sheer force and determination France has won.

It has been said that the French in their Revolution were not reckless innovators. They were confiding followers. And the star they followed was the same star which, multiplied by the number of states, is the American flag to-day—Liberty.

Farewells to Soap and Tub

BECAUSE of the many ties between the two countries, I had urged on the French Ambassador the necessity of letting America know a little more intimately what was being done by the French in this war. Since that time a certain relaxation has taken place along all the Allied lines. Correspondents have been taken out on day excursions and have cabled to America what they saw. But at the time I visited the French Army of the North there had been no one there.

Those Americans who had seen the French soldier in times of peace had not been greatly impressed. His curious, bent-kneed, slouching step, so carefully taught him—so different from the stately progress of the British, for instance, but so effective in covering ground—his loose trousers and huge pack, all conspire against *ensemble* effect of French soldiers on the march.

I have seen British regiments at ease, British soldiers at rest and in their billets. Always they are smart, always they are military. A French regiment at ease ceases to be a part of a great machine. It shows, perhaps, more humanity. The men let their muscles sag a bit. They talk, laugh, sing if they are happy. They lie about in every attitude of complete relaxation. But at the word they fall in again. They take up the slack, as it were, and move on again in that remarkable *pas de flexion* that is so oddly tireless. It is a difference of method; probably the best thing for men who are Gallic, temperamental. A more lethargic army is better governed probably by rule of thumb.

I had crossed the Channel again to see the French and English lines. On my previous visit, which had lasted for several weeks, I had seen the Belgian Army at the front and the French Army in billets and on reserve. This time I was to see the French Army in action.

The first step to that end, getting out of Calais, proved simple enough. The car came from Dunkirk, and brought passes. I took more influenza medicine, dressed and packed my bag. There was some little regret mingled with my farewell to the hotel at the Gare Maritime. I had had there a private bath, with a porcelain tub. More than that, the tub had been made in my home city. It was, I knew, my last glimpse of a porcelain tub, probably of any tub, for some time. There were bath towels also. I wondered if I would ever see a bath towel again. I left a cake of soap in that bathroom. I can picture its next occupant walking in, calm and deliberate, and then his eye suddenly falling on a cake of soap. I can picture his stare, his incredulity. I can see him rushing to the corridor and ringing the fire bell and calling the other guests and the strangers without the gates, and the boot boy in an apron, to come and see that cake of soap.

But not the management. They would take it away.

The car which came for me had been at the front all night. It was filled inside and out with mud, so that it was necessary to cover the seat before I got in. Of all the cars I have ever traveled in, this was the most wrecked. Hardly a foot of the metal body was unbroken by shell or bullet hole. The mud shield had been torn away. Tatters of

Digitized by Google

curtain streamed out in the wind. The mud guards were bent and twisted. Even in that region of wrecked cars people turned to look at it.

Calais was very gay that Sunday afternoon. The sun was out. At the end of the drawbridge a soldier was exercising a captured German horse.

Officers in scarlet and gold, in pale blue, in green and red, in all the picturesqueness of a Sunday back from the front, were decked for the public eye. They walked in groups or singly. There were no women with them. Their wives and sweethearts were far away. A Sunday in Calais, indifferent food at a hotel, a saunter in the sunlight, and then—Monday and war again, with the bright colors replaced by somber ones, with mud and evil odors and wretchedness.

They wandered about, smoking eternal cigarettes and watching the harbor, where ships were coaling, and where, as my car waited, the drawbridge opened to allow a great Norwegian merchantman to pass. The blockade was only two days old, but already this Norwegian boat had her name painted in letters ten feet high along each side of her hull, flanked on both sides by the Norwegian flag, also painted. Her crew, leaning over the side, surveyed the quay curiously. So this was war—this petulant horse with its soldier rider, these gay uniforms!

It had been hoped that neutral shipping would, by thus indicating clearly its nationality, escape the attacks of submarines. That very ship was sunk three days later in the North Sea.

Convalescent soldiers limped about on crutches; babies were wheeled in perambulators in the sun; a group of young aviators in black leather costumes watched a French biplane flying low. English naval officers from the coaling boats took shore leave and walked along with the free English stride.

There were no guns; everything was gayety and brightness. But for the limping soldiers, my own battered machine, and the ominous gray ships in the harbor, it might have been a carnival.

In spite of the appearance of the machine it went northeast at an incredible pace, its dried mud flying off like missiles, through those French villages, which are so tidy because there is nothing to waste; where there is just enough and no more—no extra paper, no extra string, or food, or tin cans, or any of the litter that goes to make the disorder of a wasteful American town, where paper and string and tin cans and old boots serve their original purpose and then, in the course of time, become flower-pots or rag carpets or soup meat, or heaven knows what; and where, having fulfilled this second destiny, they go on being useful in feeding chickens, or repairing roads, or fertilizing fields.

The Journey to Bergues

FOR the first time on this journey I encountered difficulty with the sentries. My Red Cross card had lost its potency. A new rule had gone out that even a staff car might not carry a woman. Things looked very serious for a time. But at last we got through.

There were many aviators out that bright day, going to the front, returning, or merely flying about taking the air. Women walked along the roads wearing bright-colored silk aprons. Here and there the sentries had stretched great chains across the road, against which the car brought up sharply. And then at last Dunkirk again, and the royal apartment, and a soft bed, and—influenza.

Two days later I started for the French lines. I packed a small bag, got out a fresh notebook, and, having received the proper passes, the start was made early in the morning. An officer was to take me to the headquarters of the French Army of the North. From there I was to proceed to British headquarters.

My previous excursions from Dunkirk had all been made east and southeast. This new route was south. As far as the town of Bergues we followed the route by which I had gone to Ypres. Bergues, a little fortified town, has been at times owned by the French, English, Spanish and Dutch.

Heavy French Machine Guns With Bullet Shields

It is odd, remembering the new alignment of the nations, to see erected in the public square a monument celebrating the victory of the French over the English in 1793, a victory which had compelled the British to raise the siege of Dunkirk.

South of Bergues there was no sign of war. The peasants rode along the road in their high, two-wheeled carts with bare iron hoops over the top, hoops over which canvas is spread in wet weather.

There were trees again; windmills with their great wings turning peacefully; walled gardens and wayside shrines; holly climbing over privet hedges; and rows of pollard willows, their early buds a reddish brown; and tall Lombardy poplars, yellow-green with spring.

The road stretched straight ahead, a silver line. Nothing could have been more peaceful, more unwarlike. Peasants trudged along with heavy milk cans hanging from wooden neck yokes, chickens flew squawking from the onslaught of the car. There were sheep here and there.

"It is forbidden to take or kill a sheep—except in self defense!" said the officer.

And then suddenly we turned into a small town and came on hundreds of French omnibuses, requisitioned from all parts of France and painted a dingy gray.

Out of the town again. The road rose now to Cassel, with its three windmills in a row on the top of a hill. We drove under an arch of trees, their trunks covered with moss. On each side of the highway peasants were plowing in the mud—old peasants, bent to the plow, or very young boys, who eyed us without curiosity.

Still south. But now there were motor ambulances and an occasional long line of motor lorries. At one place in a village we came on a great three-ton lorry, driven and manned by English Tommies. They knew no French and were completely lost in a foreign land. But they were beautifully calm. They sat on the driving seat and smoked pipes and derided each other, as in turn they struggled to make their difficulty known.

"Bailleul," said the Tommies over and over, but they pronounced it "Berlue," and the villagers only laughed.

The officer in the car explained.

"'Berlue,'" he said, "is—what do you Americanssay—dotty? They are telling the villagers they want to go crazy!"

So he got out and explained. Also he found out their road for them and sent them off, rather sheepish, but laughing.

"I never get over the surprises of this war," said the officer when he returned. "Think of those boys, with not a word of French, taking that lorry from the coast to the English lines! They'll get there too. They always do."

General Joffre and Officers of His Staff Reviewing Troops

As we left the flat land toward the coast the country grew more and more beautiful. It rolled gently and there were many trees.

The white houses with their low thatched roofs, which ended in a bordering of red tiles, looked prosperous. But there were soldiers again. We were approaching the war zone.

The sun was high when we reached the little town where General Foch, Commander of the Armies of the North, had his headquarters. It was not difficult to find the building. The French flag furled at the doorway, a gendarme at one side of the door and a sentry at the other, denoted the headquarters of the staff. But General Foch was not there at the moment. He had gone to church.

All France on Its Knees

THE building was near. Thinking that there might be a service, I decided to go also. Going up a steep street to where at the top stood a stone church, with an image of the Virgin almost covered by that virgin vine which we call Virginia creeper, I opened the leather-covered door and went quietly in.

There was no service. The building was quite empty. And the Commander of the Armies of the North, probably the greatest general the French have in the field today, was kneeling there alone.

He never knew I had seen him. I left before he did. Now, as I look back, it seems to me that that great general on his knees alone in that little church is typical of the attitude of France to-day toward the war.

It is a totally different attitude from the English—not more heroic, not braver, not more resolute to an end. But it is peculiarly reverential. The enemy is on the soil of France. The French are fighting for their homes, for their children, for their country. And in this great struggle France daily, hourly, on its knees asks for help.

I went to the hotel—an ancient place, very small, very clean, very cold and shabby. The entrance was through an archway into a cobble-paved courtyard, where on the left, under the roof of a shed, the saddles of cavalry horses and gendarmes were waiting on saddle trestles. Beyond, through a glazed door, was a long dining room, with a bare, white-scrubbed floor and whitewashed walls. Its white tablecloths, white walls and ceiling and white floor, with no hint of fire although a fine snow had commenced to fall, set me to shivering. Even the attempt at decoration of hanging baskets, of trailing vines with strings of red peppers, was hardly cheering.

From the window a steep, walled garden fell away, dreary enough under the gray sky and the snowfall. The same curious pale-green moss covered the trees, and beyond the garden wall, in a field, was a hole where a German aëroplane had dropped a bomb.

Hot coffee had been ordered, and we went into a smaller room for it. Here there was a fire, with four French soldiers gathered round it. One of them was writing at the table. The others were having their palms read.

"You have a heart line," said the palmist to one of them—"a heart line like a windmill!"

I drank my coffee and listened. I could understand only a part of it, but it was eminently cheerful. They laughed, chaffed each other, and although my presence in the hotel must have caused much curiosity in that land of no women, they did not stare at me. Indeed, it was I who did the gazing!

After a time I was given a room. It was at the end of a whitewashed corridor, from which pine doors opened on

(Continued on Page 65)

Digitized by Google

THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XXXVIII

NORGATE found himself in an atmosphere of strange excitement during his two hours' waiting at the House of Commons on the following day. He was ushered at last into Mr. Hebblethwaite's private room. Hebblethwaite had just come in from the House and was leaning a little back in his chair, in an attitude of repose. He glanced at Norgate with a faint smile.

"Well, young fellow," he remarked, "come to do the usual 'I told you so' business, I suppose?"

"Don't be an ass!" Norgate irreverently replied. "There are one or two things I must tell you, and tell you at once. I may have hinted at them before, but you weren't taking things seriously then. First of all, is Mr. Bullen in the House?"

"Of course!"

"Could you send for him just for a minute?" Norgate pleaded. "I am sure it would make what I am going to say sound more convincing to you."

Hebblethwaite struck a bell by his side and dispatched a messenger.

"How are things going?" Norgate asked.

"France is mobilizing as fast as she can," Hebblethwaite announced. "We have reports coming in that Germany has been at it secretly for at least a week. They say that Austrian troops have crossed into Poland. There isn't anything definite yet, but it's war without a doubt, war just as we'd struck the right note for peace. Russia was firm, but splendid. Austria was wavering. Just at the critical moment like a thunderbolt came Germany's declaration of war. Here's Mr. Bullen. Now go ahead, Norgate."

Mr. Bullen came into the room, recognized Norgate and stopped short.

"So you're here again, young man, are you?" he exclaimed. "I don't know why you've sent for me, Hebblethwaite, but if you take my advice you won't let that young fellow go until you've asked him a few questions."

"Mr. Norgate is a friend of mine," Hebblethwaite said. "I think you will find ——"

"Friend or no friend," the Irishman interrupted, "he is a traitor, and I tell you so to his face."

Norgate nodded pleasantly.

"That is exactly what I wished you to tell Mr. Hebblethwaite," he remarked. "I just want you to relate the circumstances of my first visit here."

"You came and offered me a bribe of a million pounds," Mr. Bullen declared, "if I would provoke a civil war in Ireland in the event of England's getting into trouble. I wasn't sure whom you were acting for then, but I am jolly certain now. That young fellow is a German spy, Hebblethwaite."

Norgate nodded coolly.

"Mr. Hebblethwaite knew that quite well," he admitted. "I came and told him so several times. I think that he even encouraged me to do my worst."

"Look here, Norgate," Hebblethwaite interposed, "I'm certain you are driving at something serious. Let's have it."

"I am Answered; Only I Know Now That I Was Not Made for These Things"

"Quite right. I am," Norgate assented. "I just wanted to testify to you that Mr. Bullen's reply to my offer was the patriotic reply of a loyal Irishman. I did offer him that million pounds on behalf of Germany, and he did indignantly refuse it; but the point of the whole thing is my report to Germany."

"And that?" Mr. Hebblethwaite asked eagerly.

"I reported Mr. Bullen's acceptance of the sum," Norgate told them. "I reported that civil war in Ireland was imminent and inevitable, and would come the sooner for any Continental trouble in which England might become engaged."

Mr. Hebblethwaite's face cleared. "I begin to understand now, Norgate," he muttered. "Good fellow!"

Mr. Bullen was summoned hot haste by one of his supporters, and hurried out. Norgate drew his chair a little closer to his friend's.

"Look here, Hebblethwaite," he said, "you wouldn't listen to me, you know, and I don't blame you; but I knew the truth of what I was saying. I knew what was coming. The only thing I could do to help was to play the double traitor, so I did it. My chief, who reported to Berlin that this civil war was inevitable, will get it in the neck; but there's more to follow. The Baroness von Haase and I were associated in an absolutely confidential mission to ascertain the likely position of Italy in the event of this conflict. I know for a fact that Italy will not come in with her allies."

"Do you mean that?" Mr. Hebblethwaite asked eagerly.

"It's absolutely certain," Norgate assured him.

Hebblethwaite half rose from his place with excitement.

"I ought to telephone to the War Office," he declared. "It will alter the whole mobilization of the French troops."

"France knows," Norgate told him quietly. "My wife has seen to that. She passed the information on to them just in time to contract the whole line of mobilization."

"You've been doing big things, young fellow!" Mr. Hebblethwaite exclaimed excitedly. "Go on. Tell me at once what your report to Germany was."

"I reported that Italy would certainly fulfill the terms of her alliance and fight," Norgate replied. "Furthermore, I have convinced my chief over here that under no possible circumstances would the present Cabinet sanction any war whatsoever. I have given him plainly to understand that you especially are determined to leave France to her fate, if war should come, and to preserve our absolute neutrality at all costs."

"Go on," Hebblethwaite murmured.

"There is very little more," Norgate concluded. "I have a list here of properties in the outskirts of London, all bought by Germans, and on all of which there are secret preparations being made for the mounting of big guns. You might just pass that on to the War Office so that they can destroy the places at their leisure. There isn't anything else, Hebblethwaite. As I told you, I've played the double traitor. It was the only way I could help. Now, if I were you, I would arrest the master spy for whom I have been working. Most of the information he has picked up lately has been pretty bad, and I fancy he'll get a warm reception if he does get back to Berlin; but if ever there was a foreigner who abused the hospitality of this country, Selingman's the man."

"We'll see about that presently," Mr. Hebblethwaite declared, leaning back. "Let me think over what you have told me. It comes to this, Norgate—you've practically encouraged Germany to risk affronting us."

"I can't help that," Norgate admitted. "Germany has gone into this war firmly believing that Italy will be on her side and that we shall have our hands occupied in civil war, and in any case that we should remain neutral. I am not asking you questions, Hebblethwaite. I don't know what the position of the government will be if Germany attacks France in the ordinary way. But one thing I do believe, and that is that if Germany breaks Belgian neutrality and invades Belgium, there isn't any English government that has ever been responsible for the destinies of this country that is likely to take it lying down. We are shockingly unprepared, or else, of course, there'd have been no war at all; but we must fight or perish. And we shall fight, I am sure of that, Hebblethwaite."

"We are all Englishmen," Hebblethwaite answered simply.

The door was suddenly opened. Spencer Wyatt pushed his way past a protesting doorkeeper. Hebblethwaite rose to his feet. He seemed to forget Norgate's presence.

"You've been down to the Admiralty?" he asked quickly. "Do you know?"

Spencer Wyatt pointed to Norgate. His voice shook with emotion.

"I know, Hebblethwaite," he replied; "but there's something that you don't know. An hour ago we were told to mobilize the fleet. But what chance should we have had? Germany is in for a fight, and look where our ships are—or ought to be!"

"I know it," Hebblethwaite groaned.

"Well, they aren't there!" Spencer Wyatt announced triumphantly. "A week ago that young fellow came to me and told me what was impending. I half believed those things before he began; when he'd finished his story I gambled upon them. I mistook the date for the grand review. I signed the order for mobilization at the Admiralty seven days ago. We are safe, Hebblethwaite! I've been getting wireless messages all day yesterday and to-day, and we are at Cromarty and Rosyth. Our torpedo squadron is in position; our submarines are off the German coast. It was just the toss of a coin—papers and a country life for me, or our fleet safe and a great start in the war. This is the man who has done it."

"It's the best news I've heard this week," Hebblethwaite declared with glowing face. "If our fleet is safe, the country is safe for a time. Now if this thing comes we've a chance. I'll go through the country. I'll start the day war's declared. I'll talk to the people I've slaved for. They shall come to our help. We'll have the greatest citizen army that ever fought for its native land. I've disbelieved in fighting all my life, but if we are driven to it we'll show the world what peace-loving people can do if the weapon is forced into their hands. Norgate, the country owes you a great debt. Another time, Wyatt, I'll tell you more than you know now. What can we do for you, young fellow?"

Norgate rose to his feet.

"My work is already chosen, thanks," he said as he shook hands. "I have been preparing for some time."

XXXIX

THE card rooms at the St. James' Club were crowded, but very few people seemed inclined to play. They were standing or sitting about in little groups, and a great many of them were gathered round the corner where Selingman was seated. He was looking graver than usual, but there was still a confident smile upon his lips.

"My little friend," he said, patting the hand of the fair lady by his side, "reassure yourself. Your husband and your husband's friends are quite safe. For England there will come no fighting. Believe me, that is a true word."

"But the impossible is happening all the time," Mrs. Barlow protested. "Who would have believed that without a single word of warning Germany would declare war against Russia?"

Mr. Selingman raised his voice a little.

"Let me make the situation clear," he begged. "Listen to me, if you will, because I am a patriotic German, but

Digitized by Google

also a lover of England, a sojourner here and one of her greatest friends. Germany has gone to war against Russia. Why? You will say upon a trifling pretext. My answer to you is this: There is between the Teuton and the Slav an enmity more mighty than anything you can conceive of. It has been at the root of all the unrest in the Balkans. Many a time Germany has kept the peace at the imminent loss of her own position and prestige. But one knows now that the struggle must come. The Russians are piling up a great army with only one intention. They mean to wrest from Germany's keeping certain provinces of Austria, to reduce her one ally to the condition of a vassal state, to establish the Slav people there and throughout the Balkan States at the expense of the Teuton. Germany must protect her own. It is a struggle, mind you, that concerns them alone. If only there were common sense in the world, every one else would stand by and let Germany and Austria fight with Russia on the issue—Slav or Teuton."

"But there's France," little Mrs. Barlow reminded him. "She can't keep out of it. She is Russia's ally."

"Alas, my dear madam," Selingman continued, "you point out the tragedy of the whole situation. If France could see wisdom, if France could see truth, she would fold her arms with you others, and keep her country and her youth and her dignity. But I will be reasonable. She is, as you say, bound—bound by her alliance to Russia. She will fight. Very well, Germany wants no more from France than what she has. Germany will fight a defensive campaign. She will push France back with one hand, in as friendly a manner as is compatible with the ethics of war. On the east she will move swiftly. She will fight Russia, and, believe me, the issue will not be long doubtful. She will conclude an honorable peace with France at the first opportunity."

"Then you don't think we shall be involved at all?" some one else asked.

"If you are," Selingman declared, "it will be your own doing, and it will simply be the most criminal act of this generation. Germany has nothing but friendship for England. I ask you what British interests are threatened by this inevitable clash between the Slav and the Teuton? It is miserable enough for France to be dragged in. It would be lunacy for England to get involved. Therefore, though it is true that serious matters are pending, though, alas, I must return at once to see what help I can afford my country, never for a moment believe, any of you, that there exists the slightest chance of war between Germany and England."

"Then I don't see," Mrs. Barlow sighed, "why we shouldn't have a rubber of bridge."

"Let us," Selingman assented. "It is a very reasonable suggestion. It will divert our thoughts. Here is the afternoon paper. Let us first see whether there is any further news."

It was Mrs. Paston Benedek who opened it. She stared at the first sheet for a moment with eyes that were dilated. Then she looked round. Her voice sounded unnatural.

"Look!" she cried. "Francis Norgate—Mr. Francis Norgate has committed suicide in his rooms!"

"It is not possible!" Selingman exclaimed.

They all crowded round the paper. The announcement was contained in a few lines only. Mr. Francis Norgate had been discovered, shot through the heart, in his sitting room at the Milan Court, with a revolver by his side. There was a letter addressed to his wife, who had left the day before for Paris. No further particulars could be given of the tragedy. The little group of men and women all looked at one another in a strange, questioning manner. For a moment the war cloud seemed to have passed from their memories. It was something newer and in a sense more dramatic, this. Norgate—one of themselves! Norgate, who had played bridge with them day after day, had been married only a week or so ago—dead under the most horrible of all conditions! And Baring only a few weeks before! There was an uneasiness about that no one could put into words, vague suspicions, strange imaginings.

"It's only three weeks," some one muttered, "since poor Baring shot himself! What the devil does it mean? Norgate —— Why, the fellow was full of common sense!"

"He was fearfully cut up," another interposed, "about that Berlin affair."

"But he was just married," Mrs. Paston Benedek reminded them—"married to the most charming woman in Europe; rich, too, and noble. I saw them only two days ago together. They were the picture of happiness. This is too terrible. I am going into the other room to sit down. Please forgive me. Mr. Selingman, will you give me your arm?"

She passed into the little drawing-room, almost dragging her companion. She closed the door behind them. Her eyes were brilliant. The words came hot and quivering from her lips:

"Listen!" she ordered. "Tell me the truth—was this suicide or not?"

"Why should it not be?" Selingman asked gravely. "Norgate was an Englishman after all. He must have felt that he had betrayed his country. He has given us, as you know, very valuable information. The thought must have preyed upon his conscience."

"Don't lie to me!" she interrupted. "Tell me the truth now, else never come near me again, never ask me another question, don't be surprised to find the whole circle of your friends here broken up and against you. It's only the truth I ask for. If a thing is necessary, do I not know that it must be done? But I will hear the truth. There was that about Baring's death which I never understood. But this—this shall be explained."

Selingman stood for a moment or two with folded arms.

"Dear lady," he said soothingly, "you are not like the others. You have earned the knowledge of the truth, and you shall have it. I did not mistrust Francis Norgate, but I knew very well that when the blow fell he would waver. These Englishmen are all like that. They can lose patience with their ill-governed country. They can go abroad, write to the Times, declare that they have shaken the dust of their native land from their feet. But when the pinch comes they fall back. Norgate has served me well, but he knew too much. He is safer where he is."

"He was murdered then?" she whispered.

Selingman nodded very slightly.

"It is seldom," he declared, "that we go so far. Believe me, it is only because our great empire is making its move, stretching out for the great world war, that I gave the word. What is one man's life when millions are soon to perish?"

She sank down into an easy-chair and covered her face with her hands.

"I am answered," she murmured; "only I know now that I was not made for these things. I love scheming, but I am a woman."

XL

MR. SELINGMAN'S influence over his fellows had never been more marked than on that gloomiest of all afternoons. They gathered round him as he sat on the cushioned fender, a cup of tea in one hand and a plate of buttered toast by his side.

"To-day," he proclaimed, "I bring good news. Yesterday, things, I must admit, looked black, and the tragedy to poor young Norgate made us all miserable."

"I should have said things look worse to-day," one of the men declared, throwing down a morning paper. "The Cabinet Council is still sitting and there are all sorts of rumors in the city."

"I was told by a man in the War Office," Mrs. Barlow announced, "that England would stand by her treaty to Belgium, and that Germany has made all her plans to invade France through Belgium."

"Rumors, of course, there must be," Selingman agreed; "but I bring something more than rumor. I received to-day, by special messenger from Berlin, a dispatch of the utmost importance. Germany is determined to show her entire friendliness toward England. She recognizes the difficulties of your situation. She is going to make a splendid bid for your neutrality. Much as I should like to, I cannot tell you more. This, however, I know to be the basis of her offer: You in England could help in the fight solely by means of your fleet. It is Germany's suggestion that, in return for your neutrality, she should withdraw her fleet from action and leave the French northern towns unbombarded. You will then be in a position to fulfill your obligations to France, whatever they may be, without moving a stroke or spending a penny. It is a triumph of diplomacy, that, a veritable triumph!"

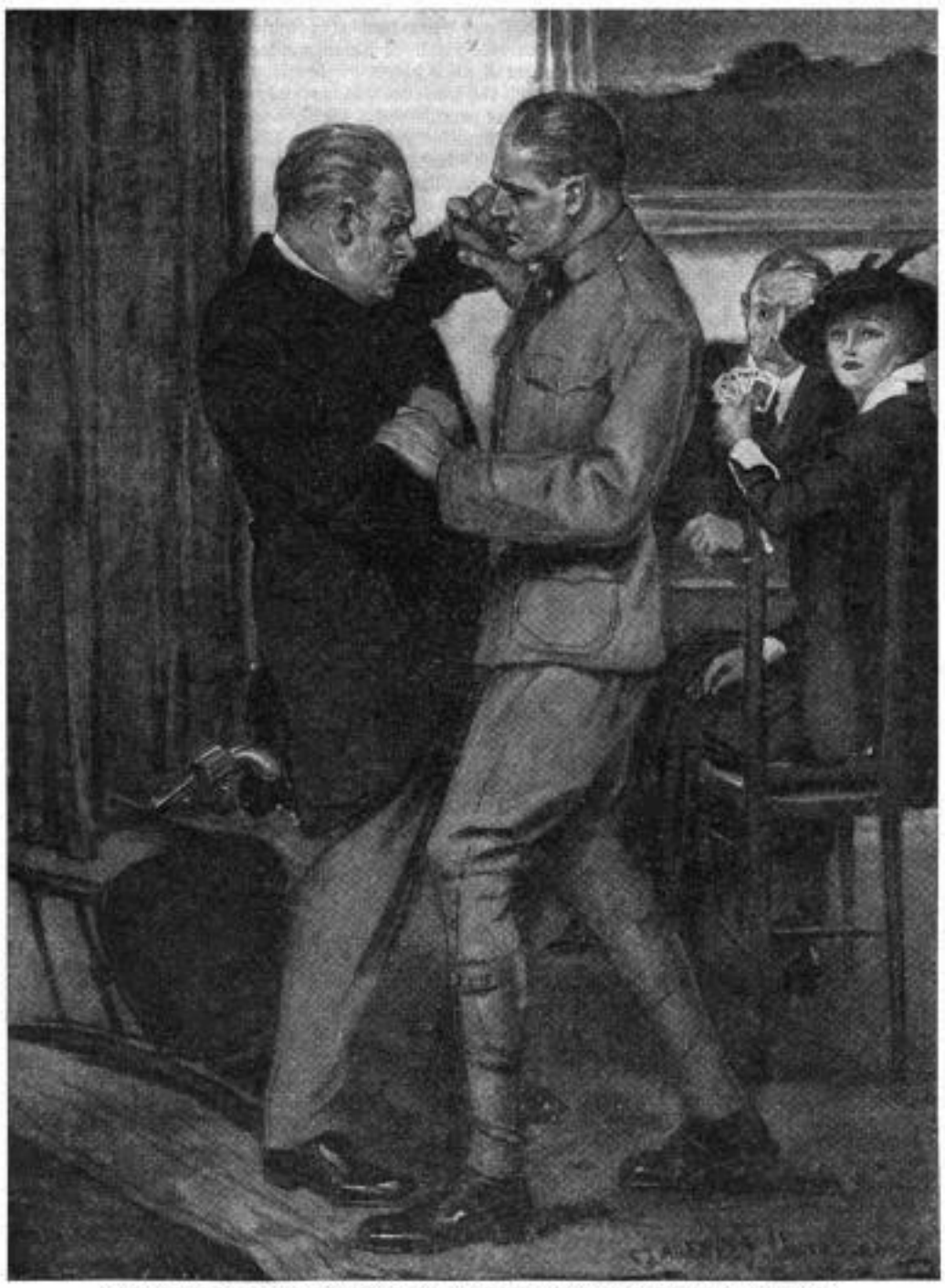
"It does sound all right," Mrs. Barlow admitted.

"It has relieved my mind of a mighty burden," Selingman continued, setting down his empty plate and brushing the crumbs from his waistcoat. "I feel now that we can look on at this world drama with sorrowing eyes, indeed, but free from feelings of animosity. I have had a trying day. I should like a little bridge. Let us ——"

Selingman did not finish his sentence. The whole room for a moment seemed to become a study in still-life. A woman who had been crossing the floor stood there as though transfixed. A man who was dealing paused with an outstretched card in his hand. Every eye was turned toward the door. It was Norgate who stood there, Norgate metamorphosed, in khaki uniform, an amazing spectacle! Mrs. Barlow was the first to break the silence with a piercing shriek. Then the whole room seemed to be in a turmoil. Selingman alone sat quite still. There was a gray shade upon his face and the veins were standing out at the back of his hands.

"So sorry to startle you all," Norgate said apologetically. "Of course you haven't seen the afternoon papers. It was my valet who

(Continued on Page 61)



"You Shall Suffer for These Words! You Young Fool, You Shall Bite the Dust"

Digitized by Google

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year (Except in Toronto, $1.50). Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 22, 1915

War and Drink

A DEPUTATION in which nearly all the important shipbuilding and armament concerns of Great Britain were represented waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer recently to urge absolute suppression of the liquor traffic throughout the country during the war The output of these concerns is vitally important to England and her allies.

The deputation said that eighty per cent of the present lost time in their plants was traceable to barrooms. The hours during which liquor may be sold in public houses were reduced last autumn; but that, the manufacturers said, had done no good. With shorter drinking hours men simply drank the harder, and a pernicious habit of buying spirits by the bottle had arisen. Investigation showed barrooms the receipts of which had increased twenty to forty per cent since the hours were shortened—but their patrons' higher earnings, due to overtime, doubtless had something to do with that.

The manufacturers thought it would do little good merely to close barrooms in the vicinity of plants engaged on public work; for if liquor were procurable anywhere it would be brought in. What they recommended was complete prohibition during the war, applying even to hotels and clubs; so that no question of invidious class distinctions might be raised.

Kitchener and Lloyd George have declared, with emphasis, that drink impairs England's military efficiency. As one instance out of many, a battleship that put in for repairs was held up a day because the riveters were on a spree. More war munitions are needed, and time lost through boozing restricts the output. The Chancellor said: "We are fighting three enemies—Germany, Austria and Drink; and, of the three, Drink seems to be the most formidable."

On moral grounds there is nothing particularly edifying in this demand for prohibition. It rests frankly on the desire to key labor up to higher speed in turning out cannon and shrapnel. Like prohibition in Russia and the suppression of absinth in France, its motive is destruction; but the whole evidence of this war has been that drink impairs national efficiency. A national system impregnated with alcohol cannot work at top speed.

The Business Upturn

THE business situation is partly a state of mind; but we should like to know where the change in that state of mind originates. We imagine a great part of the people are always in a quite passive mental state as regards the business situation. If they have money they buy what they want and put the rest in the bank or into a bond. If they buy less or put less into the bank it is simply because they have less money. We suppose that deliberate withholding from purchase or investment is confined to a relatively small number who, however, are in such position that their state of mind is an important factor.

The twelve months ending with March, for example, was a period of business depression; yet the sale of low-priced automobiles seems to have increased. Probably the great middling class went ahead buying and saving according to its means; and it was among people of more means and experience that deliberate withholding occurred. One of the most important facts in an improved outlook now is that the railroads are buying materials more freely, though the latest reports show no striking gains in revenue.

It would be a highly interesting and important feat if some psychologist would find out where the effective change in the nation's state of mind toward business occurs.

Price-Fixing

A UNITED STATES Court holds that the manufacturer of a strictly competitive article cannot fix the price at which his goods shall be sold to the consumer—which comes to pretty nearly the same thing as saying he cannot protect his good will. What could more effectually destroy the good will of a store than a general belief that it sold the same goods to different customers at different prices? Who would feel safe in trading with it? One price to all is fairly the foundation of any big retail establishment's good will.

When a manufacturer, in seeking the good will of his ultimate customers, names the price at which his article shall be sold, he wants that price uniform and invariable, for the same reason the department store wants its customers to know that the price on the ticket is the only one at which the goods will be sold. In both cases it establishes that faith in fair dealing which is an essential part of good will.

The court holds that a selling system by which the manufacturer "attempts to control the price of all sales by all dealers, eliminating all competition and fixing the amount the consumer shall pay, amounts to restraint of trade." The defendant in this case makes breakfast food in open competition with many other manufacturers. That competition between the different manufacturers is ample to protect the public against any monopolistic oppression is evident to anyone who simply glances at a grocer's shelves.

The Government does not even hint at combination among the manufacturers. Each of them, under free competition, fixes the retail price at his own peril. If he puts it unreasonably high the business will certainly go to his competitors. If he has established a highly valuable good will, that is the best possible guaranty he will maintain the quality of his goods—for no one lightly imperils his most valuable possession. Restricting his ability to establish a highly valuable good will lessens his motive to maintain quality and finally reacts against the consumer.

Curiously enough, though this opinion would prevent a manufacturer from seeing that his goods are sold retail at one price to all, the Clayton Act provides they shall be sold wholesale at one price to all—that is, it forbids discrimination in prices to customers under like conditions. For one wholesaler to get goods cheaper than another is unlawful restraint of trade. Requiring that one retail purchaser shall not get goods cheaper than another is also unlawful restraint of trade!

Another Show Closed

THE world's greatest show will be closed this summer, because the management, in a fit of aberration, is engaged in tearing the place down; and some two hundred million dollars of American coin, which usually jingles into the box office between May and November, will have to find another destination. Some of it may even go into savings banks.

The show could not boast, as Barnum did, that its entire program might be viewed without blushes by young persons of the tender sex; nor had it followed his admirable example in banishing bunko steerers and short-change artists from the premises. On moral grounds, in fact, it left much to be desired; yet it was a great show.

As to the great cultural advantages that busy press agents have always claimed on behalf of the show, we have some doubts—not that the advantages are absent, but that they are probably not availed of to any such extent as the press agents would have us believe. Our notion is that much more culture is obtainable with a good book on the back porch than in galloping through the Louvre or the Vatican between eleven o'clock and luncheon, or doing Florence in three hours.

When a man feels he has absorbed all the culture obtainable in this country, and needs still more, we recommend that he try baseball for a season.

A Constitutional Forecast

WE PRESUME that the august assemblage at Albany, which is to be engaged for many weeks in solemnly tinkering the constitution of the Empire State, will perform its task in a duly cautious and conservative manner. We do not anticipate at its hands anything reckless or revolutionary, which would render the government of the state materially less complex, confused, bemuddled, inefficient and extravagant than it now is. Probably, as a result of its labors, state gamewardens will wear helmets instead of slouch hats, and tax receipts will be printed on yellow paper instead of white.

This is a great year, by the way, for recasting constitutions. Somewhat disgusted by pseudo-radical vagaries and somewhat chastened by adversity, the country is no doubt in a decidedly sober frame of mind and without much zest for political experimentation. When it comes to organic law, puttying up the holes where rivets have dropped out and giving the ancient structure one good coat of gray paint will probably about suit it.

We have forgotten just what New York's excuse was for a constitutional convention under present conditions and auspices. Perhaps it was the delays, uncertainties, circumlocutions and injustices of her judicial system; perhaps the unsatisfactory state of her revenue system. The point is immaterial, for we have a powerful suspicion that nothing very important will be done to change either.

That any citizen who is not professionally interested will be sensible of a change anywhere three years hence is rather improbable.

Financing an Indemnity

A CANDID suggestion from an English source raises a possibility connected with government ownership that had not occurred to us. Coming from England, it foresees, of course, that the war will end with Germany's complete defeat and the payment of a large war indemnity; but that country will then be considerably impoverished and the conquerors will not wish to burden her people further than is absolutely necessary.

Thus, they will arrange the war indemnity, with only a slight hardship to the people of Germany, by simply taking over the state railroads. Taking over a helpless and delinquent state's customhouses, to be administered for the benefit of her creditors, is an old device; but as an instrument for satisfying creditors a railroad system would be much more effective.

It is not at all impossible that when it comes to settling the war bills some state railroads may be for sale.

Changing the Signs

WE ARE asked from time to time to urge the adoption in this country of the metric system of weights and measures. Undoubtedly it would be somewhat more convenient for the next generation if that system were now adopted here and in Great Britain. We are never able to remember what a French meter, a Belgian kilogram or a German liter comes to in feet, pounds or pints; and often it is quite a bother to find a book containing a table that gives the equivalents. That annoyance would be obviated by a uniform system. The metric system is more logical; in fact, the English and American system of dividing one standard into sixteen units, another into twelve, another into three, and so on, is patently absurd.

However, when we contemplate the vast effort and confusion involved by a change to the metric system, we are dubious. For some time hardly anybody would know whether he was ordering dry goods by the liter or milk by the meter, or how much of each he was supposed to get. When we consider further that no soul would have more meters, kilograms and liters than he now has yards, ounces and quarts, we guess it would not be worth while.

So many reform projects involve nothing more than calling an old trouble by a new name!

End of the War

AT LLOYD'S in London—the cables say—they are betting seventeen to one that war will not end with August. Expressed in terms of insurance, you pay something over ninety-four pounds premium in order to recover a hundred pounds if the war runs to September. Recently orders were placed in this country for tools used in making shrapnel—deliveries to run up to August first.

Nobody at this writing, in fine, can see any tangible promise of peace this summer; and even on the proposition that war will end this calendar year Lloyd's offers less than even money.

Nine months of continuous fighting has simply developed the ancient problem as to what will happen when an irresistible force meets an immovable body. East and west, the German lines hold about where they were planted after the first victorious rushes. Considering the force already expended in vain against them, pushing those lines back across German soil is a stupendous undertaking.

On the other hand, Germany's colossal effort has so far been in vain. Nowhere has she yet reached an objective. Nowhere has she definitely gained the upper hand.

The military resources of five great Powers have been strained to the utmost for three-quarters of a year without accomplishing anything which even points in the direction of a settlement through military means. That, unless other factors of a decisive sort develop within the next three months, will probably inspire a resort to other means of settlement.

Digitized by Google

WHY WALL STREET BOILS

By Roger W. Babson

HOW is it that the Wall Street market has been boiling so?" I asked a prominent banker in New York right after the recent boom started.

"Because somebody is poking the fire and has opened the drafts," he solemnly replied. "What makes anything boil? Things don't boil of their own accord, do they?"

"Well," said I, "when I last talked with you, in January the day before I sailed for South America, the brokers of New York were very blue, and insisted that million-share days were a thing of the past, never to return. Now, on the day of my return, they are very optimistic and are just as sure that million-share days are to continue. Will you please explain what extraordinary thing has taken place during my absence?"

"Nothing of importance has taken place during the last three months. Over three years ago the fire under the Wall Street pot was nearly put out. In June, 1913, it nearly expired; but it did not quite go out, and since then it has grown slightly brighter, though hardly enough to notice until last month.

"Various men have come along with plans for reviving it. Some would put on dry wood; others would carefully heap on a little coal; and the boys even called on John D. to throw on kerosene—but the prayers of the mighty were of no avail. There were a few sparks now and then, but they couldn't get a blaze. Finally the war came on; and, with a good donation of gasoline from the automobile manufacturers, and a blast from the Bethlehem Steel furnaces, the coals finally caught fire and blazed up to the queen's taste.

"It was simply a case of try, try again. Every two or three weeks since June, 1913, different crowds have tried to start the fire blazing and to make the pot boil; but they were unable to do it. This last crowd, however, seemed to have struck it just right—and away she went, all at once!"

"How long will the pot boil?" I then asked; and to this he replied:

"So long as the fire is fed with fuel and they keep poking it. When the manipulators cease the fire will again die down and Wall Street will stop boiling. It is probably true that fundamental conditions are somewhat better than when you left, in January; but there is no real improvement that will warrant such a movement in stocks as we have lately witnessed."

What the Wise Ones of Wall Street Say

I NEXT called on another friend and, asking him the same question, received this reply:

"In an article you wrote last autumn for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, while the Stock Exchange was closed, it was shown how the insiders were caught long of stocks when the war was declared. The article also insisted that there would be no such trouble from the selling of stocks by Europe as these holders of long stock feared, and that the Exchange could then be opened with safety.

"Wall Street, however, felt differently; and it was with fear and trembling that it opened the Exchange. When the Exchange finally opened prices were pegged, newspapers were instructed to preach optimism, bankers were urged to be liberal, and everybody stood round in fear and trembling awaiting the avalanche of securities from Europe. But the Europeans did not sell much more than in normal times. Instead, they gradually began to buy a little; and at last Wall Street has come to see that it was wrong again.

"The wise men who control our finances have wholly misjudged the situation ever since war was declared. Only last month did they wake up to the real facts their friends had been preaching to them ever since the Exchange was closed on July thirtieth. All at once they saw that their fears of the past six months were groundless. All at once they began to advise their clients as to the real fact—that Europe was buying as well as selling. All at once they stampeded the market like a herd of frightened cattle, and hence we have seen a bull market. This is my explanation."

But, granting that Mr. Schwab has been hooking up one of his Bethlehem blast furnaces to the market; that the auto manufacturers have helped out by throwing on all their old gasoline, and that fundamental conditions do not warrant such a sudden boom, yet we must not be too severe on Wall Street this time. The blame or credit for this market belongs to the public. Wall Street was caught napping.

It is a long lane that has no turning.

The stock market has been almost dormant for a long time. This means that during that time there has been little investing and money has been slowly accumulating. It was only natural that a time should come when conditions would cross, so to speak. This time finally came. The fact that the explosion was greater than usual was simply due to the law of action and reaction. The market had been resting longer than usual, and it was only natural that when it did wake up it would be livelier than usual. Considering that the New York Stock Exchange transactions of the past two years have averaged only about six million shares a month, then one million shares a day is going some!

Wall Street in the past has been guilty of many wild and wicked manipulations. Some authorities insist that Wall Street is also guilty of this most recent manipulation. So far as such evidence goes as I have been able to secure, I do not believe Wall Street is guilty this time. I am sure the old, established houses are absolutely innocent. They have been bearish rather than bullish, and have been urging their clients to let the skyrockets alone. I feel quite certain that any reader who indulged in the recent stock-market whirlwind did not receive his tip from any of the bond houses. Even the managers of the stock exchanges are distinctly opposed to such violent movements.

Moreover, I cannot find that there has been a return of the old kind of manipulation. A study of the Stock Exchange transactions may suggest it, but it does not prove it. Careful inquiries among brokers show that there has been a host of orders from the country. You are the fellows who are guilty this time—not Wall Street.

Brokers make money in three ways:

1—The safest and most legitimate way for a Stock Exchange firm to make money—and to keep it—is to stick to a straight commission business. One-eighth of one per cent seems pretty small to you readers in a mercantile business who get from twenty-five per cent up on all you sell—and I really think it is too small—but drops of water make mighty rivers. At any rate, statistics clearly prove that the brokers who have made the most money in the long run are those who have done nothing but a straight commission business.

2—The most dangerous way for a Stock Exchange firm to conduct its business is to speculate on its own account. Often such firms make big money temporarily, and once in a great while they get through without bursting; but very seldom. Ninety-nine per cent of the Stock Exchange failures are due to speculating. The members of such firms have not the patience to depend on eighths, but want to scalp bigger profits. At first, all goes well; but, before long, they become careless or overconfident and blow up. Hence, statistics again show that the brokers who have lost the most money in the long run are those who have speculated on their own account.

3—There is, however, a third way to make money, which is indulged in by small firms, with a few friends. Perhaps this third game has been played on some of you during the past few weeks. It works as follows:

Some firms are not satisfied with doing a commission business, and, at the same time, do not really wish to speculate. Therefore, they look about for some inactive stock of which there is a small floating supply. Bethlehem Steel, the total capitalization of which is only fifteen million dollars, and most of which is owned by Mr. Schwab and his friends, is a good illustration of such a stock. They then start very quietly to buy the floating supply of this stock. It may take a couple of months to collect this. Of course during this time they are very particular not to boost the price or let anyone know they are accumulating the stock. As soon as they find it difficult to purchase any more without bidding considerably above quoted prices, they conclude they have secured all of the floating supply.

How Bull Pools Play the Market

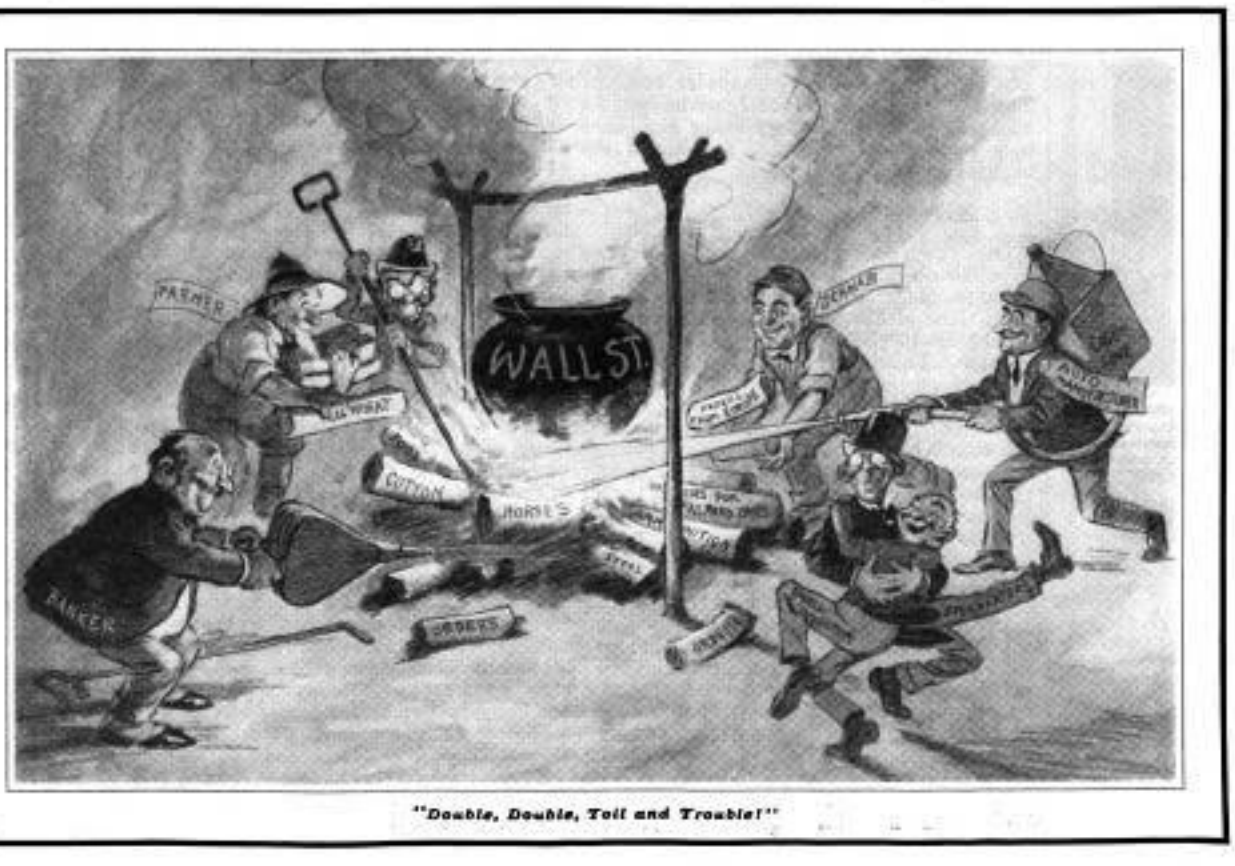
THE next step is to mark up the price, and this they do by advising its purchase through the mailing of circulars and various other methods. At the same time they bid violently for the stock and make a few purchases at the rapidly advancing prices. Hence, while the public is reading these circulars and news items regarding the stock and making up its mind whether or not to buy some, the price is soaring upward. However, nothing helps to make people buy more than increasing prices; so finally, when the stock gets up ten points, the public really becomes interested; and thus it is sure to go up ten more!

About this time the firm begins to sell the stock it has previously accumulated. Of course this is fed out with care, and now and then a little is purchased back to keep up the interest. In the course of a few weeks, however, the firm succeeds in distributing all of its stock at a handsome profit. The public has been landed. Nothing worth while has been done—only some certificates and money have changed hands, the brokers taking a commission of from ten to twenty per cent for their services. Strange to say, statistics show that certain brokers who have successfully engineered such pools have made great fortunes; or perhaps it would be more correct to say have gathered great fortunes.

When the public is buying stocks it is pretty certain that all will move more or less in the same direction—dependent, of course, on the supply of and the demand for each particular issue. You investors do not study merit. Most of you buy something either because somebody tells you to or else because it is on a counter marked Bargains!

This gives an opportunity to any bright broker to get a few of his friends together and form a pool to buy up the floating supply of some stock of which the amount is small and which has not yet moved skyward.

As was very natural, the boom started with those stocks in which there were few or no



"Double, Double, Toil and Trouble!"

Digitized by Google

Onyx Enamel Ware

"The World's Best Enamel Ware"

You Now Have Choice of Three Finishes

Onyx Enamel Ware, always the favorite of the American Housewife, now comes in *three* Beautiful, Serviceable Finishes. Long famous for its durability and economy, the wider range of selection should make Onyx Ware even more popular than ever before.

The finishes are: *Onyx Regular*, the well-known Brown and White Mottled effect; *Onyx Queen*, a delicate shading of Green on White—Pure White inside; and *Onyx White*, a glistening finish of Pure White inside and out.

Onyx Ware has no superior for strength, durability, efficiency and economy.

Be sure you are getting the genuine Onyx. Always—

Look For This Label

Onyx Biscuit Tray and Cutter

Biscuits look more tasty, bake better and best reflect the skill of the Housewife when evenly cut and uniform in size. The Onyx Biscuit Cutter insures easier and quicker biscuit making. Cuts the dough to fit spaces in tray. The tray separates the biscuits so that the heat reaches all sides; they rise evenly and brown uniformly.

At your dealer's. If not in stock, he will order for you. This is only one of many exclusive Onyx Enamel Utensils especially designed by Domestic Science Authorities.

Onyx White Enamel Ware

The "white kitchen" is popular with many Housewives. Onyx White Enamel Ware contains a wide assortment of perfect utensils meeting every requirement of such a kitchen.

We are the only enamel manufacturers in the world permitted to use this distinguishing Rice Leaders of the World Association Emblem. This mark stands for an honest endeavor to give quality and service.

Onyx Enamel Wares come in over 250 sizes and styles in each finish. Insist that your dealer give you the genuine Onyx Ware with the Onyx label attached.

Write for FREE book, "First Aid to the Cook." Contains many new choice recipes.

Columbian Enameling & Stamping Co.

185 Beach St. Terre Haute, Ind.

"Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Enamel Ware in the World."

foreign holdings. These stocks were the industrials—especially the newer industrials. Now it happens that these newer industrials are stocks of companies that could accept war orders. This gave a twofold advantage to a certain group of stocks—that is: 1—They were held wholly here in the United States, and hence could not be sold by foreigners on advancing prices. 2—They were apt to be benefited by war orders and thus entitled to an advance.

I do not want to be mistaken as defending all the events of the past few weeks; but I must say there was a logical reason for the boom to start, as it did, with the newer industrials, such as automobile stocks, Bethlehem Steel, and the like. This was not luck nor chance. That the movement should start with these stocks was natural and logical.

Moreover, whatever sins Wall Street may have committed in the past, do not blame Wall Street for this boom. Wall Street not only was taken by surprise, but it was sore because it did not have a chance to get into the aëroplane before it began to rise. Some of you readers may think that Wall Street had been accumulating stocks preparatory to this boom, but I assure you that is not so. Wall Street had been continually liquidating since the beginning of the war. If you have any doubt, study the outstanding bank loans.

This market has been a public market and not a Wall Street market. The orders came and are coming still from all parts of the country. The orders are not of one-thousand and five-thousand-share lots, like those of the old days when a few men like Gates, Keene and Lawson could make a big volume by giving a few large orders. The orders are comparatively small. This again may be easily determined by studying the sales as published each night in a New York paper with a good financial page. Here will be found a whole column of sales, with not over half a dozen of more than a hundred shares.

Moreover, the odd-lot brokers tell me they have been doing a land-office business. This always is very hopeful, as such odd lots are usually permanently taken out of the market and paid for in cash. The finest kind of buying is odd-lot buying for permanent investment. For such buying the brokers are required to make no loans. Such buying always improves the situation, however high the price may be.

But you doubtless say: "I understand why the war-order stocks should go up; but why should so many others spurt upward also?"

Let me answer this. John Jones buys a hundred shares of General Motors at seventy-five and sells them at ninety-five, with the idea that the stock will decline and he will have an opportunity to buy it again at perhaps eighty. Instead of declining it continues upward to considerably above par. However good the news may be John Jones will not buy that stock above par after selling it at ninety-five. He grouches a while, gets ugly and sullen, and finally compromises by buying something else. Perhaps this something else is an automobile stock and perhaps it is not. The simple fact is that John Jones has gambled and won. Like every other gambler he is bound to try it again; and hence he begins to buy another stock.

A Possible Boom in Rails

Other men do likewise and soon it begins to climb upward simply on the buying of these people, who have taken their profits from General Motors and are moving onward. So it goes from one industrial to another. These buyers are always looking for more worlds to conquer and more games to try. Men go from one stock to another as from one booth to another at a country fair or a White City.

Up to the time of writing, this movement has been confined to the few industrials I have mentioned. The other industrial stocks and all the railroad stocks have been let alone, both because they could not profit from the war and for fear that bidding up the price would attract stock from Europe. However, after these automobile stocks and other favorites have been bid up to the top notch, it is only natural that the public will turn to the other industrials, and even to the railroads. The public does not stop buying so long as it is making money. The public never cares for intrinsic values or long-distance prospects.

The public is interested only in buying to-day and immediately selling at a profit; and usually it will keep this up until it begins to lose money. Hence, I should not be surprised to see the railroads get into step with the music and start upward likewise. The large quantity of railroad stocks abroad will, however, be a dead weight on the rails and prevent them from making any such spectacular performance as we have witnessed in connection with the industrials. However, such low-priced railroad stocks as the foreigners cannot sell, except at a large loss, may have quite a boom yet.

Another important fact to recognize is that no new stocks are being fed out to the public at present. There is no immediate possibility of a dyspeptic epidemic from undigested securities. The printing presses which were used to print stock certificates during the good old days are so covered with rust and dirt that it will take some time to get them in working order again.

Therefore, so long as the loans keep down and the printing presses remain idle, I do not see why this market cannot remain up for some time to come. If some decree were passed causing everybody to mark up the price of everything twenty per cent, there is no economic reason why such prices could not remain twenty per cent higher for some time to come. Thus far, the increase in prices has largely been a general marking-up process. Everybody has simply scratched out the old price and substituted a higher one. I do not see that anyone has been much harmed or benefited. Even though many of these stocks are not worth, for investment purposes, near what they are selling for, yet I see no physical reason why they should not continue to sell at these higher prices for some time to come. Certainly if the crop situation continues to improve, with better prices for cotton, copper, and other of our products, there is much reason to be bullish.

What the Bankers Want

The great danger comes, as we have already seen, when people begin to buy on slim margins. Then the bears go out to gun for weak accounts. When your securities are locked up in your safe-deposit box a break in the market cannot hurt you; but when you are borrowing on margin it is different. If your margin is wiped out your broker sells your stock at forced sale. This makes the price still lower and wipes out others; and so they all go, like a row of bricks, one after another. Such is the inevitable reaction following every boom when people have borrowed extensively and have been caught by falling prices. If this market is carried too far such a reaction will surely follow; and unlucky will you chaps be who have stocks on margin when that time comes! Yea, perhaps it will come while this article is in press.

On the other hand, so long as you pay for your purchases and the brokers keep their loans down, there is little to fear; and, barring unfavorable war developments, there is no reason why prices cannot safely be marked up higher than at present. I will also add that, thus far, the brokers seem to be in good condition, with few loans and clean slates. I only wish the rest of the country were in as good condition to-day as is Wall Street. Really, the only trouble with Wall Street is that the brokers are sore because they did not accumulate a larger line of stocks before the boom began. Usually Wall Street does this; but this time she is not guilty. This year it has been the dear, innocent farmers who have cornered the market, instead of our Wall Street friends.

The moral of all this is that readers should carefully watch fundamental conditions—especially bank loans, railroad earnings and trade balances. It should also be remembered that the higher stocks go the greater will be the temptation for Europeans to send over their stocks and get real money. For this reason the big bankers of the country tell me that they shall continue to discourage bull markets.

Of course the bulls say the bankers also are sore because they are not aboard and are hoping the aëroplane will come down again low enough for them to jump on. I, however, do not believe this. What the banks really want is enough European selling of our securities to keep exchange rates steady and reasonable. Both too little and too much foreign selling would be contrary to the wishes of our bank presidents; and they are right.

I wish to close this article by telling two incidents. The first relates to a call I made a few days ago on one of the governors of

A Summary of Values

We buy Clothcraft Clothes from a Cleveland firm that has been in the business since 1846—The Joseph & Feiss Company.

In their big, clean, well-lighted factory they have reduced the making of medium-priced clothes to a science.

It means a better grade of all-wool fabrics, and linings, and improved tailoring of every detail, from the soft roll of the collar and the unbreakable coat front to the position of a pocket or the sewing of a seam.

In a word—Clothcraft at $10 to $20 means more for your money—and steady customers for us.

CLOTHCRAFT
All Wool Clothes
$10 to $20 Ready to Wear

The Clothcraft Store

(IN YOUR TOWN)

Write to The Joseph & Feiss Co., 820 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, for the Clothcraft Style Prints, a sample of the all-wool serge used in Clothcraft "$15.00," and a personal note of introduction to the nearest Clothcraft Store.

Digitized by Google

Made in America

Have a New Kind of Smoke

with a real pipe that stays clean and lovable because it's built on the right pipe principle. No saliva gets to the burning tobacco. That *well* keeps it out and the tobacco burns clear ash to the last crumb.

The Wellington

is hygienic and pipe-right. It's made by the great organization that has stamped the W D C triangle trademark on good pipes for more than a half-century. Buy and try a Wellington. Guaranteed against burning through or cracking. 25c, 35c, 50c and up. Also fitted with Bakelite bits. At all good dealers'.

William Demuth & Company
New York

Trade W D C Mark

Backed By a Vitally Important Official Test

Whether you drive a water-cooled or air-cooled car—or motorcycle—your assurance of perfect lubrication and freedom from oil troubles at all times, under all conditions, comes from the regular use of

QUAKER STATE MEDIUM OIL

For behind every gallon of Quaker State Medium is a broad, comprehensive certification that protects the user from the expensive motor-deterioration that follows the use of inferior lubricants.

Quaker State Medium Oil is the only GUARANTEED CERTIFIED oil on the market. Before it is put in packages, each barrel is officially tested by a disinterested chemist, **certified to,** and the inspection date placed on the barrel. This assures absolutely uniform purity, quality, reliability, and meets the severest tests demanded by the automobile manufacturer.

Send for literature on latest test—100 miles non-stop on low gear throughout U. S. Also ask for name of nearest dealer.

PHINNY BROTHERS COMPANY
Dept. A Oil City, Pennsylvania
Pacific Coast Branch, 250 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco
Agencies Everywhere

the New York Stock Exchange. He was one of the men who very properly insisted on the closing of the Exchange at the outbreak of the war.

Since my return from South America I have been in to see this gentleman; and I asked whether his fears had come true. He simply answered by saying: "Look at this pile of certificates on my desk." I looked at the pile of stock certificates and was simply astounded. There were reams of United States Steel stock, Southern Railway, Great Northern, Utah Copper, and the like. I also noticed some Atchison, Pennsylvania, Southern Pacific, New York Central, Erie, Baltimore and Ohio, and Union Pacific. Then there were bonds, like Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Joint Fours, Southern Pacific First Lien Threes.

All of these had come from Europe; and he stated that they were piling in at the rate of over a hundred thousand dollars' worth a day. When you consider that this firm is only one of a score or more, all of which must be doing fully as much buying of foreign securities, it is easy to see what the total must amount to.

For the moment I became sort of panic-stricken myself, wondering when it would all stop. Just then a boy came running in with a cablegram. The gentleman opened it, grinned, and passed it on to me. It came from a big London bank, and read as follows:

"Buy for us a hundred thousand dollars New York Central Convertible Sixes. Keep confidential."

"Yes," said he, "every cloud has its silver lining. Though Europe is selling millions of dollars' worth of our securities every day, the shrewd ones over there are also quietly salting down some of their hard-earned money in good American securities, which will not be ruined by the war."

All this means that, though there is a large amount of foreign selling, there is also a large amount of foreign buying.

The other incident, which somewhat connects up with this subject, I witnessed in the mountains of South America a few weeks ago. It was at a town up in the Andes, several thousand feet above sea level. A friend of mine had bought an automobile and it had arrived two weeks previously from the United States. It was the first automobile which had come to that town, and he took me to ride in it, though it was about noon, in the hottest part of the day. To my great astonishment we were obliged to stop about every five minutes to permit the engine to cool off. The water would very quickly boil.

The Doctor's Parable

"What is the reason this water boils so quickly?" I asked.

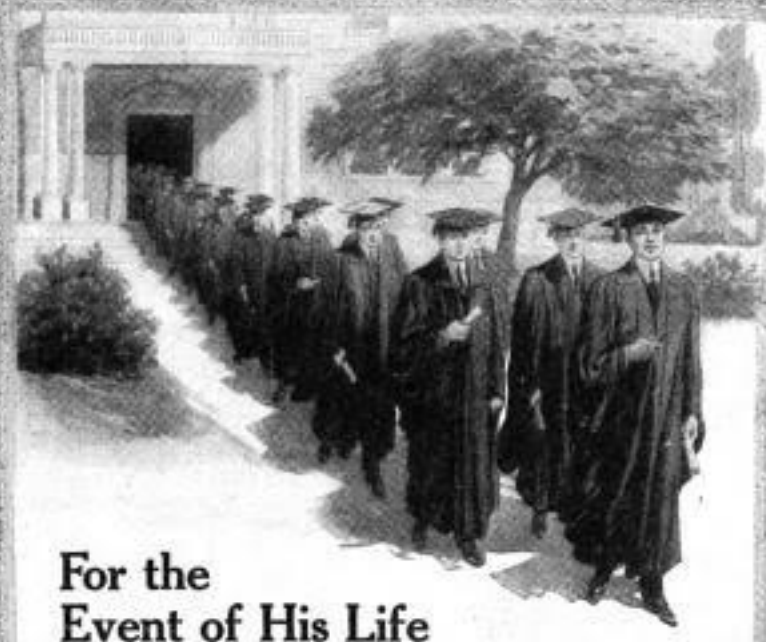
"Huh!" said he. "It is due to the atmospheric conditions. We are up in such a high altitude, and the atmospheric pressure is so reduced, that water boils under these conditions at a much lower temperature than in ordinary altitudes."

"Is there no remedy that will prevent this water from boiling in your radiator so easily?" I asked.

"No," said he, "not with a standard-make car and radiator. I suppose that with a bigger radiator the difficulty might be overcome; but when the conditions are right nothing can stop the water from boiling. That is not our only difficulty, however," he continued. "The very conditions that make the water boil quickly also make it freeze quickly. To-day seems hot to you; but when night comes on it cools off very quickly, and unless I am very careful my radiator freezes up! Isn't it funny that this applies to a good many things in life? Cures easily become poisons, and poisons easily become cures."

This young man happened to be a doctor and was consequently posted on both poisons and cures. I know nothing about either, but I do think that his boiling-water conditions apply exceedingly well to Wall Street's boiling market conditions. Many conditions are now right for a bull market, and a boiling market is not so abnormal as many pretend to think.

On the other hand, it is likewise true that conditions which make the market boil easily also may make it freeze easily. Hot days in high altitudes are followed by cold nights, and boiling markets are followed by good freeze-ups. And, just as sure as I am now writing on When Wall Street Boils, I shall some day be writing on the subject: When Wall Street Freezes.



For the Event of His Life Get Him a Timekeeper for Life

Make Hamilton His Watchword

The Hamilton Watch, by the service it performs, teaches the same lesson that school and college training gives—accuracy, precision and faithful performance of duty.

A good watch is a constant reminder of the value of time—a dollars-and-cents asset. When you think of a graduation gift, decide upon the

Hamilton Watch

"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"

A really good watch is the big present of a lifetime. The day that a young man receives it marks a new epoch in his life. He starts life with the true knowledge of correct time.

The railroad men who operate the fastest trains in America depend upon the accuracy of the Hamilton as a matter of life and death.

PRICES OF HAMILTONS: The lowest priced Hamilton is a movement alone for $12.25 ($13.00 in Canada). The highest priced Hamilton is our Masterpiece at $150.00 in 18k. heavy gold case. Other Hamiltons at $15.00, $25.00, $28.00, $40.00, $55.00, $80.00, $110.00, etc. Hamiltons are made in many models—in cased watches; also in movements alone which your jeweler can fit to your present watch case.

Write for the Hamilton Watch Book, "The Timekeeper"

describing all models and containing much interesting watch information. It is a book that will interest you whether you plan to buy a watch now or later. If you expect to buy a graduation present, be sure to read this book first.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY
Dept. J Lancaster, Pennsylvania

The Hamilton Watch exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco is in the Palace of Varied Industries, near the Dome. You are invited to see it.

Conductor James F. Law of the Pennsylvania Railroad. One of thousands who carry the Hamilton Watch.

Digitized by Google

These Blue an' Gray reunions
Ain't a NEW thing, seems to me;
They started 'way back yonder
In the days o' sixty-three,
When the boys that burnt the powder
Through the long day's bloody fight
Swapped their coffee an' tobacco
'Cross the picket lines at night.
An' I hope the day ain't distant
When the wars on earth shall cease,
An' the world shall smoke the peace pipe
In the "pipin' times o' peace."

Velvet Joe

EVEN in the midst of war, a pipe brings peace. Ask Tommy Atkins or Fritz, the German.

But the fullness of peace and comfort that your pipe gives is measured by the tobacco that burns in the bowl.

Smoke VELVET. Stick to VELVET. Recommend VELVET.

Being mellow, it favors your every mood. Being smooth, it soothes you. Being mild, it has no comeback on the nerves. Being *VELVET*—it is the nearest-to-nature tobacco you can smoke.

For VELVET is made ready for you by Nature—with two years of uninterrupted ageing in wooden casks. No "hurry-up" methods of man can equal the wonders of nature's transformation in VELVET'S fine Kentucky Burley tobacco.

Velvet Joe has written a book, "Pipe Philosophy." Send a 2c stamp for a copy.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

10c Tins
5c Metal-Lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

Copyright 1915

DEA EX MACHINA

(Continued from Page 16)

Kate nodded approval to Humphrey; it was really awfully good of him, for he hated a poor game. Reflecting on this, Kate decided to release him in due season; and she strolled down an hour later, blithely proposing a row on the lake before luncheon. Humphrey looked at her, embarrassed.

"I say, why didn't you tell me earlier? I promised—er—that is, I asked Miss Davis to play another set."

"Don't let that trouble you." Philip now strolled into the conversation, racket in hand. "I'll substitute."

Humphrey glanced at the little figure at the end of the court practicing volleys.

"Or doubles?" he suggested, glancing at Kate.

Kate walked silently to her place. She was a steady player and Humphrey and she knew each other's every trick. She had abundant opportunity, therefore, to observe Miss Davis, playing a good beginner's game and doing credit to the zeal of her instructors; the utmost that could be said was that their instructions sometimes overlapped.

"Keep to your own side, will you, Kane?" Philip said sharply more than once.

As for the subject of their tuition, one could fairly see the starch melt from her manner and movements as, encouraged by her preceptors, she charged boldly here and there, and ever and anon rolled her sleeves half an inch higher.

"Roll them up; roll them right up, like Kate's," commanded Philip. "That's the way!" he added, approvingly glancing at the rounded arm thus recklessly revealed.

Kate played on; it was natural that they—that Philip at least—should devote most of his attention to the beginner.

"Game—set!" he announced triumphantly, flinging his racket into the air and turning to grasp Miss Davis' hand in extravagant congratulation.

"I say, you'll make a player!" said Humphrey low to her—but not too low for Kate to hear.

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl delightedly. "Do you really think so?"

She leaned breathless against the post and awaited Kate's approach, smiling. It came across the latter that there was something weirdly wild in her tempered aspect—like one drunk with some fine, spiritual excess; a mild and mid-Victorian bacchante, she leaned, with ruffled hair, dazedly smiling at them all under the influence of what was undoubtedly her first draught of Life. And, as undoubtedly, there was something piquant in the combination.

Kate noted, also, that this "inebriate of sun and air" made no haste to roll down those sleeves; instead, she walked all the way back to the hotel with an almost ostentatious swing of bare arms and jauntily held racket. Philip, with whom she walked, evidently found her amusing, for his laugh floated back more than once to the silent pair following. Kate was thinking too hard to talk. Among other matters she was wondering whether she had perhaps too hastily had Miss Davis' chair moved to their table.

It was a still-vacant chair to which their three pairs of eyes occasionally wandered through the first course of lunch—a delay abundantly explained, to Kate at least, when presently Mary Davis advanced to fill it. Humphrey and Philip were on their feet instantly; and so—quite unnecessarily—was Peter Van Dusen, under pretext of clearing a way for her.

It had all the aspect of a triumphal entry; and Mary Davis accomplished it with a blushing and demure self-possession amazing in one who had been but a mouse the day before. Gone was the bacchante—every trace; but she had dressed her pretty hair in a new and engaging manner and tied a velvet ribbon about her throat.

With a fatalistic calm, after this, Kate beheld her departure in the motor car in garb that could only be called frivolous—for her veil floated in the air—and her still later return, without either hat or veil, in a triumph of blown hair and joyous eyes. This was some hours after Humphrey had announced with decision that "Phil ought to be ashamed of himself!"—and refused specifications on Kate's demand.

Other things than hair had been blown out, it appeared—tires not a few. And oh! Mary Davis had had the loveliest time! She cooed it into Kate's half-sympathetic and half-disgusted ear.

After this it was like watching a butterfly shake out first one and then another damp wing—the gradual but not slow evolution of the following days. Kate pondered it all deeply; she had every opportunity, for she never remembered to have had so much time to herself before. Being engaged—other men respected Humphrey's claim; and Humphrey was engaged also—but in unforeseen ways. Having—at Kate's request, as he pointedly reminded her—undertaken Mary Davis, he meant to see the job through; and Humphrey had a Prussian standard of efficiency. It was only equaled by Philip's.

Kate, too, had endeavored to carry out her part—tactfully at first; faithfully drawing Miss Davis' attention to her own good points—to establish her in her own confidence, as it were. With such lovely hair—why did she not wear such and such colors? With such a charming voice—she ought not to be so silent—really. But never was a pupil graduated so quickly. It was not a thing you could put your finger on, or say on what day a curl was allowed to escape, or a slipper to appear beneath a discreet hem, or an innocently keen observation to slip from a no less innocent tongue—when, in short, she began to show an almost fatal intelligence in every sense.

It was a fine part of this, too, that she just kept from making one feel she was almost too much of a good thing; at least, if you ever had that feeling you were ashamed of and could not justify it.

There were moments when Kate felt this to be a pity. She was musing over all this one day—alone as usual—when Philip burst abruptly on her solitude.

"I say, have you got Shaw's Plays?"

"No; why?" his sister inquired, eying him—for she knew the answer.

"Oh, nothing—just something I wanted to read to Miss Davis; we're going out on the lake a little."

"Again?" said Kate only—but her brother turned on her.

"What do you mean by 'again'? And why not?" he demanded wrathfully.

Kate shrugged and surveyed him over her book.

"No reason, if you choose; unless, indeed, I should remind you ——"

"Well, what?"

"That, as you said, girls sometimes get ideas."

Her brother glared at her.

"Well, of all the —— Who was it that asked me to take her boating in the first place?"

"But not permanently and forever, my dear Philip. Oh, do what amuses you, by all means." She successfully counterfeited a little yawn. "But don't hold me responsible for the consequences."

Her brother looked the dumb outrage the male may not put into words. He turned on his heel; then turned back to say over his shoulder pointedly:

"Hadn't you better keep some of your admonitions for Humphrey?" And therewith departed.

The shot went home; Kate sat transfixed. Philip had said it at last. For a long time past she had been aware that if she wanted to find Humphrey the easiest way was to look for Mary Davis. Now if Philip, too, had observed this —— It did not occur to her that Philip's opportunities for observation were unsurpassed.

What did occur to her was that if Philip's reading Shaw to Mary Davis made a mental image sufficiently weird, Humphrey's reading Chesterton to the same lady—an image by no means mental, which she had surprised that morning—was a subject for thoughtful consideration. She herself had never discovered these literary leanings in Humphrey, and was it not an established axiom that they held for each other no surprises? Kate got up and walked about the room, stopping short when she confronted her pacing reflection in the mirror.

"Heavens! I look like a movie heroine!" she thought with a scornful lip, and sat sedately down again. Vulgar passions, vulgar scenes—these were medieval, or maybe mid-Victorian, things. Mid-Victorian recalled Mary Davis; and Kate haughtily demanded of herself what it was to her what anybody might read to Mary Davis, or what any series of Mary Davises had to do with her—Kate Bellair's—life!

Digitized by Google

· Wear · · · · · ·
Michaels-Stern
CLOTHES
For their FABRICS,—

For the soft clinging Homespuns,—

For the rich, dignified Blue Serges,—

For the serviceable and dependable Worsteds,—

For the Plaids, Checks, Stripes and dapper Glen Urquharts,—

For every pattern that's good to look at and every fabric that's good to wear,—

And when you've chosen the one that appeals to you, cut in the style that best becomes you, rely on the staunch Michaels-Stern Tailoring to maintain the clean lines and retain the snug fit of the suit you buy.

Michaels-Stern Clothes,—$15.00 to $30.00, anywhere in the United States.

Write for the Michaels-Stern Calendar in full color

Michaels, Stern & Co.
Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothing
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Don't Throw Away Your Worn Tires

For over three years European motorists have been getting from 10,000 to 15,000 miles out of their tires by "half-soling" them with Steel Studded Treads.

In eight months over 20,000 American motorists have followed their example and are saving $50 to $200 a year in tire expense.

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL without a cent deposit, prepay express and let you be the judge. Durable Treads double the life of your tires and are sold under a signed guarantee for 5,000 miles without puncture. Applied in your own garage in 30 minutes.

SPECIAL DISCOUNT offered to motorists in new territory on first shipment direct from factory. A postal will get full information and sample within a week. State size of tires. Don't wait—write today.

THE COLORADO TIRE & LEATHER CO.
465B Ocean Bldg., W. Austin Ave., Chicago, Ill.
225B Tread Building, Denver, Colo.

BILLINGS & SPENCER
Machinists and Auto **TOOLS**
Special kits for Ford Cars.
Hartford Ct.

Wrenches	
Pliers	
Sc. Drivers	
Hammers	
Ratchets	
Wrench Kits	
Tool Kits	

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for Search.
BOOKS AND ADVICE **FREE**
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

As for the immediate Mary Davis, she reflected, not without an inconsistent satisfaction, that she was going away on Saturday—which finished that! So far as Kate was concerned, her last public appearance would be to-night at the final dance. Kate's impulse was to stay away from this event, but Bellair pride could hardly stoop to that; instead, she made a most stately toilet, telling herself it had no bearing on anything—she had always intended to wear the gown, or why had she brought it?

When the maid had done her utmost Kate confronted herself in that same mirror from which she had retreated, and was satisfied. Now let pallid things in meek, mid-Victorian costumes do their worst!—though it was true Mary Davis had herself imparted that she had sent home for a gown for the occasion; and, considering everything, even a slashed skirt would not surprise Kate.

Slashed skirt or not, Kate felt equal to her, as she descended the stairs, with a dubious haunting vision of her previous descent—ages ago—behind the shrinking form of a yet untheorized Mary Davis.

Humphrey was waiting politely, though somewhat distrait, in the hall.

"Well, how do you like me?" Kate's eyes challenged; and Humphrey met it like a gentleman.

"Some gown!" was the elegant verbal form his approval took as he drew Kate's arm a little too casually through his, in evident haste to reach the ballroom. His preoccupation, indeed, burst forth guilelessly: "I say, have you seen Miss Davis'?"

"No ——" Kate began in icy accents, and stopped; for through the wide doors Miss Davis' gown burst on Kate's vision.

"Burst" is the right word; the vision had the force of a rifle ball—and a dumdum at that. Kate was stunned—but horribly conscious too. Before her, occupying, as it seemed to her, the whole space of the room, was Mary Davis, dancing, of course, with Philip; and not the most prejudiced eye could deny that it gazed on a thing of pure beauty. Kate's eye, in its first sweep, took in the diabolism of the whole apparition.

Mary Davis—her own creation—was attired in something that could only be called another creation, a gown of such subtle and marvelous and simple intricacy as made mere slashes of no account, and could only be paralleled by the smooth, subtle and considered allurements of her wonderfully dressed hair. Starlike she shone in the midst of a general confusion of the elements, a mist of light and sound and motion and emotion, out of which nothing emerged clearly but that luminous figure outlined against Philip's shadowy one.

A soundless tumult was their dancing. Dancing? Flying, rather! A whirling grace—a wind-borne leaf—a soaring flame and fire of living joy, Mary Davis swung and circled and dipped and skimmed and fled on wings before them, holding every eye, and held herself by Philip, whose own gaze never left her face and who was dancing as though they were the only two things left alive in all the world.

"Dance—Lord!" muttered Humphrey; and, meeting Kate's cold glance, offered deprecatingly, and as one who offers something new: "And dance—Lord!"

"Yes; dance—Lord!" Kate repeated it grimly to herself as, in spite of herself, she gazed spellbound at that earth-emancipated pair. So may the morning stars. And suddenly they were gone, having danced themselves from a room that now, in one breath-taking, became a crowded emptiness of awkwardly moving creatures, trying to pretend they, too, had knowledge of the joy of life. Humphrey, with a gasp, turned to his fiancée.

"I say ——" But he never said—Kate was gone.

She opened to his persuasive knucklings later, and presented herself in all the splendor of her wasted toilet. From some remote height she heard his poor and stammered explanations with an unmoved countenance.

"But you ought to be pleased," he wound up, expostulating.

"At what?"

"Why, the—the success of your—er—undertaking."

"I do not remember ever having undertaken a ballet!"

"But you must admit she's wonderful."

No human being, with that recent memory, could deny this—not even Kate. She made the only possible answer:

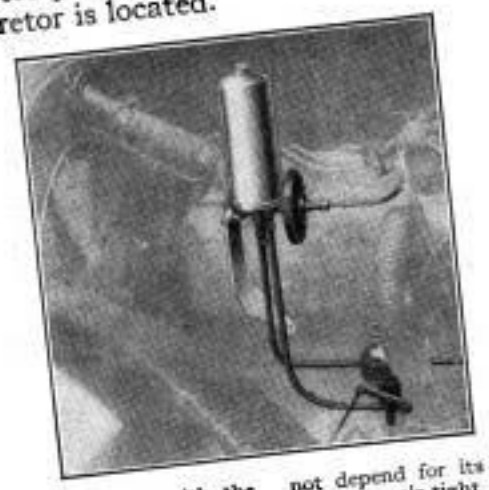
"Quite too wonderful—doesn't it occur to you?"

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

One Firm One Service One Guarantee
back of every J-M Automobile Accessory

The Carter Automatic Gravity Tank

will furnish a constant gravity flow of fuel to your carburetor no matter where your main tank or your carburetor is located.



It does away with the annoyance and uncertainty of a pressure feed system. And, unlike any other gasoline system, it insures an absolutely uniform flow of fuel to the carburetor *at all engine speeds.*

The absolute positiveness of its action, the simplicity of its few parts and the fact that it does not depend for its efficiency on air-tight lines make it the most satisfactory solution to the fuel feed problem.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us at once.

Price complete with all necessary fittings, for application to any car, old or new . . . **$10**

J-M (Mezger) Soot-Proof Spark Plug
Soot-proof, heat-proof, leak-proof. Won't short-circuit, leak or break down. Price 75 cents.

J-M Auto Clock
A guaranteed 8-day movement in a dust-and-moisture-proof case. Winding and setting keys and attaching screws concealed. Flush or dash mounting, $5.

Long Horn
Permanently guaranteed against defects in material or workmanship. A new horn if any part proves defective. Price only $5.

J-M Lens (Non-Blinding)
Gives safety to night driving. Eliminates headlight glare. Increases road illumination. Fits all lamps. Per pair, $3.25.

Other J-M Automobile Accessories
Jones Speedometer
Carter Carburetor
J-M Tire Pump
J-M Non-Burn Brake Lining
J-M Automobile Tape
J-M Narco Tire and Top Repair Materials
J-M Dry Batteries
J-M Fire Extinguisher
J-M Packings and S.A.E. Gaskets
"Noark" Enclosed Fuses
G-P Muffler Cut-Out
Write for booklets

JOHNS-MANVILLE SHOCK ABSORBER

It Cushions Every Spring

Enjoy greater comfort and at the same time insure your springs against breakage and your car against depreciation *by putting a stop to vibration.*

Johns-Manville Shock Absorbers do it and do it most effectively. They cushion the stiffest spring. They make easy riding a reality. The improvement they effect in a car's riding qualities is a revelation.

Ride in a car equipped with Johns-Manville Shock Absorbers if you would know the difference they make. Or better, have your car equipped with them. If not satisfied, we will give you back your money.

Johns-Manville Shock Absorbers fit any spring up to 2½ inches wide. To attach, you simply remove shackle bolts on rear springs. Special Spring Perch supplied for attachment to Ford cars. Price per pair only **$15**

See your dealer today. Write for booklet.

3126

H.W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
294 Madison Avenue, New York
47 Branches Service Stations in All Large Cities

Digitized by Google

SIR IZAAK NEWTON, being afflicted with absent-mindedness, while courting a young lady, useth her little finger to tamp his pipe. She becometh exceeding vexed thereat.

Thereafter Sir Isaac Newton, the discoverer of the law of gravitation, retired to his laboratory and his books, where, with the aid of "goode Virginia tobacco," he made himself a niche in Science's Hall of Fame, second to none.

Throughout the centuries since, men of science, thinkers in all lines, have taken "good Virginia" into their councils.

And Virginia tobacco has profited by 300 years of scientific cultivation and curing methods.

Its modern representative—honey-colored, fragrant DUKE'S Mixture—shows what a great tobacco house can do for a "pedigreed" tobacco stock. DUKE'S Mixture is our *one* brand of granulated Virginia. On it are concentrated our best efforts and behind it is this guaranty:

Buy a sack. If DUKE'S Mixture does not measure up to your expectations in every way, return what you have not smoked and get your money back from your dealer.

You don't know cigarette perfection until you have rolled one from DUKE'S Mixture.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

Copyright 1915

Duke's Mixture

Granulated Tobacco

5 cents

The "Roll" of Fame

"Everybody's wild about her," Humphrey feebly blundered.

"So it seems," said his fiancée. And Humphrey had a poignant moment of enlightenment; he approached his betrothed humbly and hesitantly.

"I've told you," he said, "it was all a put-up job. It was Phil's notion; but I backed him loyally—that we should—er—go the limit."

"Well," Kate replied unsmilingly, "let me congratulate you on your thoroughness; you have, as you say, gone the limit."

"That's the way it began," said Humphrey, and stopped short; a slow, painful color said the rest. He looked appealingly at Kate; her face was averted.

Not for worlds would she have had him see it, or feel the wild pounding of her heart as she waited to see what would follow. A perfectly new Humphrey was standing before her, looking on a new woman, so far as Kate's knowledge of herself had ever gone. They had come as near as this to losing each other—perhaps they had lost each other! She should presently know. This came of taking people for granted. Worlds trembled in the balance before Humphrey spoke.

"I've been a fool!" he said simply; and humbly: "Kate—can't you forgive me?"

Little did he know how near—in that moment's blind awakening terror—she had been to casting herself on him with entreaties—she, Kate Bellair! It was his turn to wait, while worlds trembled in the balance, until Kate spoke steadily:

"If you are perfectly sure *now*——" Their eyes, startled at their own strangeness and wonder, met, and the rest was the swift speech of lovers.

The gentlest of taps interrupted it; and instinctively, foreknowing, they drew awkwardly apart. Kate motioned, and Humphrey opened the door. Deferentially he admitted the visitor and closed it again—but with a swift transference of personalities. As Mary Davis walked in he as simply walked out. It made, Humphrey felt, for other simplicities.

As though one of these, Mary Davis confronted Kate smilingly.

"May I?" she asked and, with great composure, did—that is, she walked across the room, helped herself to a chair and, bringing it forward, sat down by Kate. And all the time she was doing this Kate was noting mechanically the undulating yet upright grace of her bearing, the pluperfect perfection of her costume. Anybody in the world—with money—can buy a pluperfect costume, Kate had reason to know; but few are they who can wear it, once bought. This woman wore hers as angels might wear wings—unconsciously. With a like composure she spoke:

"I've been dancing myself breathless."

"So I saw." This icily from Kate.

And her visitor laughed, turning on Kate a battery of sparkles, smile and dimples all in one.

"And didn't like it? Well, are you going to forgive me? I couldn't go without thanking you and—apologizing." A faint, extremely faint penitence crept into her wicked eyes. She laid a lovely hand, from which lovelier lines ran up to a sleeveless shoulder, on Kate's rigidly unresponsive one. "Really, you know, it was you who began it."

"Really!" replied Kate, giving an excellent imitation of British manner. "I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

The hand was quickly withdrawn.

"No—I see you don't." Her visitor looked slightly puzzled, an expression quickly melting into the indulgent compassion with which one confronts defective intelligence. "I thought, of course, you would. Well"—she laughed—"that makes it slightly more awkward; but at least you do understand that this is really me?"

Kate gazed stonily at the radiant figure.

"Then who," she said, "is Mary Davis?"

"Why, of course, my incognita!" Her visitor laughed again.

Hot resentment seized Kate, making her voice still colder.

"Would you mind explaining?" she asked. "Merely to deceive us could hardly have been your motive, I suppose?"

In her turn Miss Davis flushed with indignation.

"The idea! I hadn't given you a thought. Why, you didn't even exist for me until that day you followed and—and thrust yourself on me! I was only trying to be alone—I never am, you know."

Kate winced at the possibly unintended dart.

"And why, pray—why are you never able to be alone?" Her tone did its best to convey that this should present no difficulty in face of a visible denial, which only laughed at her.

"My fatal attractiveness! I see you don't feel it—but, honestly, it's so; it's a perfect bore at times."

Kate's face hardened.

"May I ask, then, why you allowed yourself to be so easily seduced from your cherished solitude? You weren't suffering from your—er—fatal attractiveness then, you know."

Miss Davis' eyes twinkled.

"Well, for one thing, I knew by that, you see, I had succeeded——"

"By that?"

"Why, yes—by your trying to take me up and be good to me; for, of course, if you hadn't thought me a poor little frump of a thing you wouldn't have dared——"

"Really!" Kate was crimson.

"You see"—Mary Davis' voice softened—"I didn't know then how—how nice you all were. I took it for just the usual unconscious insolence of the rich." Kate glanced sharply, but her visitor presented an innocent face. "And you offered me—you almost threw at me—such a priceless opportunity to—to find out whether I was as perfect as I thought."

Kate's expression was stony.

"And were you — as perfect as you thought?" she inquired with irony.

"I must have been—mustn't I—to take you in?"

"But why on earth should you want to take us in?" exclaimed Kate, losing all patience.

Her visitor regarded her again with that mingling of indulgence and compassion due the feeble-minded.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean that you don't understand yet! Why, I've been telling you for the last half hour that I was studying my part—my part in my new play. It's the way I create all my characters; it's my method. How did you suppose I ever learned to be Nora—Hedda—all the rest you've seen me in?"

Kate rose to her feet; she focused all her memories, staring intently at her visitor.

"Nora—Hedda—Mary Davis!" she repeated. "Why, then you are—you must be Marie Davisohn!"

"Haven't I been telling you for the last hour!" exclaimed Miss Davisohn pathetically. "And I really want to thank you. You've no idea how useful it has all been to me. A perfectly natural part is the most difficult of all; but I think I've got it now," she added thoughtfully.

"Oh, you've got it!" Kate could not refrain from this. She looked at her caller, still dazed. "My father never misses a performance of yours—do you know what that means? And I've seen you in a dozen parts."

"You can call it thirteen now," said Miss Davisohn nonchalantly.

"Your Nora!" began Kate. "Oh, no wonder you can dance! And you let Phil—you let my brother think he could teach you!"

As she said it her voice changed. Philip! Philip! She looked at the famous actress before her, and the famous actress looked away.

"He—he was a very good teacher," said Mary Davis' voice softly.

There was a tense silence. Kate was thinking rapidly. Philip—Humphrey—Humphrey's assurance that it had been a put-up job—all these things flitted through her mind; but something in the droop of Mary Davis' head and eyelids told her more. And she heard again Humphrey's voice saying: "That's how it began!" Alas, Philip!

Mary Davis lifted her drooping lids, and now Kate had that impression of her having somehow grown eyelashes during the interview. Fatally she divined what this woman's charm must be—this woman who could make of herself anything she pleased—for men.

"I remember now," Kate said dryly. "Even though I didn't 'exist' for you, you had noticed I wasn't alone—even that very first day."

"Anybody," said Miss Davisohn, speaking as though with a little difficulty, "would have—would have noticed your brother." Then she began to speak rapidly. "I'm going away in a few hours; my maid is packing now. And I want to leave this note for—for your brother—please." She drew it from the folds of her gown and Kate saw that her fingers trembled.

Digitized by Google

"Why!" she exclaimed. "Why, you care! You care!"

"Care!" repeated Marie Davisohn. "C-care! Wh-what did you think! Care! Oh!" She flamed suddenly on Kate as though somebody had lighted her.

Again Kate's brain did a rapid dance. A Bellair—the son of Senator Bellair—and an actress? Yes—but, Kate hastily told herself, not any actress—the actress; the one great woman of her day. Genius—didn't that level all? She thought hurriedly of Humphrey—of Philip—of the Senator, who never missed a performance—and decided that it did. She took Marie Davisohn's hand in hers much as she had taken Mary Davis' that first day in the woods.

"If you care, and you do"—she pressed the quivering hand reassuringly—"nothing really matters besides. You must—you should ——"

"No!" said Miss Davisohn sharply, and drew her hand away. "No!" she repeated with emphasis—"not even for your brother! I can't make that sacrifice—not for any soul alive!"

Sacrifice! Kate sank feebly into a chair; she wrestled dumbly with the Bellair environment, and at last got her vision—her glimpse of a greatness in which senatorial and diplomatic and financial worlds swam as nebulæ.

"I see!" she said at last humbly. "I see; of course to you Philip is only one of thousands."

And now the woman to whom she thus capitulated turned on her the look of pity reserved for the congenital idiot.

"Your brother—one of thousands!" she repeated with withering intensity. "Your brother! Why, there isn't one in tens of thousands—there isn't anyone in the world in the least like him!"

Kate gasped—she also seized her advantage.

"Then ——" she began.

"No! No!" Mary Davis interrupted her hurriedly, as though she feared her argument. "Not my art! Not for anybody! Good-by!" She pressed Kate's hands and looked back once—at the threshold. "I'll send you a box—the first night; but please—please don't let your brother come," she said—and was gone.

None too soon. The third knock came almost before Kate, who had perceived its logical necessity, was prepared for it.

"Are you up, Kate?" asked Philip's voice, low.

She opened the door and let in yet another strange man.

"I came up to say I'm going to town early. Dickson will pack up and follow." He looked at his sister and his face changed. "Has she been here?" he asked simply.

Kate handed him the note. While he read she watched him, seeing him for the first time in her life with detached vision, as others saw; always she had known Philip was a personable being; now she saw him as how much more! He folded the note and put it into his pocket. Kate laid a hand on his sleeve.

"Philip, I'm sorry!"

He shook the hand off—not unkindly.

"For what, please?" He looked astonishingly like the Senator—Bulldog Bellair they called him for his tenacity—when he folded his lips together like that.

"She won't give up her profession—even for you."

"Give up her profession!" exclaimed her brother with emphasis. "And for me!" He eyed his sister sternly. "Who sprang that antique idea? I hope to heaven, Kate, you haven't been doing any more of your sublime condescensions."

"Phil!"

"Good heaven! Why, the scraps and leavings of the love of a woman like that are worth more than ——" He broke off. "I'm going up, as I said, in the early train."

Kate put both hands on his arm and held him firmly.

"Philip—I give you my word—I hope, with all my heart, she'll marry you. I—I want her in the family," she wound up with a laugh of deadly earnestness.

"You'll have her there!" Again the father spoke in the son. "I'm going to marry her. Not that I'm fit—not that any one of us is; but I'm going to marry her because—because—oh, because!" His voice broke in the third impatient saying lovably, in a tone that thrilled his sister's heart. Never again would she take Philip, either, for granted! She began to understand Marie Davisohn.

Yet the fervency of good wishes with which she accompanied his disappearance down the corridor would have astonished even her brother. She had said the truth when she said she wanted Mary Davis in the family. She reflected on many things—on Humphrey, and held him excused; on the Senator, who never missed a performance; on Philip—and her Godspeed followed him devoutly. Decidedly—most decidedly—Mary Davis was a person it was safest to have in the family. Kate herself, with every reason against it, acknowledged a tingling attraction toward that radiant personality which opened to her doors of understanding. With the mere brushing of the passing robe of genius, the surprise element had been so fully restored to life that Kate divined she had made her last experiment to supply it.

It was a pity—she could still smile at the thought—that one would never know whether, under other circumstances, Mary Davis would have responded to treatment or not; but Kate here highly resolved to resign herself to ignorance on that point—if need be, through the long, long remainder of her life.

SELLING SHOT AND SUPPLIES TO EUROPE

(Continued from Page 13)

he wants. Moreover, a great many orders have been placed in the past months; and when the goods prove satisfactory these orders are simply duplicated. At the present writing the manager sees only the men with whom he has already been negotiating, or men who come to him with an introduction.

Even after weeding out the touts and fakers the really serious troubles started. The manager, too, was up against the fact that the manufacturer believed war business justified inflated prices.

On one occasion he employed this strategy to secure lowest rates for his clients: Along about November he received an order for a million blankets, with definite specifications. Therefore, it was not necessary to ask the various manufacturers to submit samples as was usually done; but if he himself went to the manufacturer with this large order he should have to admit war business, and that would at once boost the price.

So one of the large department stores was requested to handle this purchase. The blanket manufacturer, knowing this store as a shrewd buyer, saw nothing suspicious in the size of the order, for this store had branches in other cities, and, with adequate advertising, it could dispose of even so vast a number of blankets. The manager in this way secured the closest possible price and prompt delivery.

This question of delivery is a very grave one. One tent manufacturer who had lied about the capacity of his plant received in November a large order, guaranteeing delivery in January. In March those tents had not yet been delivered.

A few incidents will be cited to show what foreign purchasing agents have frequently had to combat in dealing with some of our manufacturers throughout the country.

A sample of socks was submitted to France. This sample sock contained eighty per cent wool and twenty per cent cotton. An order for two hundred thousand dozen pairs was given, to be duplicated from time to time. The first shipment was O. K. So was the second. Then the manufacturer probably thought he was safe to do as he pleased; that, having passed safely with his first and second orders, the others would be accepted without question—but he found out, as so many others have, before and since, that the modern War Department is on the job constantly.

The third shipment of socks contained thirty per cent wool and seventy per cent cotton. As almost all war material is paid for in New York, against the ocean bills of lading, the manufacturer got his money; but he cut himself off from any further war orders, which would probably have amounted to hundreds of thousands of

Alive with POWER

MORE and more, motorists are coming to demand the exhilaration of driving a car which, day after day, is fairly "tugging" with power.

And they are fast learning that power is more than a matter of correct mechanical adjustment.

If the fuel charge escapes down past the piston rings during the compression stroke, power plainly goes to waste. If, on the power stroke, the force of the expanding gases escapes past the piston rings, power again goes to waste.

Piston clearances vary in different types of motor. You cannot secure full power unless you maintain a proper piston seal. This demands an oil whose body is suited to the piston clearance in *your* motor.

Again:

The average motor has some 1500 parts—most of them moving. Different types of lubricating systems are used to carry oil to these parts.

Unless the oil you use is adapted to the feed system of your motor, incomplete lubrication of some parts must result. Friction follows. Power suffers.

So a very important demand of full power is high-quality oil *of correct body for your motor.*

At the right is shown our Chart of Automobile Recommendations which for years has been the motorist's standard guide to scientific lubrication. Here you will find listed the correct oil for *your* car.

If your car is not listed a complete Chart will be sent on request.

After you have cleaned out your motor and filled the crank case with the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car, you will discover what full power means.

You will *feel* this power the moment you open the throttle.

Try it on a familiar hill.

If power is what you want, you should stop guessing about your lubricating oil and act on the scientific advice furnished in the Chart on this page.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

DOMESTIC BRANCHES:

Detroit, New York, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Boston, Chicago, Indianapolis, Pittsburgh

Correct Lubrication

Explanation: In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A". "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic." The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

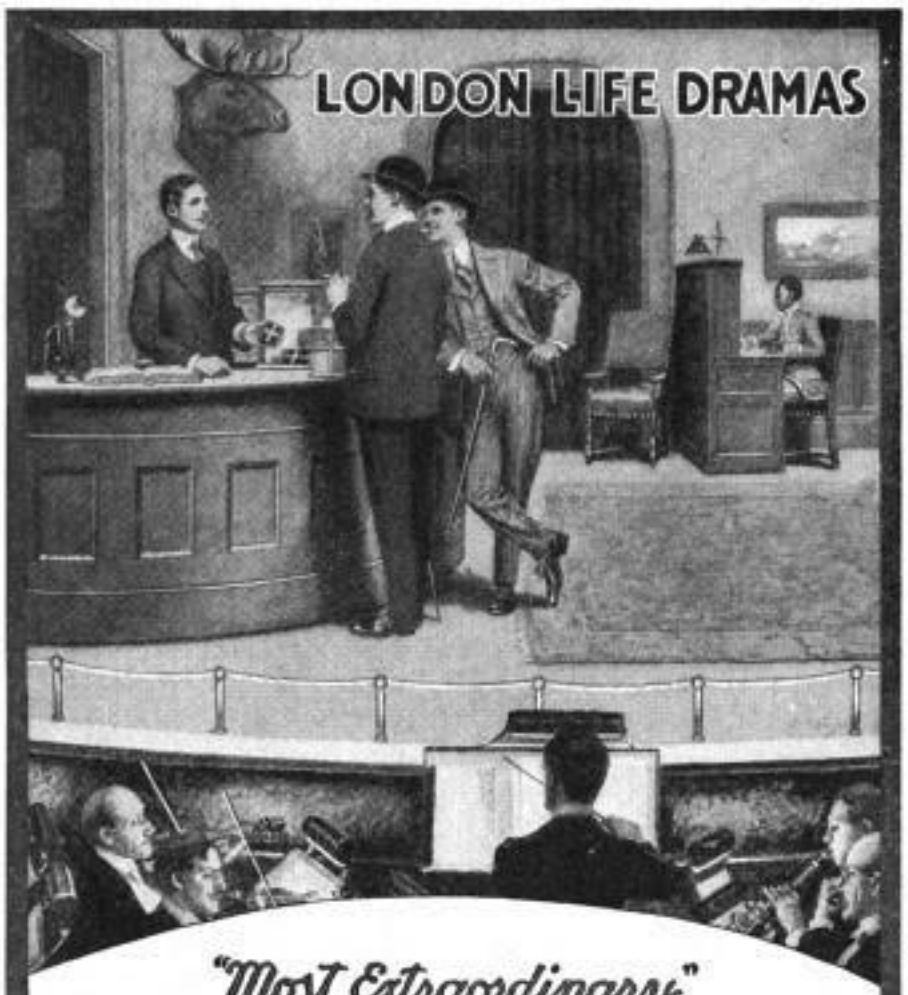
MODEL OF CARS	1911 Summer	1911 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter	1915 Summer	1915 Winter
Abbott-Detroit	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Alco	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
Apperson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Auburn (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
Avery	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Model C) 1 Ton							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
" (8 cyl.)									Arc.	Arc.
Carter car	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Con'l.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Case	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chalmers	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Chandler							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chase (air)	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
" (water)							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chesterfield six									A	Arc.
Chevrolet					A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cole	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Delaunay-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A		
Detroiter			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)									Arc.	Arc.
Dodge									E	E
E. M. F.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.						
Empire	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Fiat	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" Con'l.	B	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Garford	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
" Con'l.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A		
Great							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Haynes	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile					A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Model 20)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
I. H. C. (air)					B	A	B	A	B	A
" (water)					A	A	A	A	A	A
International	B	B	B	A						
Interstate	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Jackson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Jeffery							A	A	A	Arc.
" Con'l.			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Kelly-Springfield	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A
King	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)									Arc.	Arc.
" Con'l.							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
KisselKar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " Con'l.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " (Model 48)							A	A	A	A
Kline Kar	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Lippard Stewart			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Locomobile	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	E	E	E	E
Lozier	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Lyons Knight							A	A	B	A
Mack	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	E	A	E
" (Model 5)					A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (22-70 Series)									Arc.	Arc.
Metz	B	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mitchell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moline	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" Knight							A	A	A	A
Moon (4 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Overland	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige	A	Arc.	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)									Arc.	Arc.
Pathfinder					A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pierce-Arrow	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " Con'l.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pope Hartford	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Premier	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rambler	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
Regal	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Reliance	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
S. G. V.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Saxon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Saxon							E	E	E	E
Selden	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Simplex	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
" Knight			A	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
" (Light 6)									A	Arc.
Stevens-Duryea	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Studebaker-Dayton	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" Knight			A	A	A	A				
Studebaker	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stutz			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
White	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Willys Knight							A	A	B	A
" Valley							A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for gasoline motor lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

For Electric Vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for motor and enclosed chains. For open chains and differentials use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C".

Digitized by Google



"Most Extraordinary"

CLUBMAN:—This "London Life" looks like a regular cigarette.

CLERK:—You've said something, sir! It's all of that, and more.

CLUBMAN:—What's the tariff—quarter?

CLERK:—No, sir—one dime.

CLUBMAN:—Ten cents? I usually smoke something higher-priced.

CLERK:—But "London Life" *are* "higher-priced" in every way *except the price.* The manufacturer sure wrapped up a quarter's worth in "London Life" and tagged it 10 cents for 10. It must take some sleight-of-hand artist to shake up a dozen kinds of Turkish tobacco, and pull a cigarette like "London Life" out of the bag.

CLUBMAN:—That listens like good music to me! Shoot me a bundle of ten.

LONDON LIFE

CORK TIP CIGARETTES

10 Cents Here - 10 Pence There

Anargyros

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

dollars before the war is over—this he offset for a few paltry hundred. Also, he laid himself open to a civil suit for the recovery of the money.

Another sock manufacturer accepted an order for five or six million pairs of socks of two-and-a-half-pound quality—that is, the socks must weigh two pounds and a half to the dozen. His sample came up to standard; but when delivery was made it was found that two-thirds of the quantity were like the sample and the remaining third two-pound socks. There was a saving of some thousands of dollars for him; but the discovery meant a cancellation of all future orders—a rather poor investment!

In such cases as the two above quoted, it is the manager who really suffers the money loss; for, though the government may have made the purchase and its money actually paid for the goods, if the goods are not as represented they are turned back to the middleman. And, because he is financially responsible, he must stand the loss or fight it out with the manufacturer.

The foreign Army Departments learned their lessons well. Now, when an order is placed with a manufacturer, he is first compelled to give a bond guaranteeing quality of material, quantity of order and time of delivery.

When the war started each country found that even the vast government supplies on hand were quite inadequate for the unprecedented size of the armies put in the field and the long struggle they seemed to realize was before them. Buying war supplies, therefore, at the beginning had to be done hurriedly; specifications and inspections were, of necessity, lax. But by this time the buying of war supplies has become thoroughly systematized. Specifications are very definite and requirements very strictly accounted for.

One of the great difficulties the manager encountered when dealing with American manufacturers was convincing them that the foreign armies knew exactly what they wanted. He would carefully lay the specifications before them, and then Mister Manufacturer would say: "Oh, but that isn't the correct way to make a shoe"; or, "Cloth really wears better if it has a little cotton in it."

The armies, however, by years of experimenting, have found out, to their own satisfaction at any rate, exactly what they require, down to the tiniest detail. They rarely accept a substitute. Manufacturers have found that innovations are not looked on with favor by the foreign War Offices. Just now they have no time for experimenting.

France is particularly keen for minute specifications and detailed routine. Every five years its War Department issues a series of books describing every requirement of the army—the material; source of supply; method of manufacture; system of inspection, and so on. Every item received at the Central War Office is stamped. There are three kinds of stamps—even the place where they must be put is definitely stated—stamps of acceptance, of further consideration, and of rejection.

Carrying Out French Ideas

When an article reaches the War Department it is first examined by a Board of Experts; then by the Civil Verifiers—checkers; and third by the Commission of Acception. If goods are rejected by the first Board there is a Commission of Appeal. If again rejected there is a last appeal to the Minister of War.

The cloth selected for the new field uniforms of the French Army is a kind never before manufactured in the United States. The manager took a sample to several large manufacturers, with a request to reproduce it. They submitted their samples, which he forwarded to France. Several of these samples were returned for further instructions, and were again and again submitted for criticism and inspection, until a sample identical with requirements was produced.

The French army shoe is quite different from anything ever made in this country. One was sent from France with detailed specifications. Several samples were made up by different manufacturers and sent back to France. There the shoe was put through the most minute examinations—as to the kind of leather used; how it is tanned, and so on; size and quality of nails on the soles and heels; the kind of stitches used; and the number of pieces in the heels.

The shoes were sawed apart and sections and cross sections inspected. The soles were ripped apart. The inner linings were torn open. Then the shoe that came nearest to requirements was reshipped to New York, with additional instructions. The finished product, however, had to be sent once more to France for a final inspection before the order was definitely placed. The leather of this shoe, by the way, is turned, with the glazed part inside.

In the matter of haversacks—knapsacks—there was no firm in this country that had ever made anything even faintly resembling them. So the manager went to a shoe manufacturer, whose factories had been more or less idle for several months, and showed him exactly how to construct a haversack. This firm is now making all the haversacks purchased on this side by the French Army. Its employees are working three shifts a day and have their meals served in the factory.

It will be interesting to note the procedure followed by the manager in endeavoring to obtain an order from the French Government after an inquiry for an article has been received—definite specifications being given. In the case of ammunition and armament the order is placed only by the War Department. The Pasteur Institute, in Paris, passes on all medical supplies before they are ordered by the War Department. Of automobiles, aëroplanes, wagons, artillery wheels, and such heavy items, one sample is submitted to the War Department direct, to be thoroughly tested out; but with smaller articles several samples must be submitted.

The Lack of Shipping Facilities

Part of each corps in France is in the field and part is in reserve. The Central War Department makes all purchases of field supplies. Supplies for the reserve corps, however, are purchased by each individual quartermaster. Therefore, samples of the desired article are sent not only to the Central War Office but also to the many quartermasters. These samples, when received, are stamped, examined, carefully sealed and filed away. The order is then sent to the manager.

Before submitting the samples, however, the manager carefully investigates the financial reliability of each manufacturer, the capacity of his plant, and so on. He has on his staff a number of experts who do this investigating for him. Having received the order he turns it over to a manufacturer, receiving from him a bond covering quality, quantity and time of delivery.

These orders are usually in large quantities, running into millions, and deliveries are generally specified, covering a definite quantity within a given time and equal quantities within regular intervals thereafter.

Each of these is an individual order, with every chance of being duplicated many times. Do you wonder manufacturers are so eager for this business? Though these huge orders are being constantly given there has been a lot of talk about million-dollar orders without any foundation. Those who know say it is a disease; they call it waritis.

The immensity of these war orders and the poor shipping facilities at present make transportation another serious problem for the manager. He must, one way or another, find room on board ship to carry his goods. Now the German lines, of course, are not running, and a large number of French and English boats have been taken over by their respective governments as transports and for other purposes. The Relief Commissions have found it necessary to charter a certain number of boats.

The number of available boats for regular shipments has thus been materially reduced. Nor must you forget that most of these boats are owned by the French or English and are absolutely controlled by their governments, so that they may be taken off for transport purposes at any time and with scarcely a moment's notice. Moreover, if the government requires space on a boat it gets this space regardless of whose goods must be left on the dock. There is in each space contract a clause covering just this contingency.

And even after the boats get to the other side more difficulties are encountered. First, it takes time to get dockage, as the docks are being constantly used for troop disembarkation, and everything else must literally go by the board. So the boat lies at anchor until the authorities see fit to issue permits for her unloading. Finally the boat docks, and then the goods are again held up until the custom house finds time to pass them.

Digitized by Google

After this it would seem a simple matter to land the goods at their destination; but there are all sorts of permits to be issued and further transportation difficulties to be overcome. You cannot go round the corner and hire a teamster to haul your goods to the railroad station, because the teamster is likely enough in the army, and so are his horses. Also, there are no such things as train schedules.

A sample automobile tractor was shipped from New York early in November. It arrived at Havre in the latter part of the month. Early in January the boat was unloaded. By the end of February a permit was obtained to take the truck out of Havre. Fortunately there were no further delays.

The tractor reached Paris promptly, was tested, and within two weeks an order for three hundred was placed.

The manufacturer is saved all this transportation annoyance. His contract calls for payment against the ocean bill of lading and he gets his money before the merchandise leaves New York. The foreign governments have opened credits at various New York banks. The ocean bills of lading are presented to one of these banks, accompanied by invoices approved in writing by the manager. The money is promptly paid the manufacturer and he has no further concern in the matter.

During the past few weeks much money has come to the United States from the foreign War Departments. Mr. Pratt, Chief of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, at Washington, permits publication of his estimate that five hundred million dollars will be added to our shipments if this war continues a year. This money is just beginning to come in.

The previous months have largely been taken up with the examination of samples, placing of orders, and the manufacturing of goods. Now these goods are being shipped and the money is being paid. And this money is not going into the private vaults of a few financiers but is going into the pockets of the American laborer, who has been given employment. It has gone to the credit side of the American manufacturer; and he has in many cases been enabled to work closed factories.

To the individual business man war brings legitimate business opportunities. It stimulates his business by the unexpected demands made on it. It lends him new ambition as wider possibilities are presented. It opens other markets.

His biggest field, however, he seems as yet scarcely to have realized. When this war is over Europe will be exhausted. Her people will need food, clothing, machinery—all the necessaries of life. And these she must have at once. She cannot wait until her factories are replaced; until her fields are resown; until her daughters have raised for her another crop of men.

Europe will want her needs supplied without delay. And it will not only be the small proportion of fighting men that must be supplied with merely war materials, but every man, woman and child in each country must be provided with the thousand and one items each requires for individual necessities, comforts and pleasures.

Here, then, will be a ready market for our goods—if only we are ready. It might be well if manufacturers, instead of striving so keenly for this war business, would look ahead and prepare for this after-the-war business. That is where the big money really is.

Sense and Nonsense

Rain Alarms

RAIN alarms are now made for people who wish to leave the windows of their homes open all night, yet fear that a rainstorm may come up in the night and the drops blow in. The alarm is a little buzzer inclosed in a wooden box, which is to be placed on the window sill.

When rain blows in the first drops on the top of the box switch on an electric current from a battery in the box and the alarm begins to sound. At the same time a tiny electric light appears on the side of the box, so that any person who is wakened by the buzzer may quickly discover into which window the rain is blowing.

A Circular Screwdriver

THE simple idea that makes the inventor successful is illustrated by a new vest-pocket screwdriver capable of fitting screws of any size. It is nothing but a disk of metal about the size of a large coin. The edge of the disk is put into the slot of a screw like the blade of an ordinary screwdriver. One edge is thin, for small screws, and another is thick, with a graduated thickness between the two extremes for the purpose of having an edge that will fit any slot.

A hole in the middle of the disk gives a chance to slip in a nail or pocketknife, or anything else handy, to be used as a lever on tight screws.

In Short, One Gallon

JUST before Christmas a darky entered the post office at Thomasville, Georgia, which is a dry town in a dry state.

"Boss," he said to the clerk at the money-order window, "will you please, suh, mek me out er order ter Jacksonville?"

"For how much?" asked the clerk as he drew a blank to him and poised his pen.

"Jes' fo' quarts, please, suh," said the darky.

The Unwilling Worm

DAMON RUNYON and Sid Mercer, New York sporting writers, were fishing in Great South Bay one Saturday afternoon in the autumn. Mercer caught fish regularly. Runyon had never a nibble. Finally he reeled in.

"Come on, Sid; let's quit," he said.

"Why?" inquired Mercer. "There's an hour yet before dark?"

"I think I might as well quit," said Runyon sadly; "my worm's not trying!"

A Filial Burglar

THE small son of a Washington official was asked by his mother what he intended to be when he became a man.

"I think I shall be a burglar," he replied.

"Why, Willie," his shocked mother protested, "that isn't nice."

"Oh, it will be all right," he assured his mother. "I shan't steal anything from you."

Electric Fly-Catchers

CATCHING flies with an electric motor has been proved to be entirely practicable, and such machines have now appeared on the market. The motor does not chase the flies round the room, but induces them to come near and then captures them.

The machine operates like a suction cleaner, a fan creating a strong suction. Round the pipe through which the air is sucked in, some sweets—such as moistened sugar—are spread. Any fly that comes near the pipe will be quickly sucked in and dropped into a steel cage for future attention.

Automobile Trains

LITTLE electric automobiles are now made to haul trucks round factory buildings and grounds. One of these will haul a train of a dozen trucks hooked in a row, storage batteries on the automobile furnishing enough power for several miles of travel. It has been found practicable in some factories to make up a regular schedule of trips for the little automobile. At certain points trucks are unhooked and at other points trucks are connected to the train and delivered to some other part of the factory on the regular stop there.

Telephones Everywhere

TELEPHONES on every table in the store, so that patrons may telephone orders to the desk, is the scheme adopted in a Western confectionery to give quick service. Patrons who wish ice cream or soda sit down at any table and promptly telephone their wishes to the order clerk at a central desk. This clerk writes the order on a slip and records the number of the table from which the call came. The order is then filled and delivered by a waiter.

The same telephones are available for calls through the city telephone exchange; and it is not uncommon for a person at one telephone to have a conversation by wire with some friend at another table in the other end of the store.

No one thinks of leaving poisons within reach of little children—except fly poisons. Yet fly poisons kill more children than all other poisons combined.

We quote from an editorial in the December issue of The Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society:

"From the first of July to October 15, the press of a few states reported 45 cases of poisoning of children from the use of fly poisons."

These children were all under six years of age. The poisoning was caused by swallowing the liquid poison covering fly paper or by sucking the poisoned and sweetened wicks protruding from tin boxes. The editorial suggests that a large number of cases of such poisoning probably escaped recognition, because:

"—it is difficult, perhaps impossible, for even an experienced physician to distinguish a case of arsenical poisoning from cholera infantum, the symptoms being so similar. How many children have been poisoned from these fly poisons, amid the deaths ascribed to cholera infantum, can never be known."

Mothers who have intuitively avoided fly poisons now have their good judgment complimented by these actual facts. The danger is even greater than most of them knew.

"Arsenical fly-destroying devices are as dangerous as the phosphorus match. They should be abolished. *There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies,* and fly poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."

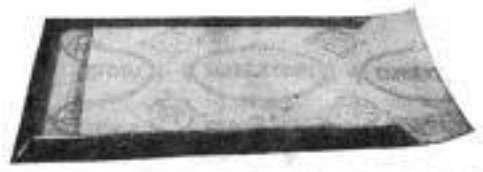
TANGLEFOOT

The Sanitary Fly Destroyer

Non-Poisonous

Catches the Germ With the Fly

The new metal Tanglefoot Holder removes the last objection to the use of Tanglefoot. 10c at dealers', or sent postpaid—two for 25c—anywhere in the United States. (90)



THE O. & W. THUM CO.

Dept. 254. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

The Wise Battery Buyer Gets Columbias

The buyer who really knows batteries asks for Columbias. If the dealer says, "Try something else"—he changes dealers.

The buyer who doesn't know battery quality asks for a dry cell and gives the dealer a chance to hand him any old thing.

Columbia Batteries are dependable, honest, hard working, serviceable sources of energy. Sold everywhere, and absolutely uniform.

Wire up Columbia Batteries to your bell, buzzer, telephone, automobile, motor boat, gas engine, gong, tractor, hand lamp, barn light or blasting outfit. Insist on seeing the name Columbia on the jackets. Cost no more—last longer.

National Carbon Company, Cleveland, Ohio

Factories in U. S. A. and Canada

Convenient Fahnestock Spring Clip Binding Posts—no extra charge.

Digitized by Google

See America This Summer—Via an Overland Six

With the famous Overland Six you can travel the whole American continent.

You can tour out into the great Far West; see the Sunny South; go up into charming, quaint and quiet New England; visit all the prominent American watering places; in short, see everything you ever heard of and things of which you never have heard.

For the Overland Six is a large car.

It seats seven adults comfortably.

The 45 horsepower en-bloc motor is a giant for work, yet economical.

With this Six you travel in real comfort. The soft, deep and durable upholstery is made of the best hair and the finest, bright French finish, black, hand-buffed leather.

Catalogue on request.

"Made

THE WILLYS-OVERLAND

The Willys-Overland of Ca

Digitized by Google

This, with the large tires, 35 x 4½ inches, long wheel-base of 125 inches, and underslung rear springs, insures riding comfort under all conditions.

Then there is the high-tension magneto ignition. This means dependability at all times. Most other Sixes do not have this ignition system.

Another decided advantage is the convenient electric control buttons on the steering column.

Anyone in the family can drive this Six.

It takes but a few lessons to become familiar with its operation. Your wife can learn to drive in no time.

Get your Overland Six now.

lease address Dept. 254.

U. S. A."

COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

ada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

$1475

Seven-passenger touring car
125-inch wheel-base
Electrically started
Electrically lighted
Color—Royal blue, ivory white striping
One-man top
Pockets in all doors
Rain vision, ventilating type windshield, built in
Full floating rear axle
35 x 4½ inch tires; smooth tread in front; non-skid in rear
45 horsepower motor
High-tension magneto
Demountable rims
One extra rim
High-grade magnetic speedometer

Other Models: United States—$795 to $1600. All prices f. o. b. Toledo.
In Canada—$1065 to $2150. All prices f. o. b. Hamilton, Ont.

Digitized by Google

R.I.W.
REMEMBER IT'S WATERPROOF
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Carrere and Hastings, Architects
Walls, partitions and ceilings damp-proofed and preserved with 18,000 gallons of R. I. W. No. 232.

AN "*R. I. W.*" Preservative Paint damp-proofs New York's Public Library and prevents discoloration, crumbling and disintegration of its walls.

Other "*R.I.W.*" preservative paints prevent rust, corrosion and electrolysis. A railroad terminal in New York, a city hall in Richmond, a skyscraper in Seattle, a hotel in Philadelphia, a department store in New Orleans, a mint in San Francisco, a museum in Detroit—these and thousands of structures throughout the world stand element-proof to verify the "*R. I. W.*" truth that "Steel need not rust; wood need not rot; nor concrete dust!"

Trade Mark **R.I.W. DUSTOP** *(Patent Applied for)*

Stops Dust on Concrete Floors

DUSTOP, the newest "*R. I. W.*" Preservative, perfects the concrete floor. It stops dusting, crumbling, disintegration. Prevents absorption of oils and greases—makes concrete and cement floors hard as granite. Can be applied by anyone with mop, or brush, or broom, and be walked on a few hours after. Dustop will not scuff off or track on the floor.

Send $1.50 for Trial Gallon

We will deliver through our nearest distributor, one or more gallons of Dustop at $1.50 per gallon.

Write for "*R. I. W.*" literature, invaluable to every man interested in building undertakings, large or small.

TOCH BROTHERS

ESTABLISHED 1868

Inventors and Manufacturers of Preservative Paints and Varnishes

320 Fifth Avenue, New York

Works: Long Island City, N.Y., and Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-ko

Made in America **GINGER ALE** *Best in the World*

Drink It at the Ball Game When your throat is dry from "rooting," wet it with Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. Your cold bottle will hold two glassfuls, and will keep its life for four innings or more.

In Clicquot there's real ginger—the pure juices of lemons and limes, pure spring water (slightly laxative), pure cane sugar. Its mild ginger stimulus makes it the one safe beverage to drink when you are overheated. Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is a wonderful mixer; it is good alone or mixed with almost any other good drink. Get a case into your cellar and lay two or three bottles in the ice box.

Sold by Good Grocers and Druggists

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS.

New York Office, 100 Hudson St.
Chicago Office, 356 North Michigan Ave.

CLICQUOT CLUB BEVERAGES:
Ginger Ale
Sarsaparilla
Root Beer
Birch Beer
Orange-Phosphate
Lemon Sour

OUT-OF-DOORS

Your Bird Dog

AMONG the curiosities of literature is the fact that there seems to be a perennial demand for books on dog training. Many a mute inglorious Milton, of whom you never heard, has written a simple and unpretentious book on dog breaking that has netted him more in royalties than most authors can claim for their best novels. Everybody owns a dog or is interested in a dog—or ought to be. There are physicians who minister to dogs, professors who educate them, guides and counselors who tell what to do with them. In case you own a dog—and of course you do—you very probably have bought some book about dogs or are intending to buy such a book some day.

These things are true because, though there is less use for a bird dog to-day than was once the case in this country, there are more of them now than ever. Not only in number but in value, the sporting dogs of to-day far surpass the best records of the halcyon time when every one had a dog and, with little trouble or expense, could find good shooting. To-day a good bird dog is worth as much as a race horse, and is handled much like one.

Bench shows and field trials have changed the looks, stature and qualifications of the dog of modern times. The bird dog of to-day is a commercialized product. His price, if not his value, has increased. He is an artificial modern proposition, like the three-dollar shoe or the buffet flat or the moving-picture show. Perhaps he is old at five or six years to-day, but, even so, he may have paid his way very well on a commercial basis, more especially if he has been fortunate enough to win some of the large stakes in the field or on the bench.

The tendency of human nature to run after success—the craze for successful or fashionable blood in a strain of setters or pointers—has left its imprint on most of our bird dogs of to-day. A great many of them are overbred, overnervous and too much accentuated. In dog history our leading strains date back to certain great individuals who lived at rather a remote time in the past. Perhaps in the future we may by accident develop some such great individuals—some William the Conqueror in setters, some Charlemagne in pointers—that will give history a new starting point. Just at present, however, that does not seem especially probable.

The Cost of Training

You must accept your bird dog to-day as you find him, a creature of changed conditions and one that must be fairly well adapted to existing conditions, else he himself would not exist. Your bird dog of to-day is not the grand, upstanding, heavily feathered specimen of your father's or your grandfather's choice. He is apt to be a smallish fellow, not two-thirds the weight he would have had forty years ago. His coat is light, his skin very thin and delicate. He is alert, keyed up, eager. He can go perhaps half the day, perhaps two or three hours, before you need to replace him with another dog. Perhaps his sire or grandsire, which was worth two or three thousand dollars because of certain fame, won that fame in a test of no more than twenty minutes or so of top-speed work against some other dog, almost as fast and nervous.

Of course the real test between two dogs ought to be a matter of a week's work. Our old dogs could hunt day by day as long as we wanted to hunt. Once in a while you will find such a dog to-day; but he is not apt to have a great deal of speed. Perhaps his nose will not be especially keen, either—he may have somewhere an out-cross of cold blood in his ancestry.

What does your good, modern, well-bred bird dog cost you? Perhaps somewhere round one hundred and fifty dollars, on a minimum basis, if you are a city man and have to pay to have him trained. To be sure, as good dogs as you ever saw are bought for forty or fifty dollars, already trained. The best dog I ever owned cost me twenty-five dollars and would not have been sold at five hundred dollars or a thousand—although it was poisoned within the second year after purchase. That was a natural bird dog, which really needed very little training. It was of wholly unknown pedigree and was found on a farm—owned by an honest farmer, who had annexed it from a passing wagon.

Perhaps in your own experience you have been fortunate enough to get a good dog at a reasonable price; but usually you pay an unreasonable price for half a dozen dogs and do not turn out one good one from the lot. The reason for this is that game is not so generally distributed to-day, dogs are not so widely owned, and they do not get such general use in actual field work.

There are a great many sportsmen who live in cities where they are unable even to keep a bird dog, much less train one. The city man must send his dog to a trainer for education. The latter will charge him about one dollar a week for boarding the dog. The training fee will run from twenty-five dollars up to two hundred. Very often the trainer gives the dog more board than he does work. Even so; figure that he keeps your puppy a couple of years—you will have to pay him one hundred or one hundred and fifty dollars in return for something that is wholly problematical.

How to Select a Trainer

If Nature has been very kind to the dog he may be developed into a shooting dog at a cost of somewhere between one hundred and two hundred dollars. In the average human experience, however, scarcely one dog out of half a dozen proves to be worth developing; something goes wrong with him and he rarely ever becomes a really good shooting dog. Take into consideration the expense of failures, and perhaps the average city sportsman will find that his first practical shooting dog has cost him somewhere between five hundred and one thousand dollars—about as much as a motor car. It looks discouraging, but there is always this great factor in the quest of the golden dog—when you do get him you would not trade him for any limousine on earth. The figures of expense in his pursuit and his use are things sedulously to be concealed from Friend Wife.

Granted good blood for your dog, good health, and a naturally good nose, his value depends on the trainer who handles him for the first couple of years of his life. There are good dog trainers; but there are many more who are wholly unreliable. Be careful in the selection of your trainer. Go to his place and see how his dogs look. Have a day's shooting with him and note how he handles his dogs. All too often a dog of little promise is left in the feeding yard. If fortune gives the trainer one dog of much promise in his string of inmates he is very apt to develop that dog at the expense of the others, especially if there is an opportunity to enter him in field trial, with his handler counted in on a division of the money.

In general, if you want a shooting dog of your own, do not send him to any man who trains dogs for field-trial purposes. In general, also, pick out a trainer who has a wife or daughter that will take a hand in looking after the welfare of the dogs. These things, you will observe, narrow down your choice of dog trainers very much. None the less they mark and explain the scarcity of good shooting dogs to-day.

The tricky and dishonest dog trainer is happily less numerous than the shiftless and inefficient one. Such a man may be a shrewd handler, but may also be a shrewd business man. You send him your valuable dog to keep for you after the end of the shooting season. A month or so disappears and you get a letter from the tricky trainer saying that unfortunately your dog has been run over by a railroad train. In that case it is just as well to ask the trainer to send you the hide of the dog—do not accept the collar. Cases have been known where valuable dogs were sold by trainers who reported them as dead.

Of course, if you live in a shooting country, or in a small community where you have your own home and can keep your own dog, the expense of owning bird dogs is much lessened and the pleasure much increased. You can very often get a good bird-dog puppy, with or without pedigree, for ten, fifteen or twenty dollars. The greatest of delights will be the training you

Digitized by Google

yourself can give him. That is far better than buying a dog alleged to be trained.

The last five dogs purchased by myself cost respectively twenty-five, fifty, two hundred, one hundred and twenty-five, and seventy-five dollars—that is first cost, not counting later board or training. Of these only the first and last amounted to anything. Number two was given away with difficulty after one day's trial. Number three was a case of delivery of a worthless dog instead of one that a year earlier had been seen to be an excellent performer in the field. Number four just did not have it in him.

Number one was the unknown, mentioned earlier as a natural bird dog.

Number five is not for sale at any price. A dog of good blood, he cost his former owner more than three hundred dollars in training fees. Happily he is a fine example of what is known as a gentleman's shooting dog—that is to say, he is fast, can go as long as his owner likes, has a grand nose, an instinct for finding birds, and an education that leaves him docile and well in hand. He is the winning hand in a series of dog gambles.

Suppose you got one good dog out of six efforts. What is he apt to be to-day, provided he is a typical product of a good strain? He is apt to be compact, small, nervous, thin-skinned, yet showing blood in his lines and intelligence in his face. He will have life and quality about him, like any thoroughbred. Do not purchase your dog until you have seen him work. In my own case I bought some dogs in a hurry; but I took out my last acquisition for a first and conditional trial on prairie chickens—a bird he had never seen. He went to work like a veteran, pointing a covey high-headed at one hundred yards. "Some class about that!" exclaimed my shooting friend. Next, the dog proved able to handle ruffed grouse in thick cover—a far more difficult proposition. "More class!" said my friend. The dog, a stranger to us both and we strangers to him, went on about his work and found a dozen coveys of quail that day. This was trial enough for any dog.

And when we lost him in a bit of cover and, after whistling and shouting in vain for five minutes, at last discovered him on a dead point, deaf to all the world and gloating over his last covey of quail—then we knew we had that sought-for treasure, a real shooting dog. Such a dog, any sportsman would agree, is worth almost any kind of money. The price of such a treasure is a varying thing, not in the least representative of value, either way.

The Modern Type of Dog

Now suppose you have such a dog, the product of six efforts to get a bird dog, what will your modern dog be? What will he do? Your compact, speedy little fellow will go into a buggy or a motor car comfortably, and not mash your feet. Moreover, since he has been shipped here and there through cities in his various travels, to suit the convenience of his owner or his trainer, he will jump into a taxi promptly and curl down on the seat. Being a good traveler, he will lie down in the baggage car on a railroad journey, and not tug at his chain and bark, and make the baggageman more unhappy than he is. In short, he is a practical dog for conditions of sport as you now must practice it.

Next, your dog has speed. He came from a family that had speed. In short, he must have speed to-day because coveys of birds are less easily found than once was the case, and he must cover more country in order to find them. He is, therefore, a practical proposition. For the sake of his speed and gameness, half a day at a time, you are willing to sacrifice a little bit of his ability to go through a week of hard travel—the fastest dogs cannot travel a week through, or even two days.

If your dog has been well broken, and has associated with decent people, he is strictly businesslike. At the end of his day's work he gets his dinner and his drink, and curls up to sleep. He does not bark and nose round the camp table, and make himself obnoxious. He is quite companionable; and yet he is strictly business. This is what we call the old-fashioned sort of dog manners; and such a dog, that attends to his own knitting and lets the others do the prowling round, is nearly always popular among shooters.

A dog of such character will perhaps seem to a new owner at first a trifle aloof and independent of spirit. Why should he not be? Another man has trained him and fed him. You have not seen him before the time when you take him out to hunt—he does not know you as his master. That is the great trouble for the city sportsman—some other man receives the best affection of the dog, which he owns as a piece of property but which he rarely sees.

Now any good dog wants one master, and no more. A setter is perhaps more apt to be faithful to one man than a pointer; the latter breed is full of hunt and often will follow any man with a gun. Yet absolutely the best pointer I ever knew never would hunt with anyone but her master; and absolutely the best cocker spaniel I ever knew was a one-man dog to an extent almost ludicrous—he would not allow anyone to touch his master, would not allow the hand of another to be laid on him, kept his master in sight every hour of the day, and slept on his arm at night, like a child. Fate is kind to you if it gives you the worship, sole and undivided, non-negotiable, of a real bird dog, such as either of these. There was something in you too worth while. Dogs are the best judges of human nature.

Taking your dog just as he is, and supposing that once out of six times he is worth while, there are some things which you ought to bear in mind regarding him and his use. For instance, he perhaps lives at his trainer's place, two or three hundred miles from your city. That means that he must travel occasionally by express in a box or crate. When you have him shipped see that he has food and water. Tip the baggageman and the express agent, especially if the journey is to be a long one; pass the word down the line that it will be worth while to care for that dog—to feed him, water him, and even to exercise him if he is out for more than a day and a night.

What You Owe Your Bird Dog

In camp use your dog well. When he comes in from the field do not let him lie down in the wind or on cold, wet ground—take care of him; make him a bed where he will be warm. The modern bird dog is not so hardy as a wolf. Heated up by his exercise, he will chill off quickly when he stops running, just as you do yourself; and he has no extra coat to put on. Feed your dog lightly in the morning, if at all, and still more lightly in the middle of the day; but feed him all he wants at night.

During hunting hours see that he gets water often, especially if the weather is warm. It is very hot down in the grass where a dog is obliged to work. No dog—especially the average delicate bird dog of to-day—is able to go indefinitely, like a machine, without great physical discomfort. Care for your dog, therefore, during the day, and do not go on thoughtlessly, bent on your own enjoyment and thinking that all dogs have a way of taking care of themselves. Such is not the case.

If water is not abundant in the country where you are hunting take some along in a canteen in the motor car or buggy, at the saddlehorn, or on your own back. The average city shooter who gets his dog from his trainer is apt to be forgetful of these things, because he is not used to handling dogs in the field.

In time your dog will get to be very much like you. If you are excitable and unreasonable, he himself is apt to become so. You ought to remember that hardly any two dogs have just the same temperament and that no dog thoroughly understands human speech. You are addressing yourself to an embryonic intelligence. The dog's brain is vague, unformed—very shrewd in some specialized, instinctive ways, but not at all the same brain that belongs to a man. Any man worthy the name will not brutally penalize or punish his dog simply because he does not at once do what he is asked to do.

For instance, your dog has been broken to retrieve—a very beautiful but very risky part of a bird dog's education. He wants to get his mouth on the bird as soon as it drops. If you do not watch him closely he is apt to break shot and run in as soon as a bird is knocked down, and perhaps flushes other birds, which otherwise would have lain to the gun. The time to punish your dog for that is not after he has the bird in his mouth and is bringing it to you, but before he starts in to pick up the bird.

Why does he start in? In nine cases out of ten because you yourself were thinking of the bird and not of the dog—you went

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

EVERYBODY knows some happy, sturdy brother, growing like a weed and hungry as a bear.

He'll tell you that three sandwiches are none too many when the spread is Beech-Nut Peanut Butter—with the *flavor*, as you know, that presents the food value of the peanut in the most tempting way.

The exceptional Beech-Nut flavor—due to the skillful blending of *selected* Spanish and Virginia nuts, and the original Beech-Nut method—the care to ensure delicacy and flavor.

Just the *cream* of the nuts *(the little acrid hearts completely removed)*—delicately roasted, lightly salted, crushed to a smooth golden-brown butter.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter comes in *vacuum-sealed* jars of three sizes—10 cents, 15 cents, 25 cents (in the extreme West, a little more). Your grocer has it.

Makers of America's most famous Bacon—*Beech-Nut Bacon*

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

PEARL screens pay back their cost—

in extra wear—in freedom from paint expense and repair bills—genuine PEARL Wire Cloth pays back its cost many times over.

For screening porches, doors and windows this material is so much superior to "galvanized" and "painted" kinds that there's positively no comparison. Rust, *not* wear, ruins screens. Genuine Gilbert & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth is as near rust-proof as metal can be made. That's why it wears so well. No other screen is *made* like PEARL, so no other screen can *outwear* PEARL.

GILBERT & BENNETT
Pearl
WIRE CLOTH

For Screening Doors, Windows and Porches

Made in Two Weights—Regular and Extra Heavy

The cost of genuine Gilbert & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth is far below the value it offers in wear and appearance.

It is stiffer in texture than ordinary wire cloth—an accidental bump from a piece of furniture won't affect it. Combined with its rust-proof qualities this is an additional guarantee of long wear and satisfaction.

Don't be deceived. There can not be a "just the same as PEARL." The manufacture and application of the non-crack, no-chip coating from which it derives its wonderful rust-resisting qualities is a secret process, the exclusive property of this company.

But to be sure of PEARL wear you must get genuine PEARL Wire Cloth with two Copper Wires in the Selvage and the Round Tag bearing the Gilbert & Bennett name on each roll.

Write our nearest office for samples of both Regular and Extra Heavy PEARL, full details regarding same, and the name of nearest dealer.

THE GILBERT & BENNETT MFG. CO.
(Established in 1818)
Dept. M-277 Broadway, New York Dept. M-38 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
Georgetown, Conn. Kansas City, Mo.

The Best Hardware Dealer in Your City Sells "PEARL"

Digitized by Google

Complete Outfit as pictured $1.00

Count the 12 Blades

The 12 best blades in the best safety razor that ever touched a beard is yours for one dollar. You are bound to be satisfied—you must be delighted or you must take your dollar back.

'EVER-READY'

The Ever-Ready assures expert results to all self-shavers—whether they are first-timers or old-timers with razors. "Radio" Blades are marvels—12 in each dollar outfit, extra blades *6 for 30c* or 10 for 50c. Try them in your frame. Look for the trade-mark name on every blade. Count the 12 blades in each dollar outfit and you will avoid dollar imitators. At all dealers'.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc., Makers, Brooklyn, New York

THE IDLE BOY

is usually his mother's care and the neighbors' aversion. His mischief, his noise, are generally the result of having nothing particular to do.

Few boys can be taught industry by the willow-stick method. You must substitute some incentive to his voluntary action in conformance with your wishes. You must get the boy *to teach himself.*

How you can solve your boy problem

is told in "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" an interesting, to-the-point booklet written for parents. About 10,000 parents and not a few "neighbors" have written for it. Upon request we will send you a copy, free of charge. Write to

Sales Division, Box 883

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

on with your shooting or loading or marking the flight, and did not promptly stop the dog where he was. You were eager, unsteady, excited. In order to have a perfectly broken field dog you must be willing to sacrifice a little bit of your own sport now and then. If your dog is very unsteady perhaps you will let a friend do the shooting while you watch your dog, or vice versa.

A check collar and rope will steady the dog. Some shooters use a long buggy whip and bring it down across his back if he starts to break shot, calling to him at the same time—Whoa! or Drop! If your friend would bring the whip down across your own back once in a while it would have a similarly salutary effect. In many and many a case it is the sportsman who needs the whip or the check collar, and not his dog. Have your friend try it on you.

Chasing his birds is the trick of a puppy, and it is one of the most easily curable faults of a bird dog. The check cord is useful here. Very soon the dog will learn that he has been at fault; but do not whip your dog too late for chasing—be sure he knows what it is about. It is inhuman and wholly ineffectual to punish a dog when he does not understand why it is done.

The Effects of Bad Handling

False pointing is something due to the lack of a dog's confidence in his own nose. Do not whip your dog for false pointing. Simply use him more and more until his nose gets a chance to detect the difference between game birds and mice or moles. The dog that jumps promptly and positively into his points, that is always sure of himself—you respect that dog, of course, the same as you do a man of positive nature; but you do not find that sort every day in the week. There is no more use in whipping your dog for something he cannot help than there is for snubbing your friend for the same reason.

Blinking his point is something a querulous owner or handler may teach his dog. I once had a grand young dog—I think, the finest specimen of a pointer I ever saw—one that ought to have been a noble individual in the ranks of shooting dogs; but he was really quite worthless. Why? He was so fast as a puppy, so eager, that his trainer could not keep up with him; and, puppylike, now and then he would flush a bird. His trainer whipped him for this, tied a log chain to him to slow him down; and, in short, about every time the dog found a bird he punished him.

Bold and courageous as this dog was, he began to think he ought not to point birds. I have seen him point a covey on a stubble field and then, the hair rising all along his back in anger or fear—some strange, inexplicable emotion acquired in his education and not in his breeding—turn round and leave the birds where they were!

This dog could find as many birds as any dog, but he rarely would point; and if left alone he took a savage delight in chasing up the birds and setting them afire. It was bad handling which was responsible for that—punishment administered when the dog did not know what it was about. A noble dog was ruined by bad handling.

The bird dog that will find and point singles well is the one over which you are apt to get your bag; your fast, eager, high-headed dog is rather the one to find coveys for you. If, after the covey rises, he will go patiently to work on singles, then you have a bird dog. If you have one that will patiently hunt for a dead bird or a cripple, so much the better; but do not whip the dog unreasonably if he does not wish to go and hunt for the lost bird. His instinct is to be off after more birds. If you whip him when he has that thought in his head you have cause and effect twisted.

Indeed, cause and effect are twisted in nine cases out of ten in which dogs are punished by their masters or handlers. The instinct of the average shooter is to whip his dog whenever the latter does not at once do what he wants him to do. Patience and care alone can develop the ideal bird dog. Therefore, if your dog does not want to hunt the lost bird, do not bang him about, but deal kindly with him. Reward him when he has found the bird and do not whip him for not finding it.

Bear in mind, also, that curious trait of indifference which hounds and bird dogs have for dead game after it is down. If you take from your pocket half a dozen dead birds your bird dog will simply sniff at them and go away. He has no delight in them after he knows they are accounted for.

The hardest thing to teach a dog is to come to you when you want him. Why? Because too often the dog has learned that when he does come it is only to receive a beating and not a reward. Would you be keen to go up to your boss if you were sure he was going to thrash the life out of you as soon as he could get his hands on you? Reason about these things. Remember that you are addressing a vague and unformed intellect, which does not think as you think. You must deal only on broad lines in reaching the intelligence of this willing and faithful servant.

The prime instinct of a dog is to find birds for himself; the acquired instinct, intensified by many generations of careful training, is that under which the dog identifies you with his find. There are a few dogs in Norway known as reporters. They will leave the covey of birds when found, go and locate the shooter and bring him back to the birds, which they point again. This trait is well defined and well authenticated, but is rare or unknown in this country.

None the less, if you examine your bird dog while he is on his point, you will see him turn his head away now and then. He will see you out of the corner of his eye, will incline his head a little toward you, then slowly bring it back in line with the object which has produced in him that strange, almost cataleptic condition of the pointing dog. He knows you are in on the play. He wants to hear the sound of the gun, and he wants to see the bird fall.

You may have seen an efficient shooting dog—yet a cowed and hangdog sort of affair, with little spirit left—do the bidding of some market hunter or other, and do it well. In the best sense of the word, however, I do not believe that any ideal gentleman's shooting dog ever belonged to anybody but a gentleman. A dignified owner gives dignity to his dog. The grand old dogs of earlier times, when we had abundant game and abundant leisure, nearly always were dogs that belonged in good families. In those days we had handsome big setters and pointers, brainy, individual dogs, which knew nothing of field-trial training as we understand it to-day, but which were like the men who owned them.

The Noble Nature of Dogs

So may your dog be like you to-day; you both live under changed conditions. Our dogs have changed and we with them, because the times have changed. The dogs that take down money in the field or on the bench to-day would not have been of value fifty years ago; but they are in better tune with the present time than their old-time ancestors would be.

Adjustment, compromise and acceptance of existing conditions are things that control the sport of to-day as we find it. Lucky the man who has a place to keep and train a good bird dog. If the dog favors him as his one master, be sure that is the one lasting and indissoluble friendship.

The dog has essentially a noble soul—not servile and fawning and selfish, as has the cat; not ignorant and weak-minded, as has the horse—but large-minded, owning some sixth sense that human beings do not in the least understand; some sixth sense that gives him more breadth of nature, more charity and more kindness than are owned by his master. The dog's friendship is a beautiful and wonderful thing, something no man really understands and which all too few men really deserve.

Take the bird-dog puppy—the soft, fuzzy little creature, his eyes still blue, his voice still squeaky—feed him and bed him and care for him, teach him to be a gentleman because you are one yourself; then you are laying foundations for a friendship that will cause you grief when its end comes.

Use that dog with reason and dignity, not asking him, even with his strange, undefined sixth sense, to understand all of your own proud intellect—live with him, think with him, work with him, until he knows who you are and what you want—and then you are getting at one of the delights of life, for the absence of which nothing of success can really atone.

To have a dog meet you at night when you come home from work, and look you in the face and welcome you—to have him wake you in the morning with his cold nose and tell you it is time to go to work again—these are things no fellow ought to be without. Of course some of us do lack them. In that case we must compromise and do the best we can; but in no case should any man in the world be without a dog.

Digitized by Google

Ysaye, greatest violinist of all time, Casals, the world's greatest 'cellist — are both exclusive Columbia artists. Their Records, like every Columbia Record, play on your machine. You must hear them!

Just two ways to hear these two supreme artists: Attend their concert performances—if you can buy a seat; or hear them whenever you want—as often as you like—at home—on their magnificent, exclusive Columbia Records (played on *your* machine). Any one of their incomparable Columbia recordings will give you a new conception of the perfection of Columbia Records—a realization of how true and natural and rounded is their superb tone quality—a new delight in listening to the sonorous beauty and brilliant harmonies produced by these masters of the bow.

YSAYE

The more sure you are that you know good violin music, and the more sure you are that you know the best—the more you will be certain you will be able to appreciate Ysaye's record No. 36524, priced at $1.50. It is Brahms' Hungarian Dance in G. Under the master's bow it fairly leaps with vivid vigor. There is an exultant abandon to the tremendous rhythm, such as no other violinist has ever produced.

CASALS

Pablo Casals is the Ysaye of the 'cello—"the greatest man who draws a bow today," as Fritz Kreisler is quoted as having said. This great Spanish 'cellist has given new meaning to the possibilities of the violoncello. His tone is by all odds the purest and richest, and his technique the last word in authority. You really love music? Then hear Casals play Rubinstein's Melody in F; to name *one* at random. It is No. A5649—12 inch double-disc, $1.50. Your Columbia dealer is waiting to play this master's music for you.

Columbia Graphophone Company

Box 627 **Woolworth Building** **New York**

Canada—365-367 Sorauren Avenue, Toronto

Prices in Canada plus duty

Creators of the Talking Machine Industry. Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art. Owners of the Fundamental Patents. Dealers and prospective dealers write for a confidential letter and a free copy of our book, "Music Money."

COLUMBIA

DOUBLE-DISC RECORDS

65 cents is the standard price of Columbia Double-disc Records. Over a thousand at that price—others up to $7.50.

Columbia Records TRADE MARK Note the Notes

GRAFONOLAS

A genuine Columbia Grafonola for as little as $17.50—others $25, $50, $75, $100—up to $500. On easy terms.

Digitized by Google

What's the Answer to the Blow-out Question?

Miller Tires!

But they can't save you from the expense and risk of blow-outs if they are not on your car

A BLOW-OUT is more than a nerve-racking noise—more than the ruination of a tire—more than losing control of the car—it is a positive danger! It comes from the inside, from a bruised, weakened, brittle and lifeless fabric—the backbone of the tire.

The Miller Method prevents blow-outs by eliminating their cause—by retaining the natural vegetable wax and oil in the cotton fabric. By not deadening the life of the fabric during manufacture. Oil carbonizes at 240 degrees. The old method of tire building requires 287 degrees to vulcanize a tire. The Miller exclusive process vulcanizes perfectly at a low degree of heat. It makes a rugged unit of both fabric and rubber—without destroying the natural wax and oil of the fabric or burning the native toughness out of the rubber.

The result is a tire that gives you practical immunity from stone-bruises and the blow-outs that follow.

Perhaps it does not interest you what is put into a tire. It's what you get out that counts. But *you can only* get out of a tire what has been built into it.

The answer to the skid question is Miller Geared-to-the-road Tires! They gear your car to the road through mud, sand or slush. **With Miller Tires on your car you're in control. Its tread is an integral part of the tire and retains its safety features until the entire tire is worn out.** The greater mileage you get from them will make your choice of Miller Tires an economy, as well as a permanent safeguard.

MILLER TUBES answer the tube question.

In every Miller Tire there is

—additional care used in compounding rubber;
—an extra price paid to procure exactly the right cotton fabric and rubber;
—added time spent to secure the very best workmanship;
—the "Miller Method" of vulcanizing that keeps the life in the rubber and retains the natural wax and oil in the cotton;
—a greater number of inspections to make sure that each part of every tire is perfect;

Together, these items make a big sum total that insures the purchaser of a Miller Tire additional mileage, safety and freedom from irksome roadside repairs.

Go to the nearest Miller dealer. When he equips your car with Miller Tires you can put the blow-out question out of your mind.

ALL the Wear in the Fabric is Retained in MILLER TIRES

The Miller Rubber Company, Akron, U. S. A.

Distributors in the Principal Cities

Digitized by Google

H. R.

(Continued from Page 5)

into the bank; but now he looked from the bank out on the world. And that was why that selfsame world suddenly changed its aspect. The very street looked different; the sidewalk wore an air of strangeness; the crowd was not at all the same!

He drew in a deep breath. The April air vitalized his blood. This new world was a world to conquer. He must fight! The nearest enemy was the latest. This is always true. Therefore Hendrik Rutgers, in thinking of fighting, thought of the bank and the people who made of banks temples to worship in. All he needed now was an excuse. There was no doubt that he would get it. Some people call this process the Autohypnosis of the Great.

Two sandwich men slouched by in opposite directions. One of them stopped, and from the edge of the sidewalk stared at a man cleaning windows on the fourteenth story of a building across the way. The other wearily shuffled southward. Above his head swayed an enormous amputated foot.

Rutgers himself walked briskly to the south. To avoid a collision with a hurrying stenographer girl—if it had been a male he would have used a short jab—he unavoidably jostled the chiropodist's advertisement into the gutter. The sandwich man looked meekly into Rutgers' pugnacious face and started to cross the street.

Hendrik felt he should apologize; but before his sense of duty could crystallize into action the man was too far away. So Hendrik turned back. The other sandwich man was still looking at the window-cleaner on the fourteenth story across the street. Happening to look down he saw a man coming who looked angry. Therefore, the sandwich man meekly stepped into the gutter out of the way. It was the second time within a minute! Hendrik stopped and spoke peevishly to the meek one in the gutter:

"Why did you move out of my way?"

The sandwich man looked at him uneasily, then without answering walked away sullenly.

"Here I am," thought Rutgers, "a man without a job. And there he is, a man with a job and afraid of me!"

Something was wrong—or right! Something always is, to the born fighter.

Who could be afraid of a man without a job but sandwich men, who always walked along the curb so they could be pushed off into the gutter? Nobody ever deliberately became a sandwich man. When circumstances, the police, hopeless inefficiency or shattered credit prevented a hobo from begging, stealing, murdering or getting drunk, he became a sandwich man in order to live until he could rise again. Whatever a sandwich man changed himself into it was always advancement. Once a sandwich man never again a sandwich man. It was not boards they carried, but the printed certificates of hopelessness.

The spring-filled system of Hendrik Rutgers began to react for a second time to a feeling of anger, and this for a second time turned his thoughts to fighting. To fight was to conquer. There were two ways of conquering—by fighting with gold and by fighting with brains. Who won by gold perished by gold. That was why a numismatical bourgeoisie never fought! Hendrik had no gold, so he would fight with brains. He, therefore, would win. Also he would fight for his fellow-men, which would make his fight noble. That is called hedging; for defeat in a noble cause is something to be proud of in the newspapers. The reason why all hedging is intelligent is that victory is always Victory when you speak about it.

The sandwich men were the scum of the earth. Ah; it was a thrilling thought—to lead men who could no longer fight for themselves against the world that had marred their immortal souls; and then to compel that same world to place three square meals a day within their astonished bellies! The man who could make the world do that could do anything! Since he could do anything, he could marry a girl who not only was very beautiful but had a rich and dislikable father. The early Christians accomplished so much because they not only loved God but hated the devil.

Hendrik Rutgers found both the excuse and the motive power. One minute after a man of brains perceives the need of a ladder the rain of ladders begins! Hendrik filled his lungs full of self-oxygen and of the consciousness of power for good, and decided to draw up the constitution of his union. He would do it himself in order to produce a perfect document, perfect in everything! A square deal—no more, no less. That meant justice toward everybody, even toward the public.

This union, being absolutely fair, would be more than good, more than intelligent. It would pay!

Carried away by his desire to help the lowest of the low, he constituted himself into a natural law. He would grade his men; be the sole judge and arbiter of their qualifications, and even of their proper wages!

The chronicle of a succession of accidents is generally called history. Men believe it because they were not there. Nothing is so fatal to credibility as being an eyewitness and confessing it. Hendrik walked back toward the last sandwich man and soon overtook him.

"Hey, there, you!" he said, tapping the rear board with his hand.

The sandwich man did not turn about. Really, what human being could wish to speak to him? Hendrik Rutgers walked for a few feet beside the modest artist, who was proclaiming to a purblind world the merits of an optician's wares, and spoke again politely:

"I want to see you on business."

The man's lips quivered, then curved downward, immobilizing themselves into a fixed grimace of fear.

"I ain't done no-nothing!" he whined, and edged away.

This was what Society had done to an immortal soul!

"Hell!" said Hendrik Rutgers between clenched teeth. "I'm not a fly cop. I've just got a plain business proposition to make to you."

"If you'll tell me where yer place is I'll come roun'," began the man, so obviously lying that Rutgers' anger shifted from society and tyranny on to the thing between sandwich boards—the thing that refused to be his brother!

"You fool!" he hissed fraternally. "You come with me now!"

The inverted crescent of the man's lips trembled, and presently there issued from it:

"Well, I ain't done ——"

Charity, which is not always astute, made H. Rutgers say with a kindly cleverness to his poor brother:

"I'll tell you how you are going to make more money than you have ever earned before."

The prospect of making more money than he had ever earned before brought no flame of joy into the blear and furtive eyes. Instead, he sidled crabwise into the middle of the street.

"No, you don't!" said Rutgers, so menacingly that the sandwich man shivered. It was clear that to feed this starving man force would be necessary. This never discourages the true philanthropist. Rutgers, however, feeling that Christian forbearance should be used before resorting to the ultimate diplomacy, said with an earnest amiability:

"Say, Bo, d'you want to fill your belly so that if you ate any more you'd bust?"

At the hint of a promise of a sufficiency of food the man opened his mouth, stared at Rutgers and did not speak. He couldn't because he did not close his mouth.

"All the grub you can possibly eat three times a day. Grub, Bo! All you want any time you want it. Hey? What?"

The sandwich man's open mouth opened wider. In his eyes there was no fear, no hunger, no incredulity, nothing—only an abyss deep as the human soul that returned no answer whatever.

"Do you want," pursued the now optimistic Hendrik Rutgers, "to drink all you can hold? Booze and grub and a bed and money in your pocket, and nobody to go through your duds while you sleep, hey?"

The sandwich man spasmodically opened and closed his mouth, in the unhuman fashion of a ventriloquist's puppet. Rutgers heard the click but never a word. It filled him with pity. The desire to help such brothers as this grew intense. Next to feeding them, there was nothing like talking to them about food and drink in a kindly way.

"What do you say, Bo?" he queried gently, almost tenderly. The man's teeth chattered a minute before he said huskily:

"Wh-what m-must I do?"

The Secret is Out

¶ OLUS means Open Leg Union Suit. But—that isn't the secret.

¶ The secret is COMFORT and is only a secret to those who have never worn OLUS.

¶ OLUS is coat-cut, opens all the way down the leg. Easy to put on, easy to take off.

¶ You wear a coat-cut shirt. Try a coat-cut union suit.

¶ If OLUS label isn't in neck, it's a substitute and isn't coat-cut.

$1, $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3

OLUS ONE-PIECE PAJAMA, delightful for sleeping and lounging. No strings to tighten or come loose. $1.50 and up.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

GIRARD COMPANY, 346 BROADWAY, Dept. P, NEW YORK

Courtesy of the National Motor Vehicle Co.

The Top Is An Important Part of Motor Car Style

Bear in mind that the top is an integral part of the whole car—not an accessory. Its design and material must harmonize with the body in order to give an effect of style and beauty.

Neverleek is the top material selected by manufacturers of style-leading cars.

It makes graceful, harmonious lines. It retains its smart, rich appearance through long wear.

Neverleek is guaranteed waterproof without time limit.

Made in long and pebble-leather grains. Bright, semi-bright and dull finishes. Write for samples and unlimited Guarantee.

Specify a Neverleek Top on your new car. If your old top needs re-covering, write us for the name of a topmaker who will re-cover with Neverleek.

F. S. CARR COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.
Detroit Branch, 969 Woodward Ave.
Factories: Framingham, Mass., and Tilbury, Ontario

This Material is No. 1 Long Grain

NEVERLEEK

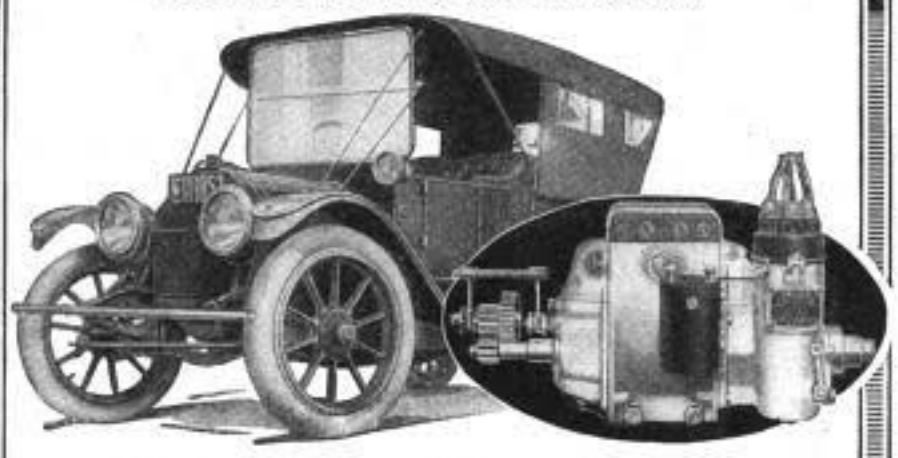
Trade Mark

TOP MATERIAL

Digitized by Google

DELCO

ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION



This is the Story of One of the First Electrically Cranked Cars that ever Left the Factory

IT is a 1912 model—placed on the market in the summer of 1911—*It is Delco Equipped.*

The owner is a physician—and that means excessively hard service for the electrical equipment.

The physician stops and starts his car a great deal—His lights are burning much of the night. The drain on the batteries is continuous and heavy—and the runs are so short that there is little opportunity to generate electricity—

Electrical equipment that will stand up for more than three years under that kind of usage must be fundamentally and mechanically right—

Here is what this Physician says in a recent letter to the factory—

"I am the owner of a 1912 Cadillac, with Delco equipment. I have driven this car over 15,000 miles in all kinds of weather without even having to recharge the batteries. In all that time the cranking system has never once refused to work and the ignition has been perfect.

"If I buy another car my first demand will be that it shall be Delco equipped."

The name and address of this Physician is withheld from publication for ethical reasons—but will be furnished upon request.

240,000 Delco Equipped Cars Now in Operation.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company, Dayton, Ohio

We'll Pay For Your Summer's Vacation

Go where you please
Do what you like
We'll provide the funds

Last summer several hundred young people were able to go to the seashore, to the country, to the mountains, because they took advantage of an offer similar to this that we are now making to you. Most of them will do so again this year; many will attend the California Expositions.

All that we ask is some of your spare time

this Spring in looking after the subscription business of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in your neighborhood. You will receive a commission on each order when it is taken and then at the end of the month a handsome check for salary.

Upon receipt of your letter we will tell you how to finance your vacation.

AGENCY DIVISION, BOX 859

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

"Let's go to the Battery," said Rutgers, "and I'll tell you all about it."

The mission of history is to prove that Fate sends the right man for the right place at the right time. While Hendrik Rutgers talked the sandwich man listened with his stomach, and when Hendrik Rutgers promised the sandwich man believed with his soul. Rutgers told Fleming that all sandwich men must join the union; that as soon as he and the other present sandwiches were enrolled on its books no more members would be admitted, except as a superabundance of jobs justified additional admissions; and at that, it would require a nine-tenths vote to elect, thus preventing a surplus of labor and likewise a slump in wages. The union would compel advertisers in the future to pay twenty cents an hour, and would guarantee both steady work and these wages to its members. There would be neither an initiation fee nor strike-fund assessments; the dues of one cent a day were collectible only when the member worked and received union wages for his day's work. Any member could lay off any time he felt like it, unmulcted and unfired. There was only one thing that all sandwich men had to do to be in good standing: Obey the secretary and treasurer of the union—Mr. H. Rutgers—in all union matters.

The sandwich business, once unionized, would become a lucrative profession and, therefore, highly moral, and therefore its members would automatically cease to be pariahs, notwithstanding congenital fitness for same. Anybody who can not only defy Nature, but make her subservient to the wishes of an infinitely higher intelligence, is fit to be a labor leader. And he generally is.

Fleming agreed to round up those of his colleagues whose peregrinations extended south of Chambers Street. He would ask them to come to the Battery on the next day at noon.

So thrilled was Hendrik by his rescue work among the wreckage that it never occurred to him to doubt his own success. This made him know exactly what to say to Fleming:

"Don't just ask them to come—tell them that there will be free beer and free grub. Tell them anything you please, but bring them! Do you hear me?" He gripped the sandwich-man's arm so tightly that Fleming's lips began to quiver. "And if you don't bring a bunch, God help you!"

"Ye-yes, sir, I will. Sure!" whimpered Fleming, staring fascinatedly at those eyes which both promised and menaced.

And in Fleming's own eyes Hendrik saw the Four B's that form the great equation of all democracies: Bread Bludgeon—Born Boss! Such men always know how to say everything. This is more important than thinking anything!

"Remember the beer!" Brother Hendrik spoke pleasantly and Fleming nodded eagerly. "And get on the job!" hissed Mr. Rutgers; and Fleming shivered, and hurried away before the licking came.

Hendrik himself walked briskly uptown. When a man is pleased with himself he can always continue in that condition by the simple expedient of continuing to see whatever he wishes to see. Hendrik opened his eyes very wide, and continued to see the ladder of success that great men use to climb to their changing heaven. Hendrik's heaven just then happened to be one in which a man of brains could make the money-makers pay him for allowing them to make money for him. After finding the ladder, all that was necessary was for Hendrik to think of George G. Goodchild's money. That made him see red; and whenever he saw red he could see no obstacles whatever, and because of this self-inflicted blindness he was intelligently ready to tackle anything, even the job of helping his fellow-men. To be an efficient philanthropist a man must have not only love but murder in his heart. That is one of the two hundred and eighty-six reasons why scientific charities often make absolutely no inroads on the world's poverty.

Mr. Rutgers met the charter members of his union at the time and place indicated by Providence through the medium of Mr. Rutgers' lips. There were fourteen sandwich men. Hendrik, not knowing what to say, gazed at the faces before him in impressive silence. So long as you keep a man guessing he is at your mercy. Orators have already discovered this.

"Holy smoke! What in the name of Maginnis do you call this?" shrieked a messenger boy. "Free freak show?"

A crowd gathered about them by magic. Opportunity held out its right hand, and Hendrik Rutgers grasped it with both his own. If all New York could be made to talk about him all New York could be made to pay him as it always pays for the privilege of talking of the same thing at the same time. You cannot get anybody to talk about the Ten Commandments; therefore, there is nobody to listen; therefore, nobody capitalizes them.

It is the first rung that really matters. All other rungs in the ladder of success are easier to find and to fit. Hendrik could now gather together his various impulses and thoughts and motives and arrange them in their proper sequence, as great men do, to make easier the work of the historian. It was a crusade that he had undertaken for the liberation of the most abject of all modern slaves; he had changed the scum of the earth into respectable humanity. That was history.

The facts, however, happened to be as follows: He had thrown up his job because he wished to go fishing, which of course made him angry because his fellow clerks were slaves, and he, therefore, got himself discharged by the president, which made him hate the president so that the hatred showed in Hendrik's face and made two sandwich men so afraid that he couldn't help organizing the Sandwich-men's Union, because he could boss it, and that would make people talk about him, which would put money into his pocket, and once he was both rich and famous he would be the equal of the greatest and as such could pick and choose, and he would pick Grace Goodchild and choose her for his wife, which would make him rich.

In Europe the ability promptly to recognize the kindness of chance is called Opportunism. Here we boast of it as the American Spirit. That is why American bankers so often find pleasure in proudly informing you that it pays to be honest!

"Listen, you!" said Hendrik to the sandwich men. These were the tools wherewith he would hammer the first rung into place.

They looked at him, incredulous in advance. This attitude on the part of the majority has caused republics at all times to be ruled by the minority. The vice of making money also arose from the fact that suspicious people are so easy to fool that even philosophers succumb to the temptation.

"Just now you are nothing but a bunch of dirty hoboes—scum of the earth!" It would not do to have followers who had illusions about themselves. This is fundamental!

"Say, I didn't come here to listen to ——"

"You ——!" said Hendrik Rutgers, and did not smile. "You came here just exactly for that, see?" And he walked up to within six inches of the speaker, not knowing that his anger gave him the fighting face. "You came to listen to me just as long as I am talking—unless you are pining to spend your last three hours in the hospital. Do you get me? Which for yours?"

"Listen!" replied the sandwich man. He had been poor so long that from force of habit he economized even in words.

"By cripes, here I am spending valuable time so as to make you bums into prosperous men ——"

"Where do you come in, Bill?" asked a voice from the rear.

"I don't have to come in. I am in! You fellows have got to join the union. Then you'll get good wages, easy hours, decent ——"

"Yeh, but ——"

Hendrik turned to the man who had interrupted, a short chap advertising a chain of hat stores, and asked:

"But what?"

"Nothin'!" The hatter had once helped about a prize-fighter's training quarters. Hence the quick duck.

"Also you'll have easy ——"

"Easy!" The hatter had spoken prematurely again.

"What?" scowled Hendrik.

"Hours!" hastily explained the man.

"We ask only for fair play," pursued the leader.

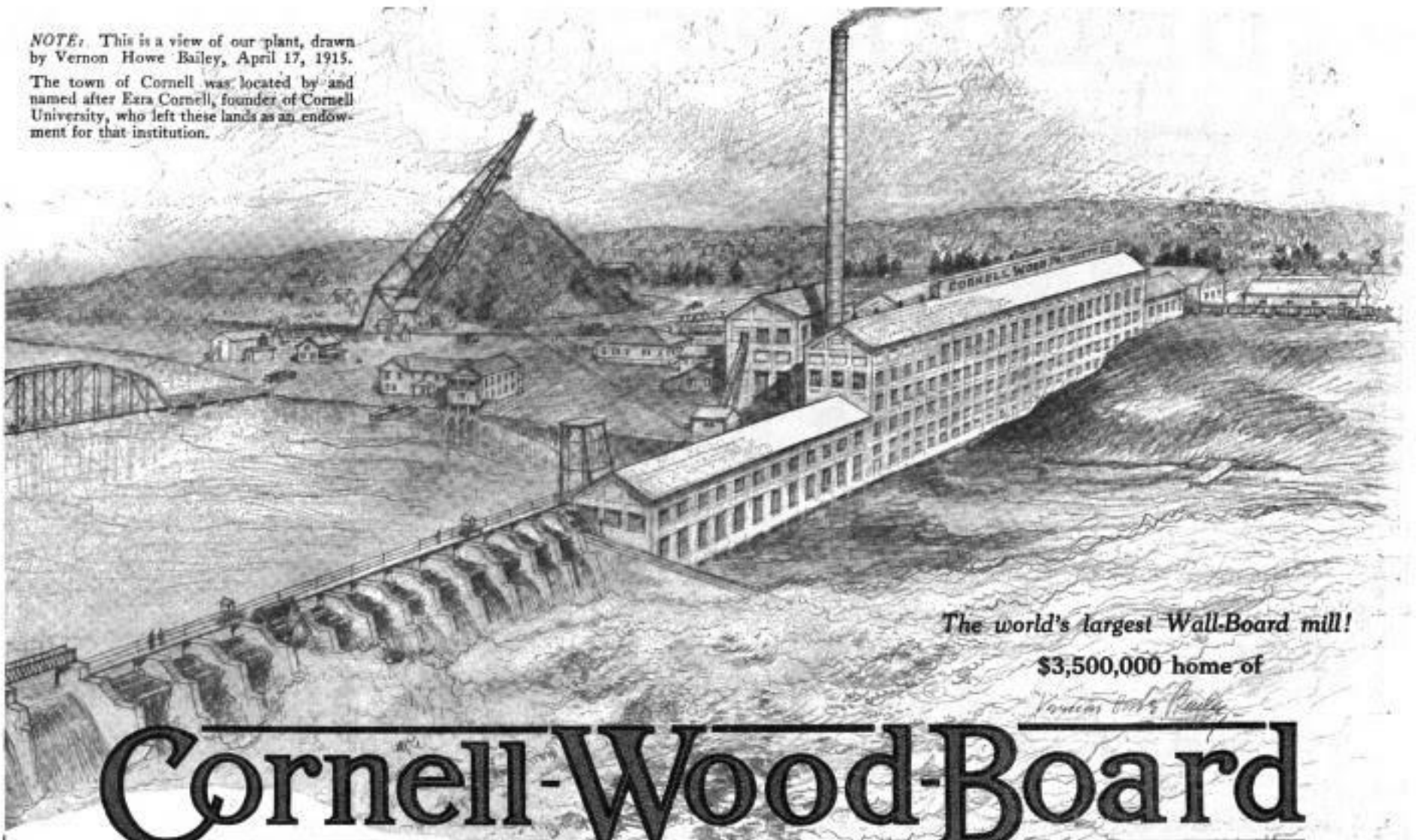
"Yeh, sure!" murmured Fleming, with the cold enthusiasm of all paid lieutenants of causes.

"And we must make up our minds to play fair with employers so that employers will play fair with us."

"Like hell they will!" This was from a tall, thin, toothless chap. Reason—Booze. Name—Mulligan. Recreation—Chiropodist's favorite.

(Continued on Page 45)

Digitized by Google



NOTE: This is a view of our plant, drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey, April 17, 1915.

The town of Cornell was located by and named after Ezra Cornell, founder of Cornell University, who left these lands as an endowment for that institution.

The world's largest Wall-Board mill!

$3,500,000 home of

Vernon Howe Bailey

Cornell-Wood-Board

(Heavily sized throughout)

For walls, ceilings, partitions

The *original Cornell fibre sizing process*, which is largely responsible for the phenomenal success of **Cornell-Wood-Board,** was conceived by our experienced wood fibre engineers and, together with many other improvements in manufacture, was made possible only through having this magnificent plant at their disposal.

5 Big Reasons

Five big reasons why Cornell-Wood-Board is unexcelled in *quality* yet sells at a record breaking low *price*

1. **Raw material.** Our timber lands, located adjacent to the plant, insure a *permanent* and *economical* supply of highest quality raw material.
2. **Power.** The *20,000 horsepower dam*, a part of our plant, provides ample power at minimum cost.
3. **Facilities.** The only mill in the world combining all processes of wall board manufacture under one roof and one management — *a factory-built* product, therefore uniform.
4. **Cornell capacity.** 300,000 sq. ft. of **Cornell-Wood-Board** daily. Largest single plant devoted to the manufacture of wall board in the world.
5. **Distribution.** Stocks in all principal cities insure prompt delivery at lowest cost.

During the first three months of 1915, the average monthly sales of **Cornell-Wood-Board** were *four times* as great as our first three months of 1914—taxing our *increased mill capacity* to the utmost.

Cut out and mail us today, the coupon below that fits your needs, and we will send you samples, literature and prices

Owners

Let us show you why **Cornell-Wood-Board** is the *logical* and *economical* product for your walls, ceilings and partitions, in erecting new buildings and repairing old.

Architects

Specify **Cornell-Wood-Board** where you want *durability, economy* and *efficiency*. Let us send you proofs of its *reliability* and *permanency*. Photographs of large jobs for the asking.

Contractors

For low cost and quick action use and recommend **Cornell-Wood-Board.** It increases your opportunities for both new and repair work, and provides excellent jobs for dull seasons.

Dealers

Cornell co-operative dealers sales plan sells **Cornell-Wood-Board** and increases your profits. Write for our *exclusive agency proposition* for your locality.

Cornell-Wood-Board, Cornell, Wisconsin

Manufactured by Cornell Wood Products Co.
C. O. Fritsche, President

Digitized by Google

"I Am Comfort"

I am a Robbins & Myers "Standard" Electric Fan.

I stand between millions and the blazing sun.

Men and women work better, and little children sleep better because of the comfort I bring.

Men say I add to their efficiency by taking their minds off the weather during working hours, and by bringing cool, restful relaxation through mercury-soaring nights.

Boreas begat me. Vulcan forged me. A whole world adopted me.

My vitals are steel and wire. My power is the thunderbolt.

My breeze is soft and refreshing. In shop, home, factory and mart I lavish invigorating comfort on legions.

I bring to every user the best of nineteen years' master experience in fan making. I make the casual buyer a veritable fan expert. The expert knows that fans are not made better.

I keep breezes "on tap" everywhere and always. A touch of a button is all that I ask.

I connect readily wherever electric current is used.

I come in any desired style and size: Oscillating or stationary, ceiling, desk or bracket. I deliver three speeds and breeze strengths, adjustable at will.

Look for the Flag on the Guard

I bring you the fan you need and the service you want. Insurance of this is in buying me by name—Robbins & Myers "Standard."

An interesting story has been written about me by Elbert Hubbard. It is called "Keep Cool." A postal brings it free, together with name of the Robbins & Myers dealer nearest you. If you will state your fan requirements when writing you will receive some helpful fan-buying suggestions.

Let me make your summer days and nights comfortable. My price is small—$9 and up, depending on the size and style. All I ask for my services is a few cents per week for current—less than one ordinary incandescent lamp requires.

A Message for Dealers

Get the interesting Robbins & Myers dealer proposition. It means more and better business for you.

This successful line is heavily advertised in the leading national publications. All inquiries, wherever possible, are turned over to R. & M. dealers. We help you sell.

Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Fans

The Robbins & Myers line also includes standard motors for all commercial direct and alternating circuits. All sizes from 1-40 to 15 horse power. Especially adapted to requirements of dealers who handle small electric motors. Write today. Our selling plan will surely interest you.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY, Springfield, Ohio

BRANCHES—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Rochester, San Francisco

AGENCIES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

See Robbins & Myers Fans and all Motor-driven Appliances at our Exhibits at San Francisco and San Diego

Digitized by Google

(Continued from Page 42)

"I'll prove it to you," said Hendrik very earnestly.

"Perhaps to but not by me," muttered Mulligan.

"Union wages will be twenty cents an hour."

"Never get it!" mumbled an old fellow with what they call "waiter's foot"—flattened arch. "Never!"

"Never!" came in chorus from all the others, their voices ringing with conviction.

"I'll have the jobs to give out. I guess I know how much you'll get!" The flame of hope lit fourteen pairs of blear eyes. Maybe this lunatic had the cash and desired to separate himself from it.

"I'll fix the wages!" declared Hendrik again. He saw himself feeding these men; therefore he felt he owned them absolutely. It isn't, of course, necessary actually to feed people, or even to promise to feed them, to own them. Nevertheless, his look of possession imposed on these victims of a democracy. They mutely acknowledged a boss. Instantly perceiving this, a sense of kindly responsibility came upon Hendrik. These were his children. He said it paternally.

"We'll now have a beer—on me!"

Fleming, to show his divine right to the place of vice-regent, led the way to a joint on Washington Street.

Hendrik saw, with carefully concealed delight, the sensation caused even in the Syrian-infested streets of the quarter by the sight of a handful of sandwich men in full regalia. He heard the exclamations that fell from polyglot lips. It was a foretaste of success, the preface of a famous man's biography!

The union drank fifteen beers slowly—and quickly wiped the day's free lunch from the face of the earth. The huskiest of the three bartenders began to work with one hand—the other being glued to a bung-starter. He felt it had to come.

"I'm boss!" said Hendrik to his children.

"I'm willin'!"

"Same here!"

"Let 'er go, cap!"

"Suits me!"

They were all eager to please him—too eager. It made him ask disgustedly:

"Don't you fellows care who is boss?"

"Naw! Don't we have to have one anyhow?"

"Yes. But to have one crammed down your throats ——"

"The beer helps the swallowing, boss," said the hatter with conviction—and a fresh hope!

"There doesn't seem to be a man among the whole lot of you!" said Hendrik.

A young fellow of about twenty-eight, very pale, wearing steel-rimmed spectacles, spoke back:

"If you'd starved for three weeks and two days, and on top of it been kicked and cheated and held up, there wouldn't be a hell of a lot of fight in you, my wise gazabo!"

"That's exactly what would make me fight," retorted Hendrik angrily. "Each of you has a vote; each of you, therefore, has as much to say how this country should be run as any millionaire. Don't you know what to do with your vote?"

"You're lucky to get a quarter and two nights' lodging nowadays," said the old man with the waiter's foot. "The time we elected Gilroy I made fifteen bones and was soused for a month. Shorty McFadden made thirty-five dollars ——"

"Any of you Republicans?"

"No!" came in a great and indignant chorus.

"I used to be!" defiantly asserted the young man with the spectacles and the pale face and the beaten look.

"And now?"

"Just a lame duck, I guess."

"Too much rumatism," suggested a husky voice, and all the others laughed. The depths of degradation are reached when you can laugh at your own degradation.

"Are any of you Socialists?" asked Hendrik.

They looked at him doubtfully. They wished to please him and would have answered accordingly, if they had known what he wished to get from them. What they wished to get from him, in the way of speech, was another invitation to tank up. But when in doubt all men deny. It is good police-court practice. Three veterans, therefore, tentatively said: "No!"

Hendrik was disappointed, but did not show it. He asked:

"Are any of you Christians?"

The crowd fell back.

"Is there one man among you who believes in God?"

They stared at each other in the consternation of utter hopelessness. Mulligan was the first to break the painful silence. He said with a sad triumph:

"I knew it! Stung again! They'll do anything to get you to listen. We fell for it like boobs."

"What is that?" said Hendrik sharply.

"I was sayin'," replied Mulligan, grateful that he was one schooner ahead anyhow, "that I can listen to a good brother like you by the hour when I ain't thirsty. The dryness in my throat affects my hearin'. If you blow again I'll believe in miracles. How could I help it?"

Fourteen pairs of eyes turned hopefully toward the wonder worker. But he said in the habitual tone of all born leaders:

"You bums, get round. I'm going to lick Mulligan. And after that, to show I'm boss, I'll blow again. But first the licking." Hendrik gave his hat to Fleming to hold and began to turn up his sleeves. But Mulligan hastily said: "I'm converted, boss!" and actually looked pious.

"Mulligan, the union wages will be forty schooners a day!" Hendrik said sternly. Again it was genius—that is, to talk so that men will understand you.

"Kill the scabs!" shrieked Mulligan, and there was murder in his eyes.

Hendrik Rutgers put his right foot firmly on the second rung of the ladder. He did it by spending seventy-five cents for the second time—fifteen beers.

"Everybody," he said threateningly, "wait until the schooners are on the bar," thereby disappointing those who had hoped to ring in an extra glass during the excitement. But all that Hendrik desired was to inculcate salutary notions of discipline and obedience under circumstances that try men's souls. He yelled:

"Step back, all of you! Back!"

They fell back! The quivering line, now two feet from the beer, did not look at the glasses full of cheer but at the eyes full of lickings. They gazed at him, open-mouthed; they gazed and kept on gazing, two feet from the bar—the length of the arm from the beer! Not obey after that? There is no doubt of it, they are born!

"To the union! All together! Drink!" They did not observe that this man was regulating even their thirst. The reason they did not notice it was that they were so busy assuaging it.

They drank. Then they looked at Hendrik. He was a law of Nature. He shook his head. They understood his "No." It was like death. To save their faces they began to clamor for free lunch.

"Get out of here!" said the proprietor.

"Do you want your joint smashed?" asked Rutgers. He approached the man and looked at him from across a gulf of six inches that made escape impossible. Whatever the proprietor saw in Rutgers' eyes made him turn away.

"Come across with the free lunch!" Hendrik bade the proprietor. To his men he said: "Boys, get ready!"

These men-that-were, miserable worms, scum of the earth, began to take off their armor. The bartenders were husky, but hadn't the boss commanded: "Get ready," and didn't all men know he meant: Get ready to eat? Moreover, each sandwich man felt he might dodge the bung-starters, but not the boss' right flipper. The union was making ready to fight, with the desperation of men whose retreat is cut off by a foe who never heard of the Geneva Convention!

"Hey, no rough-house!" yelled the proprietor.

"Free lunch!" retorted Hendrik. Then he added: "Quick!"

The sandwich-men's nostrils began to dilate with the contagion of the battle spirit. One after another these men of the gutter took off their boards and leaned them against the wall, out of the way, and eyed the boss expectantly, waiting for the word. Hendrik, with the eye of a strategist and the look of a prize fighter, planned the attack. Like a very wise man who lived to be the most popular of all our presidents, he did his thinking aloud. On occasions like this Hendrik's mind also worked in battle cries and best expressed itself in action!

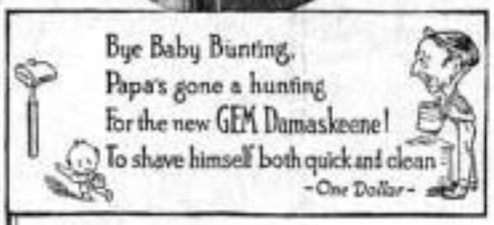
"Free lunch," said Hendrik, "is free. It is everybody's. It is therefore ours!"

"Give us our grub!" hoarsely cried the union.

"Three to each bartender," said Hendrik. "When I yell 'Now!' jump in from both ends of the bar at once. Six of you here; you six over there. Fleming, you smash

Economy

demands that you shave yourself — the easiest habit in the world to get into if you use Gem Damaskeene Blades: finely tempered steel with a clean, close cutting edge that assures complete and continued satisfaction.



Gem Damaskeene Blades, 7 for 35c

(50c in Canada)

Spend *one* dollar on a Gem Safety Razor today—then count the number of dollars you save.

ALL LIVE DEALERS

GEM CUTLERY CO., Inc., NEW YORK

Canadian Branch: 591 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal

$1.00

Complete outfit with 7 Blades in handsome case.

The GEM is different—better than the average so-called "Safety Razor."

"I buy Emery Shirts as a matter of good business. Here are three of the reasons why:"

"The 'Emery' label is a certificate of character for a shirt: represents thirty-five years' shirt-making experience; stands for a manufacturer of national fame; means unsurpassable workmanship, finish and style."

"The 'Emery' Nek-ban-tab saves my time of mornings — opens the starched-up collar button pocket and lets me insert the button in a jiffy. Only the 'Emery' shirt has this convenience."

"The 'Emery' Guaranty Bond (with each shirt) makes 'Emery' shirts a safe investment, whether bought singly or by half-dozens. *Fit, color* and *wear* are **Guaranteed.** If an 'Emery' shirt goes wrong the dealer replaces it."

It pays to look for Emery when you buy shirts. Price $1.50 up.

Your dealer can supply you. Or we will send name of dealer who will, together with Catalog of Emery Shirts from which to select.

Write us for "Ethics of a Gentleman's Dress."

W. M. STEPPACHER & BRO., Inc., Philadelphia

Offices also—New York, Chicago, St. Louis

Digitized by Google

There are two kinds of Comfort—Body and Mind—you get both with

$15
Set of Four
One for
each Wheel

TRADE K-W MARK **Road Smoothers**
NO SIDE-SWAY NO RE-BOUND

THEY give you the body comfort that comes *only* from motoring "relaxed" in a smooth riding car—regardless of the road's roughness.

They give you mind comfort—that freedom from the tiring effort of steering around bumps and ruts so common to the average road. You are relieved of the nerve-racking tension of "picking the road." You get the same comfort as your passengers, plus the pleasure of "no road worry" driving.

K-W Road Smoothers give you this enviable comfort because their design combines these three vital factors: a spring to effectively take up the shock; an anti-rebound air chamber to check the rebound; anti-side-motion links to prevent side rocking and swaying.

And you can find all of these vital factors *only* in K-W Road Smoothers. Sold by reliable dealers everywhere.

Write for booklet—"That Satisfied Feeling."

The K-W Ignition Co., Cleveland, U. S. A.
Manufacturers of 125,000 K-W Master Vibrators

"ONE YEAR AGO I sent to you my first subscription order. Since that time I have made enough to pay for all my college expenses, clothing, books, and incidentals, and have saved over one hundred dollars besides. I expect to continue the work for my next five years in the medical school."

Summer Work For Students

C. H. LEWIS, of the District of Columbia, devotes his spare moments during the college term and summer vacation to subscription work for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. His present arrangement gives him an assured salary of $12.00 a week throughout the year.

We have a hundred similar positions open to present or prospective students. We will pay a salary with liberal commissions at the start, or we will arrange to pay all educational expenses under our Scholarship Plan. Let us tell you about it.

Educational Division, Box 886

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

the mirrors back of the bar with those empty schooners. Mulligan, you cop some bottles of booze and wait outside, do you hear? Wait outside—for us. I'll attend to the cash register myself. Now, you!" he said peremptorily to the proprietor. "Do we get the free lunch? Say no, won't you, please?"

Hendrik radiated battle. The derelicts took on human traits as their eyes lit up with visions of pillage. Fleming grasped a heavy schooner in each hand. Mulligan had his eye on three bottles of whisky, and for the first time in years was using his mind, planning the get-away. The proprietor saw all this, and also perceived that he could not afford a victory. It was much cheaper to give them seven cents' worth of spoiled rations. Therefore he decided in favor of humanity.

"Do what I told you, Jake," he said with the smile of a man who has inveigled friends into accepting overexpensive Christmas presents. "Let 'em have the rest of the lunch—all they want!"

The proprietor smiled again, much pleased with his kindly astuteness. He was a constructive statesman and would be famous for longevity.

But the sandwich men swaggered about, realizing that under the leadership of the boss they had won. They had obtained something to which they had no right. By threats of force they had secured food; the boss had made men of them. They, therefore, crowned Hendrik king. The instinctive and immemorial craving of all men for a father manifests itself, in republics that have forgotten God, in the election of the great promisers and the great confiscators to the supreme power. History records that no dynasty was ever founded except by a man who fought both for and with his followers. The men that merely fought for their fellows have uniformly died by the most noble and inspiring death of all—starvation. Names and posthumous addresses not known.

When not a scrap remained on any of the platters Hendrik called his men to him and told them:

"Meet me at the sign painter's, corner of Twenty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, Friday night after seven. We'll be open till midnight. Be sure and bring your boards with you."

"We gotter give 'em up before we can get paid," remonstrated Mulligan. "If we don't we don't eat."

"That's right!" assented a half dozen.

"Bring them!" said Hendrik. The time to check a mutiny is before it begins.

"A'right!" came in a chorus of fourteen heroic voices.

"Beginning next Monday you'll get twenty cents an hour. I guarantee that to you—out of my own pocket. You must each of you bring all the other sandwiches you run across. If necessary drag them. We must have about a hundred to start if you want forty beers a day."

"We do! We do!"

"Then bring the others, because we've got to begin with enough men in the union to knock the stuffing out of those who try to scab on us. Get that?"

"Sure thing!" they shouted, with the surprised enthusiasm of men who suddenly understand.

They were deep in misery, and accustomed to a poverty so abject that they no longer were capable of even envying the rich. They, therefore, could hate only those who were poorer than themselves—the men who dared to have thirsts that could be assuaged with less than forty beers per day. Not obey the boss, when they already felt an endless stream trickling down their unionized gullets? And not kill the scab whose own non-union thirst would prolong theirs? No? A man owes some things to his fellows, but he owes everything to himself.

That is why, for teaching brotherhood, there is nothing like one book—the City Directory, from a fourth-floor window.

When the boss left them he was certain that they would not fail him. Just let them dare try to stay away, after he had so kindly destined them to be the rungs of the ladder on which he expected to climb to his lady's window—and her father's pocket! As he walked away his confidence in himself showed in his stride so clearly that those who saw him shared that confidence. It is not what they were when they were not leaders, but what they can be when they become leaders that makes them remarkable men.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Why the Porcelain Doesn't Break

Where the porcelain insulator in your Champion Spark Plugs must endure the terrific force of the explosion in your cylinders, there is an asbestos-cushioned copper bushing. (*A* in illustration.)

This is a distinctive Champion feature which saves Motor Car Owners many a dollar and much annoyance.

Champion
"TOLEDO MADE FOR THE WHOLE WORLD'S TRADE"

"X" for Ford Cars

have this feature and are just as carefully and accurately made as the Plugs we make for the finest Motor Cars and heaviest Motor Trucks.

Because of the superexcellence of Champion Plugs the builders of Ford—Overland—Studebaker—Maxwell—Metz and over 60 other cars equip them when new with Champion Spark Plugs.

Insist on Champions when you replace your plugs.

To accept a substitute is to disregard this most definite expression of scientifically determined expert opinion.

All new Ford cars since 1911 are equipped with Champions.

The Champion Guarantee
Complete satisfaction to the user—free repair, replacement or money back.
See your dealer or write direct to us.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO.
104 Avondale Ave., Toledo, Ohio

For the Blues

Bran for breakfast would save many a dull day. It is Nature's laxative. But the bran should be made inviting.

In Pettijohn's the bran is hidden in luscious soft wheat flakes. The food is a dainty, rich in flavor, liked by everyone. Yet 25 per cent is bran.

Pettijohn's fosters the bran habit—makes it delightful. And that fosters right living and good cheer. Watch its effect for one week.

Pettijohn's
Rolled Wheat With the Bran

If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps for a package by parcel post. We'll then ask your store to supply it. Address The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago. (900)

Digitized by Google

"Bob-o-links" enlarged one-third

Many designs—only one shape and size. Every genuine "Bob-o-link" will fit perfectly every other "Bob-o-link" in a Friendship Bracelet.

This mark identifies the genuine "Bob-o-link". Look for it and you will get the kind of link that matches your friend's bracelet.

"Bob-o-links" are the kind everybody is wearing

Start a "Bob-o-link" Friendship Bracelet now

It's all the rage—everybody is doing it. Real popular girls are wearing several strings that their friends have presented to them. Each link is a token of friendship—an emblem of the regard someone holds for them. The whole is a beautiful bracelet made immeasurably more precious by the bonds of friendship that hold it together, and the sweet memories that are bound up in it.

This is not a passing fad, but a pretty plan for the expression of friendship, made practical by the beauty and value of the completed bracelet.

The "Bob-o-link" Friendship Bracelet is limited only by the friends you have. It is made up, link by link, as your friends present them to you. Each "Bob-o-link" is engraved with the initials of the friend who gave it to you.

"Bob-o-links" are made of Sterling Silver, and cost only 25c each, and in gold-filled at 30c and 50c each, according to quality. These prices include the engraving. "Bob-o-links" cost so little that friends may exchange them freely without fear of the expense. Any jeweler, who sells the "Bob-o-links", will clamp them together, without extra charge.

The Friendship Bracelet craze started with "Bob-o-links". It's "Bob-o-links" your friends everywhere are wearing. If imitations appear they must differ from "Bob-o-links" and will not match or fit a "Bob-o-link" bracelet. Be sure to get genuine "Bob-o-links"—look for the LE on the back.

"Bob-o-links" are also made in 10k gold at $2.00 each and 14k gold at $2.50 each, and can be set with precious stones, if desired.

How to start a "Bob-o-link"

Arrange with some friend to exchange "Bob-o-links"; then go to your jeweler and buy the first "Bob-o-link", have it engraved with your own initials and present it to your friend. She will do likewise and both of you will have a start. With the first "Bob-o-link" your jeweler gives you a narrow black velvet ribbon, so that you have an attractive bracelet from the very start. The other "Bob-o-links" come quickly.

If your jeweler has not ordered "Bob-o-links", he can get them quickly from his jobber. Tell him you and your friends want to start "Bob-o-link" Friendship Bracelets, and he will be glad to get them for you. If you have difficulty in getting them, write us.

Special uses for "Bob-o-links"

Graduating Classes

will soon be separating and many school friends will part. What could be nicer than for each member of the class to have a Friendship Bracelet made up of "Bob-o-links" from the other members of the class? Many classes are doing this. Such a bracelet would be full of pleasant memories.

Dances

It is very popular for girls to make Friendship Bracelets from "Bob-o-links" presented at dancing parties. Many girls have a Friendship Bracelet for every dance they attend. It is better than a program and far more interesting and beautiful.

House parties, outings, etc.

What more pleasant memento of a house party, picnic, outing, etc., could there be than a "Bob-o-link" Friendship Bracelet made up by the members of the party? The pleasures and sentiments of the occasion would live as long as the bracelet.

Clubs

A Friendship Bracelet for each member of a club, made up of "Bob-o-links" from each of the other members, would be an ideal insignia of membership, with a sentiment that no other emblem could have.

Eisenstadt Manufacturing Co.

Makers and Distributors under license of H. B. PRATT, the inventor

St. Louis, Mo.

"Bob-o-links" Actual Size

Sterling silver or gold-filled, plain
Pat. Applied For

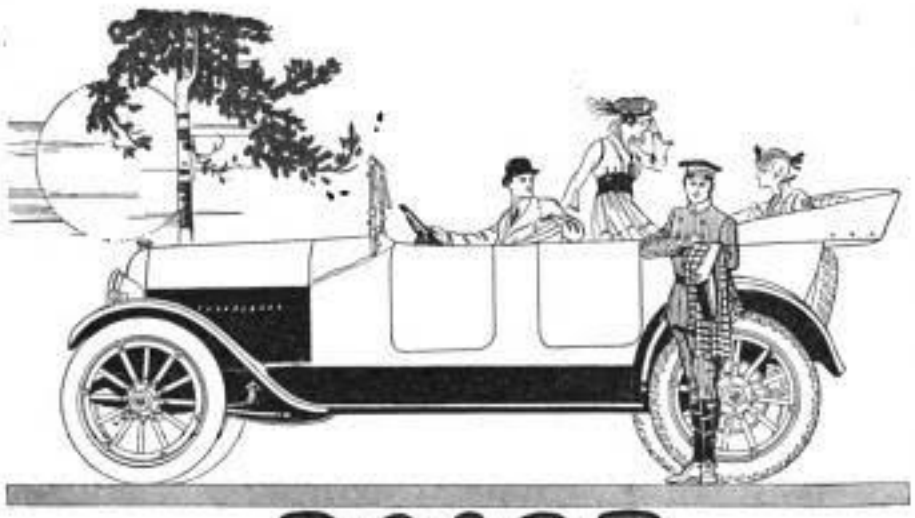
Solid gold, set with two diamonds
Pat. Applied For

Solid gold, plain
Pat. Applied For

Solid gold, set with four diamonds
Pat. Applied For

Sterling silver or gold-filled, chased
Pat. Applied For

Digitized by Google



Another Element of Paige Prestige

PAIGE

"The Standard of Value and Quality"

Real Economy

REAL economy in motor cars is vastly more than a mere matter of tire mileage and low gasoline consumption.

Practically any car of light, "flimsy" construction will make a creditable showing as far as its tires and carburetion are concerned. But *Repair Bills* and *Depreciation* may tell quite a different story. And these—after all is said and done—are the items of upkeep which stamp your car as an Economy or an extravagant Luxury.

If you have seen the new Paige Six "46," you can readily understand why the item of Depreciation on this car is bound to be a small one. In our opinion this car is distinctively one year ahead of the field. It is refreshingly new in lines, design and equipment. It belongs to no "school," for it is rapidly establishing a school of its own—*the School of 1916.*

"The year ahead car"—that's what they call the Paige "Six." And if you are really interested in economy, that is the car you will want to buy.

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company
1200 McKinstry Avenue
Detroit, Michigan

The FAIRFIELD SIX-"46" $1395

When you go camping

—when you pack up your fishing kit, stuff your knapsack with blankets and cooking utensils and set out for the wild places, you'll need a good waterproof tent. Then it will make no difference to you whether the stars are winking through the branches overhead or a thunderstorm is drenching the woods around you. You'll be safe and sound—and dry.

YOU now can get the tent free of charge—a fine 7x7-foot wall-tent, complete with stakes, ropes and poles. This is one of the splendid extra prizes we award to boys who sell *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal, The Country Gentleman.*

Thousands of boys are earning from fifty cents to five dollars a week, and in addition are receiving splendid prizes which they choose from our Book of Rebates.

This catalogue is one of the most interesting books you ever saw. A copy will be sent to you upon request. Address your letter to

Sales Division, Box 882

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE BIG DOC

(Continued from Page 19)

that now—a little opium from time to time. It'll break Simon Gannon."

"I should like to hear an exact history," Lloyd told him, and Coffy recapitulated the case in a rambling but approximately true manner.

Jennifer Lloyd was astounded by the antiquated medical equipment of the other. Where the latter was concerned, there had been no progress in the practice or the understanding of medicine during the past thirty years.

"But"—Lloyd was unable to repress his impatience at one point—"did you make no effort to determine the degree of poison circulating in the blood?"

Coffy's expression grew sullen; his small eyes exhibited his growing resentment at the implied criticism of his methods, of his present treatment.

"I didn't fiddle with a lot of theories," he pronounced shortly; "I went right to the point, to what I know—what anybody with practical experience knows."

"Then," Lloyd queried in polished tones, "you commenced the purging?"

"And that," Coffy took up the burden, "showed me there was no use—she was beyond me or anyone else, in Buckshot or New York."

"You have never heard of Cottonet's treatment?" Lloyd asked. "Or of the Faraday position?"

"I don't know nothing 'tall about them," the other shot out, exasperated; "but I know how to treat appendicitis. You cut when you can and purge when you can't; and when neither does, she dies."

Jennifer Lloyd, with a short inward struggle, repressed his mounting intolerance of Coffy's meager understanding of their profession. He forced himself to explain concisely Cottonet's celebrated treatment for post-operative and later appendicitis, and the gratifying results obtained from Edgar Faraday's discovery. The other listened with an impatient incredulity which, toward the end of Lloyd's remarks, he was unable to contain.

"Why!" he exploded. "Are you telling me that you can cure a condition like Linda Gannon's with salt and warm water, by just sitting her up, and a superficial cut for draining?" He moved to the door of the dwelling. "Simon!" he called.

Simon Gannon immediately appeared.

"Simon"—Coffy laid his heavy hand on the boy's shoulder—"somebody's fooled you. This man's not a real doctor. He might be one of the swindlers with cure-alls you read about in the newspaper advertisements, but he's nothing better. Don't you let him a-near Linda. Why, he aims to cure her with salty water and setting her up against a pillow! The first thing you know he'll be selling you some miraculous salt at two dollars a little package. . . . That's him!"

"But," Simon Gannon protested, "I heard it told in Buckshot that he's one of the biggest doctors in the world. He came clear from New York to see some rich woman at the Queen."

"You've been fooled, Simon."

The latter turned a deeply troubled countenance to Lloyd.

"Will—just that do any good?" he queried. "Linda's dreadful bad. I'd rather see her—her die like she is than hurt her out of life. That seems a mortal little to do now."

Jennifer Lloyd steadily met the other's agony of doubt; a sudden determination had crystallized among his warring emotions.

"Gannon," he said in a level voice, "the treatment I have described has been very often used and is often successful; it has a sound scientific base. Though I have never applied it, I am confident of my ability to carry it through. It will take from four days to a week; and I shall need some very simple appliances, most of which I can make myself. . . . Well?"

The young man met Lloyd's gaze for a long breath. Then he extended his hand:

"I wish you'd do it, doc," he said simply.

Coffy climbed abruptly into his carriage.

"Linda'll be dead by this time tomorrow!" he pronounced.

VI

LATE that night Gannon and Jennifer Lloyd consumed a hasty repast of cold bacon, coffee, and dark, salt-raised bread, in a shedlike extension that formed kitchen and dining room. Lloyd drank the coffee black from a tin cup, standing, with a sandwich of bacon in the other hand. He thought for a moment of the extraordinary change that had fallen on him in the past twenty-four hours—from the suave interior of the Harvey Society, the company of its correct members, to this rude room of unfinished boards and the concerned figure with the faded shirt open on a bronzed throat.

"Remember," Lloyd told him concisely—"no questions until the treatment is completed. It is impossible to guess beforehand at the result. It is very late for any effective action; but—I tell you now—your wife has a chance."

The gravity of this meager statement carried more than repeated affirmation the danger of the situation.

Lloyd entered the room where Linda Gannon reclined in a semiupright position on the bed. A small lamp, shaded by a scrap of newspaper, diffused a pale radiance. The countenance against the pillows was drawn, the lips were twisted and dry. He flashed over her a keen, hard glance, missing no detail of her condition, and tested the improvised apparatus of Cottonet's treatment. He made his way from the room and out to the road in front of the house.

Under the immaculate sweep of night the valley lay dim and still. Jennifer Lloyd had never before been conscious of such a vast, primitive hush. It disconcerted him; dwarfed him to an insignificance in which the fact of his failure, which had seemed of such overwhelming importance, became a thing of little moment. A new humility took possession of him.

When the dawn found him by the bed of Linda Gannon he appeared palpably older than he had but a few hours before. This was partly due to the unavoidable disarray of his customary exact niceness of apparel and the stubble of beard on his aggressive chin; but, for the most part, it showed in the diminished intolerance of his gaze, a soft blur of lines at the corners of his eyes.

VII

LATER in the morning Coffy found the two men by the entrance of Gannon's dwelling. The former read at a glance that Simon's wife was still alive. With a curt questioning nod to Lloyd he entered the house; and, a few minutes after, emerged, his brow furrowed by perplexity.

"Linda's stronger than I thought," he said ungraciously, slowly climbing into his vehicle.

He untied the reins from the whipstock and paused for a moment as though to speak further, but suddenly drove off without again opening his lips.

The day dragged, slow and magnificent, to noon, and slowly declined. Simon left for the village that lay beyond the north range, where he was to dispatch communications from Lloyd, and to obtain some simple necessities for the pending slight operation. On his return he confronted Lloyd with a silent, instant anxiety; but the latter made no reassuring sign.

Jennifer Lloyd was unable to tell whether, as he hoped, Nature was heroically responding to his assistance and walling up, isolating by adhesions, the poison in the girl's system.

He was within, sterilizing a hypodermic needle in a spoonful of steaming water, when Simon summoned him to the door.

He saw before the house a dilapidated buggy, gray with neglected, caked mud, and driven by a shriveled old man, lost in a harsh black garb, like the dried kernel of a nut in its shell. At his side sat a child with a mop of mouse-colored hair, a solemn face streaked with dusty woe, and her spindling left shoulder drooping loosely forward, the arm limp and oddly flat at her side.

"This Honoria," the old man shrilly informed Lloyd, "she's put her shoulder out. Coffy can't get it in again, neither. He had a boot off, braced her with his foot, and give a wrench that nigh unmembered her. It wasn't no good. She ain't made natural, he says; but I dunno. I do know nothing would suit but I'd hitch up and drive fifteen mile with her when they heard another was doctoring Linda Gannon. . . . I'll lift her down."

"Don't disturb her," Lloyd returned, and stepped between the wheels of the buggy, lightly fingering the dislocated bone.

He abruptly grasped the loose elbow, and, holding up her forearm with his other hand, swept the elbow out and high up

Digitized by Google

Chocolate Nut Clusters

Lovers of candy the world over know the tempting combination of sweet nut-meats and smooth chocolate. Imagine Nature's favorite kernels clustered and cloaked with the inimitable Johnston blend of chocolate and you are still far from realizing how luscious is this new Johnston creation.

A delight in the "style" of the new box and a captivating pleasure in the "taste" of Chocolate Nut Clusters await your pleasure.

$1.25 the Box

If your dealer cannot supply you send us the money and we will forward a package post-haste—postpaid.

"THE APPRECIATED CHOCOLATES"

Johnston's

MILWAUKEE

80c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 to $5.00 a Box

Delivered TO YOU FREE
on Approval and 30 days' Trial

SEND NO MONEY but write today for our big 1915 catalog of "Ranger" Bicycles, Tires and Sundries at prices so low they will astonish you. Also particulars of our great new offer to deliver you a Ranger Bicycle on one month's free trial without a cent expense to you.

AGENTS you can make money taking orders for bicycles, tires, lamps, sundries, etc., from our big handsome catalog. It's free. It contains "combination offers" for re-fitting your old bicycle like new at very low cost. Also much useful bicycle information. Send for it.

LOWEST PRICES direct to you. No one can offer better values and terms. You cannot afford to buy a bicycle, tires or sundries without *first learning what we can offer you.* Write now.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. T-55, CHICAGO, ILL.

Write today for free catalog
Get the INSIDE Price
White Frost
SANITARY
Refrigerator
ITS PRICE IS IN COST OF ICE.
30 Days Free Trial—Freight Paid
White Frost Refrigerator Co., Dept. E-2, Jackson, Mich.

against the meager chest, and brought her palm sharply back on her right shoulder. There was an audible click, an involuntary cry. . . . He stepped back from the buggy and the old man incredulously surveyed the shoulder returned to its place.

"Goddy!" he exclaimed—"and Coffy pulled himself black in the face! I'll tell this on him—slick as butter!"

Doctor Coffy stopped again at the end of the day, and reappeared from the house more perplexed than before. He stopped at his horses' heads, inventing a cover for his unwilling speech.

"What's the idea of that—in there?" he asked Lloyd.

The latter briefly explained the theory of the action of the slow saline infusion. As he outlined the minute and delicate operations of the involved tract, the impatience reappeared on Coffy's bluff visage. He climbed with surprising agility into his seat and departed, voicing a loud and angry imitation of a duck.

"He's crabbed," Gannon explained in extenuation. "There's scarcely been another doc in the county in ten years. He's got sot."

Jennifer Lloyd slept in short, uneasy half hours through the night, his attention, without a nurse—the neighbor long since departed—constantly required by his patient. As he sank into momentary exhausted somnolence he saw the figure of Simon Gannon, sleepless, watching at the side of his wife.

In the middle of the following day his presence was again demanded on the road. A grim, lantern-jawed woman, sitting bolt upright on a board laid across a small wagon, driving an incredibly ungainly horse, had beside her an inert, sallow man with a heavy woolen scarf about his throat.

"Take a look at him, doc," the woman directed; "he claims to be getting more miserable every day. He can't more'n move round in the sun."

Lloyd's keen, unsparing gaze plunged into the core of the man's misery. He asked, deeply serious:

"Watch yourself? Sleep well, I suppose—windows closed?"

"That's what I told her!" the invalid triumphantly proclaimed. "Folks in my bad shape got to sleep all they kin. I keep the poison night air out, too, doc."

"Enjoy your dinner?"

"Didn't I tell you! Didn't I?" the other cried at the stern visage of his wife. "I need a lot of keeping up."

"And your house—has it a porch?"

"I put one to her before I was took."

Lloyd turned abruptly to the woman.

"Nail some mosquito bar about it and make him sleep there," he ordered. "Get him up with the sun, and eliminate a cooked breakfast."

A swift, indignant surprise swept over the yellow countenance of the subject of these directions. He was about to burst into noisy remonstrances when the woman gave him a sudden and powerful shake.

"You hush!" she said fiercely.

"How's the woodpile?" Lloyd continued significantly.

"Doc," she replied, "I'll tell you the Lord's truth—it just ain't."

Jennifer Lloyd, with a curt nod, indicated the horrified individual beside her. An expression of iron determination settled over her harsh countenance. She produced a small black cotton purse and extracted a battered piece of silver.

"I guess fifty cents is right," she proclaimed, not without a conscious pride in her ready command of the obligation of the situation. An expression of dreamy abstraction overtook Jennifer Lloyd, M. D., Ph. D., Fellow of Royal Societies. She repeated, more sharply: "Ain't fifty cents what it's worth?"

"Yes," he finally responded; "it might be worth that."

The wagon left him silently turning the coin over in his palm. Above the rattle of the wheels the man's voice rose in excited remonstrance; but his wife incontinently cut him short. She said:

"That ain't alone doctoring—it's sense!"

VIII

THROUGH all the remainder of the long, mild spring day a string of mountain vehicles wound over the ridge, down the dusty reach of road to Simon Gannon's, to consult the "big doc." Lloyd observed with increasing interest the primitive, direct people, the complex or simple maladies, that sought his heralded skill. A small store of dingy silver accumulated, dragging

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

Anywhere—everywhere

KODAK

Indoors or out, on your travels or at home, Kodak is at your service. And it means photography with the bother left out.

Ask for the March number of "KODAKERY," the little magazine that we send free, for one year, to all present Kodak purchasers. It tells how, by very simple means, you can make charming and novel silhouettes with your Kodak. It will be sent without charge.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

You don't have to "blow it up"

The Kapo "Neversink" Swim-Wings is the safest and simplest way to learn to swim. More buoyant—and less clumsy than cork. No air bags to leak. Always ready and will last years and years. "Safety-neck-strap" prevents slipping. "Wings" are hinged so that body is always supported when swimming any stroke. You can't capsize—you can't sink with a

KAPO "NEVERSINK" SWIM-WINGS

In crimson or navy blue, for adults and children. Absolutely guaranteed. Two dollars is a mighty small price to pay for this great "swimming-teacher." Get a SWIM-WINGS from your Sporting Goods Dealer or send two dollars direct to us. Send for free Catalog.

American Life Saving Garment Co.
160 Commercial St.
Boston, Mass.

Send for Catalog of these and other Life Saving Garments. Please give your dealer's name.

Going Away This Summer?

If you are going away this Summer and if you want your copies of *The Saturday Evening Post* sent to your new address, notify us three weeks in advance.

The Postoffice Department will not forward copies from one address to another unless your Postmaster or Letter Carrier is notified to do this and postage stamps are left for the purpose.

And when you return

to your town home, don't forget to give us *three weeks' advance* notice so that your address can be changed back again. Always give the old address as well as the new one.

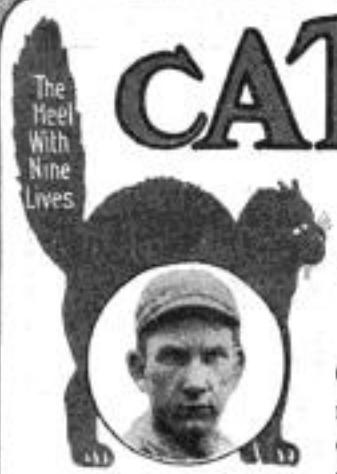
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Digitized by Google

CAT'S PAW

CUSHION

RUBBER HEELS



"I have to use spikes for speed on the field; for comfort on unyielding sidewalks and pavements I use Cat's Paw Rubber Heels. They're great."

Walter J. Maranville

What qualities do you look for—and expect—in a rubber heel?

Comfort, surely—the result of rubber of real resiliency—the kind of rubber that you can rely upon for great durability.

Then again you want safety—positive protection against slipping on wet sidewalks and icy surfaces.

That Foster Friction Plug Prevents Slipping

It stands between millions of people and dangerous, slippery sidewalks. It makes Cat's Paw Heels wear longer, because placed right where the jar and wear come.

If you gave us your own specifications to produce for you a pair of custom made heels to your individual order, we couldn't make a heel more satisfactory in every way than the pair of Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels you get from any dealer for only 50c.—black or tan.

Do you have weak arches? Then you need the Foster Orthopedic Heel, which gives that extra support where needed. Especially valuable to policemen, motormen, conductors, floor walkers and all who are on their feet a great deal. 75c attached of your dealer—or sent postpaid upon receipt of 50c. and outline of your heel.

The name is easy to remember. The heels are easy to find. There are no holes to track mud and dirt. Yet they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

Better get a pair today.

FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street
Boston, Mass.

Originators and patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.

YOUR RAINY-DAY FUND

EVERY man and woman who plays safe sets aside a sum for unexpected expenses. Worry about tomorrow is not one of their trials. They look the future confidently in the eye; there is no trouble in store for them. They have a rainy-day fund set aside for emergencies.

Establish *your* rainy-day fund. If your living cost keeps pace with your income, increase your income and deposit the increase in bank. Thousands are doing it, by selling their spare time to us. We will pay cash for the odd minutes you can give us.

Earn at one and the same time the extra money you need, the insurance it offers against debt and trouble, and the peace of mind it makes possible. Let us explain our offer.

Address your inquiry to

Agency Division, Box 881
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

in his pocket. For the greater number he could temporarily do little; the suffering was largely the result of long-accumulating and ignored ills—evils wrongfully covered up, drowned in drugs, stilled momentarily by hypodermics.

He observed cases of the remarkable ravages of malnutrition and delicately hinged nervous disorders springing from the unrelieved monotony of isolated and introspective minds. A great part of these could be corrected, their repetition avoided, by primary instruction in hygiene, an organization of community interest.

As he sat before the door in the deepening twilight, while Simon prepared their informal evening repast, he thought with a quickening pulse of the virgin field that wild place offered for the scientific practice of medicine; he thought of the vast psychologic problem presented by human existence in the solitude of the great mountainous forms, the untampered conditions of Nature. He realized that such a humanity, ideally situated for observation and treatment, must show, almost within a generation, the benefits of the accurate knowledge and application of modern analytical therapeutics.

His scientific enthusiasm, lately dashed by a deep conviction of failure, once more stirred to life. The obvious course here would be to erect ——

Simon Gannon summoned him to supper.

IX

THE night slipped away and morning found Linda Gannon still alive. Lloyd at least found her no worse; but her face was still dry, her lips twisted, under a hovering blue shadow. She spoke but little, breathed in shallow, fluttering gasps; and in the night she had cried out.

A cold dread lay on Lloyd at the thought of her possible death. Never before had he desired anything so utterly as he did to save Simon's wife. That necessity seemed to have become the paramount issue of his life—the crux of his entire career; before it the fact of his personal catastrophe retreated into oblivion.

Daylight, in its turn, merged imperceptibly into dusk, night; the dark changed into morning. Throughout the day the slow, intermittent procession stopped at the door, drawn by new hope from lonely cabins, far settlements. Jennifer Lloyd did what he could.

The day passed, night commenced. Lloyd realized that the moment was fast approaching when he must put his course to the final test and discover whether he had been successful in segregating the poison sufficiently for draining through a slight incision.

He noted, soon after, an increasing languor, and decided to operate at once. In the rude kitchen, with a shallow pan of boiling water, he made what preparations were possible. They were, he told himself, adequate, but limited.

He crisply informed Simon Gannon of his purpose, noting that the latter's hands and lips were still, his gaze level.

"Bring in all the lamps you possess," Lloyd directed; "but don't light them until we are ready to proceed. Then the basin and that linen; but first wash your hands in the hot water."

Linda Gannon's eyes were shut; she had drooped momentarily from her prescribed position, lost in a fleeting oblivion. The two men stood for a while silently gazing at her weary, girlish form. The dawn glimmered grayly through an unshuttered square of a window.

X

THE sun swept on an aureate tide above the eastern ranges. The April day was brimming with life, with the fragrance of flowering bushes, a lyric, inchoate joy; but there was no joy on the face of Simon Gannon, standing with clenched hands before the door of his dwelling. A slow, involuntary shudder passed over him; a horror burned in the depths of his somber blue gaze. The hair on his forehead was dark—clotted—with sweat. The horse stamped impatiently in the sounding barn; a chicken cackled hysterically from the straw; but the man remained motionless, unheeding.

He heard the door at his back open; a step fell on the stone doorsill. He turned suddenly, like an automaton, with a face as gray and as stony as granite. The question his entire being soundlessly directed at Jennifer Lloyd was aflame with hate.

Lloyd drew a deep inspiration of the pellucid morning air. He said:

"She'll live!"

The loathing died in a swift tide of dusky red on the other's face. He huskily cleared his throat and twice tried vainly to speak. Then:

"Doc, I ——" he stammered, and vanished into the house.

"No disturbance!" Lloyd commanded.

His direction was needless; he found Simon Gannon standing bowed at the foot of the bed on which his wife lay in an exhausted slumber, bathed with the perspiration that spelled life.

Later Jennifer Lloyd sat, relaxed, outside the door that gave on the valley. He was lost in an inward vision. . . . It was interrupted by Gannon, addressing him from within.

"I reckon you'll want to get off," he said.

"Get off!" Lloyd responded, half unconsciously. "Where?" The last word brought him to a sharp realization of the implication in Gannon's remark.

"Where?" he repeated to himself, unable to answer that direct question. . . . Where? To—so far as he was concerned—the cloistered existence of such institutions as the Wagmann Foundation? To the pretensions, the insolence, the fictitious or pampered maladies of Mrs. Doddridge Wagmann's kind? To the jealousies, the contradictions of fellow scientists immersed in narrow interests, impatient of his convictions and labors?

These questions drifted from his mind before the return of the vision momentarily dispelled by Simon's speech. It was not a beautiful vision, an abstraction of life in a radiant nimbus of poetic image. It was simply a mental picture of a bald, squat brick building, disfiguring one of the sylvan slopes about him. From it a chimney rose starkly against the living canopy of green; its portal was severe, its rigid rows of windows were unlovely. It had, too, another quality largely lacking in the visioned ideals of man—Jennifer Lloyd realized his ability to make it an actuality. Not, be added, immediately—in its finished, perfected form; but he could make a very respectable beginning—and at once.

"You'll want to be leaving us," Simon reiterated, lounging in the doorway.

Lloyd rose, ignoring the other in a sudden accession of scientific fervor.

"It will be a small hospital," he cried, "but modern! A unique situation—a great use!"

Coasting Recorders

WATCH the motorman of a street car to see how much he coasts the car—that is, lets it run along on its momentum, with the power turned off. If he succeeds in coasting a considerable part of his trip he is saving much money for his company, though it is easier for him to have the car all the time either under power or under brakes. In crowded streets the motorman has little chance to coast, because he must make quick starts and stops. It is the quick stops that use up the electric current, because the brakes are applied to stop the momentum, and that momentum has been obtained at the cost of much current.

A simple little machine to watch the motorman in this respect has come into use rapidly of late, taking the name of "coasting recorder." Every time the car coasts without power a wheel in the recorder turns round, and the instrument marks the time on a moving strip of paper. At the end of the trip the strip is taken out, to be examined later by clerks who are skilled in interpreting the marks and can quickly tell how much coasting was accomplished on that trip.

The kind of trip has much to do with the amount of coasting. If a car is behind time or is running in crowded streets the motorman's chances of coasting are slight. However, the average amount of coasting that can be expected reasonably on any run is soon understood by the motormen and the clerks, and gives a fair comparison of the economy of various motormen when many runs are considered.

Considerable sums have been saved in recent months by some street railroads that have adopted these recorders, and thus have been able to obtain the coöperation of the motormen in learning the lesson of the paper strips. Companies that buy power outright, of course, have a direct saving in electricity which must be purchased, if the motormen succeed in doing more coasting; while companies that make their own electricity profit on their coal bills and perhaps succeed in postponing the day for building larger power plants.

Digitized by Google

A famous Boston jewelry store of over half a century ago.

Cromwell Pattern

"That's the make of silver-plate that we received when we were married, and we still have some that was mother's"

At the best stores you will be offered to-day as the leading brand of silver-plate the same make that merchants of fifty years and more ago recommended to their customers.

It is quite the proper thing to start housekeeping with 1847 ROGERS BROS. "Silver Plate that Wears".

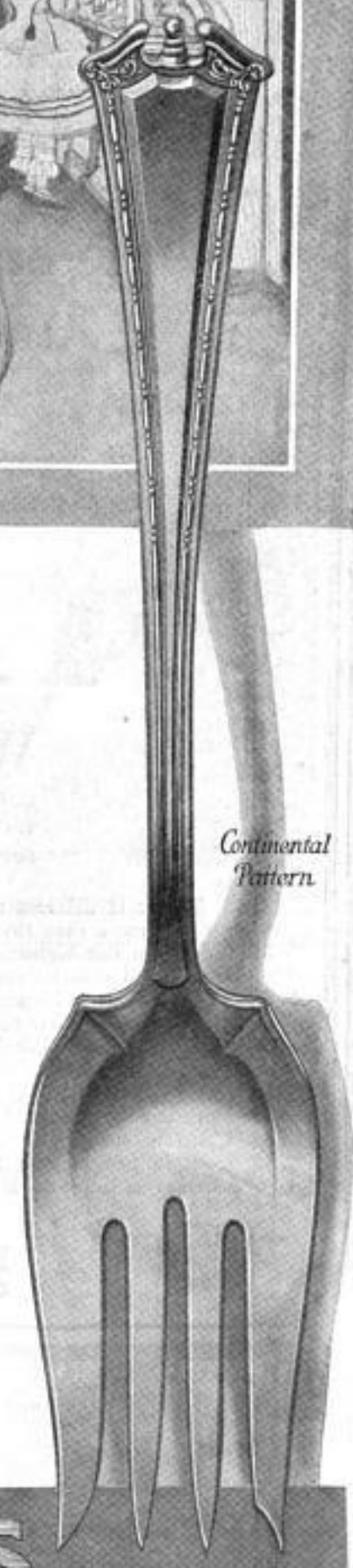
Sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years.

At leading dealers. Send for illustrated Catalogue "E-90."

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.
Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.

NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO HAMILTON, CANADA

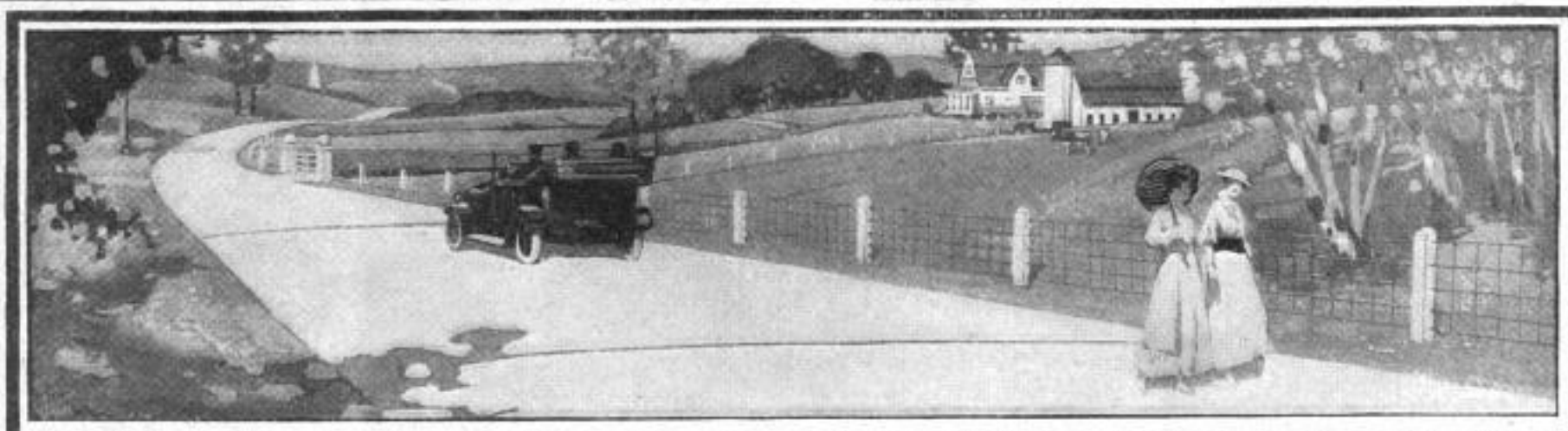
The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate
Full line exhibited at Panama-Pacific Exposition



Continental Pattern

1847 ROGERS BROS.
"Silver Plate that Wears"

Digitized by Google



Present Day Traffic Demands Concrete Roads

WITHIN fifteen years traffic conditions have changed more than in fifteen centuries. The use of the automobile has brought with it the urgent need for permanent road construction. Dirt or Macadam roads were good enough for ironshod vehicles that rarely moved faster than eight miles per hour, because the fine dust these vehicles ground out served as a binder to the surface of the road.

Traffic is different today. According to official figures there are now more than two million motor vehicles (pleasure cars and trucks) on our highways. These high-powered, heavily loaded, rubber-tired vehicles shear the surface of Macadam roads, throw out the stones and scatter the "binder" dust—modern traffic tears to pieces in no time the dirt or Macadam roads which met traffic requirements satisfactorily fifteen years ago.

The Concrete road made with Lehigh Cement costs but little more a mile than a Macadam road. Hanson, an authority on Concrete roads, tells us that the yearly upkeep of Macadam roads in five Eastern States in 1912 exceeded $800 per mile; whereas a mile of 16-foot-wide Concrete road, according to this same famous authority, costs approximately $50.00 per mile per year to maintain.

The Concrete road is the most economical and most practical for modern traffic; it is the road that is good in winter, dry in the spring, dustless in summer; automobiles do not skid upon it in rainy weather; it is the road that is free from ruts and holes, the road for every season, every requirement, every kind of service, and it will last indefinitely.

Build your road of permanent Concrete made with Lehigh Cement and free yourself from the burden of annual road taxes for repairs and maintenance. Not only will your investment prove economical, but your hauling costs will be reduced and your property values will increase.

Concrete for Permanence

LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

Chicago, Ill. **Allentown, Pa.** **Spokane, Wn.**

LEHIGH CEMENT

Digitized by Google

BANZAI—AND THEN WHAT?

(Continued from Page 8)

has a blade of great thinness and keenness. It slits the envelope in such a manner that the cut is barely perceptible along the edge of the envelope. Then the writing is taken out, read, copied, and replaced or destroyed; and the edges are rubbed and stuck together by the machine in such a way that the fact that they have been cut is not discernible.

I asked this man why they went to such great trouble.

"Everybody who knows anything about the inside workings of the Japanese Government knows that all letters they want to read are opened and read anyhow. Why take such elaborate precautions to hide that fact?" I said.

"My dear sir," he replied, "it is contrary to the practice of our government to disclose these things."

That is probably the fact, but it is not contrary to the theory of the government to do them; and it is not very hard to find out about how they are done, either, provided one knows people. Of course, since Japan as the ally of Great Britain went to war with Germany, certain censorship restrictions over the mails and telegrams are justifiable; but Japan did not wait for such a war. Japan always has opened letters—not so many as now, probably, but enough to keep a linguist, whose identity has long been known in Tokio, employed busily. No one can object if a government opens letters that may contain information of use to an enemy; but why should letters be opened indiscriminately?

Let a man whose business is not definitely stated by him the moment he arrives go to any city in Japan, and there will be secret-service men set after him immediately. Every petty detail will be communicated to some secret head and set down painstakingly in some secret record. His trunks are likely to be opened. The boy in his room at his hotel is likely to be a spy. Every move will be watched. A man I know could do it told me he would get me a complete record of my comings and goings in Japan for a hundred yen. I told him it was not worth it.

To cite a concrete instance of the sort of things they do: If leading American citizens, who stand high in their communities and who gayly go to the Yoshiwara, in Tokio or in any other Japanese city, knew that Article Twenty-two, of the law relating to the conduct of these places of segregated vice, reads as follows: "The following particulars shall be entered minutely in the books of the houses in accordance with the regulations, that is: *a*—Amount of earnings; *b*—Residences, names, ages, appearance, style of dress, and so on, of guests"—it is quite likely there would be fewer visits to those interesting places, inasmuch as all this information goes to the government employees and is filed for future reference.

A Nobleman in Buttons

Any man you meet may be listening for governmental purposes to what you say or because of that national curiosity; but in case you say anything you should not, whether the listener is a regular secret agent or not, he goes and reports your conversation to somebody, for that is the first duty of all Japanese—to tell what they hear.

There are always some of these agents about the big hotels. They act as room boys, as bar boys, as waiters, and in any other capacity that will put them in contact with the guests. In the days of the Russian War the correspondents who were held in Tokio were accustomed to relate their opinions of the Japanese in front of a certain bar, and each night complete reports of what they said were transmitted to the War Office. The bar boys were secret agents, you see.

It is the same at present. A constant espionage is maintained. It is unobtrusive. It never offends. It is smiling and Japanese, but it is petty. It does not discriminate. I wonder what they do with all the piffling information they get.

When Dr. Shaller Mathews was here he said, in a speech at a dinner at which Baron Kato, the Foreign Minister, was present, that one thing the Americans were convinced of was that Japan maintains a large number of spies in the United States. Probably Japan does. I remember once, a few summers ago, a friend of mine who runs several hotels in the West had occasion to engage a Japanese as a messenger. This Japanese could speak English, was expert at figures, and wrote a copperplate hand. There was no place for him but messenger, and he took that, put on a plum-colored suit, and answered the buzzer faithfully.

We called him Togo. Presently Togo became enamored of one of the waitresses. Right there Togo forgot his position. In order to make an impression on the waitress he went to a photographer and asked him to make some prints from some photographic films he had. The photographer made the prints and was astonished to find that they showed Mr. Togo, the boy who wore the plum-colored suit and waited on the bell, standing on the bridge of a Japanese battleship, clad in a silk hat and a frock coat, with the insignia of a Japanese order on his breast, and between two Japanese officers, both in full naval uniform. There is a large American military post not far from the place where Togo officiated.

Government Control of Newspapers

The Japanese not only spy on foreigners but they spy on one another. "I'll be glad to get home," said a foreign diplomatist to me. "I shall be glad to get to some place where I can talk and not think that somebody is listening to every word I say in order to make a report to some government official."

Moreover, the very Japanese Government officials are watched by other Japanese officials and their spies. It is a lovely system of mutual espionage. And it amounts to nothing in most cases—that is, three-quarters of the spying done is trifling in its results.

Another thing shows their cleverness: They allow the spy impressions to spread, and thus create an atmosphere of fear that saves them a lot of trouble. If a man thinks he is being watched he will be careful. It is not at all unlikely that the Japanese use this phase of human nature at times. They are an adroit people. They create an atmosphere and let the atmosphere do the work.

Their censorship of news is direct and definite, however. The police attend to that. Formal orders or telephone orders from the police department telling the newspapers not to print this or that are of almost daily occurrence. The entire Japanese Navy was reorganized without a word in the papers about it. Two big scandals in religious circles—one Shinto and one Buddhist—were suppressed. The order suppressing one of these scandals was quite long, and closed with this particularly Japanese paragraph:

"And, in addition to the above, it is expressly forbidden that anything of any nature whatsoever shall be printed tending to show or state or intimate that there has been any scandal at any temple in Japan."

They suppressed all news of a big dispute between the Russians and the Japanese merchants who sold certain fabrics and rice to the Russians. They held out the dispatch of additional troops to Manchuria for several days. They suppress not only governmental matters but anything that, in the light of their opinion of their standing outside, will tend to lower that estimate which they think the rest of the world has of them.

Their control of the press is absolute; and, of course, they have as absolute control of the cables and telegraph wires, and of the mails. Also, they maintain an official press bureau which sends out such news as they want to go out. They have a reasonably complete grip on that sort of thing.

I quote an order issued last September showing how complete their censorship is:

"By an official order of the Navy Department the following additions have been made to the clauses of the press censorship: Matters concerning the naval movements of the ally in war, which have some reference to the naval strategies of the empire; plans of war; organizations of fleets and ships, their duties, present condition and movements; employing of transports, their crews, their present condition and their movements; whereabouts of fleets and transport ships, and their departure and arrival; as to goods ordered for service; the naval preparations and defenses in naval stations and along the coast; present condition of the various companies engaged in manufacturing war materials for the navy by order of the naval arsenal and the Navy Department; the positions and

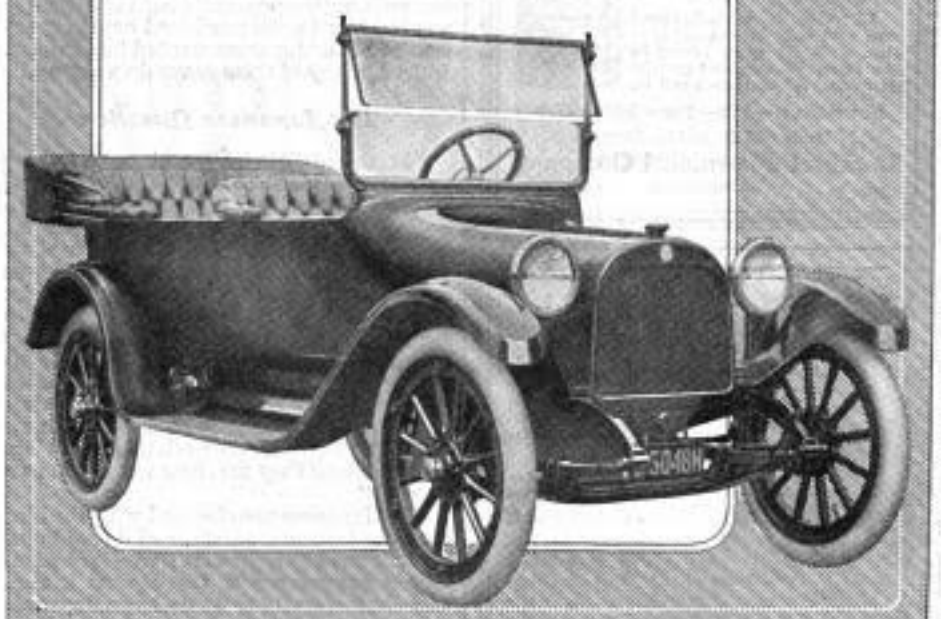
DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CAR

The owner's pride in this car is abundantly justified by the grace and symmetry of its lines

The body, finished in ebony black, with its pure streamline from tonneau to radiator—the oval moulded fenders—the graceful cowl and shapely hood—the enameled instrument board, completely equipped with gauges, starting and lighting switches, speedometer, etc.—are all distinctive features.

The motor is 35–35 horsepower
The price of the car complete is $785
(f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



IF YOU'RE A LIVE BOY
we want to hear from you.

Thousands of boys all over the country are making lots of money selling *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Country Gentleman* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* after school hours and on Saturdays. You can do the same thing. Besides the profits, we're giving thousands of the sort of premiums that a boy wants. If you'd like to try it send us a line. Address

SALES DIVISION, BOX 877
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

Digitized by Google

Sunburn, chafing and other minor skin irritations may be quickly overcome by bathing the affected parts with

LISTERINE

Listerine has been used and appreciated by particular people everywhere for 33 years.

It is the strongest antiseptic that may be safely used by every member of the family.

Listerine regularly used as a tooth and mouth wash will retard decay of the teeth and keep the mouth and gums in a healthy condition.

Listerine promotes the flow of saliva which neutralizes mouth acids.

The circular around the bottle describes its many uses.

Listerine is manufactured and sold only in original bottles, with our name blown in the glass. Be sure and get the genuine. All druggists sell it.

Four Sizes—15c—25c—50c—$1.00

Made and Owned in America

Lambert Pharmacal Company

St. Louis Laboratories: Toronto

"Still Hard—
and I haven't pumped it up for months!"

A VITALIC rider said that—a man with a gilt-edge tire investment.

They don't leak air—that's what every rider likes about the Vitalic.

An inner tube of extra heavy pure rubber; two plies of unbreakable motorcycle fabric; a non-skid tread of pure rubber—all blend to make

VITALIC
Bicycle (VITALIC) Tires
(Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

the Dependable Tire—the tire you can *afford* to buy—the Thousand Mile Tire plus.

There's a deal of homely wisdom in "The Man Who Rode on His Rims"—a little story we will gladly send for the asking.

CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS
1904 Liberty Street
Erie, Pa.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

names of the bases or gathering places; the same regulations as to aëroplanes." The order concludes: "Besides the foregoing, anything that has not been made public by the government and has direct or indirect reference to naval secrets."

Now when you think that similar orders are issued with reference to the army, and that similar orders are issued with reference to anything and everything the government does not want printed, you can see how this phase of it works out—a right tight little censorship. And it is in force all the time—not only when Japan is at war but when Japan is at peace. Hence, though anything that happens in the United States may be and is printed in Japan, nothing that happens in Japan which the Japanese Government does not want printed—unless it is smuggled out—is printed in the United States; and hence, again, a good deal that the Japanese Government does want printed is printed in our country. They catch us coming and going when it comes to publicity.

Their methods when a distinguished American gets to Japan are interesting and efficacious. The Japanese are the most charming hosts. Their hospitality is unbounded; their courtesy is unexampled; their attentions are flattering; their polite recognition and deference are alluring to the susceptible. The Japanese capture a distinguished American without half trying. They have become experts at the game.

The distinguished American is kept constantly on the move; is entertained until his own appreciation of himself grows immeasurably; is taken here and there; is made much of; in certain cases, deemed most important by the Japanese, presented to the Emperor or given a decoration; is flattered and handled so skillfully that he leaves the country in a haze of happy delight over the wonders he has been shown and the wonderful courtesy and hospitality of the showing. And until he is on his way home he never wakes up to the fact that he has seen nothing except what the Japanese wanted him to see, nor heard anything except what the Japanese wanted him to hear. Indeed, many of them never do wake up.

The Japanese Question

"It was delightful," said one of these amiable gentlemen to me. "I never enjoyed myself so much. Every time I wanted to go anywhere there was an automobile at my disposal, and a Japanese official to show me about and explain things to me. I was constantly attended and made comfortable; and I was given unexampled opportunities for seeing Japan, and guided to all the points of interest, and had the real Japanese spirit explained to me by cultivated Japanese officials and scholars. My view of Japan has entirely changed. I now realize how great is the work they are doing, how patriotic they are, how wonderful as a people!"

The Japanese are obsessed with the idea that the Japanese question—I do not know what it is, but they call it that—is of paramount importance to the United States, and that everything we do has a Japanese slant.

They hand out gravely—the government, I mean—items about some country legislator who introduces a bill in some legislature which, either remotely or directly, as they construe it, has a bearing on them and their complete recognition by the United States; items as inconsequential as local municipal proceedings.

While I was in Japan the papers printed stories about an explosive that was found under the Japanese pavilion at the San Francisco Exposition, which turned out to be nothing at all; and an item about some indignity that was heaped on Admiral Dewa because some railroad hands confused his name with that of our own Admiral Dewey. This, too, was a canard; and I do not mean to say the government gave them out. But I do know that if similar things had originated in Japan they would not have been printed in America—and, further, that the government did not stop the publication of these.

They treat these matters as solemnly as though they were of tremendous international importance. A comic paper printed in Osaka had a cartoon about the first of March showing China taking refuge from Japan under an umbrella made out of the Stars and Stripes. That symbolizes a general Japanese idea, which is that the United States, being so jealous of the growing power of Japan, will rush to the defense of China. So far, the United States has not rushed; but Japan thinks our country undoubtedly will. They asked me about that, and I told them that the United States would be many years older than now before our country would go to war over a commercial proposition in China or any other country.

Baron Kato on Germany

"But," they protested, "do you mean to say that the United States isn't jealous of Japan's growing power?"

"Not a bit," I replied; "not a bit!"

Nobody, I know, is in the dark about what Japan intends to do in China—or wants to do, rather. Let Baron Kato, Minister of Foreign Affairs, the frankest of all Japanese, albeit he is rather anti-American, tell about it. Baron Kato has a sort of superior, supercilious English view of the United States, arising from the natural suspiciousness of his race and his long stay in England.

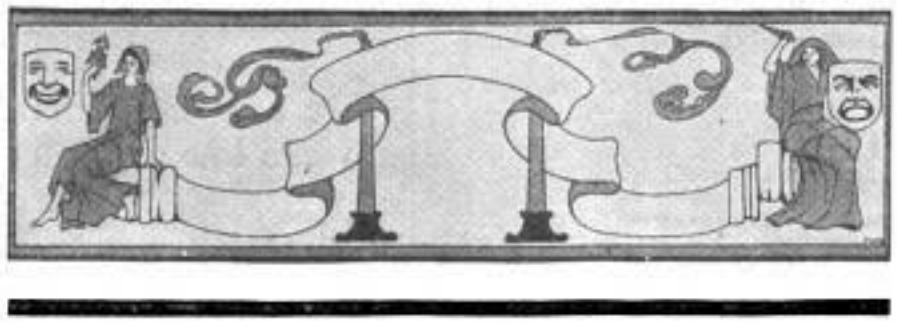
He said the participation in the present war by Japan is beneficial to Japan because "Germany is an aggressive European Power that had secured a foothold on one corner of the province of Shan-tung. This is a great menace to Japan. Furthermore, Germany had forced Japan to return the peninsula of Liao-tung under the plausible pretense of friendly advice. Because of the pressure brought to bear on us, Japan had to part with the legitimate fruits of war, bought with the blood of our fellow countrymen. Revenge is not justifiable, either in the case of an individual or a nation; but when, by coincidence, one can attend to his duty and at the same time pay an old debt the opportunity certainly should be seized."

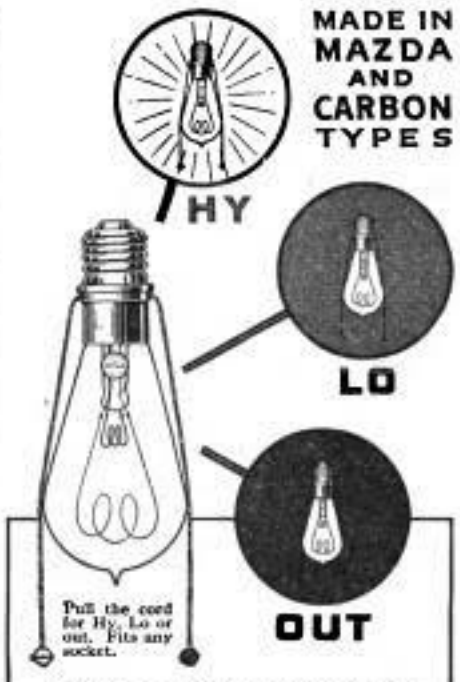
Taking all these things into consideration, the one remaining feature of Japan's nationalism that is responsible for her attitude toward us is her militarism.

When Japan, in the Japanese view, decided to be a World Power, Japan, of course, copied the militarism of other World Powers. She organized an army and a navy. World Powers have armies and navies; so Japan developed a very efficient army and the nucleus of a navy. With these two machines comes Japan's underlying idea that she can do things she cannot do; for, with her army, as with everything else, she has been flattered out of all proportion.

And the disconcerting thing about it all is that the United States has been so largely deluded—and has had nervous chills over a Yellow Peril: a Yellow Peril that has one leg manacled with a billion-dollar debt, the other leg manacled with a tax rate that is practically confiscatory, and carries on its shoulders a population that is largely only two meals ahead of hunger—the United States, which, by virtue of her generous custom, keeps Japan going, and without which Japan would flatten commercially in an hour.

Japan is not the only place that needs a national sense of proportion. Quite a supply of that commodity could be used to great advantage in the United States of America—and especially in Washington, D. C.





Lightens Your Light Bill

Put a Hylo lamp in your bathroom. When you want a little light, turn it down and leave it. Current costs almost nothing. Big light ready at the pull of the cord. Another pull puts it out. You need a Hylo in your bedroom, nursery, kitchen, pantry, hall and library too. Fine for porches and summer homes.

HYLO
National Quality
Fully Guaranteed

TWO SIZES—TWO PRICES:

Carbon Hylo	8 c. p. HY; 1-2 c. p. LO / 16 c. p. HY; 1 c. p. LO	each 60c
Mazda Hylo	25 watts HY; 5 watts LO / 60 watts HY; 5 watts LO	each 90c

Made also in 32 volts (Mazda only) for storage battery private lighting plants.
Sold by Lighting Companies, Electric, Hardware and Department Stores everywhere.

MADE IN U. S. A. BY

Economical Electric Lamp Division
National Lamp Works of General Electric Co.
25 West Broadway New York City

Soda Fountains Are Made More Beautiful and Efficient With

SNUG-SEATS

SNUG-SEATS are handsome table sets finished in any wood and ideally adapted for use in soda fountains, tea rooms, homes, lunch rooms, clubs, etc., particularly where space is limited. Solidly made and beautifully finished; neat and exceptionally comfortable. The four middle-seat, sit-right chairs allow greatest seating capacity for space occupied when in use; and when unoccupied, fit snugly and compactly under table. SNUG-SEATS occupy far less space and seat more people than ordinary sets. One druggist, O. B. Hancock, French Lick, Indiana, writes: "*SNUG-SEATS have given us complete satisfaction and have caused more favorable comment than anything we have ever had in store.*" Hundreds of other testimonials for the asking.

Money-Back Guarantee—Ask Your Jobber or Write for Catalogue

SNUG-SEATS are sold for cash or on installments. If your jobber can't supply you, write us direct. We ship subject to approval.

W. B. McLEAN MFG. CO.
700 Herron Ave, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FREE Book

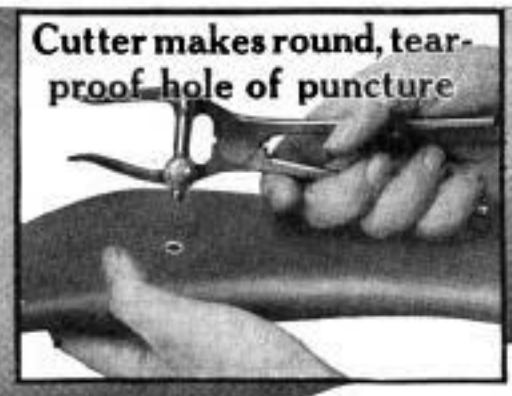
Send for "About Dogs—their Care and Feeding." Costs nothing; tells secrets of clear eye, glossy coat, sound muscle.

Sent with sample Austin's Dog Bread Free. Give your dealer's name, please.

Austin Dog Bread & Animal Food Co., 257 Marginal St. Chelsea, Mass.

Digitized by Google

For Punctures *and* Small Blow-Outs



Repaired Forever in 1½ Minutes

Read Special Offer

Skeptics, attention! No, you have not tried it before. No, you have not used something just like it. No, we could not afford to advertise this way until we had proved every claim.

Repairing a tube with a Sampson Plug is easier and quicker than looking at these pictures. You find the puncture or blow-out. Push into it the cone-shaped cutting point on side of tool. Press arms of tool together and you have a smooth, round hole which can't tear. Insert plier-ends of tool into hole, stretching it so lower half of plug slips in. Screw down plug with threaded bolt. *That's all.* No cement—no cleaning, no patches, no vulcanizing.

The puncture or blow-out is repaired forever. You cannot help doing a perfect job the first time you try.

Now, Mr. Skeptic—why that cynical smile? "The edges of the plug will cut the tube," you say? Well, you do know something about rubber. You've hit on the only real difficulty of repairing an innertube—the reason why other plugs are unsatisfactory. A *hard edge will* cut rubber every time.

Notice that word "Feather-edge"? It means a lot. The edge of a Sampson Plug is pure, soft rubber—purer and more elastic than the tube itself.

A Sampson Plug—*absolutely—will—not—cut—the—tube.* It is put into the tube exactly as a valve is put in—with a reinforcement of soft rubber.

Guaranteed

Sampson Plugs are guaranteed never to leak—not to affect the shoe in any way—not to cut, injure or shorten life of the tube. Money will be refunded if you are not satisfied. *You be the judge.*

With a Sampson Plug Outfit in your repair kit, the dread of punctures and small blow-outs is gone forever. When you have once repaired a tube with it, you will no more be without Sampson Plugs than you would be without a wrench.

We have made millions of plugs for bicycle tires, but the Sampson is our first successful plug for automobiles and motorcycles.

We are supplying dealers as rapidly as possible and prefer that you buy of your local merchant if possible. If, however, your dealer has not yet stocked it, owing to its recent introduction, we will sell you an outfit direct, prepaying carriage charges.

Generous Introductory Offer

As an inducement to ordering from us at once, we will present you, as a gift, the handsome radiator cap "Safety First" emblem, illustrated in lower left corner. It is a heavy die casting, richly finished in green and white enamel and polished nickel. "Safety First" is on each side for both driver and pedestrian to read. Measures 3" x 3⅛". Sells at retail for 75c, but will be included for a very short time with each $2.50 outfit which you order from us, after not finding it at your dealer's.

This gift is not included with outfits purchased of dealers, and we shall give it only to those sending us coupon on this page, in order to get Sampson Plugs quickly in use all over the country. The emblem will not be offered again at less than 75c.

Remember that you are at perfect liberty to return the outfit and emblem to us at any time and get your money back if you are not satisfied. You take no chance. Act at once and get the emblem.

No Cement No Cleaning

SAMPSON Feather-Edge Innertube Plug

Can't Cut Tube

Motorcycle Outfit

We also put up a smaller outfit for motorcyclists at $1.50. "Safety First" emblem is not included with this $1.50 outfit.

A $2.50 Sampson Feather-edge Innertube Plug Outfit consists of forged steel tool and twelve plugs of assorted sizes, packed in a black enamel box. Motorcycle $1.50 outfit consists of tool and six plugs in a stout wallet.

Please use coupon in ordering if you wish the "Safety First" emblem.

Radiator Cap Emblem

THIS FREE

Beautifully finished in nickel and green and white enamel. Only given away with coupon offer.

STEVENS & CO. (Established 1899)

Manufacturers and Distributors to Wholesalers of Bicycle, Motorcycle and Automobile Accessories

375 Broadway New York City

In Canada, Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., Toronto

75c Emblem Given with $2.50 Outfit SEE OFFER

STEVENS & CO.
375 Broadway, New York City

Enclosed find $2.50. Send Sampson Plug Outfit and "Safety First" Emblem.

Name_____

City_____

County_____

State_____

Digitized by Google

SAN-TOX Quality Forbids Price Cutting—and We Won't Cut the Quality

There are degrees of quality—on toilet and household preparations there is the SAN-TOX quality. This has reached the highest point obtainable. SAN-TOX quality is not hidden—it is immediately apparent at the very first test. There are upwards of 125 toilet and household preparations bearing the quality name

San-Tox

The Public Service Line

No matter which SAN-TOX preparation you test—tooth paste or powder, talc or cold cream, hair tonic, toilet water or antiseptic, shaving lotion or liquid green soap, etc.—you will have the utmost in quality and economy, as pennies saved on such preparations are danger pennies. Go to a SAN-TOX dealer—you know him; there is one in nearly every locality everywhere. He will guarantee the purity and quality of every SAN-TOX preparation and will cheerfully refund your money if you are not pleased. You see he can only make a profit on SAN-TOX by satisfying you. His only selling argument is quality and satisfaction guaranteed. He cannot cut the price.

SAN-TOX Price Same Everywhere

They are priced as low as they can be sold. There can be no sales or cut rates on SAN-TOX—the quality forbids. If you have never tested a SAN-TOX toilet specialty or household preparation there is a treat in store for you. No other preparations are just like them. You will be delighted with the difference. The name SAN-TOX on the blue package with the Nurse Head is your protection. The Nurse Head in the druggist's window points out to you the SAN-TOX dealer. No druggist can become a SAN-TOX dealer before he has personally investigated the merit of SAN-TOX. Thus he can safely guarantee your satisfaction, knowing you will be pleased and a permanent friend to SAN-TOX preparations—the quality fascinates.

SAN-TOX preparations are never handled by jobbers. They are shipped direct from the DePree Laboratories at Holland, Michigan, only to appointed SAN-TOX druggists. Before any druggist is accepted as a SAN-TOX dealer he is obliged to undergo rigid investigation for straightforward, safe and correct drug-store principles. SAN-TOX dealers everywhere have proved themselves to be dependable Public Service institutions.

THE DEPREE CHEMICAL COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILL. HOLLAND, MICH.

The Sign of the Nurse Points Out the SAN-TOX Druggists
Is this the best TALCUM for baby?
Yes, ma'am, any preparation that has this Nurse Trade-Mark is the best you can buy. We guarantee it!

Digitized by Google

PERFECTLY NEUTER

(Continued from Page 11)

"I got no excuse to offer you for interrupting you when you are so busy, Sammet," he began.

"We are just so busy as you or anybody else, Potash," Leon retorted; "which you know as well as I do, Potash, the way business is nowadays, a feller couldn't sell diamonds for the price of paving blocks."

"I ain't saying we are doing more business as you, Sammet," Abe protested. "All I called to see you about was Jacob Polongin, of Portland."

Leon shrugged impatiently.

"A feller which is suspicious about such a concern would try to sell C. O. D. to Marshall Field oder J. P. Morgan," he remarked satirically. "Jacob Polongin is an A Number One house, Potash, and you shouldn't ought to need me to tell you that."

"Don't I know it?" Abe said. "All I ask you is you should give me a couple of dollars for the widders and orphans from soldiers *von unser Leute im Russland*, because Polongin asks me I should make such a collection for him; and ——"

"Polongin wants for me to give to Russian soldiers money?" Sammet interrupted.

"Well, he didn't say you exactly," Abe replied; "but he writes me I should collect among the trade."

"Show me the letter," Sammet said.

"I got the letter home," Abe answered; "but I would bring it down here tomorrow and show it to you, Sammet. Also, Sammet, if you're afraid I wouldn't give you credit for it, Sammet, I could assure you I ain't so small as all that."

"But Polongin ain't ——"

"Sure, I know," Abe hurried on. "You are going to say the same like Sol Klinger did—Polongin ain't a customer of yours, Sammet; *aber* that don't make no difference to me. Give up for fifty dollars, Sammet, and I would tell Polongin all about it. Believe me, I ain't trying to hog his whole trade, Sammet. If you could sell him a bill of goods you are welcome, for all of me."

Sammet looked suspiciously at Abe.

"Do you mean to told me that Klinger give you fifty dollars for them Russlanders?" Sammet said.

"Not fifty dollars exactly," Abe replied. "The fact is, he asked me not to say nothing about it—in particular to Polongin."

"Well, if that's so," Sammet said, "I would also give you a little money, Potash. *Aber* what's fair for one is fair for all, Potash. And you should give Sol Klinger just so much credit to Polongin as you give me."

He pulled a five-dollar bill from a roll he drew from his trousers pocket and handed it to Abe.

"Sure, I would give credit to Klinger," Abe declared as he tucked away the bill with Klinger's two dollars. "Everybody says when they give money to charity that they don't want it to be known, Sammet, and they get awful sore if the information don't leak out somehow."

He extended his right hand to Sammet, who shook it limply.

"I'm much obliged to you," Abe said.

"Don't mention it!" Sammet replied with an enigmatical grin. "Any time I can do you and Klinger something like this I would be only too pleased."

IV

BEFORE Abe finally reached the specialty store of Simon Kittler on Thirty-fourth Street he had visited, with varying results, Louis Elenbogen, Birsky & Zapp, Polatkin & Scheikowitz, and four others of his competitors. Louis Elenbogen had contributed three dollars, with the comment that he was glad to do so, so long as Klinger and Sammet were in it too. Birsky & Zapp had declined emphatically, after discussing the responsibility of the Russian throne for Russian political and economic conditions in terms so personal to the Czar, Grand Duke Nicholas, and, last but not least, Abe Potash and Morris Perlmutter, that Abe was unable even to mention the name of Jacob Polongin in connection with his charitable scheme.

Polatkin & Scheikowitz and the four other competitors were equally divided between the examples of Louis Elenbogen and Birsky & Zapp, with the result that when Abe entered Simon Kittler's office he had grown too mentally confused to cope with that experienced philanthropist. Thus, instead of Kittler's contributing to Abe's collection, he forestalled Abe with so moving a picture of distress among the colonists in Palestine that, before Abe could begin his appeal, he had signed a check to Kittler's order for twenty dollars.

Immediately thereafter Kittler was called away by his store superintendent, and, after waiting twenty minutes for his return, Abe was compelled to leave. It was nearly six o'clock when he reëntered his place of business, where he found Morris, with his hat and overcoat, at the point of departure for his home.

"*Na*, loafer, where was you?" Morris demanded. "Fooling away the entire afternoon over nothing!"

Except for a savage glare Abe ignored the greeting and sat down at his desk.

"Miss Feingut!" he called to the bookkeeper, who also exercised the functions of a stenographer. "Take down a letter."

Miss Feingut came from her office, and Abe smiled grimly at the sight of the hat and street coat she wore. "Also keeps union hours!" he said, glancing from Miss Feingut to Morris.

"Did you want me to take some dictation?" Miss Feingut asked in such even tones that her finger nails nearly drew blood from the palm of her left hand.

"I do," Abe said, "if it ain't going to upset your whole plans, Miss Feingut. I want to dictate a letter to Jacob Polongin, 2432-4-6-8-10 and 12 North Clinton Avenue, Portland. Dear sir!"

He paused and cleared his throat.

"In reply to your wife's favor to my wife, received to-day," he continued, "would say—our Mr. Potash can report good results with collecting for your widders and orphans. He seen several concerns this afternoon, with good results."

"That's twice you got there 'good results,'" Morris commented.

"——with good results," Abe repeated. "Hoping to see you in the store Thursday, when we will turn over the results of the collecting; and oblige yours truly ——"

"That's now three times you got 'results,'" Morris said.

"All right," Abe retorted solemnly; "if you ain't satisfied with the way I am dictatin' letters, Mawruss, go and get President Wilson for a partner. I said results three times because I got results three times—even five times, Mawruss, which I ain't trying to throw no bluffs to Jacob Polongin that I am a big *Melammed*. I am trying to tell him something—that he should come in here the day after tomorrow and buy from us a bill of goods."

He turned to Miss Feingut.

"Sign the firm's name to this letter," he said, "and mail it to-night. I would be late to-morrow morning, Mawruss, as I am going to stop on my way down town and see Kittler and a few other people."

They parted without further hostilities; and the following morning, armed with Mrs. Polongin's letter, Abe once more entered the specialty store of Simon Kittler.

"Mr. Kittler," he said after he had been admitted to the presence of that astute philanthropist, "I want you should read this letter from Mrs. Polongin, the wife of Jacob Polongin, of Portland."

He handed the missive to Kittler, who glanced over it hurriedly.

"That's all right," Kittler said. "It's a well-written letter."

"Sure, I know," Abe agreed; "but the point is I am collecting for Mr. and Mrs. Polongin, on account of them widders and orphans, Mr. Kittler. And I don't know how many times I am giving up for all them homes and asylums you are running, Mr. Kittler."

"You've always shown the right spirit," Kittler agreed; "but, though I have the utmost sympathy for the Teutonic Allies, as a native-born American citizen I feel it my duty to remain neutral, and I cannot see my way clear to helping the widows of German soldiers."

"But Polongin's widders is from Russian soldiers—not German soldiers," Abe insisted.

Kittler looked again at the letter.

"This letter," he said, "refers to German soldiers."

"What!" Abe cried in tones so anguished that even Kittler's coldly philanthropic heart was touched.

"Perhaps you've handed me the wrong letter," he said. "This one reads:

"'*My dear Mrs. Potash:* Won't you ask your husband to aid us in raising funds to

Send for this Interesting Book

It shows how you can make the walls and ceilings of your home artistically beautiful and permanent

"All Through the House with Upson Board" pictures an Upsonized home—shows how every room in *your* home, from kitchen to garret, can be made inviting, cheerful, beautiful. If you are thinking about building a new home, or replastering and repapering old, cracked walls and ceilings, do not fail to send for a copy of this interesting and valuable book.

Upson Board can be used in every kind of building—new or old.

It can be applied directly to new studding or over old plaster or to skeleton partitions.

It is more durable than plaster and cheaper than wood or steel. It shortens the time of building or repairing, as it can be applied in one-third the time of plaster. There is no muss, dirt or litter to clean up. It can never crack, chip or fall. It is sanitary and can be washed like woodwork.

We cannot caution you too strongly to be on your guard against inferior imitations of

UPSON PROCESSED BOARD

It is to your interest to insist upon getting it, because Upson Board possesses the good qualities of other wall boards, and five vitally important features of its own.

Upson Board is the only board processed by the original Upson method, which KILN CURES or thoroughly seasons every panel to minimize shrinkage or expansion.

Upson Board is also WATERPROOFED and SURFACE FILLED, which makes unnecessary a priming coat, which should save you at least $5.00 per room.

Upson Board should also save you at least another five dollars per room, because two coats of paint will always finish Upson Board—often one—whereas ordinary boards always require two, three and often four coats in addition to the priming coat.

If there is no Upson dealer near you, we will make it easy for you to buy direct.

Before you forget—mail back the coupon now for painted sample of Upson Board and a copy of the interesting Upson Book.

THE UPSON COMPANY
Fibre Board Authorities
5 UPSON POINT LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Thoughtful dealers will find it profitable to get in touch with us. The Upson sales policy is permanent, fair and square. It protects the jobber and dealer.

F 5-22-15

The Upson Co., 5 Upson Pt., Lockport, N.Y.
Send me painted sample of Upson Board and interesting booklet—"All Through the House with Upson Board." 2c stamp enclosed. I am interested in using Upson Board for

Name_____
Address_____

LOOK FOR THE TRUE BLUE CENTER

A Boy Worth Having

HE approaches you confidently. He does not stammer, scuff his feet or hang his head. He approaches you at your office or home and asks you to buy your copies of *The Saturday Evening Post* from him. There are elements of real salesmanship in his talk. He is a product of the Curtis Boy Plan.

THERE are thirty thousand boys of this kind selling the Curtis publications today. They are the sons of doctors, lawyers and business men. They sell *The Saturday Evening Post* each week.

There is a big opportunity

for any boy who wants to earn a lot of money. There is a big opportunity for any parent who wants his boy to develop the sort of character and to get the sort of training which will be of incalculable value to him in later life.

We should like to hear from any boy who wants to do what so many thousands of other boys are successfully doing or from any parent interested in his boy's future. Address

Sales Division, Box 884
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Digitized by Google

"CHALMERS Lets the Body Breathe"

This Underwear *Must* Be Cool

You See Right Through this Light, Open, Durable Underwear Fabric

Think how cool, light and open our Union Suits must be. Consider how comfortable for summer. As to durability? Unconditionally guaranteed. Chalmers "Porosknit" cannot cling (sweaty, disagreeable, irksome) to the body. Instead it keeps your body dry and gives you summer comfort in as near to nature's way as one may go. With Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits there can be no "short-waisted" feeling—no cutting in the crotch. Their Closed Crotch is comfortable, fits, stays put—cannot gape open or bulge. You have full elasticity in the seat, so that the garment gives easily with every turn or bend.

CHALMERS TRADE MARK "Porosknit" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. GUARANTEED

This Label on Every Garment

For Men	Any Style	For Boys
50c	Shirts and Drawers per garment	25c
$1.00	UNION SUITS Any Style	50c

Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

Chalmers Knitting Co., 1 Bridge St., Amsterdam, N.Y.
Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Union Suits, Fall and Winter Weight

She met the crisis

She writes:

"I feel that I have done pretty well, considering everything, and I certainly like the work. I have always been treated with respect and have steadily gained more confidence in myself."

LEFT alone by the death of her husband, with five children to support, Mrs. H. S. Osburn, of Pennsylvania, was compelled to find some means of earning a living. That was in 1908. Since then Mrs. Osburn has been supporting her family by getting renewals and new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

Are you in need of money? Have you spare time or evenings that you want to convert into cash? Do you require more money to pay your living expenses? Our subscription work will enable you to meet any financial emergency. A post card inquiry will bring full details.

AGENCY DIVISION, BOX 878

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

relieve the widows and orphans of our poor soldiers who are fighting so bravely to defend the Fatherland? Mr. Polongin will be in New York on Thursday next and will call at your husband's place of business. I trust your husband and his partner will interest themselves in this matter.

"'Sincerely yours,

"'FLORA LOWENSTEIN POLONGIN.'"

After he had finished reading it he returned the letter to Abe.

"I think that's clear," he said.

"Sure it's clear," Abe replied. "Jacob Polongin comes to this country when a little boy from Kovno, Mr. Kittler. His father and me used to went to the same *cheder* together in Kovno, Mr. Kittler. And if Kovno ain't in Russland, Mr. Kittler, where is it in?—Long Island?"

"I don't know where Polongin was born," Kittler replied, "but the use of the word Fatherland would seem to me to mean Germany."

"*Aber*, ain't Russland the fatherland of the Russians?" Abe demanded. "And, furthermore, the letter says 'our' soldiers. That's the widders of Mr. and Mrs. Polongin's soldiers; and if that don't mean Russian soldiers, Mr. Kittler, then I don't read the English language at all."

Kittler shook his head and smiled.

"You're mistaken, Potash," he said. "Mrs. Polongin was Flora Lowenstein, a daughter of Sigmund Lowenstein, of Portland, who came from Kelheim, in Bavaria, on the same ship with my poor father—*Olav Hasholem;* and when Mrs. Polongin says 'our soldiers' she means German soldiers."

Large beads of perspiration began to gather on Abe's forehead and his ruddy cheeks grew suddenly mottled.

"What's more," Kittler added, "Mr. and Mrs. Polongin sent out ten thousand of these pamphlets to the garment trade. I am surprised you didn't get one."

He displayed to Abe a paper-covered book, bearing in Gothic letters the following title:

WHY GERMANY IS AT WAR
BY WOLFGANG VON HAUBERRISSER
PH. D., HEIDELBERG

Kittler threw the pamphlet on his desk and tilted back in his revolving chair.

"It appears," he said, "there was no violation by Germany of the Treaty of Berlin which in any way could be construed as a casus belli; and therefore when the diplomatic relations between Austria and ——"

The mottled appearance of Abe's cheeks had given place to the hue of a gray-green desk blotter.

"I don't deny what you say at all, Mr. Kittler," he said, struggling to his feet; "so if you'll excuse me, Mr. Kittler, I got to be getting back to the store."

With trembling fingers he replaced Mrs. Polongin's letter in his vest pocket.

"And I suppose Sammet Brothers, Sol Klinger, Polatkin & Scheikowitz, and all them other *Roshoyim*, got this here book too!"

"Unquestionably!" Kittler said; and after nodding his head sadly Abe almost staggered out of the office.

He returned at once to his place of business and for the remainder of the day maintained toward Morris a discreet silence as to the result of that morning's canvass. Nor was it until he entered the showroom on Thursday morning that the storm broke. Morris had unfortunately preceded him. Abe observed his partner to be reading a paper-covered pamphlet bearing a familiar title in Gothic letters.

Morris stood up and began with ominous self-control:

"Tell me, Abe," he said, "do you got that letter with you what Mrs. Polongin wrote to Rosie?"

Abe sat down to conceal the agitation of his knees and drew the letter from his breast pocket.

"Anybody could—now—make once in a while a mistake," he said, "which if you could show me where this here letter says German soldiers, and not Russian soldiers, I would eat it."

Morris snatched the letter from Abe, and then handed him a letter from Polongin which had accompanied Doctor Hauberrisser's pamphlet.

"Maybe you would eat this one too," he suggested.

It read as follows:

MESSRS. POTASH & PERLMUTTER.

Gentlemen: I am sending you herewith a pamphlet which ought to have been

Luxurious Silk Shirts

Made to Your Individual Measure $4.50

PRICE being equal, wouldn't you rather wear a Smart *Silk Shirt* of splendid material—***Tailored to Your Individual Measure***—than an ordinary shirt *out of stock*?

—That's just what thousands of our well-dressed customers are doing today, for they realize the advantage of wearing silk shirts with the exclusive air, the smart look and the *comfortable-all-over fit*.

By paying us ***$4.50*** you really ***save*** as much and ***more***, because any other high-class Custom Shirt maker would charge exorbitant prices for ***our kind*** of Silk Shirts.

Our Silks are of splendid quality,—***100% Pure Silk***, and *specially woven* to meet our exacting specifications. They are ***full weight*** and every washing restores their original lustre and smartness.

If you've never worn a made-to-your-measure shirt—***start now***. A trial will surprise you and you'll never go back to the ordinary kind.

It's Easy and Convenient to Order by Mail

Simply sign this coupon request and mail today, ***now***—***don't delay***. We'll send at once, postpaid, a generous assortment of patterns with handsomely illustrated Style Book of Silk Shirts for ***men*** and ***women***, also ordering and measurement directions.

W. A. LANIGAN CO. 1 West 42nd Street NEW YORK

W. A. LANIGAN CO. 1 West 42nd St., New York City
Please send Samples of Silk Shirtings, also Style Book.
*Name*_____
*Address*_____

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

Holds Your Sock Smooth as Your Skin

Men who wear the better things for the satisfaction they afford, buy the silk Boston Garter at 50 cents.

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS . . BOSTON

SINGERS "Come—For It's June," a song of gladness, by Dorothy Forster (composer of "Rose in the Bud," "Wonderful Garden of Dreams," etc.). Four keys: F (E up to A), Eb, Db and C; each 60 cents. All music dealers or THOMAS J. DONLAN, 501 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Digitized by Google

mailed with Mrs. Polongin's letter two days ago. I trust you will read it and pass it along to your friends. It shows just why our sympathy and help should go out to the German Fatherland in its struggle to save the civilization of the world.

I shall be in New York Thursday and will call to see you.

Sincerely yours,

JACOB POLONGIN.

Meantime Morris had finished reading Mrs. Polongin's letter, and he began to sway in his chair and to make nasal sounds indicating extreme suffering.

"Well, if Mrs. Polongin meant German Fatherland in her first letter why didn't she say so?" Abe almost whimpered.

Morris ceased his swaying and at once burst into a roaring denunciation of Abe's partnership behavior; and he was still in the full tide of his discourse when, at half past ten, the telephone rang. He tore the receiver from its hook as though he were about to wreck the instrument.

"Hello!" he began, in the same roaring tone. "Hel——"

Here his voice underwent an abrupt change from the blaring of a foghorn to the dulcet strains of a six-tone warning signal on a lady's electric phaeton.

"Why, hello, Mr. Polongin!" he said. "Me and my partner was just talkin' about you. . . . Yes; this is Mr. Perlmutter—not Mr. Potash. . . . It's too bad you can't get here—what? . . . Why, no, Mr. Polongin, we ain't so busy we couldn't take lunch *mit* you. *Aber* you must take lunch *mit* us. . . . Sure—at Wasserbauer's—at a quarter past twelve. . . . All right—Good-by."

Morris hung up the receiver and turned to Abe.

"He says he was detained uptown at Simon Kittler's store," he said; and Abe could not suppress an agonized groan. "And he wants us to meet him for lunch at Wasserbauer's."

Abe nodded and laid down Why Germany is at War, over which he had bent with unseeing eyes throughout Morris' entire tirade.

"What are we going to tell him, Mawruss?" he croaked.

"Tell him something you ain't accustomed to, Abe," Morris replied firmly—"and that's the truth!"

Abe groaned again.

"Kittler told him that already," he said.

♥

WHEN Abe and Morris entered Wasserbauer's restaurant at a quarter past twelve an audience was not lacking to complete Abe's embarrassment. At various tables were seated Leon Sammet, Sol Klinger, Louis Elenbogen—and even Sam Feder, the new president of the Hardware National Bank—all of whom resorted to Wasserbauer's for their midday meal. It was apparent to Abe, as he walked toward the corner table which they had reserved in advance by telephone, that at least Sammet and Klinger had been comparing notes; for, when Jacob Polongin advanced to greet the partners, both Sammet and Klinger grinned in anticipation of their competitor's discomfiture.

Polongin had been already seated at the corner table, where Wasserbauer himself was arranging the knives, forks and glasses.

"Wasserbauer was just telling me about how you helped him out in the case of that soldier's widow," Polongin began.

Abe Potash glared at Wasserbauer, who grinned sheepishly.

"Such things shouldn't ought to be kept a secret, Mr. Potash," he said.

Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"It wasn't much," he muttered. "I should of given more, considering the feller was shot in defending the—now—Fatherland."

Morris had seated himself and was about to spear a dill pickle from the dish in the center of the table; but at the word "Fatherland" he paused, with his fork arrested in mid-air.

"Fatherland!" he exclaimed. "You?"

Abe had recovered a certain white-faced composure.

"Sure!" he said, almost nonchalantly. "Big Louis, the waiter here, goes to fight for Germany and gets killed, Mawruss. And his widder needs for the rent twenty-six dollars; so I give it to Wasserbauer."

"You give it to Wasserbauer?" Morris cried.

"My own individual check, Mawruss," Abe explained—"not the firm's check."

"But *I* give also a check for twenty-six dollars to Wasserbauer!" Morris said.

"For the widder of a soldier which died for the Fatherland," Wasserbauer agreed brazenly. "We are all from hinter-Berlin here, Mr. Polongin."

Morris and Abe exchanged indignant looks.

"And we both give you checks for that widder for the same two months' rent!" Morris exclaimed.

"That's a matter of bookkeeping," Wasserbauer said. "What's the difference what you gave the money for? It all went to Big Louie's widder!"

"Meantime, Wasserbauer," Polongin said, "we are starving here."

Wasserbauer displayed the bill of fare.

"We got fresh-made for you, gentlemen, *Kreploch* soup, paprika chicken *mit Knockerl*, cheesecake, fresh out of the oven, and"—he concluded—"an elegant cup coffee to follow." He bustled away, while Abe turned hesitatingly to Polongin.

"Well, Mr. Polongin," he began, "I got your wife's letter." He paused and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "I got your wife's letter ——" he began anew; "and ——"

Here he became so husky he was obliged to pause again. He cleared his throat for a final effort; but Polongin could no longer maintain a grave face, and burst into a laugh so boisterous that the noise of it rose above the clatter of knives, forks and dishes, and reached the ears of Leon Sammet and Sol Klinger.

"So Kittler told me," Polongin said at last; and Morris bent on Abe a venomous frown.

"Such a great friend from Russland my partner is, Mr. Polongin!" he commented bitterly.

"Believe me, Mr. Polongin," Abe said, "I don't love Russland no more as you do. Furthermore, this mistake of mine cost me enough! Not alone Kittler roped me in twenty dollars for them *Schnorrers* in *Yerushologyim*, Mr. Polongin, but also Sam Feder turns us down on a loan in the National Hardware Bank, on account I am asking him a couple of dollars for them Russian widders; which, after all, Mr. Polongin, a widder is a widder—even if she would be Swedish even.

"Feder is sitting over there right now," Abe continued, "and you can ask him if it ain't so."

Abe meant this as a rhetorical flourish; but Polongin took him at his word. He rose from his seat and at once crossed over to Feder, with whom, after presenting his card, he began an earnest conversation.

It was apparent to Abe and Morris that Feder was none too pleased at Polongin's information. He emphatically shook his head several times; and at last he rose and accompanied Polongin to the corner table, from which, had there been time enough, the trembling partners would have incontinently fled.

"See here, Potash," Feder bellowed, "what are you trying to do—put me in bad? What do you mean by telling this gentleman I turned you down because you was a Russian?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Feder," Abe protested shakily, "I am an American sitson from way before the Spanish War already; and when my partner called to see you, you did turn him down."

Morris nodded weakly in corroboration.

"I didn't do anything of the kind," Feder roared, while the entire restaurant paused to listen. "I was busy at the time and I couldn't see him. Furthermore, any customer of the National Hardware Bank is entitled to the accommodation that his solvency warrants."

"All we ask is three thousand dollars," Abe murmured.

"Well, you can have five thousand if you want it!" Feder shouted. "And you are lucky I don't sue you for libel in the bargain!" He shook hands patronizingly with Polongin.

"I am glad to have met you, Mr. Polongin," he said, "and I am sorry that a merchant of your rating should receive such a poor impression of me. I do business on business principles, whether a customer is a Russian or an Englishman."

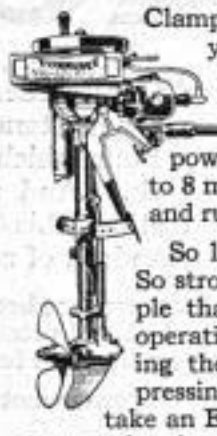
As he turned away Leon Sammet and Sol Klinger confronted him.

"One moment, Mr. Feder," Leon Sammet said. "Me and Mr. Klinger gave Potash five dollars apiece for these here Russian widders. Also, we was both born in Russia; and we would be round to see you this afternoon at the bank at three o'clock."

EVINRUDE + ROWBOAT = MOTORBOAT

EVINRUDE

DETACHABLE ROWBOAT & CANOE MOTORS



Clamp an Evinrude to the stern of any rowboat and you have a speedy motorboat. Think of it! This wonderful little marine motor enables you to instantly convert any kind of craft—rowboat, sailboat, houseboat or canoe—into a power boat. It drives a rowboat at the rate of 7 to 8 miles an hour—a canoe 10 to 12 miles an hour—and runs four hours on less than a gallon of gasoline.

So light that you can carry it with you anywhere. So strong that it is practically unbreakable. So simple that women and children have no difficulty in operating it the first time they try. It starts by giving the flywheel a quarter-turn and is stopped by pressing a push-button. Make up your mind now to take an Evinrude with you on your vacation this summer and enjoy all the pleasures of motorboating—without the expense.

The 1915 model has Waterproof Magneto built into the flywheel (no separate battery required)—Automatic Reverse, enabling you to "back water" instantly by merely giving the tiller-handle a twist—and Maxim Silencer, making the Evinrude almost noiseless in operation.

Illustrated catalog and name of Evinrude dealer in your town on request.

If you want a free demonstration
clip the corner of this advertisement

EVINRUDE MOTOR COMPANY
8 Evinrude Block Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

Distributing Branches: 69 Cortlandt St., New York, N. Y.—218 State St., Boston, Mass. 436 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 182 Morrison Street, Portland, Ore.

1130
7122

Evinrude Motor Company, Milwaukee

I would like to try an Evinrude. Tell me how to secure a free demonstration.

Name _____

Address _____

WIVES WERE PUZZLED

when they tried to find ways of earning extra money that didn't involve neglect of the home and its duties. The result was the formation of the Wives' League of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, which has shown hundreds of busy wives and mothers

How to Earn Money Though Married

MEMBERSHIP in this League is open to all married women. No fees or dues are required. The work is such as any woman can do, devoting to it as much or as little time as her domestic arrangements allow. The payments are most liberal. The woman Secretary will readily furnish, without charge, full information concerning the League. If you are interested in *becoming a money-earner*, write to

THE SECRETARY OF THE WIVES' LEAGUE
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Digitized by Google

LEADING OAKLAND SUPERIORITIES
Great Strength with Light Weight
High-Speed Motor with Great Power
Low Center of Gravity with Usual Road Clearance
Flying Wedge Lines with Least Wind Resistance
Economy with Luxury

Reconstructing Car Values

THE order was: "Build a new Oakland Four. Build it to a new standard of quality and service—at a new price. Build a Four which is more than ever the *Master* of any hill or road task." And now, after months of planning and building and testing, this Oakland is ready for you—a new model, a new standard of service—every inch a monarch of Fours!

"Make it extra *powerful*—for power has been a big asset in building up the new Oakland prestige. Build it *light*—so it will be easy on tires and fuel."

This new Oakland has surplus power—not an ounce excess weight.

"Make it *durable*—our reputation is based on *sturdiness* with simplicity."

"Make it *comfortable* for five—no crowding."

So—while this Oakland has the air of having been designed for brilliant dashes of speed—it is made to last and do real *plugging* service—and the "comfort" order was carried out to the letter. "We are going to sell the new Oakland Four for $1050."

With Oakland standards of uncompromising quality this means only one thing—*Volume*.

Already the bell of public opinion has rung with the enthusiasm that is following Oakland initiative.

The essentials which round out this car are—Four Cylinder Oakland-Northway High-Speed Motor, 39 H. P.; Delco Electric starting, lighting and ignition system; Oakland-Stewart Vacuum Gasoline Feed; Comfortable roominess for 5 passengers. Also one-man top, crown fenders, extra rim, speedometer. In short, *complete* equipment.

This new 1916 Oakland is now ready for delivery. Other important additions to the 1916 Oakland line will be announced soon.

DEALERS: Wire for Allotment. New Territory Apportioned in Order of Application

Oakland Motor Company, Pontiac, Mich.

Model "38" Speedsters, Roadsters, Touring Cars

Oakland

$1050

Digitized by Google

Genuine "Nowate" Palm Beach Cloth, double cold water shrunk, taped to insure keeping original shape.

Your summer wardrobe is incomplete without a Rosenwald & Weil "Nowate" Palm Beach Suit.

It's a suit that combines smart style, comfort, long service, and is easily washed when soiled.

Our dealers are showing some very attractive new weaves and colors in our "Nowate" fabrics.

You'll be surprised how little money you'll have to pay for so much style and comfort.

Makers of high quality summer clothing, trousers, overcoats, raincoats, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes and automobile apparel.

Rosenwald & Weil
Clothing Specialties
Chicago

1915 CATALOG FREE

EXCEPTIONAL BARGAINS
Wall Tents
Heavy, Standard Full Weight Duck. Complete, ready to set up. Poles, Ropes, etc.

8x7..$4.00	9½x12..$ 9.12		
7x7.. 5.32	12x14.. 13.75		
7x9.. 6.48	14x16.. 17.10		

Write for our FREE Book
Full of facts every camper needs. Tells about our new Watershed and Mildew-Proof Process. Gives descriptions and quotes very low prices on Tents, Awnings, Flags, etc. Save money by buying direct from one of the largest, most reliable manufacturers in the country. Supplying the U. S. War Dept. and Foreign Governments. Write today.
THE HETTRICK BROS. CO.
1210 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

CAILLE 5 Speed Motor
Push-Button Control
Gives two forward, a neutral and two reverse speeds by simply pressing a button. Magneto enclosed in flywheel. Dual ignition. Silencer on exhaust. Water-tight gear housing and six other exclusive features. Send for catalog. We also build marine motors from 2 to 30 h. p. Details on request.
The Caille Perfection Motor Co.
1519 Caille St., Detroit, Michigan

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Patents secured or our Fee Returned.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 1 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

(Continued from Page 23)

was found dead in my rooms—a most mysterious affair," he added, his eyes meeting Selingman's. "The inquest is to be this afternoon."

"Your valet!" Selingman muttered.

"A very useful fellow," Norgate continued, strolling to the fireplace and standing there; "but with a very bad habit of wearing my clothes when I am away. I was down in Camberwell for three days and left him in charge."

They showered congratulations upon him, but in the midst of them the strangeness of his appearance provoked their comment.

"What does it mean?" Mrs. Benedek asked, patting his arm. "Have you turned soldier?"

"In a sense I have," Norgate admitted; "but only in the sense that every able-bodied Englishman will have to turn soldier in the course of the next few months. Directly I saw the present trouble coming I arranged for a commission."

"But there is to be no war!" Mrs. Barlow exclaimed. "Mr. Selingman has been explaining to us this afternoon what wonderful offers Germany is making so that we shall be able to remain neutral and yet keep our pledges."

"Mr. Selingman," Norgate said quietly, "is under a delusion. Germany, it is true, has offered us a shameless bribe; but I am glad to be able to tell you all that our Ministry, whatever their politics may be, have shown themselves men. An English ultimatum is now on its way to Berlin. War will be declared before midnight."

Selingman rose slowly to his feet. His face was black with passion. He pushed past a man who stood between them. He was face to face with Norgate.

"So you," he thundered, suddenly reckless of the bystanders, "are a double traitor! You have taken pay from Germany and deceived her! You knew, after all, that your government would make war when the time came! Is that so?"

"I was always convinced of it," Norgate replied calmly. "I also had the honor of deceiving you in the matter of Mr. Bullen. I have been the means, owing to your helpful information, of having the fleet mobilized and ready to strike at the present moment; and there are various little pieces of property I know about, Mr. Selingman, round London, where we have taken the liberty of blowing up your foundations. There may be a little disappointment for you, too, in the matter of Italy. The money you were good enough to pay me for my doubtful services has gone toward the establishment of a Red-Cross hospital. As for you, Selingman, I denounce you now as one of those who worked in this country for her ill; one of those pests of the world, working always in the background, dishonorably and selfishly, against the country whose hospitality you have abused. If I have met you on your own ground—well, I am proud of it. You are a German spy, Selingman!"

Selingman's hand fumbled in his pocket. Scarcely a soul was surprised when Norgate gripped him by the wrists and they saw the little shining revolver fall down toward the fender.

"You shall suffer for these words!" Selingman thundered. "You young fool, you shall bite the dust, you and hundreds of thousands of your cowardly fellows, when the German flag flies from Buckingham Palace."

Norgate held up his hand and turned toward the door. Two men in plain clothes entered.

"That may be a sight," Norgate said calmly, "which you, at any rate, will not be permitted to see. I have had some trouble in arranging for your arrest, as we are not yet under martial law; but I think you will find your way to the Tower of London before long, and I hope it will be with a dozen rifles pointing to your heart."

A third man had come into the room. He tapped Selingman on the shoulder and whispered in his ear.

"I demand to see your warrant!" the latter exclaimed.

The officer produced it. Selingman threw it on the floor and spat upon it. He looked round the room, in the farther corner of which two men and a woman were standing upon chairs to look over the heads of the

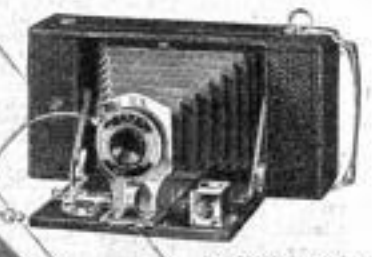
ANSCO CAMERAS & FILM

THE simple but efficient mechanism of Ansco Cameras has earned the title "The Amateur Camera of Professional Quality." This is another way of saying that any amateur, by following directions, can get *professional* results with an Ansco.

The all-star team that completely removes the element of chance in amateur photography is composed of: an Ansco Camera; Ansco Film, the court-decreed *original* film; and Cyko, the prize-winning paper.

Ansco Cameras are $2 to $55. See the assortment at your dealer's. Catalog from him or us, free upon request.

Write us for specimen picture taken with model you contemplate buying.



No. 3A Folding Buster Brown, $10. Pictures, 3¼ x 5½ in. (postcard size). Smaller Folding Buster Browns, $9, $8 and $6.

PHOTO SUPPLIES
The Sign of the Ansco Dealer

Millions of dollars were recently awarded in a suit for infringement upon Ansco patent rights, establishing Ansco Film legally as the original film.

ANSCO COMPANY BINGHAMTON NEW YORK

All Sorts of Girls

have earned their Summer spending-money through membership in the Girls' Club of *The Ladies' Home Journal.*

One of them is visiting the Panama-Pacific Exposition at this very moment, with the help of $800 earned and saved through the Club. Schoolgirls, business girls, young girls, "old girls," city girls, country girls, have made good in this work.

Why Shouldn't You?

ANY GIRL in America is welcome to join the Club and it will cost her nothing. It will not even cost her anything to receive a copy of the new illustrated book just issued by the Club, **"Girls Who Made Good."** Just write and ask for it, addressing

THE GIRLS' CLUB
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Digitized by Google

Your Car is not "Fully Equipped" for Real Comfort unless it has

VELVET SHOCK ABSORBERS

Many prominent Automobile men have bought Velvets for their own use. A pioneer car manufacturer—The President of a big Detroit Company—A nationally famous Designer and Engineer—all three recently paid full price for Velvets—The Quality Shock Absorber—for their personal cars.

Velvets—Save their Cost in Three Months

Velvets prevent rim-cutting, as tires can be fully inflated without making the car ride hard. Velvets reduce repair bills by absorbing road shocks, prevent broken springs, and lengthen the life of the car.

Velvet—the Absorber with True Multiple Springs

Velvets have 126 coils in eight resilient springs that softly cushion every jolt, jar or bump. Velvets are to shock absorbers what the multiple-cylinder idea is to motors. We devote our whole energies to this one idea—the production of a perfect Shock Absorber which we aim to make better than anything else of its kind.

Velvets can be easily attached by any car owner.

Ford Type Complete Set of Four $15.

Quality or Low Price—Which Do You Want?

In quality of material as well as in finish and appearance, Velvets are superior to the cheap and inefficient absorbers made solely to sell at low prices. "Silk always costs more than cotton." You cannot afford to rack a good car by using cheaply constructed shock absorbers which do not slide freely and therefore cannot make your car ride more easily.

A Free Trial

Send us the coupon and we will mail you a specification blank which, when you fill it out and return to us, will entitle you to a set of Velvet Absorbers for your car. Try them 10 days—"it's up to you" whether you buy or not.

The Real Absorber for the Ford

The Velvet for the Ford has the same efficiency, same principle and same general construction as the Velvets for high-priced cars. We are the oldest makers of cushion-type Shock Absorbers in America and we have spent over a year in perfecting the Velvet for the Ford. We know it's right.

We want good agents to sell Velvets to car owners—Write us.

John W. Blackledge Mfg. Co.
342 East Ohio Street, Chicago
New York—Locke & Co.
Boston—Bates-Perrine Co.
San Francisco—Weinstock-Nichols Co.

TRIAL OFFER

John W. Blackledge Mfg. Co.
342 E. Ohio St. Chicago

Please send me specification blank so I can try Velvets at your expense.

I drive a _____ car.

Name _____

Address _____

"I Wanted to Be My Own Boss

and I wanted work in which profits would increase in direct proportion to the time and ability I devoted to the job. That is why I took up Curtis work," writes Orville W. Street, of Washington.

Mr. Street is making $85.00 a month now and his business is just starting. In another year his earnings will be from three to four thousand dollars a year.

He has an eye to the future, and says:

"One advantage of this work for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* is that it means something permanent."

If you want to break away from the time-clock; if you want to get out into the fresh air and be your own boss, write for our booklet, "The Way to An Independent Income." There will be no expense to you.

Agency Division, Box 880

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

little crowd. "Take me where you will," he snarled. "You are a rotten, treacherous, cowardly race, you English, and I hate you all! You can kill me first, if you will, but in two months' time you shall learn what it is like to wait hand and foot upon your conquerors."

He strode out of the room, a guard on either side of him, and the door closed after him. One woman had fainted. Mrs. Paston Benedek was swaying backward and forward upon the cushioned fender, sobbing hysterically. Norgate stood by her side.

"I have forgotten the names," he announced pointedly, "of many of that fellow's dupes. I am content to forget them. I am off now," he went on, his tone becoming a little kinder; "and I am telling you the truth. It's war. You men had better look up any of the forces that suit you and get to work, for we shall all be needed. There is work, too, for the women: any quantity of it. My wife will be leaving again for France next week with the first Red-Cross Ambulance Corps. I dare say she will be glad to hear from anyone who wants to help along the work."

"I shall be a nurse," Mrs. Paston Benedek decided. "I am sick of bridge and amusing myself."

"The costume is quite becoming," Mrs. Barlow murmured, glancing at herself in the looking-glass, "and I adore those poor dear soldiers."

"Well, I'll leave you to it," Norgate declared. "Good luck to you all!"

They crowded round him, shaking him by the hand, still besieging him with questions about Selingman. He shook his head good-humoredly and made his way toward the door.

"There's nothing more to tell you," he concluded. "Selingman is just one of the most dangerous spies that has ever worked in this country, but the war itself was inevitable.

"We've known that for years, only we wouldn't believe it. We'll all meet again, perhaps, in the work later on."

Late that night Norgate stood hand in hand with Anna at the window of their little sitting room. Down in the Strand the newsboys were shouting the ominous words. The whole of London was stunned. The great war had come.

"It's wonderful, dear," Anna whispered, "that we should have had these few days of great happiness. I feel brave and strong now for our task."

Norgate held her close to him.

"We've been in luck," he said simply. "We were able to do something pretty quickly. I have had the greatest happiness in life a man can have. Now I am going to offer my life to my country and pray that it may be spared for you. But above all, whatever happens," he added, leaning a little farther from the window toward where the curving lights gleamed across the black waters of the Thames, "above all, whatever may happen to us, we are face to face with one splendid thing—a great country to fight for, in a just cause. I saw Hebblethwaite as I came in. He is a changed man—talks about raising an immense citizen army in six months. Both his boys have taken up commissions. Hebblethwaite himself is going round the country recruiting. They are his people after all.

"He has given them their prosperity at the expense, alas, of our safety, and it's up to them now to prove whether the old spirit is there or not. We shall need two million men. Hebblethwaite believes we shall get them long before the camps are ready to receive them. If we do, it will be his justification."

"And if we don't?" Anna murmured.

Norgate threw his head a little farther back.

"Most pictures," he said, "have two sides, but we need look only at one. I am going to believe that we shall get them. I am going to remember the only true thing that fellow Selingman ever said—that our lesson has come before it is too late. I am going to believe that the heart and conscience of the nation is still a live thing. If it is, dear, the end is certain. And I am going to believe that it is!"

(THE END)

It Pays to Get Rid of "Acid-Mouth"

Do you know that "Acid-Mouth" is the worst enemy of your teeth? That it is "Acid-Mouth" that breaks down tooth enamel and causes cavities to appear?

That "Acid-Mouth" causes 95 per cent. of tooth decay and 9 out of every 10 people have "Acid-Mouth"?

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

helps *save* teeth by neutralizing mouth acids. In helping to stop "Acid-Mouth" Pebeco takes the big step forward in the scientific care of the teeth.

Cleanliness counts a lot, but it does not go far enough. Pebeco really helps to protect—*save* your teeth.

"School boards now pay much attention to dental hygiene. I teach in my classes the importance of sound teeth. Personally, I find no dentifrice able to keep my teeth so sound and white and my breath so free from mouth-odors as does Pebeco."

Sample Tube and Test Papers FREE

A ten-day trial tube and acid-test papers to test your mouth for acid—sent free. May we have your name and address?

LEHN & FINK
122 William Street New York
MAKERS OF PEBECO
Canadian Office: 1 & 3 St. Helen St., Montreal

Foot Comfort

Aching feet are a bane to mankind. A man works better, thinks better and lives better when his feet are comfortable.

The Coward Shoe

"Reg. U. S. Pat. Off."

insures comfortable, restful, healthy feet, because it supports the arch, permits absolute freedom of the foot muscles and prevents "flat-foot." For your feet's sake wear Coward shoes.

FOR CHILDREN, WOMEN AND MEN

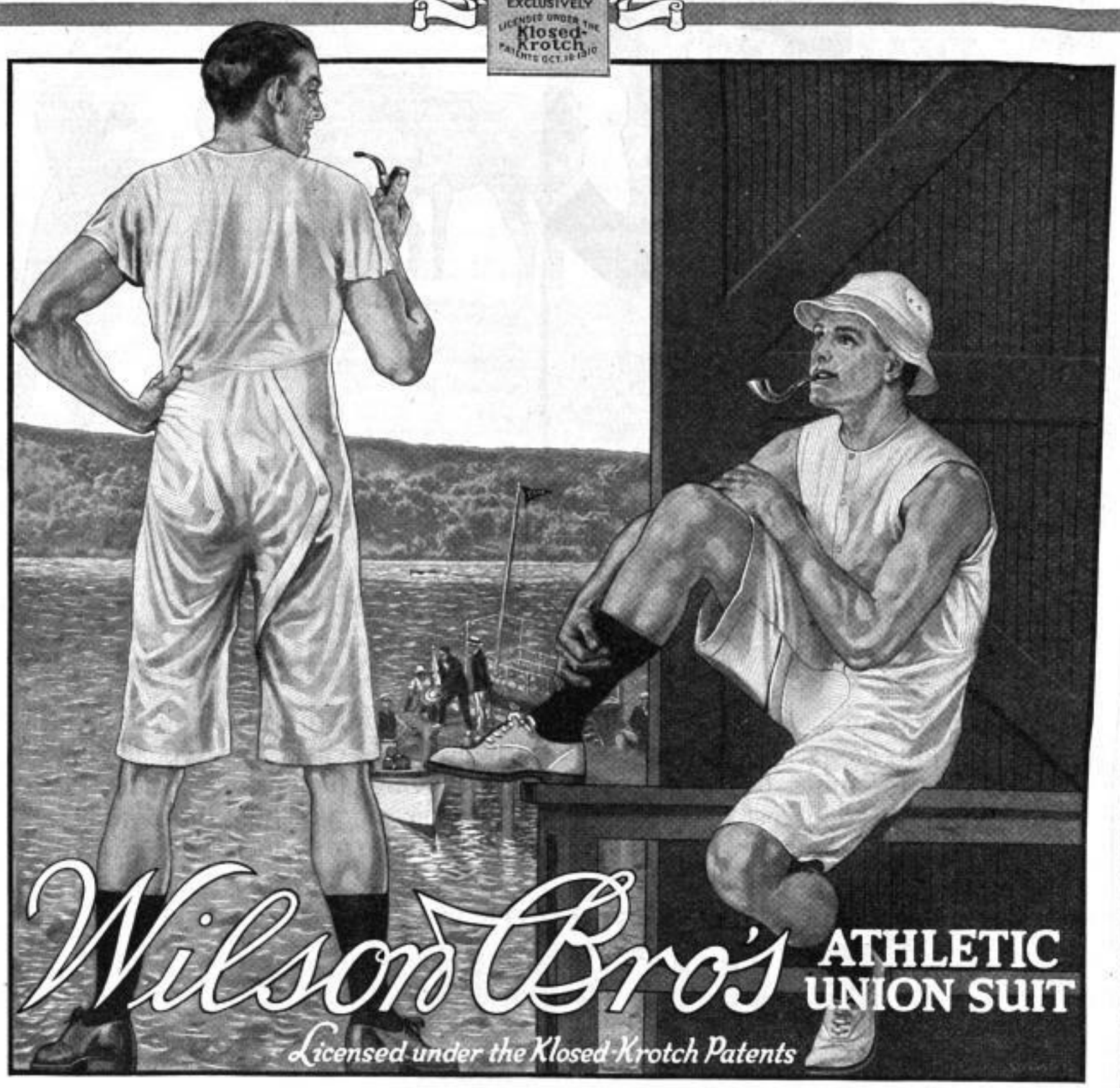
Send for Catalogue Mail Orders Filled

Sold Nowhere Else

JAMES S. COWARD
264-274 Greenwich St., near Warren St., New York

Digitized by Google

Look for MADE BY Wilson Bro's EXCLUSIVELY LICENSED UNDER THE Klosed-Krotch PATENTS OCT. 30 1910 this Label



THIS is the union suit of perfected comfort—made so by the patented closed crotch and by fabrics that are soft and cool to the skin.

Loose fitting, but not clumsy. Seat opening cut generously full for greatest convenience. The crotch is just a single smooth thickness of fabric of the same material as garment. No seams to break, bind or chafe.

For the man who desires the utmost comfort and coolness in summer underwear, who dreads the feeling of close-fitting undergarments, a Wilson Bro's Athletic Union Suit meets every requirement.

Made in all the desirable tub-tested fabrics—sleeveless and half sleeves; knee and three-quarter lengths—$1.00 and up for men; 50c and up for boys.

Sold by retailers who desire to give the greatest value for your money and thereby win your permanent trade.

Other furnishings bearing the Wilson Bro's mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Pajamas, Nightshirts, etc., each line measuring up to the exceptional standard which this house has ever maintained.

If your dealer does not carry these goods, write us and we will tell you how to get them.

Wilson Bro's—Chicago

Digitized by Google

A Fresh Morning, a Fresh Mount and a Fresh-Rolled Cigarette

—there's a combination to kindle a man's spirits with the pure joy of living! The delicious *freshness* of "Bull" Durham hand-made cigarettes appeals to the countless thousands of smart, active, sport-loving, health-loving American men—gives added zest and exhilaration to their enjoyment. It is quite the fashion to "roll your own" in any company, upon any occasion, with this famously good, pure tobacco.

GENUINE

"BULL" DURHAM

SMOKING TOBACCO

To millions of experienced smokers throughout the world "Bull" Durham means much more than a particular brand of smoking tobacco—it stands for a *distinctive form* of tobacco enjoyment, incomparably attractive, delightful, satisfying. No other tobacco has that wonderful, original, unique fragrance of "Bull" Durham. No other cigarettes have the same delicious smoothness, freshness and mellow-sweet flavor of "Bull" Durham hand-made cigarettes. You can appreciate this only when you learn to "roll your own."

Ask for FREE package of "papers" with each 5c sack

FREE An Illustrated Booklet, showing correct way to "Roll Your Own" Cigarettes, and a package of cigarette papers, will both be mailed, *free*, to any address in U.S. on request. Address "Bull" Durham, Durham, N.C., Room 1269.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Digitized by Google

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 21)

either side into bedrooms. The corridor was bare of carpet, the whole upstairs freezing cold. There were none of the amenities. My room was at the end. It boasted two small windows, with a tiny stand between them containing a tin basin and a pitcher; a bed with one side of the mattress torn open and exposing a heterogeneous content that did not bear inspection; a pine chair, a candle and a stove.

They called it a stove. It had a coal receptacle that was not as large as a porridge bowl, and one small lump of coal, macerated, was all it held. It was lighted with a handful of straw. Turn your back and count ten, and it was out. Across the foot of the bed was one of the Continental feather comforts which cover only one's feet and let the rest freeze.

It was not so near the front as La Panne, but the windows rattled incessantly from the bombardment of Ypres. I glanced through one of the windows. The red tiles I had grown to know so well were not in evidence. Most of the roofs were blue, a weathered and mottled blue, most lovely, but, like everything else about the town, exceedingly cold to look at.

Shortly after I had unpacked my few belongings I was presented to General Foch, not at headquarters, but at the house in which he was living. He came out himself to meet me, attended by several of his officers, and asked at once if I had had *déjeuner*. I had not, so he invited me to lunch with him and with his staff.

Déjeuner was ready and we went in immediately. A long table was immediately laid for fourteen. General Foch took his place at the center of one of the long sides, and I was placed in the seat of honor directly across. As his staff is very large, only a dozen officers dine with him. The others, juniors in the service, are billeted through the town and have a separate mess.

Sitting where I did I had a very good opportunity to see the hero of Ypres, philosopher, strategist and theorist, whose theories were then bearing the supreme test of war.

Erect, and of distinguished appearance, General Foch is a man rather past middle life, with heavy iron-gray hair, rather bushy gray eyebrows and a mustache. His eyes are gray and extremely direct. His speech incisive and rather rapid.

Although some of the staff had donned the new French uniform of gray-blue, the general wore the old uniform, navy-blue, the only thing denoting his rank being the three dull steel stars on the embroidered sleeve of his tunic.

There was little ceremony at the meal. The staff remained standing until General Foch and I were seated. Then they all sat down and *déjeuner* was immediately served.

One of the staff told me later that the general is extremely punctilious about certain things. The staff is expected to be in the dining room five minutes before meals are served. A punctual man himself, he expects others to be punctual. The table must always be the epitome of neatness, the food well cooked and quietly served.

Luncheon With General Foch

Punctuality and neatness no doubt are due to his long military training, for General Foch has always been a soldier. Many of the officers of France owe their knowledge of strategy and tactics to his teaching at the *École de Guerre*.

General Foch led the conversation. Owing to the rapidity of his speech it was necessary to translate much of it for me. We spoke, one may say, through a clearing house. But although he knew it was to be translated to me, he spoke, not to the interpreter, but to me, and his keen eyes watched me as I replied. And I did not interview General Foch. General Foch interviewed me. I made no pretense at speaking for America. I had no mission. But within my limitations I answered him as well as I could.

"There are many ties between America and France," said General Foch. "We wish America to know what we are doing over here, to realize that this terrible war was forced on us."

I mentioned my surprise at the great length of the French line—more than four hundred miles.

"You do not know that in America?" he asked, evidently surprised.

I warned him at once not to judge the knowledge of America by what I myself knew, that no doubt many quite understood the situation.

"You have been very modest," I said. "We really have had little information about the French Army and what it is doing, unless more news is going over since I left."

"We are more modest than the Germans, then?"

"You are, indeed. There are several millions of German-born Americans who are not likely to let America forget the Fatherland. There are many German newspapers also."

"What is the percentage of German population?"

I told him. I think I was wrong. I think I made it too great. But I had not expected to be interviewed.

"And these German newspapers, are they neutral?"

"Not at all. Very far from it."

I told him what I knew of the German propaganda in America, and he listened intently.

"What is its effect? Is it influencing public opinion?"

The Battle of the Marne

"It did so undeniably for a time. But I believe it is not doing so much now. For one thing, Germany's methods on the sea will neutralize all her agents can say in her favor—that and the relaxation of the restrictions against the press, so that something can be known of what the Allies are doing."

"You have known very little?"

"Absurdly little."

There was some feeling in my tone, and he smiled.

"We wish to have America know the splendid spirit of the French Army," he said after a moment. "And the justice of its cause also."

I asked him what he thought of the future.

"There is no question about the future," he said with decision. "That is already settled. When the German advance was checked it was checked for good."

"Then you do not believe that they will make a further advance toward Paris?"

"Certainly not."

He went on to explain the details of the battle of the Marne, and how in losing that battle the invading army had lost everything.

It will do no harm to digress for a moment and explain exactly what the French did at the battle of the Marne.

All through August the Allies fell back before the onward rush of the Germans. But during all that strategic retreat plans were being made for resuming the offensive again. This necessitated an orderly retreat, not a rout, with constant counter-engagements to keep the invaders occupied. It necessitated also a fixed point of retreat, to be reached by the different Allied armies simultaneously.

When, on September fifth, the order for assuming the offensive was given, the extreme limit of the retreat had not yet been reached. But the audacity of the German march had placed it in a position favorable for attack, and at the same time extremely dangerous for the Allies and Paris if they were not checked.

On the evening of September fifth General Joffre sent this message to all the commanders of armies:

"The hour has come to advance at all costs, and to die where you stand rather than give way."

The French did not give way. Paris was saved after a colossal battle, in which more than two million men were engaged. The army commanded by General Foch was at one time driven back by overwhelming odds, but immediately resumed the offensive, and making a flank attack forced the Germans to retreat.

Not that he mentioned his part in the battle of the Marne. Not that any member of his staff so much as intimated it. But these are things that get back.

"How is America affected by the war?"

I answered as best I could, telling him something of the paralysis it had caused in business, of the war tax, and of our anxiety as to the status of our shipping.

"From what I can gather from the newspapers, the sentiment in America is being

UNDERWRITERS LABORATORIES INC.
INSPECTED LIGHT WEIGHT SAFE No

THE ONLY SAFE
that has ever been approved by the
UNDERWRITERS' LABORATORIES, INC.
(Acting for National Board of Fire Underwriters)

Two years ago the Underwriters classed THE SAFE-CABINET (1913 Model) as an "Insulated Cabinet". Today the S-CIENTEST MODEL of

THE SAFE-CABINET

is labelled by the same high authority as a *SAFE*. A Safe in protection—a Cabinet in appearance, weight and convenience—THE MODERN SAFE.

Hereafter the label reproduced above will appear on SAFE-CABINETS of the S-CIENTEST MODEL. *This label is the customer's protection.* It insures getting an article that has been *proved* to possess exceedingly high efficiency in protecting its contents from fire and from the violence that attends great fires. *Insist on the label shown above.*

THE SAFE-CABINET is adaptable to the requirements of every business,—its interior fittings can be changed at will,—its handsome appearance makes it an ornament to the office or to the home.

A Light Weight Container, offering the protection of a heavy iron safe, *but in cabinet construction*,—this was the idea *originated* and *perfected solely* by

THE SAFE-CABINET CO.
Dept. A 6 Marietta, Ohio

Ask your local SAFE-CABINET Dealer for our book "Written in Letters of Fire", or write direct to the Home Office.

Before you sell out your business to raise chickens for a living, read the answer to the question: Does the Big Poultry Business Pay? In this week's issue of

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

FIVE CENTS THE COPY

Digitized by Google

Keep *Sani-Flush* Always Handy

There's use for *Sani-Flush* in every home, in every hotel, in every club, public building or office building. It cleans toilet bowls and keeps them clean. *Sani-Flush* works quickly, easily, thoroughly. Simple directions on the can tell just how to use

Sani-Flush

without touching hands to water, dipping it out or using a brush. A toilet isn't always sanitary just because it looks white. *Sani-Flush* will make toilet bowls sanitary and it will remove objectionable odors. Don't wait until the bowl gets discolored. Use *Sani-Flush* every day and prevent all discolorations and stains. *Sani-Flush* won't harm the bowl or plumbing connections. It isn't a general cleanser. It does only *one* thing, and does it well. Patented—nothing just like it.

Your grocer or druggist probably has *Sani-Flush*. If not, send us 25c for a full-sized can, postpaid.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
168 Walnut Street, Canton, Ohio

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO., Canton, Ohio

Enclosed I send 25 cents and the name of my grocer or druggist, for which please send me by parcel post one full-sized can of *Sani-Flush*.

My Name_____

Address_____

Dealer's Name_____

To dealers:

You can sell *Sani-Flush* easily, because it performs a necessary task. The way it makes good makes it a strong repeater. Order from your jobber, or write to us.

One Hour A Day Earns College Education

J. K. MELCER, of Nebraska, was employed as a clerk in the Register of Deeds office in his home town. He used his spare time to get subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Country Gentleman* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*. In this way, in a single month, he obtained a special course of study at the University of Nebraska.

Any young man, or young woman, who wants to attend any college, musical conservatory or business school, can do so through the Curtis Scholarship Plan. There is nothing competitive about the plan.

We will gladly send you complete details of the work, including an interesting booklet, "AN EDUCATION WITHOUT COST," telling what others have done.

Educational Division, Box 879

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

greatly influenced by the endangering of American shipping."

"Naturally. But your press endeavors to be neutral, does it not?"

"Not particularly," I admitted. "Sooner or later they become partisan. It is difficult not to. In this war one must take sides."

"Certainly. One must take sides. One cannot be really neutral in this war. Every country is interested in the result, either actively now or later on, when the struggle is decided. One cannot be disinterested; one must be partisan."

The staff echoed this.

Having been interviewed by General Foch for some time I ventured to ask him a question. So I asked, as I asked every general I met, if the German advance had been merely ruthless or if it had been barbaric.

He made no direct reply, but he said:

"You must remember that the Germans are not only fighting against an army, they are fighting against nations; trying to destroy their past, their present, even their future."

"How does America feel as to the result of this war?" he asked. "I suppose it feels no doubt as to the result."

Again I was forced to explain my own inadequacy to answer such a question and my total lack of authority to voice American sentiment. While I was confident that many Americans believed in the cause of the Allies, and had every confidence in the outcome of the war, there remained always that large and prosperous portion of the population, either German-born or of German parentage, which had no doubt of Germany's success.

"It is natural, of course," he commented. "How many French have you in the United States?"

I thought there were about three hundred thousand, and said so.

"You treat your people so well in France," I said, "that few of them come to us."

He nodded and smiled.

"What do you think of the blockade, General Foch?" I said. "I have just crossed the Channel and it is far from comfortable."

"Such a blockade cannot be," was his instant reply; "a blockade must be continuous to be effective. In a real blockade all neutral shipping must be stopped, and Germany cannot do this."

The Invincible Army

One of the staff said "Bluff!" which has apparently been adopted into the French language, and the rest nodded their approval.

Their talk moved on to aëroplanes, to shells, to the French artillery. General Foch considered that Zeppelins were useful only as air scouts, and that with the coming of spring, with short nights and early dawns, there would be no time for them to range far. The aëroplanes he considered much more valuable.

"One thing has impressed me," I said, "as I have seen various artillery duels—the number of shells used with comparatively small result. After towns are destroyed the shelling continues. I have seen a hillside where no troops had been for weeks, almost entirely covered with shell holes.

He agreed that the Germans had wasted a great deal of their ammunition.

Like all great commanders he was intensely proud of his men and their spirit.

"They are both cheerful and healthy," said the general; "splendid men. We are very proud of them. I am glad that America is to know something of their spirit, of the invincible courage and resolution of the French to fight in the cause of humanity and justice."

Luncheon was over. It had been a good luncheon, of a mound of boiled cabbage, finely minced beef in the center, of mutton cutlets and potatoes, of strawberry jam, cheese and coffee. There had been a bottle of red wine on the table. A few of the staff took a little, diluting it with water. General Foch did not touch it.

We rose. I had an impression that I had had my interview; but the hospitality and kindness of this French general were to go further.

In the little corridor he picked up his dark-blue cap and we set out for official headquarters, followed by several of the officers. He walked rapidly, taking the street to give me the narrow sidewalk and going along with head bent against the wind. In the square, almost deserted, a number

The Florsheim SHOE

MEN WEAR THEM EVERYWHERE

TRY the cool, comfort-giving fit of Florsheim "Natural Shape" Oxfords—Style and ease united to meet your needs—A decidedly satisfactory shoe to wear.

A Style for Every Taste
$5 to $7
Look for Name in Shoe

Booklet showing "Styles of the Times" free on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago

"The Apollo" Black or Tan Style 1639

Westward Ho?

To California's Expositions? First send for free booklets: "Hotel Oakland," giving complete hotel information, and "California Automobile Tours," with valuable touring maps.

Hotel Oakland offers Panama-Pacific visitors quiet luxury and homelike comfort at rates surprisingly low. Just over the Bay from the Exposition—a delightful ferry-ride direct to the Grounds. Unexcelled service and cuisine. European plan. Write for booklets. Cable address OAKTEL. Victor Reiter, Manager.

HOTEL OAKLAND
OAKLAND : CALIFORNIA

FUNNY STORIES about the FORD
The first and only collection published in book form. A laugh in every line. Illustrated with clever cartoons. Sent postpaid for 15 cts. AGENTS WANTED
PRESTO PUBLISHING CO., HAMILTON, OHIO

SALESMEN Profitable high-grade proposition for capable men to sell a new form of advertising to retail merchants everywhere. Side line or whole time. Address Sales Manager.
WINSLOW CABOT CO., 204 Congress Building, Boston, Mass.

A Fortune to the Inventor
who reads and heeds it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 6 cents postage. Write us at once.
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Digitized by Google

of staff cars had gathered, and lorries lumbered through. We turned to the left, between the sentry and the gendarme, and climbing a flight of wooden stairs were in the anteroom of the general's office. Here were tables covered with papers, telephones, maps, the usual paraphernalia of such rooms. We passed through a pine door, and there was the general's room—a bare and shabby room, with a large desk in front of the two windows that overlooked the street, a shaded lamp, more papers and a telephone. The room had a fireplace, and in front of it was a fine old chair. And on the mantelpiece, as out of place as the chair, was a marvelous Louis-Quinze clock, under glass. There were great maps on the walls, with the opposing battle lines shown to the smallest detail. General Foch drew my attention at once to the clock.

"During the battle of the Yser," he said, "night and day my eyes were on that clock. Orders were sent. Then it was necessary to wait until they were carried out. It was by the clock that one could know what should be happening. The hours dragged. It was terrible."

It must have been terrible. Everywhere I had heard the same story. More than any of the great battles of the war, more even than the battle of the Marne, the great fight along the Yser, from the twenty-first of last October to the twelfth of November, seems to have impressed itself in sheer horror on the minds of those who know its fearfulness. At every headquarters I have found the same feeling.

It was General Foch's army that reënforced the British at that battle. The word had evidently been given to the Germans that at any cost they must break through. They hurled themselves against the British with unprecedented ferocity. Elsewhere in these articles I have told a little of that battle, of the frightful casualties, so great among the Germans that they carried their dead back and burned them in great pyres. The British Army was being steadily weakened. The Germans came steadily, new lines taking the place of those that were gone. Then the French came up, and, after days of struggle, the line held.

General Foch opened a drawer of the desk and showed me, day by day, the charts of the battle. They were bound together in a great book, and each day had a fresh page. The German Army was black. The French was red. Page after page I lived that battle, the black line advancing, the blue of the British wavering against overwhelming numbers and ferocity, the red line of the French coming up. "The Man of Ypres," they call General Foch, and well they may.

"They came," said General Foch, "like the waves of the sea."

It was the second time I had heard the German onslaught so described.

He shut the book and sat for a moment, his head bent, as though in living over again that fearful time some of its horror had come back to him.

At last: "I paced the floor and watched the clock," he said.

How terrible! How much easier to take a sword and head a charge! How much simpler to lead men to death than to send them! There in that quiet room, with only the telephone and the ticking of the clock for company, while his staff waited outside for orders, this great general, this strategist on whose strategy hung the lives of armies, this patriot and soldier at whose word men went forth to die, paced the floor.

He walked over to the clock and stood looking at it, his fine head erect, his hands behind him. Some of the tragedy of those nineteen days I caught from his face.

But the line held.

To-day, as I write this, General Foch's army in the North and the British are bearing the brunt of another great attack at Ypres. The British have made a gain at Neuve Chapelle, and the Germans have retaliated by striking at their line, some miles farther north. If they break through it will be toward Calais and the sea. Every offensive movement in this new warfare of trench and artillery requires a concentration of reserves. To make their offensive movement the British concentrated at Neuve Chapelle. The second move of this game of death has been made by the other side on the weakened line of the Allies. During the winter the line, in this manner, automatically straightened. But what will happen now?

One thing we know: General Foch will send out his brave men, and, having sent them, will watch the Louis-Quinze clock and wait. And other great generals will send out their men, and wait also. There will be more charts, and every fresh line of black or blue or red or Belgian yellow will mean a thousand deaths, ten thousand deaths.

They are fighting to-day at Ypres. I have seen that flat and muddy battlefield. I have talked with the men, have stood by the batteries as they fired. How many of the boys I watched playing prisoners' base round their guns in the intervals of firing are there to-day? How many remain of that little company of soldiers who gave three cheers for me because I was the only woman they had seen for months? How many of the officers who shrugged their shoulders when I spoke of danger have gone down to death?

Outside the window where I am writing this, Fifth Avenue, New York, has just left its churches and is flaunting its spring finery in the sun. Across the sea, such a little way as measured by time, people are in the churches also. The light comes through the ancient, stained-glass windows and falls, not on spring finery, not on orchids and gardenias, but on thousands of tiny candles burning before the shrine of the Mother of Pity.

It is so near. And it is so terrible. How can we play? How can we think of anything else? But for the grace of God, your son and mine lying there in the spring sunlight on the muddy battlefield of Ypres!

For King and Country!

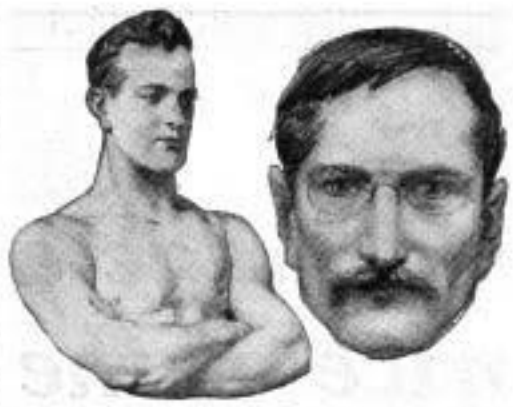
A Repeater

"A FEW years ago," declares a well-known receiver, "I was appointed receiver for a man who had gone through bankruptcy some two years before. Just previous to his failure his store had been burned and the principal part of his assets was his insurance policies. There was much discussion between the trustee and the insurance companies as to the amount of goods destroyed.

"When this man showed up as a repeater in bankruptcy I was naturally on my guard. He was so wise and circumspect that I was sure he had received crafty coaching. I proceeded very cautiously and finally succeeded in getting from the attorney who filed the petition the admission that he had done so at the suggestion of the lawyer for the bankrupt. But here is where I had a surprise coming to me. When that lawyer saw that the attorney for the bankrupt was scheming to use him as a tool, he came right out into the open and did the heartiest kind of work to clear up the mess.

"And we certainly were up against as crafty a gang as ever tried to do the Bankruptcy Court. We put the bankrupt on the stand and he swore that no goods had gone out of the store except in the regular order of business; that no assets had been removed or secreted, and that the estate had been turned over to the receiver intact. We began to scour the neighborhood and finally found a laborer who declared he had helped to haul goods from there. Through him we found other men who had also helped on the job. Finally we collected a dozen of these witnesses.

"The trail led to the door of a relative of the bankrupt. He had been a cheap clerk for the bankrupt at the time of the first failure, two years before, and now he was a prosperous merchant; but he was a fox of the first order. He knew we could not take any goods we could not positively identify, and he had prepared to head us off on that score by buying goods identical with those removed from the stock of the bankrupt. This clever trick confused identification and prevented the recovery of the goods, but it did not prevent the conviction of the bankrupt and his chief clerk for perjury. They were sent to the penitentiary. However, if the attorney who filed the petition had played into the hands of the attorney for the bankrupt, as that individual had intended when he made the first move in the game, the receiver certainly would have had a much harder row to hoe and the convictions might not have been secured."



It's the Muscles at Twenty—but What at Forty?

Your early success was largely muscular—physical. Your buoyant vitality gave you a personality which made you popular with your superiors and won easy promotion. It was taken for granted that your knowledge was limited and no one minded.

But what at forty? The answer is obvious. The man of forty is only useful from the jaw up. His successes are not won with a vigorous handshake. His youthful attractiveness is gone. The only thing that counts is *what he knows*. What will you know at forty?

The routine of a department? The inside affairs of one particular business—knowledge that would be useless with any other concern? Is that *all*? It won't be enough. There will be plenty of boys to match that knowledge at half your salary. If you are to step to the front office instead of to the scrap pile, you must *know business as a whole*—the principles which underlie all business activity—and how to apply those principles.

You must be a trained business brain.

The Modern Business Course and Service of the Alexander Hamilton Institute covers the whole range of organized business knowledge. It offers to the man of limited horizon the concentrated experience of *all* business—reduced to an orderly science. To the man of broad affairs it offers an invaluable summary of that which he knows.

The Modern Business Course and Service of the ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

The Alexander Hamilton Institute is planned and conducted by recognized authorities under the supervision of an Advisory Council composed of the following educators and business leaders:

JOSEPH FRENCH JOHNSON, D. C. S., Dean of the New York University School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance.
FRANK A. VANDERLIP, LL. D., President of the National City Bank of New York.
ELIJAH W. SELLS, M. A., C. P. A., Senior Member Haskins & Sells, Certified Public Accountants.
JEREMIAH W. JENKS, LL. D., Professor of Government, New York University.
ELBERT H. GARY, LL. D., Chairman of the Board, U. S. Steel Corporation.

It covers advertising, selling, financing, accounting, credits, banking, correspondence and commercial law.

Its subscribers include men in every rank of business life: presidents and officers of big corporations, proprietors of progressive smaller concerns; department heads and assistants; accountants, chief clerks and the younger men who are looking forward to bigger responsibilities. To all these it gives knowledge that could be otherwise obtained only by years of bitter experience—if at all. Find out today what it offers you.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
49 Astor Place, New York

"Forging Ahead in Business" contains a vital message drawn from the experience of hundreds of successful men. 116 pages handsomely illustrated.

IT IS FREE

Send the Coupon Now

Alexander Hamilton Institute
49 Astor Place, New York City

I should like to have you send, without cost or obligation to me, a copy of "Forging Ahead in Business," and full information about your Modern Business Course and Service.

NAME.....
STREET ADDRESS.....
TOWN.....
BUSINESS POSITION.....
WITH.....
(Name of firm or company)
NUMBER OF YEARS IN BUSINESS.....

If you wish to add any facts about yourself, or your business plans, that will help us determine the fitness of our Course and Service for your needs, we shall treat your letter as confidential and give it personal attention.

KEITH'S FAMOUS PLANS Issues you an individual home at no greater cost to build than "Ready Made." I'll sketch it for you for $5 if it's not among my 2000 Plans. For $1.00 I'll mail you 150 "Homes of Individuality," incl. floor plans, etc. Selected from the best recent types in the U. S. 100 sent at once and 10 each mo. for 5 mos., giving you the very latest. (State cost home wanted.)

W. J. KEITH, Arch't, 104 Keith Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

HERZ ("The famous "Bougie Mercedes" of Europe) SPARK PLUG

Used by U. S. Army and Navy.—WHY? No cracking porcelain—4 sparking points—Platinum-alloy electrode—self-cleaning. Guaranteed a year—usually outlasts the motor. Dealers or direct from us—$1.50. HERZ & CO., 245 W. 55th St., New York

6 DAYS AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION $30

First-class hotel. Room & bath. Bus and baggage free. Admissions to Fair and Joy Zone Attractions. Tours of San Francisco Bay and Cities. All for the $30. Transportation and tour advice free. Guaranteed service. Highest references. Tour Companies' trade solicited.
SECURE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW. Write or wire for information.
EXPO. TOUR SERVICE CO., 155 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

Our large Capital and Surplus, State Supervision, and well known conservative management afford unquestioned security for every dollar deposited with this bank. There are many strong arguments in favor of our method of Banking by Mail which are fully set forth in our Booklet "M," sent free on request.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO. ASSETS OVER 50 MILLION DOLLARS. CAPITAL & SURPLUS $ 6,500,000.00

Any Spare Time ?

If you are going to have some spare time this summer we will buy it.

In every town in the country there are subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* which must be renewed and forwarded.

We will pay you in salary and commission

if you will look after these and new orders. Thousands of men and women are doing this now, but we want more. Let us tell you about it. It will involve no expense to you and no experience is required.

BOX 885, AGENCY DIVISION
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

Digitized by Google

Do you judge a play by the price of the ticket—

or by the performance you see?

Do you judge a sack of flour by the cost—or by the quality of the bread it makes?

Do you judge a suit by the tailor's bill—or by the fit and finish of the clothes themselves?

Do you judge a hotel by the rate per day—or by the service you get?

Does low price give you as much satisfaction as good quality?

Then why judge a motor car by its price?

You cannot get something for nothing. You get exactly what you pay for.

You can't get Chalmers Quality at less than Chalmers price.

Chalmers Motor Company

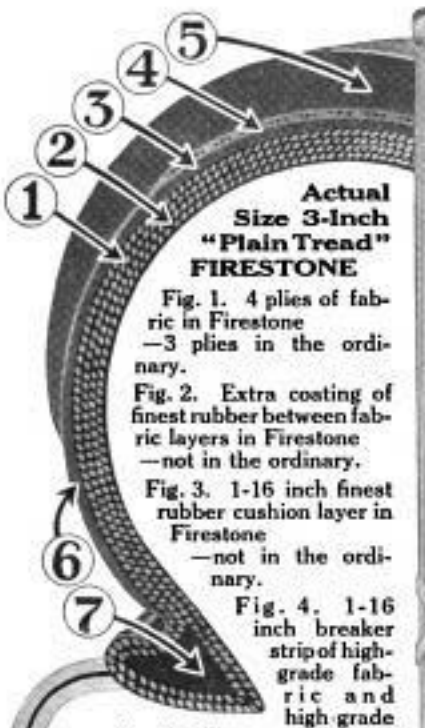
Detroit, Michigan

New Six-40 *$1400*
Light Six-48 *$1650*
Master Six-60 *$2400*

Quality First

Digitized by Google

Measure Firestones by the Mileage Rule and you have the Answer on Prices



Actual Size 3-Inch "Plain Tread" FIRESTONE

Fig. 1. 4 plies of fabric in Firestone —3 plies in the ordinary.

Fig. 2. Extra coating of finest rubber between fabric layers in Firestone —not in the ordinary.

Fig. 3. 1-16 inch finest rubber cushion layer in Firestone —not in the ordinary.

Fig. 4. 1-16 inch breaker strip of high-grade fabric and high grade rubber in Firestone —same quantity in others.

Fig. 5. 1-4 inch tread, tough, resilient, in Firestone —3-16 inch in the ordinary.

Fig. 6. 1-16 inch side wall of strongest rubber in Firestone —same quantity in others.

Fig. 7. Bead of extra cohesive strength in the Firestone —same size bead in others.

Yet you pay only $9.40 for this 30x3 Firestone—less than 5% more than four widely advertised makes.

Actual Size 5-inch "Non-Skid" FIRESTONE

Fig. 1. 7 plies of Sea-Island fabric in Firestone —some are satisfied with 6.

Fig. 2. Extra coating of finest rubber between fabric layers in Firestone —not in the ordinary.

Fig. 3. 1/8 inch Pure Para Rubber cushion layer in Firestone —none in the ordinary.

Fig. 4. 3-32 inch Breaker Strip of Sea-Island fabric and high-grade rubber in Firestone —less in the ordinary.

Fig. 5. 1/2 inch Tread, tough, resilient, gripping in Firestone —less in the ordinary.

Fig. 6. 1/4 inch side wall of strongest rubber in Firestone —less in the ordinary.

Fig. 7. Firestone Bead, built into tire specially for clincher rims in Firestone.

In the ordinary tire the clincher part of bead is only a patch applied to straight side type to fill "clincher" space.

Yet you pay only $39.80 for this 37 x 5 inch Firestone NON-SKID—20% below the average of four widely advertised makes.

Most Miles per Dollar

Copyrighted 1916—Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

THE one rule that proves tire value to the user is the Mileage Rule. The miles of service you get for each dollar you pay determines the actual price of your tires.

We ask you always to use the Mileage Rule in measuring the values of Firestone Tires. It is to help you judge for yourself that we print again and again these faithful reproductions of Firestone cross sections showing the Inbuilt Extras—a small size and a large size. The same relative values apply in Firestone Tires of all sizes.

It Costs Us More—

to build these extra values into Firestone Tires. But they are all necessary to give you the Firestone Most-Miles-per-Dollar quality.

If quality alone determined prices, Firestone Tires could never be sold at anything like the prices of ordinary tires. Firestones would always be higher priced—much higher. But other great Firestone factors enable us to bring Firestone Tires almost down to the prices at which ordinary tires are sold. The money saving factors are:

The demand for Firestone Tires by tire users who have learned the economy of quality. This demand has made us the largest producers in America specializing on tires. It increased our output 78% last year. It brought us 50% more dealers last year.

Firestone marketing efficiency. Firestone Tires are delivered to car owners at lowest possible cost, through a distributing system of international scope, complete, efficient, economical.

Your gain from these Firestone advantages is Firestone Quality—at the prices quoted here.

Firestone Quality Tubes at Low Prices

You can compare tube quality before buying. The looks, the feel, the weight, the bulk of pure rubber, enable you to decide for yourself. By these tests, as well as the records of service, Firestone Tubes, Red and Grey, prove their superiority. Firestone Tubes are laminated, that is, built layer upon layer to an extra thickness, and given a "temper" that resists the hardest tests of temperature for the longest time.

So compare Firestone Tubes with others. Then compare prices. Firestone Tubes are lower in price because of specialized production on an enormous scale—specialized marketing facilities—Firestone policy of small profit to win largest demand and the low overhead costs and interest charges on the Firestone business.

The same relative difference, which means a bigger advantage to you, exists in the tire prices and values. See the Firestone dealer—and get the Tires and Tubes that are not only low priced, in first cost, but low priced measured by the Mileage Rule.

Firestone Net Prices to Car Owners

	Case Round Tread	Case Non-Skid	Grey Tube	Red Tube
30x3	$9.40	$10.55	$2.20	$2.50
30x3½	11.90	13.35	2.60	2.90
32x3½	13.75	15.40	2.70	3.05
34x4	19.90	22.30	3.90	4.40
34x4½	27.30	30.55	4.80	5.40
36x4½	28.70	32.15	5.00	5.65
37x5	35.55	39.80	5.95	6.70
38x5½	46.00	51.50	6.75	7.55

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

Akron, Ohio—Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Digitized by Google

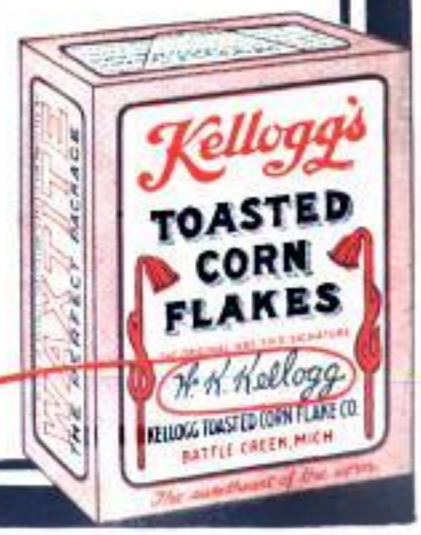
At your house, perhaps, there is some important member of the family who should be enjoying Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes—with good milk poured in the side of the dish—not on top—just enough to float the crispy flakes and bring out their delicate flavor. *Spare the sugar.*

Then too there is the WAXTITE package that keeps the fresh, good flavor in—and all other flavors out.

Oh, you'll *all* be eating them—and repeating oftener than with any other breakfast food—these golden flakes with the ever-alluring fresh-from-the-oven taste!

And remember *please* that you don't know corn flakes unless you know *Kellogg's*—the original Toasted Corn Flakes—with the pride of the originator to keep the delicate process *complete*.

Even Baby can tell the difference!



W. K. Kellogg

Copyright, 1915, Kellogg Toasted Corn Flakes Co.

Digitized by Google

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Illinois State Historical Library
Springfield, Ill.

Found… …nklin

MAY 29, 1915 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
PENRHYN STANLAWS

MORE THAN TWO MILLION A WEEK

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

AJAX TIRE

High Mileage Contest

For Employed Chauffeurs

$5,000 In 208 Cash PRIZES

Important to Car Owners

THIS Third Annual Ajax Tire Mileage Contest for Employed Drivers of cars, now in progress, is of great importance to car owners. These tire mileage competitions were organized by us two years ago to inspire drivers to take more care and better care of tires, and to demonstrate that conserving the owner's tire investment by guarding against abuse, misuse and neglect, makes for *tire economy*. The opportunity is ours, too, to reward chauffeurs who realize the highest mileage.

You should urge your chauffeur to enter this new contest. While getting the most mileage out of tires he is working for your interest. In arriving at an important mileage figure he is in line for an important *cash prize* to be awarded by us.

In the second Ajax Mileage Contest just closed, the winner obtained 21,985 miles from a single Ajax Tire on a Cadillac car. The capital prize winners averaged 16,509 miles per tire.

Equip your car with Ajax Tires.

AJAX TIRES

Guaranteed

in writing

5000 MILES

"While others are claiming Quality we are guaranteeing it."

Chauffeurs—Enter Now!

EVERY chauffeur should enter the Third Ajax Tire Mileage Contest for 208 cash prizes. The contest is limited to employed drivers only, who realize the greatest mileage beyond 5,000 miles, between April 1st, 1915, and March 31st, 1916. In event of ties, a prize the equivalent of that tied for will be awarded each tying contestant. The rules governing the contest are simple. As many tires can be entered by one driver as desired. Only one tire entered by a driver, that which reaches the highest mileage, is considered in the awards.

The judges are Mr. Alfred Reeves, General Manager National Automobile Chamber of Commerce; President R. A. Patteson, Tarrytown National Bank, and Mr. L. W. Scudder, Certified Public Accountant, New York.

Entry blanks may be obtained from Ajax dealers, or may be had by addressing the company's branches or home office.

ENTER NOW, that you may reach high mileage winning figures!

AJAX-GRIEB RUBBER COMPANY, INC.

1796–1798 Broadway, New York

Atlanta, 4–6 W. Harris St.
Boston, 1084 Boylston St.
Brooklyn, 1182 Bedford Ave.
Chicago, 1507 Michigan Ave.
Cleveland, 18th & Euclid Aves.
Dallas, 2117 Commerce St.
Denver, 1518 Broadway
Des Moines, 909 Locust St.
Detroit, 507 Woodward Ave.
Indianapolis, 423 No. Capitol Ave.
Kansas City, Mo., 1730 Grand Ave.
Los Angeles, 1229 So. Olive St.
Minneapolis, 905 Marquette Ave.
Philadelphia, 316 No. Broad St.
Portland, Ore., 329 Ankeny St.
San Francisco, 530 Golden Gate Ave.
Seattle, 806 East Pike St.

Factories: Trenton, N. J.

Digitized by Google

Society Brand Clothes

For Young Men and Men Who Stay Young

These "Nothing" Coats

Are the Features of Six New Summer Models

We are putting out this season six new designs which are the most desirable models ever shown in this line. They mark Society Brand's greatest season. They are, we believe, the six best exhibits we have ever shown as evidence of our leadership.

They combine style and *utility* in a most unusual way. See if you want to wear clothes that lack these qualities. Note what these models mean in summer.

Called "Nothing" or "Lounge" Suits

These new models are known as "Nothing" or "Lounge" Suits because of their perfect comfort.

The coats have no padding whatever in any part. No stiffening or haircloth. No lining except a shoulder-yoke, which obviates binding in any body position and makes the coats easy to slip on. They are soft and pliable.

When worn open the lapels roll back and produce that natty "kink effect in the collar."

These coats are called "Nothing" coats because, in light-weight summer fabrics, they give the impression of "no coat at all." All the inside seams are piped, giving a neatly finished effect.

The vest is also unlined, to harmonize with the "Nothing" idea of the coat.

These clothes are for business or general wear—not merely for outing use.

THE BUDD SUIT

The Budd Suit is a good example of the "Nothing" or "Lounge" type. It has patch pockets and natural, unpadded shoulders. The coat is exactly the right length for good style, with soft roll lapel—two buttons. The Vest has five buttons. The Trousers are semi-straight, with cuffs.

Their softness requires extra fine tailoring—and this house is famous for it.

The Utmost in Design

These clothes are designed by Mr. A. G. Peine, who has probably originated more improvements in men's clothes than any other designer.

For ten years, in New York, he cut the clothes of some of America's most fastidious dressers.

During that time he suggested scores of ideas that were widely copied.

He now designs only *Society Brand Clothes*. He is a member of this firm and is known as "the young man's style authority" through the success these clothes have made.

A Society Brand Suit, ever since these clothes were first produced, has marked the utmost in the clothes-making art.

This Free Book Pictures and Describes Them

Send for a copy of our beautiful style book.

We'll send with it the name and address of the merchant in your town who can show the clothes themselves.

Only one merchant in any town can get these clothes. They are made too carefully—too slowly—to permit of a large output.

You'll save time by going direct to our dealer. So send for this book and his address now.

Society Brand prices range from $20 up—dress clothes from $35 up.

No Garment is genuine unless the inside pocket bears the label, "Society Brand Clothes."

Made in Chicago by

ALFRED DECKER & COHN

Made in Montreal for Canada by
Society Brand Clothes, Limited

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1915,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 187 — *PHILADELPHIA, MAY 29, 1915* — *Number 48*

SUSPICION

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

OLD RELIABLE had his suspicions. Zack suspected that young white man from the first minute Colonel Spottiswoode brought him home and ordered Mr. Fenton's gripsacks into that big front room on the left-hand side of the hall. It didn't convince Zack for all the quality folks to make a fuss over Mr. Fenton. No trouble to fool white folks. And the Colonel would take up with anybody that talked nice about cotton, like a woman making friends with the stranger who notices her baby. And, moreover, Zack didn't approve of the way that city man kept gallivanting round Miss Betty.

Of course Zack couldn't breathe his distrust to the Colonel; niggers had no business totin' tales between white folks. Neither could he talk in the kitchen, being married to Selina, who conducted kitchen conversation.

It was nearly dusk, and none of the white folks had come home. Zack and Selina were upstairs, alone in the Colonel's sitting room. Zack simmered with suspicion and sparred for an opening.

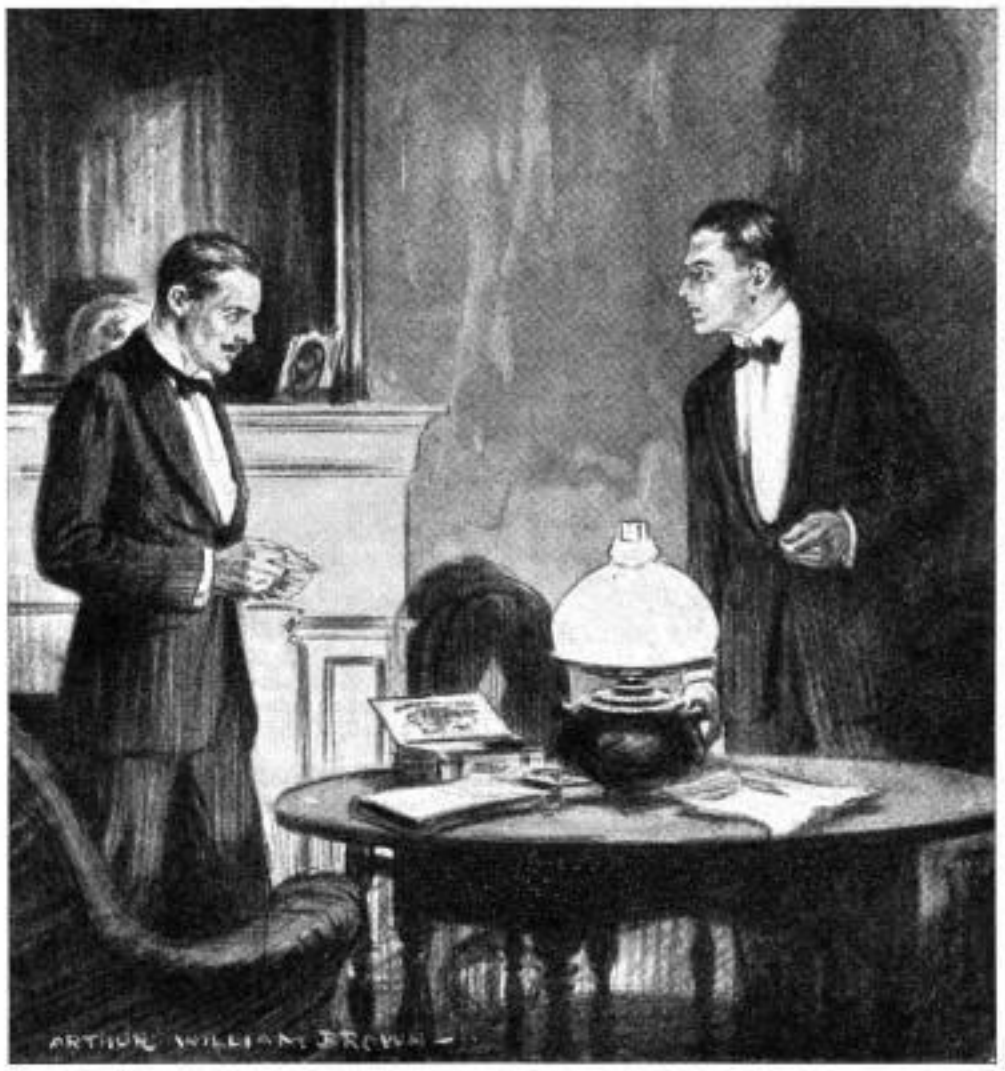
"Seliny, I thinks ——"

"What wid?"

Selina had a grouch. This was her regular church night, and Colonel had just telephoned that he expected some friends at eight o'clock, and to fix things.

"Den on top o' dat," Selina grumbled, "Miss Betty tuk a notion to give a dance in de hall downstairs."

The competent woman flung newspapers and magazines from the Colonel's table, then wheeled: "Zack, quit grinnin' at me like a baked possum. Go git dat julep tray."



"I Will Pay You Half a Million Dollars—Cash"

Far be it from Zack to renew a touchy argument with Selina. He tried to hold in; he retreated as far as the door, then his mouth tore loose: "I don't care how much money Mr. Fenton is got, he ain't no more'n po' white trash."

Selina had waddled to the corner with both hands full of books. She could only stop and glare. "Dry up, Zack, low-ratin' Cunnel's comp'ny."

Zack got prudently out of the door, then thrust in his head and added: "Seliny, I ain't no Jeremiah, but I prophesy Mr. Fenton is fixin' to grab sumpin'."

The huge woman backed herself, came about ponderously as a steamboat, and headed for Zack. "Grab sumpin'! What you mean?"

"O' cose white folks don't grab things same as niggers; he'll grab de cotehouse, or some o' Cunnel's plantations."

Selina stopped and eyed him scornfully. "Don't Mr. Fenton give you a dollar eve'y time you turns round?"

"Yes, an' soon as he turns round I bites dat dollar to make sho it's good—Look out, Seliny, here dey come." Zack hustled out the door, passing a tall old man in a white linen suit, who stood aside and pointed the way for his guest.

"Now, Mr. Fenton, I have shown you some of the richest cotton lands on the globe. Thirty years ago millions of those acres were not considered worth the taxes."

"Our syndicate will be keenly interested," Fenton nodded.

Fenton and Spottiswoode belonged to different worlds, distinct as was the pliant panama from the stiff-brimmed, accurately shaped straw that Fenton wore. It wasn't so much the difference between slender young manhood and sturdy age; between gray hairs and glossy black; between the nattiest of fashionable attire and the comfortable negligence of the Colonel's linens. Their clean-cut differentiation lay deeper. Fenton had mastered the externals of good breeding until they became more than an appearance. Irreproachable manners fitted him as perfectly as his clothes or business habits. But he could discard them as a garment that did not suit the function.

Courtesy in Colonel Spottiswoode was quite unconscious, being the applied kindness of his heart. As Zack expressed it: "Cunnel never makes a nigger feel like a nigger."

When Zack entered with the julep tray Colonel was still talking about cotton and Fenton politely attentive. But the negro saw that Fenton was not interested until the Colonel inquired: "Zack, where is Miss Betty?"

Zack grinned maliciously. "Ain't come in yit. She gone ridin' wid Mr. Murray Duncan."

At mention of Murray Duncan the handsome young New Yorker tossed his head with a start of surprise. Zack noticed that he was paying attention.

The Colonel was pleased. "I did not know that Mr. Duncan had arrived."

"Yas, suh, he telephoned up from de evenin' train. Him an' Miss Betty rid off together." It tickled Zack to see the frown deepen on Fenton's face.

He kept arranging and rearranging the julep tray, trying to stay and see what happened.

"Come 'long, Zack." Selina caught his arm and made him follow her downstairs to prepare for Miss Betty's dance.

Unaware that his guest was not listening, the amiable Spottiswoode pursued that topic which lay nearest to his heart: "It sounds like Aladdin's tale, the way those lands have developed and increased in value. For instance, when Betty's father died I invested two hundred dollars of her money in wild land, at one dollar an acre. Put some negroes on it, rent free for five years; they put the jungles into cultivation. After that the crops paid for Betty's clothing, education and a trip abroad. Two weeks ago she sold it for one hundred dollars per acre—cash."

"Remarkable! Remarkable!" Fenton replied absently. He was considering the awkward mischance which brought himself and Murray Duncan into the same house. This was an unforeseen accident, and he shrewdly calculated how it might be used to his advantage.

Colonel Spottiswoode rose. "Mr. Fenton, we ought to be dressing. The young people will soon arrive."

Fenton stood undecided as the Colonel laid a hand upon the knob of his own door. But Fenton was no man to hesitate; he had not gained his millions by dillydally methods.

"One moment, Colonel." Concisely he stated the proposition: "I have found something more important to me than cotton lands—being deeply interested in your niece."

"What, in four days?"

"In four minutes."

The Colonel looked at him with a big, broad smile, good-humored and wholly friendly.

"Why, bless my soul, Fenton!" he said, laying a hand upon the young man's shoulder. "Have you spoken to Betty?"

"No, not finally—that is, we were interrupted."

"Mr. Fenton, naturally I should advise Betty. But she will make her own choice, and ——"

"Has already made it?"

"That's for Betty to say."

Given a fair opportunity Fenton could have wormed this information from the Colonel himself, of which that gentleman was possibly aware, for he turned to welcome the light, swift steps that came running upstairs. Brown-haired Betty burst into the room: "Oh, Uncle, Uncle, Murray came very near getting killed," with a friendly nod to Fenton.

"What?"

"We rode up to Lake Moccasin, and were sitting on that big log talking about old times. I left my vanity box. Murray went back for it, while I waited in the road—and heard the pistol shot. When Murray came out I made him tell me what happened. A drunken man had found my box and wouldn't give it up. Murray tried to reason with him. The man jerked a pistol from his fishing basket and Murray snatched it away. And, he says, it went off accidentally."

"Oh, well, there was nobody hurt."

Digitized by Google

"No. The man fell and knocked his head against a tree; he was very drunk. Now, Mr. Fenton, don't smile like that. I know you think we are all desperadoes."

"Worse things happen in New York."

"Oh, I nearly forgot my party." Betty scarcely paused for breath. "Get ready quickly, Mr. Fenton; the girls are expecting you to teach them all the new dances."

"Not the new ones," Fenton laughed. "Remember, I've been away from New York more than a week."

Betty hurried to her room, glancing back as she went: "Uncle, Murray will be here about fifteen minutes to eight. Wants to confer with you before the bankers come."

Fenton held his face discreetly blank, although he knew exactly what Murray Duncan had come all the way from Central America to get—thirty thousand dollars, which Fenton had come from New York to see that he didn't get.

With Betty gone there was no temptation for Fenton to linger. He opened a door opposite the Colonel's and dressed in haste. Haste with Fenton never implied a lack of care, yet with apparent carelessness he left his door ajar—and listened. He had finished dressing some minutes before Betty reappeared, then strolled out, immaculate.

"Miss Spottiswoode, may I detain you just a moment, please?"

The most fastidious connoisseur of women could have found no fault with Betty. Fenton looked for none. He dropped his hat on a chair, moving between her and the door. "How perfectly stunning you are! You'd create a sensation in New York."

"Wouldn't that be fun?" Betty laughed; then with a shake of the head: "No New York for me, not this year. Uncle says he simply will not go."

The girl tried to pass him and get out, but Fenton stood squarely in her way. For the first time since maturity he found himself speaking impulsively, without balancing to a nicety the weight of every word.

"Then go with me! With me! Answer now. I shall be here only two days longer and never come back, unless ——" He was striving to look into her averted face.

This headlong attack disconcerted Betty, routed her from that surest of all refuges, her sense of humor. Fenton had made love to her, of course, being Uncle Beverly's guest. They had fenced charmingly for points. Now the buttons were off their foils. He refused to be turned aside with a laugh.

"Betty, you may live in New York. No woman shall have better position. We shall spend July and August in Switzerland or at Deauville. This autumn I go to Russia to inspect our beet-sugar plantations. When the cold comes we shall fly away to Central America, a wonderful, make-believe mountain republic, looking after our silver mines in marvelous little Astorga."

"Astorga!" Betty grasped at the chance, looked up in frank surprise and repeated: "Astorga!"

Fenton realized instantly that he had said too much, and for the moment it confused him.

Zack shuffled in with a telegram. He knew from the way they were standing, not looking at each other, that "Mr. Fenton done overspoke hisse'f about sumpin'."

"Telegram, Miss Betty, fer Mister Murray."

She read and re-read the address, which gave time to remobilize herself. "Thank you, Zack; put it on the table."

Which Zack did, and went out shaking his head.

"Astorga—that's very queer." Betty was skirmishing back to neutral territory. "We have a friend—Mr. Duncan—who owns a silver mine in Astorga. He'll be here to-night—that telegram is for him."

Having attracted his attention to the yellow envelope Betty dodged past him and reached the door:

"Make yourself comfortable, Mr. Fenton, until the girls arrive." Then she was gone.

Abruptly Fenton turned to that telegram lying on the table, addressed to R. M. Duncan. It might as well have been addressed to himself. Fenton opened it, and smiled grimly as he read that a New Orleans banker would be glad to lend thirty thousand dollars to Mr. Duncan, but unfortunately had no available funds until July third.

Fenton deftly resealed the envelope and kept smiling. His New Orleans agents were not asleep. Now he must see that Duncan also failed to get the money in Vicksburg.

He crossed to the telephone and peremptorily rang up his lawyer. His voice became dictatorial:

"Look here, Adams, why didn't you inform me that Duncan had arrived? That's what I'm paying you for. Call up every one of those bankers to-night, now. I'm at Colonel Spottiswoode's. . . . No, I dare not phone from here. If Duncan attempts to borrow money they are to notify me. . . . What? . . . This is a mere business precaution, and you are not so squeamish about taking my fee. . . . Very well, I shall rely on you."

There was something lovable about the unselfish curiosity of that white-haired, big-framed man who went downstairs to meet Murray Duncan, eager to find out what his young friend meant by that mystifying long-distance call from New Orleans. Duncan waited restlessly in the den, when he might have been helping Betty in the pantry, which was significant to begin with. He greeted the Colonel very quietly, closed the door and remained standing. The fervid tropics had scorched his cheeks; his eyes, always direct, had now become steady. But the laugh had gone out of them. For Murray shouldered the responsibilities of a tottering enterprise.

"My boy, you're looking fit as a fiddlestring!"

"Yes; they can't get my health away from me."

"Sit down; sit down. What's wrong?" The Colonel sat; Murray kept his feet.

"I must pay thirty thousand dollars to the Astorga Government before July first."

"Do you owe it?"

"Yes, the final payment on our concession."

"Then where's the hitch?"

"I can't get the money."

"What! Can't raise thirty thousand?"

"Only need nineteen thousand more. I sold Bannockburn in New Orleans for eleven thousand cash."

"Eleven! Bannockburn is worth fifty!" This sacrifice of his father's favorite plantation convinced the Colonel of Duncan's desperate need for cash. Briefly Duncan outlined the situation, with much of which the Colonel was already familiar. Ten years ago General Duncan opened their mine under a concession from the Astorga Government. They spent four hundred and eighty thousand dollars developing the most valuable silver property in Central America, and met all obligations except this final payment. Francesco Oveda, President of the Republic, was their stanch friend. He told Murray to go ahead, furnish employment to his people, and the government would wait. Then a revolution broke out and Oveda was assassinated. The new Dictator assured Murray that he could arrange this last payment to meet his own convenience.

"Then why such a rush?" Spottiswoode broke in.

"Well, Colonel, the Dictator is lying to me. That revolution was instigated and financed by the Zunita Securities Company—the money trust, you know—for the purpose of absorbing our mine. If I fail to pay that thirty thousand on the first of July my concession will be declared forfeited, and will be turned over to the Zunita. Of course they'll slip the Dictator a hundred thousand or so."

"Why not borrow? You have unlimited credit."

The old gentleman listened incredulously as Murray told him how the bankers in Astorga, usually anxious to lend him a hundred thousand at a time, had been warned off by their government. Failing to raise a dollar in Astorga he came to New Orleans, where the bankers delayed him with polite evasions.

"Murray, I can't understand that. You've never had trouble getting money in New Orleans."

The boy smiled. "Can't you see, Colonel? The Zunita Company controls the banks. That's why I telephoned you and came home, as a last resort."

"All right; we'll show 'em that sort of thing doesn't go in Vicksburg."

"Don't deceive yourself, Colonel. Their spies knew every move I made in New Orleans, and they won't overlook Vicksburg. I thought if you got the bankers here to-night you might raise the money in your name."

The amiable Colonel was no child. He had successfully managed his large and deeply involved properties. But at this season of the year every dollar was invested in growing crops, returns from which were not yet coming in, which made him a very large borrower.

"Murray, I'm sorry not to have that much cash myself. But I can get it for you in twenty minutes. Come upstairs. Archer and Barnes will be here at eight."

"No, sir; I'll keep out of the way until you get the money." Twice in New Orleans he had apparently settled negotiations when the bankers had backed out, giving flimsy reasons.

The Colonel's eyes twinkled as Duncan alluded to this angle of the situation, wire-pulling being difficult for him to comprehend. He rose with a smile. "Consider it settled."

"But, Colonel, I must leave Vicksburg to-morrow night at ten-thirty. That's the last train to catch my steamer."

"You can catch the one-forty-five to-morrow afternoon."

When his banker friends arrived Colonel Spottiswoode led them upstairs, where they were accustomed to play bridge. Archer and Spottiswoode were about the same age, but John Archer ran decidedly to rotundity and curves. Worthington Barnes, younger, slighter and with side-whiskers, prided himself upon injecting modern vigor into the musty banking business.

"Sit down, boys. Hate to invite you here for a business conference," their host apologized.

John Archer squeezed his amplitude into a huge chintz-covered chair, and nodded comfortably at the julep tray. "Here's something better than a conference."

"We'll get to that—presently." The Colonel faced them both. "I want nineteen thousand dollars to-morrow morning, for sixty days."

Archer's fat arms were barely long enough to lace his fingers across his paunch. When Spottiswoode mentioned money Archer's fingers slipped: "See here, Spot, thought I was going to hear something, after all this mystery."

Barnes had a sharp nose for poking into puzzles, and there was no puzzle—it was good banking. "I'll take the loan," he spoke briskly, "or give Mr. Archer half."

Archer nodded. "Sure, Spot, I'll handle it for you—all or any part. Now we can pass on to legitimate affairs," smacking his lips at the julep tray.

"Good! We've got business off our chest." The Colonel smiled his complete satisfaction and moved toward Fenton's door. "That's what I told Murray Duncan when he phoned from New Orleans—I could get that money for him in ten minutes."

"Duncan!" The word came with a snap from Barnes as he sat bolt upright. Barnes had been discreetly advised, from a certain powerful quarter, against making a thirty-thousand-dollar loan to the Duncan Syndicate before July first. It was good banking to follow suggestions from that powerful quarter. Nobody had politely suggested that he had better not lend nineteen thousand to Colonel Spottiswoode. His nose got keener and more suspicious as he glanced at Mr. Archer.

Archer's fingers came unlaced again; both hands gripped the arms of his chair. With an expression of almost silly astonishment he was watching the Colonel. Then Archer looked quickly at Barnes and Barnes looked at Archer. Until that illuminating instant neither of them knew that the same veiled intimation from the same powerful quarter had been made to anybody else. Their eyes met; their minds met; each knew that both knew. Which happened swiftly, before the Colonel could reach Fenton's door.

"Hold on, Spot," Archer blurted out; "you say this money is for Murray Duncan?"

Digitized by Google

"Yes." He knocked on Fenton's door. "Murray needs it to make final payment on his silver-mining concessions in Astorga. Mr. Fenton! Oh, Fenton! We are now prepared to initiate you into the gentle art of making a julep."

The Colonel's first call of "Fenton" seemed to be a cue for Barnes and Archer to bound to their feet and look startled. Both dropped back into their chairs, simulating indifference, when Fenton appeared, linked his arm into the Colonel's and came toward them, his face betraying no other thought than to enjoy the genial humor of his host.

"Mr. Fenton, there never was but one mixologist in New York who could build a proper julep. But he commenced pandering to depraved tastes, and I had to quit him. Pardon me, gentlemen—Mr. Fenton, Mr. Archer; and this is Mr. Barnes, Mr. Fenton."

Fenton played perfectly his part; the local talent did not do so well. Zack would have had suspicions that the gentlemen were no strangers. The Colonel had none.

Having served a friend in need, joviality and happiness radiated from the Colonel's face. These trusted neighbors, this stranger within his gates, were to partake of his simple hospitality.

"Zack! Oh, Zack! Crushed ice. Archer, you and Barnes sit down. Mr. Fenton, stand here please and watch closely."

A white-haired conjurer of good cheer, he stood erect behind his own table, with hands outspread above the decanter and mystical ingredients which waited the magic of his touch. Glances passed between Fenton and the others. The Colonel saw them not. Deceit, mistrust and all uncharitableness had no place beneath his roof.

Zack entered with a flourish and a bowl of crushed ice. Betty made her charming little old-fashioned curtsey at the door: "Uncle, can I help?"

"Certainly, dear, always."

After the Colonel had made the juleps, Betty garnished the cups and stuck in the straws.

Nobody seemed inclined to say anything, so Betty started a little diverting conversation: "Uncle, Mr. Fenton also has silver mining interests in Astorga."

"Good. Maybe he knows Murray Duncan."

Fenton reached for his julep, but the Colonel stopped him. "Be not tumultuous nor overhasty. A julep, sir, is not an incident, it is a function."

Betty knew it, she just knew it: something was wrong—four men sipping juleps, and three of them speaking not a solitary word.

Suddenly the Colonel turned to Zack: "Here, Zack! Oh, Zack, run downstairs and tell Mr. Duncan to come up."

Betty didn't know that Murray was in the house. What did it all mean?

Old John Archer wriggled in his chair, which was a tight fit. Barnes pushed aside his scarcely tasted glass. Betty saw that Mr. Barnes wanted to say something, and felt that she was in the way.

The emergency of Duncan's coming caught Fenton unprepared. He hated anything rough, or a scene, in the way of business—it was so crude, so primitive; his favorite methods were more adroit. He must think of something at once, for Duncan was rapidly mounting the stairs.

From the dead silence of that room Betty knew that she was out of place, glanced at the clock and rose: "Those girls will be coming in a few minutes."

Fenton promptly sprang up: "Permit me! I'll go with you."

Something more important than a julep was calling Murray upstairs. Betty could tell that much from the expectant air with which he entered. Her uneasiness increased, not at anything that Murray did or said, it was just the way he looked at her. Barnes and Archer scarcely glanced up. Even her uncle acted as if he were hiding something.

"Oh, here you are, Murray." Betty tried to appear at ease. "Mr. Fenton, let me introduce Mr. Duncan."

John Archer gripped the arms of his chair and ducked his head for artillery. There was none. As a matter of fact Duncan had never seen Fenton, and the name in Vicksburg suggested nothing. Cordially he exchanged greetings with Betty's friend, but showed no disposition to linger. Still less did Fenton. He and Betty passed down the stairs.

John Archer let out a long breath, then grabbed it in again. Here was old Bev. Spottiswoode to be reckoned with. Barnes sat up, uncomfortably rigid, bracing himself for a bad five minutes. Banking complications of this sort should be adjusted by correspondence.

"Come in, Murray," the Colonel nodded genially.

Mr. Archer and Mr. Barnes had always been good friends of the Duncan family; Murray now failed to observe their lack of enthusiastic welcome.

"Sit down, Murray." The Colonel shoved a cup toward him. "Here's your julep. Needn't hurry; everything is satisfactorily arranged."

"Good!" His face showed how good it was—the julep and the news.

Barnes was anxious for Archer to begin. Archer waited for Barnes to draw the first and heaviest fire. Being the more placid Archer could sit still the longer. Barnes fidgetted and began with a jerk: "Wait a minute, Colonel, let's talk it over."

Spottiswoode shook his head with good-humored finality. "No more business to-night. Fix up the papers to-morrow."

Barnes squirmed out to the edge of his chair; he didn't look at anybody. "I never understood that this money was going out of the country."

At the first hint of objection Murray Duncan realized that these men had been coached. He listened needlessly, well knowing what they would say.

Spottiswoode demolished their arguments, driving them from one subterfuge to another, until Barnes finally admitted: "We have influential connections who object to this character of loan."

Then Duncan leaned forward and tried to catch Barnes' eye. "This character of loan, or this particular loan? Say it."

"This particular loan." Barnes fumbled his cup.

"To me?" Directly and straight at him.

"To you," Barnes answered into space.

Archer hadn't said a word, but kept nodding his concurrence. Spottiswoode disliked addressing a man who refused to look at him, so he turned to Archer.

"Well, John, what's your objection to Murray Duncan?"

His blunt question took Archer unawares, and jolted out a reply: "You'll have to ask Mr. Fenton."

"Mr. Fenton?" It surprised the Colonel.

"Fenton!" Duncan ejaculated. The name had a sinister familiarity, and he ransacked his mind to recall it.

Archer shrank deeper in his chair. Barnes scowled at him for letting out the cat.

To the straightforward Colonel this clarified the situation. "I did not know of Mr. Fenton's being interested in your banks." He started to the door.

"Wait, Colonel."

"Hold on, Spot."

The Colonel neither waited nor held on. He leaned over the balustrade and called: "Zack! Oh, Zack, say to Mr. Fenton that I should be obliged if he will kindly join us." Then, turning back into the room: "Now we shall settle this in short order."

Archer lifted a fat, protesting hand. "Don't bring Mr. Fenton up here, Spot, don't! I can fix this for you, say, on July second."

"July second!" These words lifted Duncan to his feet. Every man of them realized that they were not dealing with a boy.

"Mr. Archer, would you mind telling me who instructed you to say that?"

Archer had made another slip, being unaccustomed to stand with the wicked in slippery places. Duncan pressed him. "Bankers in New Orleans repeated that same lesson with sheeplike unanimity—'after July first'—the date on which my payment is due in Astorga. Who told you to say that?"

Archer sat glum; Barnes kept fumbling his cup. The Colonel's face hardened into granite lines. Nobody spoke until Fenton, the perfection of composure, looked in at the door and shook his head: "Thanks, Colonel, I can't join you in another julep, one's my limit."

It was neatly done, and Fenton might have got away with it but for the Colonel's promptness. "Don't go, Mr. Fenton," catching his arm. "Pardon my insistence, but come in."

When Betty had presented this stranger Murray had scarcely looked at him. Even now, under steady search, the New Yorker's face recalled nothing. But the name that flashed to Duncan—a certain J. Lawrence Fenton was third vice-president of the Zunita Securities Company. Fenton betrayed no annoyance. The personification of graceful deference, he listened to the Colonel.

"Mr. Fenton, I regret to interrupt your evening; this is no place to talk business. But our friends here seem to be laboring under a misapprehension."

"Indeed? How so?" with polite interest, but no more.

"These bankers agreed to advance me nineteen thousand dollars. They learn it is for Mr. Duncan, and decline because of your objections. I merely want you to set them straight."

Fenton stiffened perceptibly: "My objections? Who brought my name into it?"

John Archer glanced up. "I did. It slipped."

"You should not have let it slip."

Spottiswoode lifted a pacifiying hand: "That's all right, Mr. Fenton. Nobody repeats what passes here. Just tell 'em to go ahead."

For one tense moment of absolute stillness Duncan and the Colonel looked to Fenton; Barnes and Archer looked down. Fenton stepped forward. It was as if their rightful leader had thrown aside disguise and assumed command. With firm hand resting upon the table he announced: "Can't do it, Colonel. I represent interests antagonistic to those of the Duncan Syndicate."

Colonel Spottiswoode settled back slowly into his chair. What he had derided as a wild tale of Murray Duncan's now confronted him as an actuality. Cut-throat finance was invading his own house. He had read such ravings in partisan newspapers; flannel-mouthed demagogues were always ranting about them from the stump. Here was the fight at his own table. And there sat sturdy John Archer, his friend from boyhood, lifting no finger to stop this monstrous wrong.

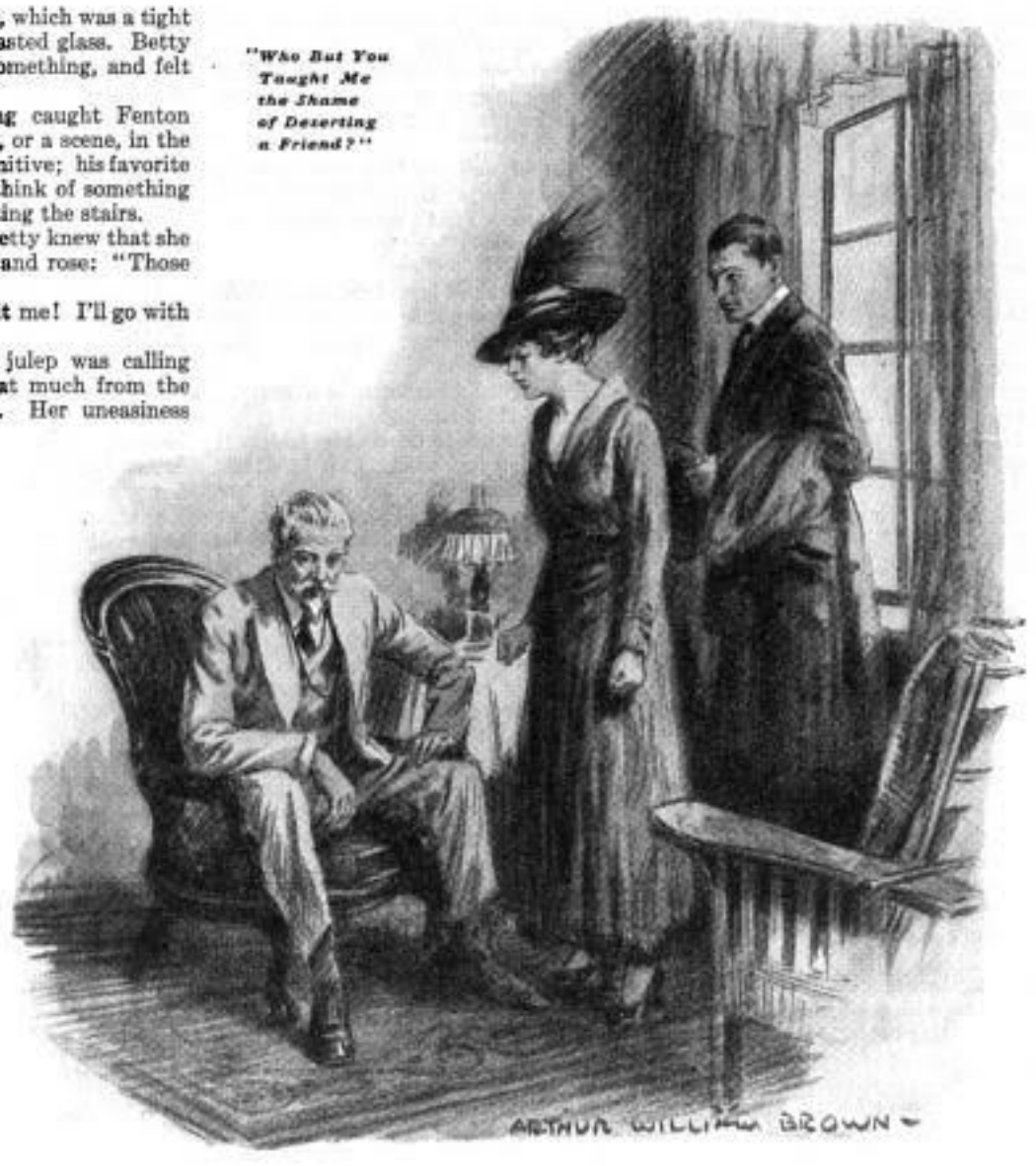
"John Archer, look at me. Do you stand for that—the destruction of a friend, a Vicksburg boy?"

Archer laced his fingers tighter and said absolutely nothing. It was Barnes who tried oil, but he was pouring it on the fire and not on the waters.

"Colonel, you fail to realize that Mr. Fenton represents financial institutions to which our bank must look for help in time of stringency. I cannot incur their enmity for my depositors and stockholders."

Spottiswoode rose, magnificently erect in all the six-foot-two of his indignant manhood. "The upshot of this rigmarole is that you refuse to lend me—me, Beverly Spottiswoode—nineteen thousand dollars on gilt-edge security."

Barnes wasn't really alarmed, not beneath the Colonel's own roof; but he also rose and backed off before replying: "Yes, unless you will assure me that this money is not for the Duncan Syndicate."



"Who But You Taught Me the Shame of Deserting a Friend?"

Digitized by Google

Duncan had never once taken his eyes from Fenton, who exhibited only such interest as he might bestow upon any business detail.

Archer sat huddled in the big armchair, while Spottiswoode wheeled upon him: "What do you say, John? Out with it!"

At first rugged old John seemed to waver, then stood firm under Fenton's compelling eye. "Spot, I'm sorry to agree with Barnes, but he's right. A banker can have no sentiment. He's nothing but a depository for widows' and children's money."

The Colonel sizzled like a safety valve. "I'd like to be in your bank where I could tell you fellows what I think of you."

John Archer writhed. "Now, Spot, be reasonable. After July first ——"

Duncan bounded to his feet. "Is all the money in the world tied up until after July first?"

Fenton bowed, and smiled indulgently from across the table. "No, only so far as the Duncan Syndicate is concerned."

The arrogance of Fenton's triumph riled John Archer's fighting blood. The old man had plenty of good red blood, and most of it rushed into his face. First and deliberately came the unwieldy operation of getting up. "Murray Duncan, call at my bank, nine to-morrow morning, and get that money."

"Bully for you, John!" Spottiswoode grasped his hand with renewed confidence in humanity.

Archer pulled away angrily. "Lemme get out of here. First thing I know I'll get mad—dammit, I'll get mad!"

John Archer didn't want to be shaken hands with or mouthed over. He wanted to get out, and he got out, with Spottiswoode and Barnes stalking behind him down the stairs.

This left Duncan and Fenton confronting each other across the table. Fenton continued smiling, as a man smiles when he hears something, but knows better. Invincibly composed, he leaned slightly forward. "This is an opportunity for us to understand each other, Mr. Duncan. You are butting your head against a stone wall. Zunita, as you know, is allied with the most powerful financial group on the globe. You see what we can accomplish in Astorga, New Orleans, Vicksburg, St. Petersburg, it matters not where. My associates have offered a fair price for your mine. You refuse to sell. Very good, we acquire it—otherwise."

Duncan's restraint surprised himself. "You propose to acquire my property by fomenting a revolution, assassinating that aged president, and bribing his successor ——"

"Mr. Duncan, I cannot plead guilty to assassination, while admitting the encouragement of a patriotic uprising. Business is war. A wise general reconnoiters the position and force of the enemy, while concealing his own. No commander neglects to cut off an enemy's supplies, capture his ammunition, or prevent him from gaining a fortified position. Do I make myself clear?"

"Brutally so."

Fenton considered a moment, then went on coldly, without prejudice or sympathy: "I know your situation. With thirty thousand dollars cash, in Astorga at noon on July first, you win. Your last train leaves Vicksburg at ten-thirty to-morrow night. If some accident, let us say, prevents you from catching that train, with the money, you lose. You cannot possibly raise the money. I respectfully suggest that you surrender, marching out with the honors of war—and something more substantial."

Fenton produced a checkbook. "I will pay you half a million dollars—cash."

"Not half a cent!" Duncan's face glowed hotly through its tan. "And I warn you I will get the money yet."

"From Mr. Archer? His mind will be changed for him before morning. I know." Fenton spoke with such convincing certainty that it staggered Duncan. Slightly, very slightly, he gave way, then most resolutely advanced. His right hand was half raised; his left rested on the table, holding an unlighted cigarette. Yet he could not forget the roof that sheltered them.

"Fenton, you are employing the brute force of money to rob me. I may be compelled to use another brute force, and use it first ——"

Fenton never flickered by so much as the tremor of an eyelash. Nor did he show relief when Betty's voice called out: "Oh, Murray! Murray! Mr. Fenton!" Another moment and the girl herself stood in the door.

In that moment Duncan straightened. Fenton bent over, struck a match and held it to Duncan's cigarette, which Duncan mechanically lighted.

That's what Betty saw. "You men can't stay here smoking while my girls are waiting downstairs. Come with me."

Fenton turned. "Mr. Duncan and I were getting better acquainted."

"Much better," from Duncan.

Old Reliable had brought suspicion into the Spottiswoode home. Infection developed the night before, and everybody seemed to catch it. Trivial incidents loomed big with sinister undermeanings. Everybody glanced sideways at everybody else.

"Hide That Money Until To-Morrow and I'll Give You a Thousand Dollars"

Through a restless night Betty brooded upon misgivings so persistent as to defy the radiance of a mid-June morning. What were Murray and Mr. Fenton doing upstairs alone when she surprised them? Murray could never fool her; she knew him too well. "Uncle has never concealed anything from me. If I just knew what it is ——"

Her bedroom windows were open wide, and sunshine streamed across her as she dressed. There she stood, half-listening to the song of an insolently happy mocker, borne upward on the warm, sweet breath of many flowers. She smiled and brushed aside the cobwebs.

In the big front hall upstairs Old Reliable was replacing cups and ingredients on the julep tray, mumbling to himself: "Sumpin' sho is takin' place in dis house."

"What's that, Uncle Zack?"

He glanced round, startled, and saw Miss Betty coming in from her room. Zack shut up. Everybody seemed to shut up when Betty appeared. That's what irritated her.

"Has Uncle had his breakfast?"

"N'm; he sleep yit."

That julep tray reminded her of last night, when those men sat fumbling their cups and not saying a word. Old Reliable tried to escape with the tray. She halted him. "Uncle Zack, where is Mr. Fenton?"

"Done et breakfus' an' gone downtown in a hurry." Zack hustled himself out of the door.

Betty dropped into a chair beside the empty table. It was singular of Mr. Fenton not to wait and have breakfast with her, after all he'd said last night. Unconsciously she took up the newspaper, a very serious-looking girl in her morning dress of figured lawn. The tan of forearms, throat and cheeks shaded into the deeper brownness of her hair.

Uncle, too, was behaving queerly. It usually delighted him to have young people come and dance. Last night he had looked on without seeing them, then disappeared with Murray, which left Betty to Mr. Fenton—on Murray's first evening at home for more than three years.

With her back turned, Betty did not hear Selina, broad-faced, motherly Selina, until the negro woman spoke: "Huh! Cunnel sho is sleepin' a mighty long time."

"Yes, he sat up very late talking with Mr. Murray."

Selina waddled nearer and stood bulkily behind her chair. She began stroking Betty's hair. Between these two suspicion could never come.

"Honey, chile, what's de matter wid you?"

"Nothing."

"Yes, dere is," Selina flatly contradicted. "Mammy sees through you same as a pane o' glass. Is it Mr. Fenton what's worryin' you?"

Betty shook her head. Selina stood sympathetically silent. Presently she touched the necklace at Betty's throat. "You's still a-wearin' dat necklace."

"Well, what of it?"

Selina's laugh never irritated anybody; it wasn't that kind of a laugh. "Whar'd you git it? Dat necklace never belonged to yo' ma."

The girl sat very still. Selina knew she wouldn't answer, and laughed again. "Well, I knows, but ain't never let on."

Betty shifted uneasily in her chair. "What do you know?"

"I seen you when you got it."

A big black hand rested on the girl's shoulder, and Betty's slim white fingers covered it as the negro woman talked.

"'Twas dat night o' de big dance downstairs, jes' befo' Mister Murray went away. I was setting in de honeysuckle arbor when you an' him slipped outer de ballroom. I never made no noise, 'cause neither one o' you didn't want no noise made. Mister Murray fastened sumpin' round yo' neck, den he say: 'Betty,' jes' dat low an' sof'—'Betty, wear dis forever; 'taint no bigger'n a spider web an' it'll res' lighter'n a kiss against yo' thote. But it's pure gole, Betty; it's pure gole.'"

Betty glanced up swiftly, for she could never forget what had happened next. Selina held her eyes straight forward. "No'm; I never seen nothin' an' I never heerd nothin'. Huh, I 'members when you two chillun used to be all de time quarrelin'. Put me in mind o' two little birds wid a piece o' string, one pullin' dis way an' one haulin' dat way. Some folks mought think dey's fightin'; but, honey, chile, dem birds jes' fly off togedder wid dat piece o' string an' buil' deir nest."

Selina waddled through the door, pausing to look back at Betty and chuckle. That girl wasn't fooling mammy, trying to appear so unconcerned while she read the morning Herald. Then these flaring headlines caught her eye:

ALDERMAN WILLIAM HENSHAW HELD UP

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION AT LAKE MOCCASIN, FOUR MILES FROM THE CITY, IN BROAD DAYLIGHT

Angrily she devoured the sensation, then crushed the newspaper in her hand. Now she remembered—Murray had mentioned Henshaw as the man who found her vanity box. There was an influential politician in Vicksburg by that name, but she never thought of connecting them. Betty rose from the table and stood erect, her cheeks aflame with indignation at this lying tale. So here was the mystery! This was why those men went whispering and tiptoeing about the house.

"The idea of Murray's doing such a thing!" Betty flung down the paper and laughed and laughed again.

If Betty could have followed Mr. Fenton through his morning activities she would not have laughed. Fenton had gone downtown to get some telegrams which he did not care to have delivered at the Spottiswoode home. They might arouse curiosity and focus unpleasant attention upon him. At the telegraph office he opened one yellow envelope after another, his face settling into complacent approval at the workings of a well-oiled business machine. Fenton smiled to learn of a certain communication which, before banking hours, would be laid upon the desk of Mr. John Archer. No banker could afford to disregard such a courteous suggestion from the power that held the whip.

It being too early to see Mr. Archer, Fenton called upon his lawyer, whom he had instructed to await him at that hour.

Mr. B. Fletcher Adams was one of the kind who could do many things as an attorney which he would never consider doing as a man. The magnitude of a transaction made it bristle with those subtle distinctions that differentiate petty larceny from financiering. And the dignified honorarium of high finance was more substantially refreshing than petty-larceny fees. In his professional capacity he served Mr. Fenton.

Upon this basis lawyer and client held explicit conference, leaving no detail undiscussed. Fenton rose to leave, with hat and cane in hand. To exclude all possibility of error he recapitulated:

"Retain a sharp criminal lawyer. Pay his fee through Henshaw. If a few hundred more will keep Henshaw's temper boiling, give it to him. Cash; no checks. Find that negro who was with Henshaw. Have Duncan identified by him, and arrested. Then delay the trial. That's all—delay it. Keep Duncan busy until to-morrow. Of course you must not appear in the case yourself, and my connection is never to be divulged."

They understood each other perfectly, and Adams bowed him out.

The financial agent of the Zunitas had done a full morning's work before Colonel Spottiswoode came out of his room and called: "Zack, pack Mr. Fenton's baggage."

Zack grinned; it tickled him mightily.

"What train must I take him to? I sho don't want to miss dat train."

"I don't know whether he is going to a train or to the hotel."

"Mr. Fenton ain't said nothin' to me."

"Stack his grips in the middle of his room. He'll say something to somebody."

Digitized by Google

The Colonel sat at his table and picked up the paper which Betty had thrown down. The Henshaw headlines attracted attention. He was reading when Murray Duncan appeared at the door and looked in cautiously before entering. To Spottiswoode's astonishment Murray locked the door behind him.

"Murray, what's the matter?"

"Colonel, I'm the man they are raising all that hullabaloo about in the newspapers and on the streets—attempted assassination of Honorable Bill Henshaw."

"Preposterous!"

Murray explained the situation abruptly, angrily. Henshaw had come raging back to town, stirred up the police, and given that gory sensation to the press. Too drunk himself to identify anybody, he told that he was struck from behind, but that a negro who was fishing with him had seen the man. The officers were now searching for that negro.

Suspicion was no part of the Colonel's nature. Impatiently he shook out his newspaper and scoffed the whole idea. "Preposterous, Murray! Preposterous!"

Then Murray put another face on it; and the Colonel put another face on himself as he saw the point, that if Murray were arrested, even on such flimsy pretext, he could be detained for trial.

"Now, Colonel, I don't charge Fenton with being at the bottom of this, but he could easily take advantage of it. I must get that money and leave here at ten-thirty to-night."

"Why not leave at one-forty-five? You've got the money?"

"No."

"Didn't get it? Did old John Archer crawfish? I'll be ——"

Colonel sprang up and reached for his hat. Duncan pressed him back into his chair and forced him to listen.

That morning Mr. Archer had received a telegram from his New York correspondent, calling on his bank for a large sum, which he was unprepared to pay. The telegram further instructed Archer to arrange the matter with Mr. J. Lawrence Fenton, who had plenary powers.

"What the thunder does all that mean?" Spottiswoode demanded.

"Simply this: If Mr. Archer antagonizes Fenton, Fenton may be in a position to wreck his bank." Duncan hammered on this fact until the Colonel got it. "Mr. Archer wanted to defy the entire financial system; but I released him from his promise and walked out."

Beverly Spottiswoode was not whipped. That kind of jaw didn't know how to lose. At first he was all for taking the middle of the road and thrashing them in the open. But Murray thought best to keep out of the way until the Colonel laid hands upon that money.

"I'll go get it—from the Third National." The Colonel snatched his hat and pulled it on very tight.

"Wait, Colonel; please send Zack to get my baggage from the Carroll Hotel. And pay my bill."

Spottiswoode nodded and kept going. Murray heard him shout for "Zack! Zack!" as he passed through the lower hall.

There was a small platform on the right side of the hall. From this platform a narrow door opened upon the winding staircase which led to four disused rooms above, the garret where Murray had played as a child. Nobody knew he was in the house, and he thought it safer not to let the servants see him.

Murray stood at one of those queer little garret windows. He saw the Colonel slam the front gate and stride away. Then he heard a noise and listened.

The door below opened; a stealthy step came up the crooked stair. Somebody was following him; the stair creaked.

Duncan hated being driven into a hole. It galled him to hide, and his present temper could stand no more galling. "Fenton!" he thought, and saw red as he went crouching to the head of the stairs. No, he wanted to win, not to vent his spite, so he stepped back into a closet. The intruder came up slowly, hesitantly, and paused as if looking round.

"Oh, Murray! Murray!" It was Betty's voice, calling softly. Duncan felt his cheeks flush. She had to call again before he braced himself and stepped out.

Betty wore a hat for the street. She gasped when he appeared.

"Murray, I saw you come up here. You must tell me. What is this trouble? Can't you see how this worries me, not to be trusted?"

Duncan looked straight into that dependable little face, and the truth came: "Betty, dear, I'm in a serious predicament. I need nineteen thousand dollars before night."

For a moment the girl stared at him, just one moment, then threw back her head and laughed—laughed nervously in the sheer joy of relief. "Oh, it's just money!"

"Well, I can't get it, and your uncle can't get it. What are you laughing at?"

"You looked so comical, poking out of that closet."

Duncan's face still looked pretty blank. "Sit down, Betty, and I'll tell you."

He did tell her, of the fight for his mines in Astorga, of the sinister influences that prevented him from raising money, the danger of detention from this incident with Henshaw—told her everything except the part that Fenton was playing.

Betty stopped laughing. She said nothing, but rose and held out her hand with sturdy comradeship. The Spottiswoodes always stood by their friends. Then she started for the door.

"Wait!" He caught her arm. "I must tell you all of it."

"Well?" she turned.

It seemed such an underhand trick, like backbiting another man, that Duncan felt the embarrassment.

(Continued on Page 49)

A LITTLE TASTE OF BUSINESS

Matt Has it and Asks for More—By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

"That's Business. An Ounce of Promotion is Worth a Ton of Horse Power"

A TUG, with the American barkentine Retriever at the end of her towline, came loafing down the strait to Port Townsend, the port of entry to Puget Sound. When she was abreast of the town with her tow her hawser slackened, the Retriever's starboard anchor dropped, and a small boat containing her master, Captain Matt Peasley, put out from the barkentine and landed at the steamship company's dock. Captain Peasley, having loaded a full cargo of fir lumber at Hadlock, was bound for the customhouse to clear his ship for Sydney; after which the tug would cast him off down by Dungeness.

Scarcely fifteen minutes had passed before Mr. Michael J. Murphy, chief mate of the Retriever, observed the boat pulling back to the ship.

"Why, you haven't cleared the old girl already, sir?" he queried as the skipper came aboard.

"No, Mike. And what's more, I'm not going to clear her. When I got up to the customhouse I found this telegram from Cappy Ricks awaiting me there." And he handed Mr. Murphy the message in question. The mate read:

CAPTAIN MATTHEW PEASLEY,
Master Barkentine Retriever,
Care Customhouse,
Port Townsend, Washington.

Your resignation accepted. You are too almighty good for a windjammer, Matthew. You need more room for the development of your talent. Give Murphy the ship, with my compliments, and tell him I've enjoyed the fight because it went to a knock-out. Report to me at this office as soon as possible. You belong in steam and your ticket entitles you to a second mate's berth. It is waiting for you. In a year you will be first mate of steam; a year later you will be master of steam, at two-fifty a month, and I will have a four-million-foot freighter waiting for you if you make good. The picture was a bully joke; but I could not laugh, Matt. It is so long since I was a boy. CAPPY.

Mr. Murphy's jaw dropped in amazement.

"Why, what the devil does this mean?" he demanded.

"You remember Cappy wired me to send him my photograph," the captain replied. "Also, you will remember, you advised me to send him an old man's picture, because if he discovered I wasn't quite twenty-three years old he'd fire me. Well, I took your advice, Mike. I bought a picture of a nice old man in the photograph gallery at Hadlock, autographed it and sent it to Cappy. It happened to be a picture of Cappy himself ——"

"Bust my bobstay!" Mr. Murphy murmured, horrified.

"I expected to be fired for that; so I tried to beat him to it with a letter of resignation. That telegram is the answer," the captain continued.

"The dirty old assassin!" cried Mr. Murphy warmly. "The slimy old pileworm! The blessed old duffer! After treating us like dogs for a year and a half, he gives me the ship and says he's going to build you a four-million-foot steam freighter. The scoundrelly old renegade!"

The youthful skipper nodded.

"It's just as we suspected, Mike. Ever since I took command at Cape Town he's been testing our nerves with dirty cargoes. I suppose he's had a whole lot of fun out of it ——"

"It may have been fun for him, but it came pretty near being death to me," Mr. Murphy declared. "That jag of green hides from Antofagasta was a holy terror. Suffering sailor! Isn't it lucky we didn't scream murder? If we had Cappy would have fired us without mercy."

They went below, the captain to pack his sea chest, and Mr. Murphy to shave and array himself in a manner befitting the master of a big barkentine about to present himself at the customhouse for the first time to clear his ship. An hour later Matt Peasley found himself sitting on his sea chest on the cap of the wharf, watching the Retriever slipping down the strait under command of Captain Michael J. Murphy, while a new chief mate, shipped in Port Townsend, counted off the watches.

Digitized by Google

Matt watched the barkentine until she turned a bend and was gone; and immediately he felt like a homeless wanderer. The thought of the doughty Murphy in that snug little cabin so long sacred to Matt Peasley brought a pang of near jealousy to the late commander of the Retriever. As he reflected on the two years of toil ahead of him before men would again address him as Captain Peasley, he wondered whether the game really would be worth the candle; for he had all of a Down-Easter's love for a sailing ship.

He recalled to mind Mr. Murphy's favorite story of the old sailing skipper who went into steam and who, during his very first watch on the steamship's bridge, ordered the man at the wheel to starboard his helm, and then forgot to tell him to steady it—the consequence being that the helmsman held hard-a-starboard and the ship commenced to describe a circle; whereupon the old sailing skipper got excited and screamed: "Back that main yard!" Matt felt that should anything like that happen to him in steam and the news should ever leak out, he would have to go back to the Atlantic Coast rather than face the gibes of his shipmates in the Pacific.

The passenger boat from Victoria picked him up and set him down in Seattle that night, and the following morning he boarded a train for San Francisco to report to Cappy Ricks, managing owner of the Retriever and president and principal stockholder of the Blue Star Navigation Company.

At luncheon in the dining car that day Matt Peasley found himself seated opposite a man who had boarded the train with him at Seattle. As the young captain plied his knife and fork he was aware that this person's gaze rested with something more than casual interest on his—Matt's—left forearm; whereupon the latter realized that his *vis-à-vis* yearned to see more of a little decoration which, in the pride of his first voyage, Matt had seen fit to have tattooed on the aforesaid forearm by the negro cook. So, since he was the best-natured young man imaginable, Matt decided presently to satiate his neighbor's curiosity.

"It's a lady climbing a ladder," he announced composedly, and drew back his sleeve to reveal this sample of black art. "I have a shield and an eagle on my breast, and a bleeding heart, with a dagger stuck through it, on my right forearm."

"I didn't mean to be rude," the other answered, flushing a little. "I couldn't help noticing the chorus lady's shapely calves when you speared that last pickle; so I knew you were a sailor. I concluded you were an American sailor before I learned that you advertise the fact on your breast, and I was wondering whether you belong in the navy or the merchant marine."

"I'm from blue water," Matt replied pleasantly. "You're in the shipping business, I take it."

"Almost—I'm a ship, freight and marine insurance broker." And the stranger handed over a calling card bearing the name of Mr. Allan Hayes. "I'm from Seattle."

"Peasley is my name, Mr. Hayes," Matt answered heartily, glad of this chance acquaintance with a man with whom he could converse on a subject of mutual interest. "I haven't any post-office address," he added whimsically.

"Going over to Columbia River to join your ship, I dare say," Mr. Hayes suggested.

"No, sir. I'm bound for San Francisco, to forget that I ever heard of such a thing as a main skysail buntline. I'm going to get a job in steam and work up to a captaincy."

"Wherein you show commendable wisdom, Mr. Peasley," the broker answered. "A man can get so far in a windjammer—a hundred a month in the little coasting schooners and a hundred and twenty-five in the big vessels running foreign—and there he sticks. In steam schooners a good man can command two hundred dollars a month, with a chance for promotion into a big freighter, for the reason that in steam one has more opportunity to show the stuff that's in one."

"How far are you going?" Matt demanded.

"I'm bound for San Francisco too."

"Good!" Matt replied; for, like most boys, he was a gregarious animal, and Mr. Hayes seemed to be a pleasant, affable gentleman. "I suppose you know most of the steam vessels on this coast?" he continued, anxious to turn the conversation into channels that might be productive of information valuable to him in his new line of endeavor.

Mr. Hayes nodded. "I have to," he said, "if I'm to do any business negotiating charters; in fact, I'm bound to San Francisco now to charter two steamers."

"Freight or passenger?"

"Freight. There's nothing for a broker in a passenger vessel. I'm scouting for two boats for the Mannheim people. You've heard of them, of course. They own tremendous copper mines in Alaska, but they can't seem to get the right kind of flux to smelt their ore up there; so they're going to freight it down to their smelter in Seattle."

"I see. But how do you work the game to pay your office rent?"

"Why, that's very simple, Mr. Peasley. Their traffic manager merely calls me up and tells me to find two ore freighters for him. He doesn't know where to look for them, but he knows I do, and that it will not cost him anything to engage me. When I come to terms with the owners of the vessels, and those terms are satisfactory to my clients, I close the charter and the vessel owners pay me a commission of two and a half per cent on all the freight money earned under the charter. A shipowner generally is glad to pay a broker a commission for digging him up business for his ships—particularly when freights are dull."

Cappy Was No Great Shakes on Music, But He Knew Captain Matt Peasley for the Jinger

Matt Peasley nodded his comprehension and did some quick mental arithmetic.

"Why, you'll make a nice little fee on those ore boats," he said. "I suppose it's a time charter."

"Four years," Mr. Hayes replied, and smiled fatly at the thought of his income. "Of course I'd make a larger commission if the freight rate was figured on a tonnage basis; but on long charters, like these I mention, the ships are rented at a flat rate a day or month. Say, for instance, I negotiate these charters at the rate of four hundred dollars a day, or eight hundred dollars a day for the two boats. Two and a half per cent of eight hundred dollars is twenty dollars a day, which I will earn as commission every day for the next four years that the vessels are not in dry dock or laid up for repairs."

"And you probably will earn that by one day of labor," Matt Peasley murmured admiringly—"perhaps one hour of actual labor!"

Mr. Hayes smiled again his fat smile. He shrugged.

"That's business," he said carelessly. "An ounce of promotion is worth a ton of horse power."

"Well, I should say so, Mr. Hayes! But you'll have quite a search to find an ore boat on the Pacific Coast. There are some coal boats running to Coos Bay, but they're hardly big enough; and then I suppose they're kept pretty busy in the coal trade, aren't they? It seems to me that what you need for your business would be two of those big steel ore vessels, with their engines astern—the kind they use on the Great Lakes."

"That is exactly why I am going to San Francisco, Mr. Peasley. There are on this Coast two ships such as you describe—sister ships and just what the doctor ordered."

"What are their names?"

"The Lion and the Unicorn."

Matt Peasley paused, with a forkful of provender halfway to his mouth. The S. S. Lion, eh? Why, that was one of Cappy Ricks' vessels! He remembered passing her off Cape Flattery once and seeing the Blue Star house flag fluttering at the fore.

"Were they Lake boats originally?" he queried.

"Oh, yes; built at Port Clinton, I believe. Right after the San Francisco fire, when fir lumber jumped from a twelve-dollar base to twenty-five, lumber freights soared accordingly. Vessels that had been making a little money at four dollars a thousand feet, from Oregon and Washington ports to San Francisco, were enabled to get ten dollars; and anything that would float was hauled out of the bone yard and put to work. Old Man Ricks, of the Blue Star Navigation Company, was the first to see the handwriting on the wall; so he sneaked East and bought the Lion and the Unicorn. It was just the old cuss' luck to have a lot of cash on hand; and he bought them cheap, loaded them with general cargo in New York, and paid a nice dividend on them on their very first voyage under the Blue Star flag. When he got them on the Coast he put them into the lumber trade and they paid for themselves within a year.

"Then, just before the panic of 1907, old Ricks unloaded the Unicorn on the Black Butte Lumber Company for ten thousand dollars more than he paid for her—the old scamp! He's the shrewdest trader on the whole Pacific Coast. He had no sooner sawed the Unicorn off on the Black Butte people than the freight market collapsed in the general crash, and ever since then the owners of the Lion and the Unicorn have been stuck with their vessels. They're so big it's next to impossible to keep them running coastwise in the lumber trade during a dull period, and they're not big enough for the foreign trade. About the only thing they could do profitably was to freight coal; but, now that crude California oil is displacing coal, coal freights have dropped until the margin of profit is very meager; competition is keen and for the last six months the Lion and the Unicorn have been laid up."

Matt Peasley smiled.

"They'll be hungry for business," he said; "and I'm sailor enough to see you'll be able to drive a bargain without much trouble."

"I ought to get them pretty cheap," Mr. Hayes admitted. "As you perhaps know, a vessel deteriorates faster when laid up than she does in active service; and an owner will do almost anything to keep her at sea, provided he can make a modest rate of interest on her cost price or present market value."

"Naturally," Matt Peasley observed as they rose from the table.

He purchased a cigar for Mr. Hayes, and as they retired to the buffet car to continue their acquaintance something whispered to Matt not to divulge to this somewhat garrulous stranger the news that he was a sea captain, lately in the employ of the Blue Star Navigation Company and soon to enter that employ again. He had learned enough to realize that Cappy's bank roll was threatened by this man from Seattle; that with his defenses leveled, as it were, the old gentleman would prove an easy victim unless warned of the impending attack.

Therefore, since Matt had not sought Mr. Hayes' confidence nor accepted it under a pledge of secrecy, he decided that there could be nothing unethical in taking advantage of it. Plainly the broker had jumped to the conclusion that Matt was a common sailor—above the average in point of intelligence, but so young and unsophisticated that one need not bother to be reserved or cautious in his presence. Some vague understanding of this had come to Matt Peasley; hence throughout the remainder of the journey his conversations with the broker bore on every subject under heaven except ships and shipowners.

II

ALDEN P. RICKS, familiarly known as Cappy Ricks, president and principal stockholder of the Ricks Logging and Lumber Company and the Blue Star Navigation Company, sat in his private office with his eyes closed. To a casual observer, Cappy would have appeared to be dozing; but anyone in his employ could have told you that Cappy was merely thinking. It was his habit to close his eyes and sit very still whenever he faced a tussle with a tough proposition.

Presently an unmistakably feminine kiss, surreptitiously delivered, roused Cappy from his meditations. He opened his eyes and beheld his daughter Florence, a radiant débutante of twenty, and the sole prop of her eccentric parent's declining years.

"Daddy dear," she announced, "there's something wrong with my bank account. I've just come from the Marine National Bank and they wouldn't cash my check."

"Of course not," Cappy replied, beaming affectionately. "They telephoned about five minutes ago that you're into the red again; so I've instructed Skinner to deposit five thousand to your credit."

"Oh, but I want ten thousand!" she protested.

"Can't have it, Florry!" he declared. "The old limousine will have to do. Go slow, my dear—go slow! Why, they're offering random cargoes freely along the street for nine dollars. Logs cost six dollars, with a dollar and a half to manufacture—that's seven and a half; and three and a half water freight added—that's eleven dollars. Eleven-dollar

Digitized by Google

lumber selling for nine dollars, and no business at that! I haven't had a vessel dividend in six months ——"

Mr. Skinner entered.

"Mr. Ricks," he announced, "Captain Peasley, late of the Retriever, is in the outer office. Shall I tell him to wait?"

"No. Show him in immediately, Skinner." Cappy turned to his daughter. "I want to show you something, my dear," he said; "something you're not likely to meet very often in your set—and that's a he-man. Do you remember hearing me tell the story of the mate that thrashed the big Swede skipper I sent to Cape Town to thrash him and bring the vessel home?"

"Do you mean the captain that never writes letters?"

"That's the man. The fellow I've been having so much fun with—the Nervy Matt that tried to hornswoggle me with my own photograph. Passed it off as his own, Florry! He hails from my old home town, and he's a mere boy —— Come in!"

The door opened to admit Matt Peasley; and as he paused just inside the entrance, slightly embarrassed at finding himself under the cool scrutiny of the trimmest, most dashing little craft he had ever seen, Miss Florry decided that her father was right. Here, indeed, was a specimen of the genus *Homo* she had not hitherto seen. Six feet three he was, straight from shoulder to hip, broad-chested and singularly well formed and graceful for such a big man.

He wore stout shoes, without toe caps—rather old-fashioned footgear, Florry thought; but they were polished brightly. A tailor-made, double-breasted blue serge suit, close-hauled and somewhat demoded; a soft white silk shirt, with nondetachable collar; a plain black silk four-in-hand tie, and a uniform cap, set a little back and to one side on thick, black, glossy, wavy hair, completed his attire. He had his right hand in his trousers pocket; his left was on the doorknob. He glanced from her to her father.

"He's handsome," thought Florry. "What a beautiful tan on his throat! He looks anything but the brute he is. But he hasn't any manners. Oh, dear! He stands there like a graven image."

Matt Peasley's hand came out of his pocket; off came his cap and he bowed slightly.

"I am Captain Peasley," he said.

Cappy Ricks, leaning forward on the edge of his swivel chair, with head slightly bent, made a long appraisal of the young man over the rims of his spectacles.

"Ahem!" he said. "Huh! Harumph!" Ensued another terrible silence. Then: "Young scoundrel!" Cappy cried. "Infernal young scoundrel!"

"I accept the nomination," said Matt dryly. "You'd never know me from my photograph, would you, sir? I'd know you from yours, though—in a minute!"

Miss Florry tittered audibly, thus drawing on herself the attention of the skipper, who was audacious enough to favor her with a solemn wink.

"None of your jokes with me, sir!" said Cappy severely.

"That's just what I say, sir; none of your jokes with me! Those green hides were absolutely indecent."

"Matt, you're a fresh young fellow," Cappy charged, struggling to suppress a smile.

Matt nodded.

"And I was raised on salt water too," he added seriously.

Cappy laughed.

"You're a Thomaston Peasley," he declared, and shook hands. "Ever hear of Ethan Peasley back there?"

"He was my uncle, sir. He was drowned at sea."

"He was a boyhood chum of mine, Matt. Permit me to present my daughter, Miss Florence."

Miss Florence favored the captain with her most bewitching smile and nodded perkily. Matt held out his great hand, not realizing that a bow and a conventional "Delighted, I'm sure!" was the correct thing in Florry's set. Florry was about to accept his great paw when Cappy yelled:

"Don't take it, Florry! He'll squeeze your hand to jelly."

"I won't," Matt declared, embarrassed. "I might press it a little ——"

"I know. You pressed mine a little, and if I live to be a thousand years old I'll never shake hands with you again."

"I'll give her my finger then," Matt declared, and forthwith held out his index finger, which Florry shook gravely.

"Well, well, boy; sit down, sit down," Cappy commanded briskly, "while I tell you the plans I have for your future. I ought to have fired you long ago ——"

"I shall always be happy to testify that you tried hard enough," Matt interrupted, and Florry's silvery laugh filled the room. Cappy winced, but had to join with her in the laugh on himself.

"For the sake of your Uncle Ethan and the fact that you're one of our own boys, Matt," he continued, "I'll retain you if you behave yourself. As I believe I wired you, I'm going to put you in steam."

"You didn't consult me about it, sir; but, to please you, I'll tackle steam. I'm very grateful for your interest in me, Mr. Ricks."

"Huh! That's not true, Matt. You're not grateful; and if you are you have no business to be. I paid you a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month to skipper the Retriever; you earned every cent of it and I made you fight for the job; so, no thanks to me. And I know for a fact that you and Murphy cursed me up hill and down dale ——"

"Oh, Captain Peasley!" Miss Ricks interrupted. "Did you curse my father?"

"She's trying to fluster me," Matt thought. "She thinks I'm a farmer." Aloud he said: "Well, you see, Miss Ricks, I had to work for him. However, Mr. Murphy and I have forgiven him. We're both willing to let bygones be bygones."

"Young scoundrel!" piped Cappy, delighted beyond measure, for he was used to unimaginative, rather dull skippers, who revered their berths and stood before him, hat in hand, plainly uncomfortable in the presence of the creator of the payroll. "Dashed young scoundrel! Well, we had some fun anyhow, didn't we, Matt? And, as the young fellows say, I got your Capricorn. Very well, then. We'll make a new start, Matthew; and if you pay attention to business it's barely possible you may amount to something yet.

"I'm going to provide a berth for you, my boy, as second mate on the dirtiest, leakiest little bumboat you ever saw—our steam schooner Gualala. She's a nautical disgrace and carries three hundred thousand feet of lumber—runs into the dogholes on the Mendocino Coast and takes in cargo on a trolley running from the top of the cliff to the masthead. It'll be your job to get out in the small boat to pick up the moorings; and that'll be no picnic in the wintertime, because you lie just outside the edge of the breakers. But you'll learn how to pick up moorings, Matt, and you'll learn how to turn a steamer round on her heels also."

"I never did that kind of work before," Matt protested, none too well pleased with the prospects. "I stand a pretty good chance of getting drowned, don't I?"

"Of course! But better men than you do it; so don't kick. In the spring I'll shift you to a larger boat; but I want you to have one winter along the Mendocino Coast. It'll about break your heart, but it will do you an awful lot of good, Matt. When you finish in the Gualala you'll go in the Florence Ricks and run from Grays Harbor to San Pedro. Then, when you get your first mate's license, I'll put you in our Tillicum, where you'll learn how to handle a big vessel; and by the time you get your master's license from steam you'll be ready to start for Philadelphia to bring out the finest freighter on this Coast. How does that prospect strike you?"

Matt's eyes glowed.

"If faithful service will be a guaranty of my appreciation ——" he began; but Cappy interrupted:

"Nonsense! Not another peep out of you. You'd better take a little rest now for a couple of weeks and get your stomach in order after all that creosote. Meantime, if you should need any money, Skinner will fix you up."

"I'll not need any, thank you. I saved sixteen hundred dollars while I was in the Retriever ——"

"Fine! Good boy!" exclaimed Cappy, delighted beyond measure at this proof of Matt's Yankee thrift and sobriety. "But don't save it, Matt. Invest it. Put it in a mortgage for three years. I know a captain now that wants to borrow a thousand dollars at eight per cent to buy an interest in one of our vessels. You shall loan it to him, Matt, and he'll secure you with the insurance. Perfectly safe. Guarantee it myself. Bring your thousand dollars round in the morning, Matt. Understand? No fooling now! Make your money work for you. You bet! If I'm not here to-morrow leave the money with Skinner."

"Mr. Skinner is the general manager, isn't he?"

"Yes, and a mighty clever one too. Don't you monkey with Skinner, young man. He doesn't like you and he doesn't bluff worth a cent; and if you ever have a run-in with him while I'm away and he fires you—well, I guess I'd have to stand by Skinner, Matt. I can't afford to lose him. Cold-blooded dog—no sense of humor; but honest—a pig for work, and capable."

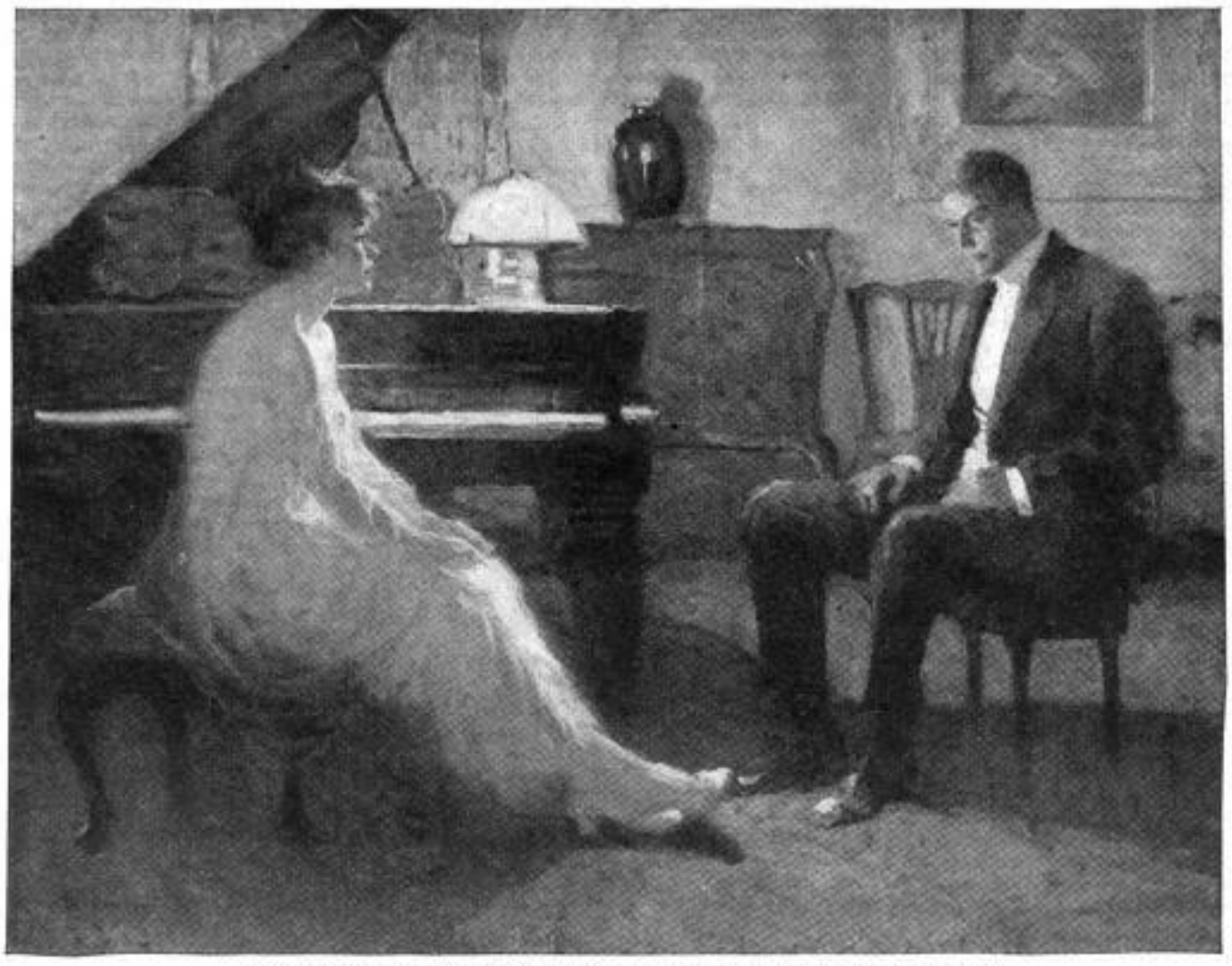
"I'll be very careful, sir," Matt assured him. "Thank you for the vacation, the promised job, and the chance to invest my thousand dollars at eight per cent. And, now that my affairs are out of the way, let's talk about yours. I think I can get you a four-year charter for your steamer Lion ——"

"Matt," said Cappy Ricks impressively, "if you can get that brute of a boat off my hands for four years, and at a figure that will pay me ten per cent on her cost price, I'll tell you what I'll do for you—I'll pay you a commission."

"I don't want any commission, sir, for working for the interests of my employer. What do you reckon it costs a day to operate the Lion?"

Cappy drew a scratch pad toward him and commenced to figure.

"She'll burn a hundred and seventy barrels of crude



He Heard Voices, Followed Presently by a Few Random Chords Struck on the Piano

Digitized by Google

oil a day, at sixty-five cents a barrel. That's about a hundred and ten dollars. Her wages will average seventy-five dollars a day; it costs twenty dollars a day to feed her crew; incidentals, say twenty dollars a day; insurance, say, four dollars a day; wireless, three and a half dollars; depreciation, say, two dollars and seventy-five cents a day: total in round figures two hundred and thirty-five dollars a day. I ought to get four hundred dollars a day for her; but in a pinch like the present I'd be glad to get her off my hands at three hundred and fifty dollars. But, no matter what the price may be, Matt, I'm afraid we can't charter her."

"Why?"

"Because the Black Butte Lumber Company owns her sister, the Unicorn; she's a burden on their back, as the Lion is on mine, there's war to the finish between Hudner, the Black Butte manager, and myself, and he'll get the business. He's a dog, Matt—always cutting prices below the profit point and raising hob in the market. Infernal marplot! He stole the best stenographer in the United States from me here about three years ago."

"Where is Hudner's office?" Matt queried.

"In this building—sixth floor." Matt rose and started for the door. "Where are you going now, Matt?" Cappy piped.

"Why, you say the Unicorn will compete against the Lion for this charter I have in mind. That is true enough. I know the Black Butte Lumber Company will be approached for the Unicorn; so I'm going to get the Unicorn out of the way and give you a clear field with the Lion. I figured it all out coming down on the train." And, without waiting to listen to Cappy's protestations, Matt left the office.

Three minutes later he was closeted with Hudner, of the Black Butte Lumber Company.

"My name is Peasley, Mr. Hudner," he began truthfully. "I arrived from Seattle this morning. I am looking for a steam freighter for some very responsible people and your Unicorn appears to be about the vessel they're looking for. They would want her to freight general cargo coastwise, and prefer to charter at a flat rate a day, owners to pay all expenses of operating the ship. Would you be willing to charter for sixty days, with an option on the vessel for an extension of the charter on the same terms for four years, provided she proves satisfactory for my client's purposes?"

Mr. Hudner started slightly. Four years! It seemed almost too good to be true. He was certain of this the next instant when he thought of Cappy Ricks' Lion, also laid up and as hungry for business as the Unicorn. He wondered whether this young broker from Seattle had called on Cappy Ricks as yet; and, wondering, he decided to name a price low enough to prove interesting and, by closing promptly, eliminate his hated competitor from all consideration.

"I should be very glad to consider your proposition, Mr. Peasley," he said. "You say your clients are entirely responsible?"

"They will post a bond if you're not satisfied on that point, Mr. Hudner. What will you charter the Unicorn for, a day?"

Mr. Hudner pretended to do a deal of figuring. At the end of five minutes he said: "Three hundred and fifty dollars a day, net to the vessel."

Matt nodded, rose and reached for his hat.

"I guess you don't want to charter your vessel, sir," he said. "I'm not working for my health, either; so I guess I'll look for some other vessel. I hear the Lion is on the market." And without further ado he walked out.

Mr. Hudner let him go, then ran after him and cornered him in the hall.

"I'll let you have her at three hundred and thirty," he said desperately; "and that's bed-rock. And if your clients elect to take her for four years, I'll pay you a thousand dollars commission on the deal. The vessel simply cannot afford to pay more."

After his conversation with Cappy Ricks, Matt realized that Hudner had, indeed, named a very low price on the Unicorn. But Matt was a Yankee. He knew he had Hudner where the hair was short; so he said:

"I'll give you three twenty-five and accept a thousand dollars commission in case my clients take her for four years. That's my final offer, Mr. Hudner. Take it or leave it."

"I'll take it," said poor Hudner. "It's better than letting the vessel fall to pieces in Rotten Row. How soon will you hear definitely from your principals?"

"I'll hear to-day; but meantime you might give me a three-day option on the vessel, in case of unavoidable delays—though I'll do my best to close the matter up at once."

Hudner considered. The Unicorn had paid his company but two dividends since her purchase from Cappy Ricks, while it was common talk on 'Change that the Lion had paid for herself prior to the 1907 panic. In consideration of the fact, therefore, that the Lion did not owe Cappy Ricks a cent, Hudner shrewdly judged that Cappy would be less eager than he for business, and that hence it would be safe to give a three-day option. He led Matt back to his office, where he dictated and signed the option. Matt gave him a dollar and the trap was set.

From Hudner's office Matt returned to that of Cappy Ricks. The heir to the Ricks millions was still there, as Matt noted with a sudden, strange thrill of satisfaction.

"I've waited until your return, Captain Peasley," she said, "to see whether you could dispose of dad's competitor as handily as you disposed of your own that time in Cape Town."

Matt blushed and Cappy chuckled.

"I've bet Florry five thousand dollars you'll dispose of Hudner and the Unicorn, Matt," he said.

"I'm glad of that, sir, because if you hope to win the bet you'll have to help me. I've gone as far as I can, sir. I've got an option on the Unicorn for three days on a sixty-day charter, running coastwise with general cargo, with the privilege of renewal for four years at the same rate. The rate, by the way, is three hundred and twenty-five dollars. I want you to charter her from Hudner; and then ——"

"Bless your soul, boy, I don't want her! Haven't I got a boat of my own I'd almost be willing to charter at the same figure to Hudner!"

"You don't understand, sir. The Mannheim people, with copper mines in Alaska, want two boats to freight ore—and their agent came down on the train with me. Don't you see, sir, that you have to control both boats to get a price? If you don't that agent will play you against Hudner and Hudner against you, until he succeeds in tying up both boats at a low price. He wouldn't tell you he wants two boats, but he was fool enough to tell me ——"

"God bless my mildewed soul!" said Cappy excitedly, and smashed his old fist down on his desk. "For the man to do things, give me the lad who keeps his ears open and his mouth shut! Of course we'll charter her; and, what's more, we'll give her business ourselves for sixty days just to keep her off the market!"

"Then you'd better hurry and close the deal, sir," Matt warned him. "I only arrived in town this morning; and I checked my baggage at the depot and came up here immediately. The Seattle broker went up to his hotel. He said he had to have a bath and a shave and some clean linen first thing." He added scornfully: "Me, I'd swim Channel Creek at low tide in a dress suit if I had important business on the other side!"

"Matt," said Cappy gratefully, "you're a boy after my own heart. Really, I think you ought to get something out of this if we put it through."

"Well, as I stated, I wouldn't take anything out of the Lion charter, because it's my duty to save you when somebody has a gun at your head; but on the Unicorn charter I thought—well, if you can recharter at a profit I thought you might agree to split the profit with me. I'm a skipper, you know, and this sort of thing is out of my regular line; and besides, I'm not on your pay roll at present. I've promoted the deal, so to speak. I supply the ship and the brains and the valuable information, and you supply business for the ship."

"Yes; and, in spite of the hard times, I'll supply it at a profit if I have to," Cappy declared happily. "Of course I'll split the profit with you, Matt. As you say, this Unicorn deal is outside your regular line. It's a private deal; and as the promoter of it you're entitled to your legitimate profit." He rang for Mr. Skinner.

"Skinner, my boy," he said when that functionary entered, "Matt and I are going to unload that white elephant of a Lion and get her off our hands for four years at a fancy figure; but to do it we've got to charter another white elephant—the Black Butte Lumber Company's Unicorn. Here's an option Captain Peasley has just secured on her. Have the charter parties made out immediately in conformity with this option and bring them here for my signature."

Mr. Skinner read the option and commenced to protest.

"Mr. Ricks, I tell you we cannot possibly use the Unicorn for sixty days, if you are forced to keep her off the market that long. If this thing develops into a waiting game ——"

"I'll wear the other side out," Cappy finished for him. "Listen to me, Skinner! How's the shingle market in the Southwest?"

"The market is steady at three dollars and fifty cents, f. o. b. Missouri River common points."

Cappy scratched his ear and cogitated.

"The Unicorn will carry eighteen million shingles," he murmured. "The going water freight from Grays Harbor to San Francisco is how much?"

"Thirty-five cents a thousand," Mr. Skinner replied promptly.

"Therefore, if we used one of our own vessels to freight eighteen million shingles it would cost us ——"

"Six thousand three hundred dollars," prompted Mr. Skinner.

"Fortunately for us, however, we do not use one of our own vessels. We use that fellow Hudner's and we get her for three hundred and twenty-five dollars a day. She can sail from here to Grays Harbor, take on her cargo, get back to San Francisco and discharge it in twelve days. Skinner, what's twelve times three hundred and twenty-five?"

"Thirty-nine hundred dollars," flashed Skinner, to the tremendous admiration of Matt Peasley, who now considered the manager an intellectual marvel.

"Being a saving of how much?" Cappy droned on.

"Twenty-four hundred dollars," answered the efficient human machine without seeming to think for an instant.

"Being a saving of how many cents on a thousand shingles?"

Mr. Skinner closed one eye, cocked the other at the ceiling an instant and said:

"Thirteen and one-third cents a thousand."

"Very well, then, Skinner. Now listen to my instructions: Wire all the best shingle mills on Grays Harbor for quotations on Extra Star A Stars in one to five million lots, delivery fifteen, thirty and forty-five days from date; and if the price is right buy 'em all. We have about ten millions on hand at our own mill. To-night send out a flock of night letters to all the wholesale jobbers and brokers in Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas, and all points taking a sixty-cent tariff, and quote 'em ten cents under the market subject to prior acceptance."

He turned to Matt Peasley.

"That clause—'subject to prior acceptance'—saves our faces in case we find ourselves unable to deliver the goods," he explained, and turned again to Skinner.

"We can freight the shingles from Grays Harbor to San Francisco in the Unicorn; reship on cars from Oklahoma Long Wharf and beat the direct car shipments from the mills ten cents, and still make our regular profit. Besides, the cut in price will bring us in a raft of orders we could not get otherwise. We can thus keep the Unicorn busy for sixty days without losing a cent on her, and if we haven't come to terms with the Mannheim people at the end of that time we'll find something else for her. And, of course, if we succeed meantime in chartering the Lion at a satisfactory price, we can throw the Unicorn back on Hudner at the end of the sixty days." And Cappy snickered malevolently as he pictured his enemy's discomfiture under these circumstances.

Mr. Skinner nodded his comprehension and hastened away to prepare the charter parties.

"If You Couldn't Say Boo! Until the Day You Finger a Dollar You'd be as Dumb as an Oyster by the Time I Hand You the Check"

III

HUDNER, manager for the Black Butte Lumber Company, arched his eyebrows as Matt Peasley entered his office half an hour after he had left it and presented for Hudner's signature a formal charter party, in duplicate,

(Continued on Page 53)

Digitized by Google

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

"I Nibble Them"—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY
Barbed Wire "Rabbit Trap" in Front of the Trenches

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY
The Telephone Station of a French Colonel Near the Fighting Line

I WAS taken to see the battlefield of Ypres by Captain Boisseau, of the French War Academy, and Lieutenant René Puaux, of the staff of General Foch. It was a bright and sunny day, with a cold wind, however, that set the water in the wayside ditches to rippling.

All the night before I had wakened at intervals to heavy cannonading and the sharp cracking of *mitrailleuse*. We were well behind the line, but the wind was coming from the direction of the battlefield.

The start was made from in front of General Foch's headquarters. He himself put me in the car, and bowed an *au revoir*.

"You will see," he said, "the French soldier in the field, and you will see him cheerful and well. You will find him full also of invincible courage and resolution."

And all that he had said, I found. I found the French soldiers smiling and cheerful and ruddy in the most wretched of billets. I found them firing at the enemy, still cheerful, but with a coolness of courage that made my own shaking nerves steady themselves.

To-day, when that very part of the line I visited is, as was expected when I was there, bearing the brunt of the German attack in the most furious fighting of the war, I wonder, of those French soldiers who crowded round to see the first woman they had beheld for months, how many are lying on that muddy battlefield? What has happened on that road, guarded by buried quick-firers, that stretched to the German trenches beyond the poplar trees? Did the "rabbit trap" do its work? Only for a time, I think, for it was there that the Germans broke through. Did the Germans find and silence that concealed battery of seventy-five-millimeter guns under its imitation hedge? Who was in the tree lookout as the enemy swarmed across, and did he get away?

Except for the constant road repairing there was little to see during the first part of the journey. Here in a flat field, well beyond the danger zone, some of the new British Army was digging practice trenches in the mud. Their tidy uniforms were caked with dirt, their faces earnest and flushed. At last the long training at Salisbury Plain was over, and here they were, if not at the front, within hearing distance of the guns. Any day now a bit of luck would move them forward, and there would be something doing.

The Sights of Elverdingue

BY NOW, no doubt, they have been moved up and there has been something doing. Poor lads! I watched them until even their khaki-colored tents had faded into the haze. Lieutenant Puaux pointed out to me a detachment of Belgian soldiers mending roads. As our car passed they leaned on their spades and looked after us.

"Belgian carabineers," he said. "They did some of the most heroic work of the war last summer and autumn. They were decorated by the King. Now they are worn out and they mend roads!"

For—and this I had to learn—a man may not fight always, even although he escapes actual injury. It is the great problem of commanding generals that they must be always moving forward fresh troops. The human element counts for much in an army. Nerves go after a time. The constant noise of the guns has sent men mad.

More than ever, in this new warfare, is the problem serious. For days the men suffer not only the enemy's guns but the roar of their own batteries from behind them. They cannot always tell which side they hear. Their tortured ears ache with listening. And when they charge and capture an outpost it is not always certain that they will escape their own guns. In one tragic instance that I know of this happened.

The route was by way of Poperinghe, with its narrow, crowded streets, its fresh troops just arrived and waiting patiently, heavy packs beside them, for orders. In Poperinghe are found all the troops of the Allies: British, Belgian, French, Hindus, Cingalese, Algerians, Moroccans. Its streets are a series of colorful pictures, of quaint uniforms, of a babel of tongues, of that minor confusion that is order on a great scale. The inevitable guns rumbled along with six horses and three drivers: a lead driver, center driver and wheel driver. Unlike the British guns, there are generally no gunners with the guns, but only an officer or two. The gunners go ahead on foot. Lines of hussars rode by, making their way slowly round a train of British Red-Cross ambulances.

At Elverdingue I was to see the men in their billets. Elverdingue was another Poperinghe—the same crowds of soldiers, the same confusion, only perhaps more emphasized, for Elverdingue is very near the front, between Poperinghe and Ypres and a little to the north, where the line that curves out about Ypres bends back again.

More guns, more hussars. It was difficult to walk across the narrow streets. We watched our chance and broke through at last, going into a house at random. As each house had soldiers billeted in it, it was certain we would find some, and I was to see not selected quarters but billets chosen at random. Through a narrow, whitewashed center hall, with men in the rooms on either side, and through a muddy kitchen, where the usual family was huddled round a stove, we went into a tiny, brick-paved yard. Here was a shed, a roof only, which still held what remained of the winter's supply of coal.

Two soldiers were cooking there. Their tiny fire of sticks was built against a brick wall, and on it was a large can of stewing meat. One of the cooks—they were company cooks—was watching the kettle and paring potatoes in a basket. The other was reading a letter aloud. As the officers entered the men rose and saluted, their bright eyes taking in this curious party, which included, of all things, a woman!

"When did you get in from the trenches?" one of the officers asked.

"At two o'clock this morning, *Monsieur le Capitaine*."

"And you have not slept?"

"But no. The men must eat. We have cooked ever since we returned."

Further questioning elicited the facts that he would sleep when his company was fed, that he was twenty-two years old, and that—this not by questions but by investigation—he was sheltered against the cold by a large knitted muffler, an overcoat, a coat, a green sweater, a flannel shirt and an undershirt. Under his blue trousers he wore also the red ones of an old uniform, the red showing through numerous rents and holes. "You have a letter, comrade!" said the Lieutenant to the other man.

"From my family," was the somewhat sheepish reply.

Round the doorway other soldiers had gathered to see what was occurring. They came, yawning with sleep, from the straw they had been sleeping on, or drifted in from the streets, where they had been smoking in the sun. They were true republicans, those French soldiers. They saluted the officers without subservience, but as man to man. And through a break in the crowd a new arrival was shoved forward. He came, smiling uneasily.

"He has the new uniform," I was informed, and he must turn round to show me how he looked in it.

We went across the street and through an alleyway to an open place where stood an old coach house. Here were more men, newly in from the front. The coach house was a ruin, far from weather-proof and floored with wet and muddy straw. One could hardly believe that that straw had been dry and fresh when the troops came in at dawn. It was hideous now, from the filth of the trenches. The men were awake, and being advised of our coming by an anxious and loud-voiced member of the company who ran ahead, they were on their feet, while others, who had been sleeping in the loft, were on their way down the ladder.

Good Cheer After a Desperate Night

"THEY have been in a very bad place all night," said the Captain. "They are glad to be here, they say."

"You mean that they have been in a dangerous place?"

The men were laughing among themselves and pushing forward one of their number. Urged by their rapid French, he held out his cap to me. It had been badly torn by a German bullet. Encouraged by his example, another held out his cap. The crown had been torn almost out of it.

"You see," said Captain Boisseau, "it was not a comfortable night. But they are here, and they are content."

I could understand it, of course, but "here" seemed so pitifully poor a place—a wet and cold and dirty coach house, open to all the winds that blew; before it a courtyard stabling army horses that stood to the fetlocks in mud. For food they had what the boy of twenty-two or other cooks like him were preparing over tiny fires built against brick walls. But they were alive, and there were letters from home, and with the spring they expected to drive the Germans back in one of those glorious charges so dear to the French heart.

They were here, and they were content.

More sheds, more small fires, more paring of potatoes and onions and simmering of stews. The meal of the day was in preparation and its odors were savory. In one shed I photographed the cook, paring potatoes with a knife that looked as though it belonged on the end of a bayonet. And here I was lined up by the fire and the cook—and the knife—and my picture taken. It has not yet reached me. Perhaps it went by way of England, and was deleted by the censor as showing munitions of war!

From Elverdingue the road led north and west, following the curves of the trenches. We went through Woesten, where on the day before a dramatic incident had taken place. Although the town was close to the battlefield and its church in plain view from the German lines, it had escaped bombardment. But one Sunday morning a shot was fired. The shell went through the roof of the church

Digitized by Google

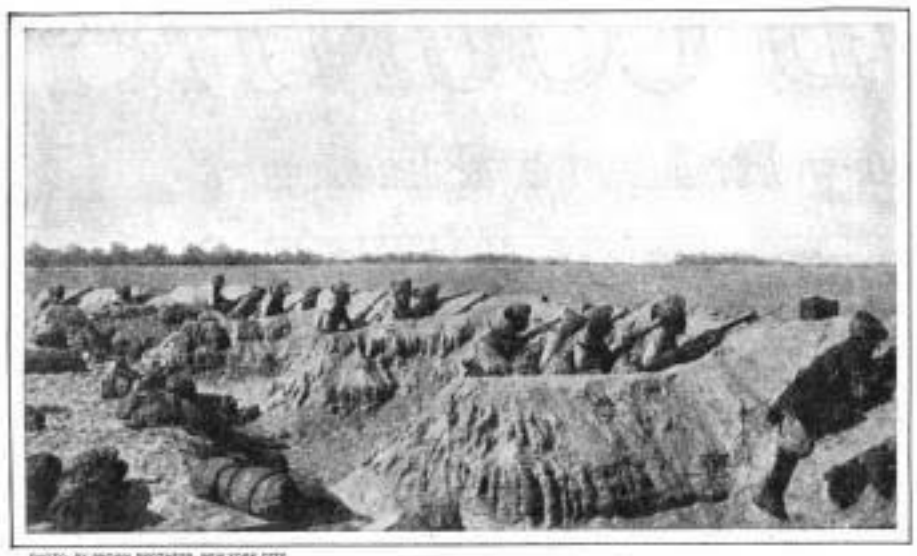


PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Indian Troops in One of the Trenches

just above the altar, fell and exploded, killing the priest as he knelt. The hole in the roof of the building bore mute evidence to this tragedy. It was a small hole, for the shell exploded inside the building. When I saw it a half dozen planks had been nailed over it to keep out the rain.

There were trees outside Woesten, more trees than I had been accustomed to nearer the sea. Here and there a troop of cavalry horses was corralled in a grove; shaggy horses, not so large as the English ones. They were confined by the simple expedient of stretching a rope from tree to tree in a large circle.

"French horses," I said, "always look to me so small and light compared with English horses."

Then a horse moved about, and on its shaggy flank showed plainly the mark of a Western branding iron! They were American cow ponies from the plains.

"There are more than a hundred thousand American horses here," observed the Lieutenant. "They are very good horses."

Later on I stopped to stroke the soft nose of a black horse as it stood trembling near a battery of heavy guns that was firing steadily. It was American too. On its flank there was a triangle inside a circle. I gave it an additional caress, and talked a little American into one of its nervous, silky ears. We were both far from home, a trifle bewildered, a bit uneasy and frightened.

And now it was the battlefield—the flat, muddy plain of Ypres. On the right bodies of men, sheltered by intervening groves and hedges, moved about. Dispatch riders on motor cycles flew along the roads, and over the roof of a deserted farmhouse an observation balloon swung in the wind. Beyond the hedges and the grove lay the trenches, and beyond them again German batteries were growling. Their shells, however, were not bursting anywhere near us.

The balloon was descending. I asked permission to go up in it, but when I saw it near at hand I withdrew the request. It had no basket, like the ones I had seen before, but instead the observers, two of them, sat astride a horizontal bar.

The English balloons have a basket beneath, I am told. One English airship man told me that to be sent up in a stationary balloon was the greatest penalty a man could be asked to pay. The balloon jerks at the end of its rope like a runaway calf, and "the resulting nausea makes seasickness seem like a trip to the Crystal Palace."

The Gallant Lads From St. Cyr

SO I DID not go up in that observation balloon on the field of Ypres. We got out of the car, and trudged after it as it was carried to its new position by many soldiers. We stood by as it rose again above the tree tops, the rope and the telephone wire hanging beneath it. But what the observers saw that afternoon from their horizontal bar I do not yet know—trenches, of course. But trenches are interesting in this war only when their occupants have left them and started forward. Batteries and ammunition trains, probably, the latter crawling along the enemy's roads. But both of these can be better and more easily located by aëroplanes.

The usefulness of the balloon in this war is doubtful. It serves, at the best, to take the place of an elevation of land in this flat country, is a large and tempting target, and can serve only on very clear days when there is no ground mist—a difficult thing to achieve in Flanders.

We were getting closer to the front all the time. As the automobile jolted on, drawing out for transports, for ambulances and ammunition wagons, the two French officers spoke of the heroism of their men. They told me, one after the other, of brave deeds that had come under their own observation.

"The French common soldier is exceedingly brave—quite reckless," one of them said. "Take, for instance, the case, a day or so ago, of Philibert Musillat, of the 168th Infantry. We had captured a communication trench from the Germans and he was at the end of it, alone. There was a renewal of the German attack, and they came at him along the trench. He refused to retreat. His comrades behind handed him loaded rifles, and he killed every German that appeared until they lay in a heap. The Germans threw bombs at him, but he would not move. He stood there for more than twelve hours!"

There were many such stories, such as that of the boys of the senior class of the military school of St. Cyr, who took, the day of the beginning of the war, an oath to put on gala dress, white gloves and a red, white and blue plume, when they had the honor to receive the first order to charge.

They did it, too. Theatrical? Isn't it just splendidly boyish? They did it, you see. The first of them to die, a young sub-lieutenant, was found afterward, his red, white and blue plume trampled in the mud, his brave white gloves stained with his own hot young blood. Another of these St. Cyr boys, shot in the face hideously and unable to speak, stood still under fire and wrote his orders to his men. It was his first day under fire.

A boy fell injured between the barbed wire in front of his trench and the enemy, in that No Man's Land of so many tragedies. His comrades, afraid of hitting him, stopped firing.

"Go on!" he called to them. "No matter about me. Shoot at them!"

So they fired, and he writhed for a moment.

"I got one of yours that time!" he said.

The Germans retired, but the boy still lay on the ground, beyond reach. He ceased moving, and they thought he was dead. One may believe that they hoped he was dead. It was more merciful than the slow dying of No Man's Land. But after a time he raised his head.

"Look out," he called. "They are coming again. They are almost up to me!"

That is all of that story.

The car stopped. We were at the wireless and telephone headquarters for the French Army of the North. It was a low brick building, and outside, just off the roadway, was a high van full of telephone instruments. That it was moved from one place to another was shown when, later in the day, returning by that route, we found the van had disappeared.

It was two o'clock. The German wireless from Berlin had just come in. At three the receiving station would hear from the Eiffel Tower in Paris. It was curious to stand there and watch the operator, receivers on his ears, picking up the German message. It was curious to think that, just a little way over there, across a field or two, the German operator was doing the same thing, and that in an hour he would be receiving the French message.

All the batteries of the army corps are—or were—controlled from that little station. The colonel in charge came out to greet us, and to him Captain Boisseau gave General Foch's request to show me batteries in action.

The colonel was very willing. He would go with us himself. I conquered a strong desire to stand with the telephone building between me and the German lines, now so near, and looked about. A French aëroplane was overhead, but there was little bustle and activity along the road. It is a curious fact in this war that the nearer one is to the front the quieter things become. Three or four miles behind there is bustle and movement. A mile behind, and only an occasional dispatch rider, a few men mending roads, an officer's car, a few horses tethered in a wood, a broken gun carriage, a horse being shod behind a wall, a soldier on a lookout platform in a tree, thickets and hedges that on occasion spout fire and death—that is the country round Ypres and just behind the line in daylight.

We were between Ypres and the Allied line, in that arc which the Germans are, as I write, trying so hard to break through. The papers say that they are shelling Ypres and that it is burning. They were shelling it that day also. But now, as then, I cannot believe it is burning. There was nothing left to burn.

While arrangements were being made to visit the batteries, Captain Boisseau explained to me a method they had established at that point for measuring the altitude of hostile aëroplanes for the guns.

"At some anti-aircraft batteries," he explained, "they have the telemeter for that purpose. But here there is none. So they use the system of *visée laterale*, or side sight, literally."

He explained it all carefully to me. I understood it at the time, I think.

I remember saying it was perfectly clear, and a child could do it, and a number of other things. But the system of *visée laterale* has gone into that part of my mind which contains the Latin irregular verbs, harmonies, the catechism and answers to riddles.

A Horseshoe for Luck

THERE is a curious feeling that comes with the firing of a large battery at an unseen enemy. One moment the air is still; there is a peaceful plain round. The sun shines, and heavy cart horses, drawing a wagon filled with stones for repairing a road, are moving forward steadily, their heads down, their feet sinking deep in the mud. The next moment hell breaks loose. The great guns stand with smoking jaws. The message of death has gone forth. Over beyond the field and that narrow line of trees, what has happened? A great noise, the furious recoiling of the guns, an upcurling of smoke—that is the firing of a battery. But over there, perhaps, one man, or twenty, or fifty men, lying still.

So I required assurance that this battery was not being fired for me. I had no morbid curiosity as to batteries. One of the officers assured me that I need have no concern. Though they were firing earlier than had been intended, a German battery had been located and it was their instruction to disable it.

The battery had been well concealed.

"No German aëroplane has as yet discovered it," explained the officer in charge.

To tell the truth, I had not yet discovered it myself. We had alighted from the machine in a sea of mud. There was mud everywhere.

A farmhouse to the left stood inaccessible in it. Down the road a few feet a tree with an observation platform rose out of it. A few chickens waded about in it. A crowd of soldiers stood at a respectful distance and watched us. But I saw no guns.

One of the officers stooped and picked up the cast shoe of a battery horse, and shaking the mud off, presented it to me.

"To bring you luck," he said, "and perhaps luck to the battery!"

We left the road, and turning to the right made a floundering progress across a field to a hedge. Only when we were almost there did I realize that the hedge was the battery.

"We built it," said the officer in charge. "We brought the trees and saplings and constructed it. Madame did not suspect?" *(Continued on Page 57)*

Indian Fighting Men in Camp

Digitized by Google

THE PHŒNIX

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

OF ALL the old Bodbankers who gather in the back room of the Phœnix Hotel, Hibberd Shirley, who is the youngest, is the wise man.

In the Middle Ages, to be wise was to be familiar with great tomes of learning, with the expanding sciences, with the discoveries of travelers in strange continents, with the art of healing, with alchemy, starry heavens, and the counsel to be given to princes. But in the beginning of the twentieth century, to be wise is to know the ways of the freight department of railroads, the processes by which a bill goes through a legislature, the differences between natural complexions and those that are better, how to prevent the clerk from assigning one to a six-dollar room, the odor of mining certificates, the materials out of which cafés make sweetbread cutlets, the birthplaces of T. Cobb, M. Pickford, W. Bryan, and H. Bell Wright, and what to do in case of prohibition. The wise man is no longer complimented sufficiently by the adjective; today a noun must add luster to the title. Thus it is necessary, whatever may be the dictates of good taste, to say wise guy, wise gink, or perchance wise gazabo.

Hibberd Shirley, whose father had once been a candidate for the highest office in the gift of Illinois, often sat in the Phœnix back room as a member of the choicest conversational group of his fellow citizens. He was Bodbank's wise gazabo. To him it was a delight and satisfaction to be able to carry about with him the refinement and book learning of his forbears and yet be able also to discourse with the sophistication of a Chicago taxi-driver. He liked to take the attitude of a man who, not being able to tell why the world is wicked, can tell how it is wicked.

"Shirley," said Rufe P. Holland, the proprietor of the Phœnix—"Shirley is the one Bodbanker who isn't likely to go to Chicago with a watch and chain and come back with the chain."

Just then Shirley came in. Judge Antrim moved his seat along the chair rail of the blue-painted wall. Malachi Sturges, the manufacturer, shifted a little; old Bosville asked whether the Mississippi was still rising; and Shook, the president of the trust company, threw a New York financial journal into the red, open mouth of the round stove.

Hibberd has a swatch of brownish-yellow hair above his left ear, and he has to plaster it up over and down toward the right ear to cover an area where, as Michael Lynch says, "It looks like the crows had got all the seed." Vanity shows in the care he takes to spread the growth which Judge Antrim, in his turn, calls "the contingent remainder." Vanity also shows in the white false waistcoat, in the huge gold seal ring, and in the black shell-rimmed eyeglasses of the kind which once went with but few statesmen and now go with every readymade suit of clothes. Shirley allowed a short, stocky sigh to escape from his short, stocky body as he sat down.

"Steel Common led a heavy market," he remarked to the other members of the Back Room Club, because Wall Street talk still impresses Bodbank.

"All a con game," snapped Bosville, rubbing his rheumatic wrists. "Where do all the rubes come from anyway?"

Hibberd looked out of his broad face at the older man patronizingly, as a young trotting horse with a speed record would look at a relic of past glories of the turf.

"They don't call 'em rubes any more," said he. "They call 'em hicks. They all come from New York. That little burg is the rube town of the United States. There's nothing in Iowa to touch it."

The more ancient Bodbankers turned toward him.

"S'right!" said he. "They put on shows in New York that wouldn't get by in a way-station opera house. You can sell spavin cure for cough syrup on Broadway. Hurry-up furniture is all bought by natives of Manhattan Isle in antique shops. I can paint a Raphael tomorrow, and pass it off nowhere in the world as a Rubens except on Fifth Avenue. Give me a bottle of table-d'hôte claret, a brass

"What We Have to Plant on Marcellus J. We'll Get Back a Hundred Times Over"

candlestick and a yellow package of cigarettes, and I can write a highbrow weekly review that I can sell for honest-to-goodness money to New Yorkers only. If the police would let me alone I could make a million dollars in ten days, running a shell game on their subway trains. Out-of-town people in New York who run short of money always mortgage Central Park to one of the natives. The town is the hickiest of the hick!"

Michael Lynch said: "Can't we send wan av our wise Bodbank byes to teach thim the gentle art av keepin' their little fingers out of the automatic cigar cutters?"

"Yes, and I advise sending them Marcellus Starr," Hibberd answered eagerly. "He certainly belongs in New York. I know the inside story of Marcellus."

"The man who has that Main Street store window filled with neckties and shirts that make me think av a cornet-an'-steam-calliope duet?" asked Lynch.

"The same," said Shirley. "Listen."

Listen, now: Marcellus Starr doesn't bank with the trust company, or go to the judge for legal advice, or carry the kind of minstrel-show, 1874 collars and knitted wristers that Bosville wears, or order wholesale from Lynch's emporium of liquids, and so none of you, in these days when Bodbank is a regular street railway town and beginning to be shown by a circle instead of by a dot on the map, know much about M. Starr. And I'm reasonably certain none of you heard of his adventures with the smartest young woman—barring, of course, those that are not good-looking and have to be smart—the smartest lady this side of the two unprotected coast lines of our great, peaceful, prosperous country.

Perhaps it will be news to you to know that Marcellus was born right here in Bodbank, and first saw light in the old parsonage on Shepard Street, up where the mosquitoes are strong in roster, sing and bill. His father was the preacher who died of reading a book on edible mushrooms. Of course, by all that was probable, Mark was destined to be the regular heir of a minister, sitting in at games of forty-five at the age of fourteen, chewing peppermint drops to suppress the odor and avoid the more immediate results of the baneful cigarette, and burning the house down for the insurance.

Instead of that, Starr took the straight and narrow way: Honesty is the best policy; early to bed, early to rise; a stitch in time saves nine; handsome is as handsome does; lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine; and the Young Men's Christian Gymnasium. Silence is golden; the bird on the dollar catches the early worm; and, where love flies in at the window, haste makes waste. These were the mottoes that he read on life's own lozenges. He rested heavily on the wisdom of the ancients. And what I will tell you will show that even the counsel of the ancients does not always prevent a man's foot from slipping.

Marcellus went through high school and delivered the valedictory, standing with his round, good-natured, simple, innocent and bright red face, looking out from the setting of daisies, buttercups, diplomas tied with baby blue, Jessies, Myrtles and Madelines, and moss-rose extract, at the physiognominious sea of upturned faces. The valedictory ended with a hope that each of the pupils now to be launched into a world of usefulness could at the end of his or her life tell his or her conscience the truth and have the conscience say in return: "That's good!"

After this peroration he went off on the road selling collars, working as far south as Hannibal, Missouri, and as far north as Mankato, Minnesota. At night he sat under the dim lights of hotel rooms, listening to the click of pool balls, and reading novels of E. P. Roe; and by day he was placing four-plys with local haberdasheries or was heaving a sigh whenever he put a chocolate ice-cream soda down on the personal column of his expense book. He had a feeling that his passion for sweets would some day be his undoing. He had heard that if a man began at twenty-one to save a dollar a day, at fifty he would be worth the best part of a hundred thousand dollars, and he never could get rid of the idea that ten cents was the interest for a year on two dollars, or if it were figured for three hundred days a year, was the return on a capital of six hundred. The only foolish thing he ever did was to give two hundred dollars, or half a year's savings, to help send a waitress at the old Metropolitan House in Stillwater to Colorado Springs, to die slowly rather than fast. And his apparent interest in women was so small that he did not even know her first name was Minnie, or that many a time, when she had seen him come in, she had changed the plate of crackers so he could have clean ones.

That was Marcellus. He would in youth have made a good model for a cupid, dropping out of the pale sky on the ceiling of a moving-picture theater. He had wide blue eyes, and it was a great surprise to the Retailers' Association of Bodbank when he bought the stock of old Eldredge in that store in Bucknam's Block.

"Yes, I've saved a little here and there," he told me. "I'm going to keep an up-to-date stock here too. No more Grand Sacrifice Sales and Big Sensation Clearances now! It's going to look like a regular Chicago outfitter's. I'd like to show you some mercerized pyjamas you'd be proud to wear in the aisle of a Pullman car. All fixed, eh? Then, how about silk socks, six pair in a box, and a dollar, to you? Don't you know, that's good?"

He did what he said he'd do, he ran a live shop. His windows were a part of the newer Bodbank, and he was the first man in town to keep his front lighted at night. His sign said: "M. Starr, Outfitter to His Majesty, the Well Dressed Citizen."

Maybe Marcellus would have liked invitations to the homes of the good and great here. He did not get 'em. Mrs. Firkin put him in the discard.

"All that may be said in his favor is that he does not do anything reprehensible," she said. "But I suspect him. I cannot bear a man with ears that stand out too far, especially on a round face. Depend upon it, there is no delicacy of feeling in such a person. His entire interest seems to be in vulgar trade. If I invited him to dinner I should expect to hear nothing but talk about balbriggans and garters. There is no finesse in his make-up."

Firkin tried to argue with his wife that Starr had not only read all of the novelists in sets, but that he had wasted other evenings in the study of Taine's English Literature and Gibbon's Rome, and other books not much advertised.

"I don't care," she said. "He would look very squatty in a dress suit, and he is a long way from my idea of culture. Furthermore, he has never married, just because of the expense. I know such men!"

Digitized by Google

So Marcellus lived a profitable and lonely existence in Bodbank for seven years. Gray hair came round his temples. He became the high priest on correct wear for men. His advice to youth sold more pearl-gray gloves in a year than Bodbank had ever bought in five before. He introduced the "Summercool" line of undergarments, and learned to put out his light in Mrs. Wellington's let room so promptly at ten that young girls knew when that window was dark that it was time to leave whatever front porch steps they happened to be sitting on. The interests he might have had in common with the men, such as billiards, lodge nights, politics, baseball, and "What's yours?" he didn't show; and if any girls in Bodbank attracted him he kept it dark, and because he was not "in with the right set," the girls kept it darker. As far as anyone could see, Marcellus was on his way to get rich slowly, and exercise with the chest weights every afternoon, and sing in the choir on Sundays, and make six trips a year to Chicago to keep in touch with the trade, and stand behind a counter to the end of his dull days. I used to think sometimes that if I went away from Bodbank, and came back after twenty years, I'd find Starr still watching some boy clerk polishing the glass cases, and that I'd say:

"Well, I'm back"; and that he would say: "*That's* good!" And I'd say: "Yes, I'm glad too"; and then he'd always alternate and say: "That's *good!*"

The boys used to call him "That's-good Starr." I told him so. He said with the same old simple, innocent smile: "That's good!" It just popped out of him.

I used to look at him sometimes and think of how pink and ripe he was. I wondered why somebody who wanted to sell a gold mine or show him how to make money quick in a diamond necklace trade hadn't picked him. He was ready to fall. All it needed was for some good confidence man to shake the limb a little. Bodbank is a happy pool into which to drop bait, and I thought simple Marcellus was the biggest, hungriest fish in the lot.

And at last it came. The leaves were dropping off the trees along the River bank; the watering cart couldn't keep the dust off Main Street; awnings were flapping in the first wind that smelled of winter; so many overcoats were being stretched over back-yard clothes-lines that you could smell moth-balls as far as the Iowa shore; the drug stores, noting a depression in sundaes, began to polish up the hot-chocolate apparatus, and the sunlight threatened to fade the velvet ties in Starr's window. That was the kind of day that a stranger blew in at the store of Marcellus.

The stranger was a fine, respectable-appearing business man of middle age, with a gray cropped mustache, black tie, and a faint odor of violet toilet water. He had a frank, open and aboveboard manner, and looked at anybody squarely when he talked. They say a lion won't jump if you look him in the eye, and that a man who looks you in the eye is a man to trust. If you're going to believe either of these stories, believe the first; you won't meet many lions.

He said his name was Barrett Prentice, and he was accompanied by a lady who might have been thirty, who sang softly to herself, who looked in the mirror back of the collar display, and paid no attention whatever to Marcellus.

"S'my niece," whispered Prentice. "She's an orphan."

Marcellus glanced at her covertly, and then stared at her out of his simple eyes, just as if an alarm clock had gone off inside her big, black fur muff.

He saw that she had a figure like something in a show window, and a face that was not unlike the well-known head of Liberty. And finally he tore his glance loose and turned back to the man. Barrett P. was telling him about a scheme to amalgamate twenty-five men's outfitting stores in a chain system.

"We'll buy in quantities at low prices. We can keep a shifting stock. We can make novelties do their work over and over again. We can move specialty salesmen from town to town. We plan to take in Quincy, Des Moines, Davenport, Rock Island, Council Bluffs, Galesburg, Dubuque, and them places. As I said, we can pay about good full value in cash—or, say, preferred stock—for a store; then we issue to you about as much more in common stock."

"That's good," said Starr.

"The only trouble at present is that I'm finding it a little hard to raise money to go forward with it," the other went on. "You and I would do better to keep outsiders from gettin' any of the promoters' profits, eh? Better wait and get it all. What day can you meet me next Thursday in Chicago?"

Starr thought a moment and looked once more on the full-blown, dew-sprinkled, crispy-petaled, fresh-as-the-morning lady, and said:

"Thursday."

Prentice made a motion with his thumb toward the girl, who was still almost dancing with vitality—feet, eyes, and lights in her hair.

"S'my niece," he said. "An orphan an'—you know?—in a small way an heiress. An' by the way, if you want to look me up, I'll give you some bank references."

"That's good," said Marcellus.

But the other only took a notebook out of his pocket and checked the name of Marcellus Starr in a list of names. Of course Marcellus did not know that Barrett Prentice was once known as the "Juarez Fence," and that his niece was Josephine Pollock, the daughter of the deceased Joseph Pollock of New Orleans, New York, Chicago, Baltimore, Joliet, Sing Sing, and Charlestown, Massachusetts. He did not know that ever since she had come home from a convent she had lived with her mother in a modest apartment on the North Side of Chicago, and had paid for her own clothes. He did not know that Juarez was "working out" of Ben Goetting's "pay-off joint," through which confidence men secured police protection and obtained "utility men" for their games, and at which divisions of the "kick in," or the spoils, were made. He did not know that, New York being too far away, the "con mob" had to be satisfied with a "sucker list" covering towns in the three I's—Indiana, Iowa and Illinois. He did not know that he himself was the first among the S's on the Goetting list. He did not know that the short story of his life was on file at the "pay-off joint" in Room 5461 of the respectable tiled-floor Esmeralda Building, where the ground-glass door said, "Florida Timber and Dredging Company, Limited," and that he was rated as "Good for twelve thousand." Poor Marcellus! He had saved long and faithfully, and now he just blinked. Money was to be made in chain-store schemes! So he said: "Next Thursday."

He said Thursday and he kept his word.

"I Would Like to Let You In on This Information. But if I Do, You Must Promise Never, Never to Tell My Uncle"

There is a type of American hotel that is the best in every city over seventy-five and under two hundred thousand population, and second best in the largest places. Downstairs there is an Indian, Chinese, Flemish, Irish, Nimrod's or Grape Arbor Grill, and a cabaret. There is a mezzanine floor, unlined writing paper, perfumery in the finger bowls, insolence, green hall carpets, free washrags, and orange-wood sticks done up in sanitary tissue paper, soap de luxe, and other discomforts too numerous to mention. There is always a convention going on, so that everything smells of cloves; one-cent newspapers are two cents at the news stand, and the house detective leans against marbled pillars under gilt frescoes and yawns freely behind his fat hand. In one of these hotels Marcellus, according to his custom, took a room and bath, and contrary to his custom he felt that destiny was about to reach out and hand him something.

It was. He got a long telegram from Barrett Prentice, arranging in detail for a meeting in the afternoon at the office of the Florida Timber and Dredging Company, Limited; and he may have reflected that, being on the threshold of great profits and on the eve of stepping into the larger Business World, he could indulge in the luxury of oysters, broiled whitefish, and a chocolate éclair in the Venice Room. It was there that the fountain plashed and the gondolas went round the walls. At the door the little hat-girl acted as if your overcoat belonged to her father, and among the tables a chauffeur in a red turban made Turkish coffee for ladies dressed like a million dollars.

On his way to the restaurant he came face to face, by the merest chance, as he supposed, with Josephine Pollock, alias niece of Barrett Prentice, formerly the Juarez Fence. He was sure it was she, because she had the same atmosphere of dew on rose petals.

"I beg your pardon," said she at the elevator door. "I had an engagement to meet my uncle. We saw you in Bodbank, didn't we? Were you introduced? I'm sure I've forgotten. Do you know I've nothing but my keys in my pocketbook, and I'm nearly famished."

"That's good," said Marcellus. "Check your muff."

Her eyes went into a squint as she looked at him. She was a shrewd young woman, and there was a crispness about her like tulips about to blossom.

"My uncle has been so troubled!" she said, taking off her white gloves and putting them on the white tablecloth. "But now everything is all right. He's just going to make a killing. That's what he calls it—a killing. It was just a piece of luck. It was all due to a bookkeeper who once worked for him—a man named Ed Freeze."

"Do you drink cocktails?" asked Marcellus, looking at her out of his simple eyes.

She shook her head.

"That's good!" said he. "I am glad you don't drink cocktails.

She was irritated by the interruption of her narrative, but she found time to look at Starr again while his head was bent over the card, and say to him:

"Are you married?"

He denied it with a blush that went all over his face and neck. She knew very well that he was not married; the information had been entered on his card with the remark: "Let Josie work up the love stuff." But she was glad she had asked the question, because something about his innocence appeared attractive and novel.

"I'll bet you're gay!" she said.

He shook his head again. This time he looked sad.

"No," said he. "I'm not going to pass myself onto anybody as gay. I never took a drink. I go to bed at ten or eleven o'clock even when I'm in Chicago. I'm careful of my money and I never ride in taxicabs. I used to be a traveling salesman, but I never grabbed a waitress' hand in my life. The moon looks better to me than an electric sign, and home cooking agrees with my digestion. I'm ashamed of myself. I'm a good deal like day before yesterday."

Josephine tried to give him a look of pity, but there was something in his simple, frank way of speaking that stopped her. Poor Marcellus!

"Well, as I was saying, this bookkeeper works for a big furniture house," she went on, "and he knows a man who is employed in a confidential way by the telegraph company. Of course I don't understand it, but in some way he can get information about the horse races in New Orleans before anybody else. And then, if you can get the information, you can make thousands of dollars betting."

"That's good," said Marcellus with his eyes popping out.

"But you don't believe in betting," said she, touching his fingers lightly and perhaps by accident.

"Goodness!" said Starr.

"Do you?"

Marcellus looked down at his plate and then blushed again. "I feel kind of unprincipled today!" he said with a gurgle of delight. "I don't know what I believe!"

She leaned over the table until he could smell heliotrope and other odors of old-fashioned gardens.

"I would like to let you in on this information," she said. "But if I do, you must promise never, never to tell my uncle."

Digitized by Google

Marcellus answered her. He said: "I guess you'd better not tell me then. If I'm going into business with him I want to be square with him. It's better to be square, isn't it? I ask you. I had an idea that you would stand for being square. Is that right?"

She looked a little frightened by the simple suggestion of Marcellus. "Oh, I suppose so," she said in an irritated tone. "I'll go and telephone my uncle now."

Up to the booth she went. Yes, she went up there and called up the pay-off joint. Goetting answered, I suppose.

"Too easy for words!" she said. "He fell for the lunch. He's falling for the love stuff. Tell Juarez to wait there for him. I'm going to introduce him to Eddie Freeze first. The man's a regular hick!"

But when she came out of the booth maybe she felt out of sorts. She went back and looked at Marcellus in silence, and put on her white gloves and took them off, and put them on again. And he just watched her, satisfied—and happy, so far as anyone could see. Poor Mark!

Poor Mark! Eddie Freeze came down in response to a telephone call and Josephine suggested a conference in Starr's own room. Then she said she was going off to buy a pair of shoes.

"I can't stay long," Eddie said nervously. "I'd lose my job."

He was a thin, consumptive individual with a thin, drooping mustache. He was pale and everything about him drooped—his shoulders, his nose, his fingers, his hat brim hanging over one thin, bony knee. He was timid; the least little noise startled him; he told his story in a whisper.

He told about the years of toil over columns of figures, sitting on a high stool. He told of his marriage and the two kiddies, as he called them, and of his eight-dollar-a-week flat. He told about his old, old friend whom he had once saved from bankruptcy and through whom he was now able to get racing results in advance over the telegraph company's special wire from New Orleans.

"I've got to trust you, Mr. Starr," he said, when he finally came to his confession. "The whole happiness of the dear little woman and the kiddies—did I show you these pictures of 'em?—depends on this being a sure thing."

"How's that?" asked Marcellus in alarm.

"I'm an embezzler," wailed the guy. "The money I'm going to put into the pool is stolen money."

He began to cry softly. Marcellus, perhaps, was touched. He might have been tempted to beg Mr. Freeze not to do anything dishonest, but for some reason he had lost his own moral sense. The proposal to win money in thousand-dollar lots, coming after a lifetime of squeezing it out jitney by jitney, had dazed him.

The tubercular bookkeeper, who was known among old acquaintances as "Eddie the Frog," recovered from his grief soon enough to take the Bodbank victim round to see the wire operator. Their meeting place was in the elevator of the building above the telegraph office, and Marcellus was introduced to a thickset man with a cropped mustache and in shirt-sleeves, who wore a green eye-shade. If Starr had been observant he would have noticed that the shoes of this fellow were still wet with the first fall of snow, indicating that he, too, had just come, not from the telegraph office but from Dearborn Street. But the green eye-shade was surely convincing scenery.

"Don't you know any better than to come round here when the wire chief and the superintendent are on the job," growled the telegraph man to Mr. Ed Freeze. "Of course, I'm glad to meet your friend, but it's risking a pot of money—big, big money!"

Marcellus opened his simple eyes. He might have felt himself a part of a delicious conspiracy, an actor in a great drama, a lucky man close to a great stroke of fortune. He understood now that there was no risk involved. He knew that some horse race would be run to-morrow in New Orleans; he knew that several rich men in Chicago—"stockyard men and brokers from the wheat pit"—met in the office of the Florida Timber and Dredging Company, Limited, to exchange bets in cash on such races. He knew that, when the news of the race had come over the wire, the trusty telegraph operator would hold up the information for twenty minutes and would send a telephone message to Mr. Goetting, and that then Mr. Goetting would hold up one finger and scratch his ear, and that would be a signal to the insiders to place their money on such and such a horse. All this he had heard explained. He was more glad than ever that he had met Mr. Prentice, the chain-store man, and the beautiful Josephine, who appeared to be such a nice, refined, companionable and charming girl, with such an atmosphere of May mornings, caroling birds, cloud-flecked skies and newly opened hyacinths, and the tempted bookkeeper who had embezzled a few hundred dollars. Three-part moving pictures were being run off before his beaming eyes; he was seeing feature films.

When he went up to the pay-off joint in the Esmeralda Building he was pleased, too, by the appearance of stability in that office. He was pleased by the heavy mahogany furniture, the heavy brass ash-tray, the heavy-piled red carpet, the heavy manners of Mr. Goetting—a large man with a large mouth, large ears, large rolls of chin hanging poised upon the points of a collar in congressional style, large fat fingers on a large fat, warm, affectionate, all-inclusive, welcoming hand.

But the fly in the ointment was a terrible quarrel which raged in the adjoining room, to which Ed Freeze had been summoned by Barrett Prentice. Marcellus caught words of anger here and there, the sound of apologies, accusations, whining, and at last the noise of a hush and stillness. Barrett opened the door. His gray hair was rumpled; his necktie was askew. But he was smiling.

"Excuse me not speaking when you came in, Starr," he said. "You understand I was pretty much mad about my niece telling you our little private affairs, and I've just bawled out Mr. Freeze here for letting you in on the pool. Of course I know you a little, but not very well. How could I tell where you would stand on a gambling matter like this? Couldn't! And I didn't feel, until I had tried to borrow the rest of the money, like letting anybody in on a cinch like this. But bygones is bygones."

"That's good," exclaimed Marcellus, his face full of simple joy. "Now about the chain stores ——"

"Gone!" said Prentice, running his finger round his collar. "The financial backing fell through."

Marcellus showed his disappointment on his face. Up sprang Mr. Goetting.

"I might as well tell you," said the pay-off-joint proprietor in his heavy, conservative manner. "It was me. I put the crimp in that plan. It's too much risk, Mr. Starr. I believe in conservative investments. After I'd thought the men's outfitting combination over, I couldn't see it at all. I want quick, sure turns."

"Like horse-racing," said Mr. Prentice mockingly.

The pay-off-joint man turned on the Juarez Fence with heavy anger in his heavy eyes. Poor Starr believed another quarrel was at hand. These men did nothing but fill the air with misunderstandings.

"Now, listen to me, Prentice," said Goetting severely: "If a man can take a little sporting proposition once in a while and turn a few thousand, why not? You've always been a sound business man and you're going to do it. It was you who brought this gentleman, Mr. Freeze, up here. It was you who showed me this sure way to pick up a little coin. You talk fine for a man who has been known as one of the most successful manufacturers of the Middle West."

The row quieted down.

"Now let's get this pool straightened out," said Mr. Goetting heavily. "You're going to put up five thousand. I put up another. Freeze will take five hundred, and if we can get somebody to take five or ten more, there's fifteen or twenty thousand. We don't have to place it until we can name the winning pony. If Gum Get wins, we draw down a nice little two hundred thousand; if it's the favorite and the odds are against us, we'll have to be contented to split ten or fifteen."

"Don't Forget—Marcellus Starr Has Picked You for the Real Thing!"

Marcellus took out one of his famous pure Irish linen handkerchiefs, sold in quantities on Main Street, Bodbank, and wiped his forehead. "Well, how much will you put in?" asked the Juarez Fence.

Poor Starr thought a minute. "I don't know," said he. "I'll have to think it over."

"Bless my soul!" Goetting exclaimed. "If I felt that way I wouldn't put a cent in it. Just drop the proposition right where it is."

"No, no," said Mark. "I didn't mean that. But I'll make up my mind and telegraph my bank to send a draft on to-night's mail."

The Juarez Fence scowled.

"They won't think you intend to use so much money this way, will they?" he asked.

"Oh, no," replied Starr, staring out of his big, round, surprised eyes. "They won't think so. I couldn't let anybody in Bodbank suspect—for anything!"

Freeze, Goetting and Prentice all nodded a solemn approval.

"You're a business man," said the proprietor of the pay-off joint.

"That's good," said Marcellus. "But there's just one question I'd like to ask."

"Ask on," said Goetting, turning from the map of the Florida timberlands.

"If we are successful in making these bets on the horse race, would I ever get another chance to make one—here?"

"Certainly would!" said Prentice.

"Sure thing!" said Eddie the Frog.

"Ab-so-lutely!" said Goetting.

"That's good!" said Marcellus. "I might want to go into this later—in a big way."

The three men heard this sentiment without enthusiasm, but they told him to make himself at home while they were out. Starr read a real-estate journal, looked himself up in credit-rating book for the satisfaction of it, stared out over Lake Michigan with its autumn blanket of fog and smoke, and listened to the clicking of a typewriter in the next room. When the telephone rang he sat up. It rang again. It rang again, once more, then again. There was no denying it. He picked up the receiver.

"Is Mr. Barrett Prentice there?" asked a far-away woman's voice. "New York City is calling. The First National Bank wants Mr. Prentice."

Marcellus gasped; he was in touch with large affairs.

"Not here," said he. "I don't know where you could reach him now."

And, as he put up the receiver, a voice at his shoulder said: "That's right. He's at a Board of Trade conference.

(Continued on Page 32)

The Envelope Was There! Ten Thousand Dollars!

Digitized by Google

MADE IN JAPAN

By Samuel G. Blythe

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Sorting and Packing the Great Japanese Radishes

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Workers in a Cloisonné Factory

THE Chinese cut off their queues. Wherefore the Chinese, to the number of many millions, needed hats and caps for their shorn heads, to replace the little round caps they had been wearing for a few thousand years or so.

There was a hat-and-cap market worth while, a hat-and-cap market made while one waited—overnight—for hundreds of thousands of gross. In the clipping of a queue there was established a hat-and-cap demand, such as the world had never known, as a newly made commercial possibility—hats and caps needed by the millions and in a country where no hats and caps were manufactured.

Of course the enterprising American manufacturers—with their superior product, their scientific methods of merchandising, their systems for selling, their extraordinary business acumen—or the farseeing and trade-hungry Germans, or the solid, substantial, but none the less pushing Britons—stepped in and secured that enormous trade. Of course one of these great commercial nations secured this business, did it not?

Yes; it did not! The nation that sold the queueless Chinese their hats and caps, and the nation that is still selling the queueless Chinese their hats and caps, is neither the United States nor Germany, nor yet Great Britain, where the manufacture, sale and use of hats and caps has been going on for decades on decades; but it is Japan, where they have not been wearing hats and caps in any great numbers for many years—let alone making them for others to wear.

Japan went busily in and accumulated that hat-and-cap trade, just as Japan has been and is going busily in with many other lines and accumulating similar trade in all parts of the world open to her—especially in the United States and in China. The Japanese merchant and the Japanese manufacturer want to do business. They will cut their profits to the lowest margin rather than lose the deal. There is no making of an arbitrary profit percentage in Japan and sticking to that or not selling.

Quick Sales and Small Profits

THE Japanese wants to make as much as he can, of course; but rather than remain idle he will make what he can. He has no other idea than to do business. He wants the turnover. He will take five per cent if he cannot get six, or two per cent if he cannot get four. To be sure, he will exhaust every expedient to get six; but he will not lose the trade if he can get it by lessening his own profit. Ordinarily he does his business on just enough capital to carry him along, and he cannot afford to let his goods pile up in his store or in his warehouse; he must keep them moving.

Furthermore, he has the cheap idea firmly inculcated. The amount of junk in the shape of the smaller manufactured articles made in Japan is enormous. Labor is cheap, and all phases of it can be employed—men, women and children—with few restrictions as to hours or ages. They make cheaply and they sell cheaply, and they are wolves for business.

If you, an American, bought a very cheap toothbrush last year or this year, the chances are that toothbrush was made in Japan. The Japanese sold us seven million toothbrushes last year, and will sell us more than that this year. If you decorate yourself with a low-priced, near-Panama hat, it is quite likely that Panama hat was made in Japan. They sold us almost two million dollars' worth of them, wholesale, last year. If you go into a restaurant of the variety patronized by most Americans and regale yourself with crab-meat salad, or crab meat *à la* Dewey, or a crab cocktail—especially if you do this in a restaurant away from the Atlantic or the Pacific Coast—it is almost a certainty that the crab meat in your salad or your chafing dish or your cocktail, came from Japan in tins. We bought some six hundred thousand dollars' worth of that product last year; and it does not cost much per tin.

You buy yourself a nifty shirt made of thin silk—it is Japanese material. You snuff menthol for a cold in your head—it is Japanese menthol to a large extent. You use some camphor—it came from Japan. So does much of the straw braid in your straw hat, and the matting on your floor, and many other things, including objects of art and curios—which reminds me of a sign I saw in a Japanese village: Antique Curios Bought, Sold and Made.

The Japanese make for us and sell us hundreds of other commodities, ranging from raw silk, which we buy to the extent of sixty million dollars' worth or more a year, to dried mushrooms, of which we consume enough to add a hundred thousand dollars a year to the revenues of Japanese mushroom dealers. That is a good many dried mushrooms, as any person can testify who has had under observation the minute portions of that featherweight commodity handed to him in the guise of fresh mushrooms at many restaurants and charged for on the fresh basis.

We buy four million dollars' worth of Japanese tea and a million and a half dollars' worth of porcelains and potteries. We buy rice and toys; matting and lily bulbs; clothing—they actually exported men's ready-made clothing to us last year; tablecloths and embroideries; coal and copper; cotton crêpes and vegetable wax; soy and brushes; brassware and brocade—dozens and dozens of things. And the reason we buy them is because we do not produce some of the commodities—such as raw silk—and because none of the commodities can be produced so cheaply in America as in Japan.

As you travel through Japan you see many factories. Osaka, especially, is a great manufacturing city; but Japan is not a country of factories as is America or England or Germany. Most of the big establishments in Japan make textiles. They are largely cotton-spinning places—not all, but to a great extent. The smaller things in Japan are made in households. The homes are the factories. The front room of the house, especially in the big cities, is a place where something is made or something is sold; usually where something is both made and sold.

Any person who goes about a Japanese city, like Tokio or Kobe or Nagasaki or Osaka or Kioto, wonders how so many shopkeepers can make livings. In Tokio, for example, there are miles and miles of streets of little shops, literally miles and miles of them. They stretch away in every direction and sell every sort of commodity. You see the clogmaker making clogs, with two or three assistants, or four or five, as the case may be.

You see a brass-smith hammering out brass bowls; or a mat-maker making mats; or a fan-maker making fans; or a cushion-maker making cushions; or a tabi-maker making tabi, which is the thick sock the Japanese wear, with a separate compartment for the big toe, used for the string that retains the wooden clog on the foot; or a pottery-maker making pottery; or a silversmith hammering out silver; or a damascene-maker inlaying gold; or a toy-maker making toys; or a sweetmeat-maker—hundreds of those—making sweetmeats; or a basket-maker making baskets—scores and scores of various artisans making the multitude of commodities the Japanese use and sell. And you wonder how so many shops can exist.

Then it is explained to you that the homes are the factories of Japan; that the great bulk of Japanese manufacture is household manufacture; and that the Japanese not only works himself, but that his women folk and his children all work; and that the return, though small, is sufficient. The Japanese shopkeeper is content with little profits. He has to be. There are so many of them in the same lines that big profits are out of the question.

This system of household manufacture is what enables the exporters of Japanese goods of the minor varieties to buy and sell so cheaply. Japan is the paradise for the five-and-ten-cent-store man and the heaven for the notion dealers. They go to Japan in great numbers every year, and they bring back shiploads of little things that can be disposed of as novelties in their emporiums. The trade is systematized and organized, and the Japanese are as clever at it as their American, English, Canadian and other customers.

To explain this business in one of its phases, let me take the method of a large importing house in the city of New York. This house has a building of enormous extent devoted to the showing of all sorts of things it brings to the United States, including about every conceivable article of Japanese manufacture. Buyers go there. They look over the samples and select what they want.

How Contracts are Given Out

SUPPOSE, for example, there should be orders for a few thousand dozens of a certain sort of a lacquered box or tray, which is a very common Japanese commodity. The order is sent to the agent of that house in Japan. He is instructed to have made the few thousand dozens of lacquered boxes or trays that his firm has sold. Now, there is no factory in Japan where these goods can be obtained in such quantities. Instead, there are many well-known and well-defined sections where lacquered trays and boxes are made in household shops.

The buyer goes to that section and sees the local dealers. He shows his samples and learns from one man how many dozens he can supply. He orders up to that man's capacity; then he goes to another dealer and repeats the operation. Thus, in a short space of time, he has contracted for all the lacquered boxes or trays he needs.

Then the dealer, having an order for fifty dozens, say, of these boxes, goes, in his turn, to the makers. He knows where they are. He takes his sample boxes or trays and makes his rounds. He comes to the house of I. Sato, who has a hut, with a shop in front and a living room behind. I. Sato is skillful at this work. He has a reputation for good and consistent craftsmanship.

"I desire," says the dealer, "to engage you to make for me a certain number of boxes and trays."

"How many?" asks I. Sato.

The dealer, having full knowledge of the capacity of I. Sato and his assistants at this work, within the time he is allowed to fill his order, sets the number. I. Sato thinks it over and decides he can make that many boxes or trays with the assistance of the other members of the Sato family, all of whom are as skilled as himself; or, to be more exact, all of whom have their part in the manufacturing done on I. Sato's premises.

The price is fixed. It is a low price. The dealer has taken his contract at an extremely low figure, partly because the buyer has insisted on that and partly because he wants the business; and, having been ground down himself to almost the limit, he, in his turn, grinds down I. Sato to beyond the limit. A bargain is made. I. Sato contracts to deliver his quota of boxes or trays.

The dealer goes to the next craftsman and repeats the process. Presently he has in process of manufacture a

Digitized by Google

sufficient number of boxes or trays to fill his share of the order. When the time comes he pays the artisans and gathers up his goods. These, after inspection, are paid for by the exporter; and in due time the stores in the United States begin showing exquisitely made Japanese lacquered boxes and trays at fancy prices, which were produced in the households of I. Sato and his fellows, in Japan, not at all at fancy prices.

Sometimes the dealer makes small advances to the household manufacturer to enable him to get material; and in almost every instance now the payment is made in Japan to the dealer, who sells to the exporter. The old custom of sending in the goods D. A.—or Documents Attached—is not so much in vogue now. Ordinarily the exporter comes equipped with a letter of credit and payments are made after delivery and inspection. This is almost imperative because of the small margin on which both the dealers and the thousands of I. Satos work.

In the broad sense that is the way this business is handled. Of course each exporter has methods of his own; but generally the goods are made, bought and sold in the manner I have described. This applies to all sorts of things. Pottery and porcelains are made in households, though there are several large factories. Silk is woven in households. Jewelry is made in households. With the exception of cotton goods, there is no article of Japanese export or use that I ever heard of—not including heavy machinery and things of that sort—which the Japanese do not make in their own homes. Their industry is amazing. Their skill at imitation and adaptation is equally marvelous. Their ability to work unceasingly astonishes those who watch them.

Literally they work all the time. It is not at all uncommon to find Japanese men and women at work in their shops at two, three and four o'clock in the morning. They must work like this or starve. They live directly in the rear of their places of business. Their entire household equipment comprises a few mats, a few cushions and a little tableware. They go at their job—whether it consists of making clogs or inlaid cuff buttons—and work and work and work until they are exhausted. Then they sleep a little, and go back to work. It does not take a Japanese ten minutes to eat his meal of rice and fish. He has his festivals, of course, and a good many of them; but he works the rest of the time; and in many households it must be a special and personal festival, connected with some individual or family gods, to lure him from his occupation. He needs the money.

The Adaptability of Japanese Manufacturers

EVERYBODY in Japan needs the money—everybody from top to bottom. They are all working on small capital comparatively, and they are all taxed to the breaking point by the militaristic government. They must do business or starve. There is no waiting for better prices. They take the best they can get and they are good bargainers; and they toil unremittingly. These fiscal conditions have sharpened the already sharp wits of the Japanese merchants, manufacturers and middlemen.

As soon as the present war was declared the Japanese began to look about for an opportunity to get Germany's trade. They sent a commission to the United States to inquire carefully concerning the sort of goods the Germans sold to us. I saw an exhibition in Yokohama of twelve hundred articles that Germany had been supplying to various countries, including our own; in fact, most of the articles were made in Germany for sale in the United States.

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A Japanese Artist at Work in One of the Shops

And all Japanese manufacturers, dealers and merchants were urged to visit this exhibition and study the articles shown in order to find ways to make substitutes in Japan and gather that market.

Recently the Ginza, in Tokio, and the main business streets in other Japanese cities, have burgeoned with gayly colored toys made in strict imitation of German toys. Dozens of styles are shown of dozens of typical German toys, imitated even to the paint and other peculiarities. Japan grabbed at the German toy market and Germany will have a hard time getting it back, for they can make toys in Japan cheaper than toys can be made in Germany; and they will make them even cheaper in order to keep this new trade.

They sold us more than four hundred thousand dollars' worth of toys last year, wholesale. This year they will double and probably treble that sale, for the regular Christmas toys, usually obtained from Germany, have all been made in Japan, and are now on their way to the United States—not that Japan will command the market, of course; but Japan will get a big slice of what was formerly Germany's trade.

That exhibition comprised all sorts of things. The Japanese who had gathered them were clever men. They brought samples of everything they thought Japan could make and everything they thought Japan might make. It consisted in large part of novelties and notions, and things of that sort; but it also contained many other articles of greater value, such as electrical appliances, drugs, small machinery, and so on. And all over Japan, at this time, smart Japanese artisans are at work imitating, adapting and developing these manufactures. The Japanese need the business, and they intend to get it if keen concern for what can be sold—and not what they think they ought to sell—will get it for them, combined with the ability to manufacture for little money and the willingness to sell for but a little more.

That is one secret of their trade expansion. They have no set notions about what the other peoples of the earth should buy from them. They are willing to sell the other peoples of the earth what the other peoples want, not what the Japanese want them to want. They will make any kind of package and comply with any sort of whim. They are after business; and far be it from them to try to tell the customer what the customer wants. They let the customer tell them what he wants and then make the article that way.

The largest porcelain and pottery house in Japan, for example, keeps a special staff of men in the United States—not to sell goods, but to move about and find out what sort of goods are in demand and what sort of goods can be sold. Then these goods are made to supply the demand, not to create it. The Japanese manufacturer or dealer has no compunctions. He wants business. He will make a purple cat with a yellow tail if he thinks he can sell purple cats with yellow tails, and will spend no time in arguing with prospective customers that cats should be yellow and have purple tails, or that such a thing is not done.

"Do you want purple cats with yellow tails?"

"Yes."

"Good! I shall be glad to make you a million or a billion of the purplest cats with the yellowest tails this world has ever seen—or any other kind of tail. Let me have the business and you color the cats to suit your fancy."

It is not necessary to adapt the Japanese. They adapt themselves. What you want you can have if you will pay for it. Moreover, they are on the sharp lookout for possible wants. Once they get established in China, the Chinese will be buying everything they use from the Japanese, from mandarin buttons to chopsticks.

If a novelty comes out in the United States, in France or in Germany, that novelty is made and imitated in Japan just as soon as samples of it can be hurried across the ocean. They are especially quick to copy little novelties and notions; and they make them so cheaply that when their goods get into the market the cheapness of them sells them. A man showed me a box of dinner favors, little satin-covered bonbon containers, round, heart-shaped and square. Some were green with an Irish harp on them for Saint Patrick's Day. Some were covered with the Stars and Stripes, for use on patriotic occasions in our own country. Some were in plain colors.

The Japanese produce these, by means of unrestricted hours of labor, child labor and household labor, at a price so small that it seems their production would be impossible. So, too, they produce bamboo baskets and many other similar articles. Once they make this sort of stuff and get it on the market there can be little competition. This does not apply exclusively to these small articles, either. If a thing can be imitated the Japanese will imitate it, and for such an incredibly small price that the whole transaction is a continual wonderment to those who do not understand how they do it.

The World's Cleverest Imitators

AN EXAMPLE of the manner in which the Japanese imitate standard goods of other countries was brought out in a trial recently held in Shanghai before the Mixed Court, in which an American corporation, making a household preparation that has been on the market for twenty-five years, sued a number of Chinese for selling an imitation of this article, with a trade-mark which was an imitation also. It was claimed that the trade-mark had been registered in China, so far as trade-marks can be registered there; and during the course of the trial it was developed that this imitation of this well-known American article was a Japanese production.

Bottles of the American preparation and of the Japanese imitation were shown. The design on the label was almost identical with that on the original label. The Japanese imitator attempts to cover himself by minor changes, and in this instance there were a few substituted words in the phraseology on the label. However, the floral design was the same, and the metal cap and the bottle were identical. So were the packages.

You will find this sort of thing in any retail store in Japan, especially in the smaller articles. They are particularly strong on imitating perfumes, soaps, toilet articles, household preparations, and things of that sort. There are stores in every large city where every perfume made in Paris may be obtained, with labels that look the same—and labels, bottles and contents were all made in Japan.

All Japan is alive to the necessity for trade expansion. They must get more trade if they are to avoid bankruptcy. Their constantly increasing population must be employed. Their acreage of tillable land is largely used—almost entirely used. The country must expand; and that,

(Continued on Page 36)

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Modern Buildings in Tokio

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Street of Native Shops

Digitized by Google

THE MIND READER

By Edward Mott Woolley

WHILE the president of a large wholesale house was in South America somebody stole a valuable package from the first vice president's locker in a coat-room. Outsiders did not have access to this room, but many employees did. The guilt was placed somewhere within the house, but the thief was not found.

The vice president immediately ordered the lockers refitted with a different type of lock and this work was in progress when the president returned. He was very much displeased when he went to hang up his overcoat at finding a new lock on his compartment.

"This," he said, "is quite contrary to our policy. If we have a thief in this organization he will betray himself sooner or later, and it is against the very spirit of the house to humiliate all our honest men by resorting to thief-proof locks."

Then he ordered not only the new locks removed but also the old ones, and directed that mere catches be put on.

"If in future a member of this organization should lose anything out of this room," he said, "the company will compensate him. We shall carry the insurance ourselves, on the theory that our organization is designed to develop responsible men and that an irresponsible man among us is an accident. The psychological effect of these new locks on our men would be very detrimental to the house."

The president of this company is a great American executive, whose success is one of the romances of modern business. Starting with nothing he created a business that has ramifications almost everywhere; yet he is different from many great commanders. His type is that of philosopher and psychologist. He is a student of Aristotle, Hegel, and other great psychologists, down to Ladd and Bain and Münsterberg; but he works along channels of his own. He uses experimental psychology, but not the apparatus employed by science. His fundamental theory is that the phenomena of mind have a strong bearing on success in business.

Getting the Subordinate's Viewpoint

A GOOD many years ago he got out from under the heavier detail of mere merchandising, so that he might work out his avowed specialty of applying psychology to the men under him. His organization to-day is so saturated with his personality that almost every employee feels it definitely.

There is no bluster about him; there is nothing of the tyrant in his make-up. His private office upstairs is a sort of Hague, and when you go in there you feel inclined to forgive the man who has owed you ten dollars since 1903.

There is a young man in the outer office who is a psychologist, like his employer; in fact pretty nearly all the executives in that house and its branches are psychologists. This gentlemanly secretary makes you think that maybe you are of some account after all. And that is the high art of the president—making men think more of themselves.

It is all peace and art and poetry in this private office, even to the oil painting of a jackass eating hay. There are many pictures, but not one of battle or strife. The president, whose hair is now white, is serene; men say that not in ten years has he been seen to lose his temper or get excited.

It is related that once, during a severe financial panic, he was late at a directors' meeting, the cause of which tardiness was Epictetus. He often has a copy of some classic in his pocket and he takes some of his recreation in writing sonnets; but his one great pleasure, which is also his work, is the fathoming of the human mind and discovering just the keys he must touch.

About every key he touches seems to release more coin to drop into his hand. Yet money has long since ceased to be a *motif* with him. The money comes now because his ambition is to leave the business as his monument; it must not decline so long as he lives.

"Gentlemen, if I had my life to live over," he told some university men who called on him, "I think I should be a college professor. I'd get into a nice comfortable chair of psychology and stay there."

"But you are occupying the biggest chair of psychology in the whole land!" one of them answered.

Even before he went into business he began to specialize in the study of men. When he was clerking in a retail store one of the other clerks came to him with this proposition:

"Let's go into business together. Can you dig up a thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I can match you. We'll do it."

That night, however, the present head of this house got to wondering whether his proposed partner really could match him—in human qualifications as well as financial. He sat up most of the night making a chart of his own inner self and of the other man's. He found that the two were rather far apart; so next day he called the deal off. He went into business alone; and ever since then he has been drawing charts—literally charting the qualities, positive and negative, of his men. With the aid of these charts he balances up his organization.

Back in the early days, when his establishment was confined to a floor and a cellar, he got a new boy whom he wanted to use down in the cellar. Two boys had thrown up the job within a month.

"Kids is scarce these days," one of them said when he quit. "I don't have to work down cellar, see?"

And the other had made some observation to the effect that the house could go chase itself.

Neither of these urchins had appealed specially to the young merchant who employed them; but the third boy did. He belonged to a different type and looked as though he might be developed. His name was Tom.

They sent Tom down into the gloomy cellar to work. He reserved his opinion, but his face was not promising. The boys upstairs prophesied that he would quit inside of a week; but after a while the boss, being quite a practical psychologist by that time, went down cellar himself. He wanted to keep that boy, because the direct and indirect cost of hiring and firing and losing employees is tremendous. He proceeded to put himself in Tom's mental attitude. He knew that Tom's thoughts were running something like this:

"Darn this cellar! Darn the whole store—and the boss too! They've played a low-lived trick on me in getting me here and then sending me down into this hole to work. They're making fun of me upstairs now. I hear 'em laughing. I'll keep my mouth shut till Saturday night and then I'll do some fooling myself!"

It was quite a surprise to see the boss take off his coat and go to work down there in the cellar. For an hour or more the new boy and the boss worked together, and when the boss went upstairs the boy was in a different frame of mind.

That night, as he tells the story himself at the present time, his father and mother both favored his quitting. They saw only the cellar part of the job; but Tom was already enmeshed in the system and he did not want to quit. His ambition was to get a job upstairs and he felt that it would not be long before he got it. To-day he is treasurer of the company and draws a salary somewhere round twenty thousand dollars a year. It has always been the policy of this company's chief executive to put himself in the mental attitude of his men. He gets down in the audience and watches the stage. By doing this he has retained in the business many a man who otherwise would have drifted out of it and ceased to be an asset.

He estimates to-day that it costs a business house at least fifty dollars to hire a new man, and often many hundreds or even thousands of dollars. This cost includes the clerical and overhead expense of the procedure of employing him, and the cost of training him up to efficiency. If he remains indefinitely without coming up to reasonable efficiency he simply runs up an invisible cost account of his own. A hundred such men will hold the business down and make it pull hard. A thousand men of that kind will strangle it. This, he believes, is most often the real cause of bankruptcy, though the published cause may be undue competition, or a dozen other things.

Once, also in the early days, this house needed a bookkeeper in an emergency and took on the first applicant who seemed at all possible. He was a tall, lanky fellow, and they called him Long because the name fitted him. It was only a short time before the head bookkeeper went to the boss and said to him:

"That fellow Long will never do. He's good enough as a bookkeeper when he wants to be, and he can figure like lightning; but he is reckless about errors and indifferent as to the appearance of his books. Then he's got some habits that don't go with us, sir. He will sharpen his pencil all over the floor and then stand in the litter; and he never pretends to hit the wastebasket."

Why People Drop Banana Peels

THE average boss would have said "Fire him!" But this boss said: "I'll see what I can do with him." The slovenly but otherwise competent bookkeeper presented to his mind a problem.

Now the questions were these: What was the matter with that fellow? Why was he competent and yet incompetent? Why had he fallen down, with his ability, and what was his curious frame of mind?

Such questions, which do not interest the average employer, always do interest this merchant. With him, it is always a problem to discover why people do certain things. If he sees a man or woman drop a banana peel on the sidewalk he begins to speculate immediately on the mental processes, or the lack of them, that led up to such an act. If one of his employees continues to repeat the same mistake after being corrected a number of times, he sees in that situation a psychological study. His method might be followed by parents in governing their children. In his office he analyzed for me the crude thinking of a certain clerk who had used wrong judgment in handling a matter out of the ordinary routine.

It is always the why of men's acts that attracts him; so now he resolved to pry his way secretly into that bookkeeper's brain and find out what he was thinking about, and just what the kinks in his gray matter looked like.

One day, in a casual way, he gave Long some special work to do—something in the line of tabulating statistical merchandising information. A little later this gave an excuse for inviting Long out to luncheon, and afterward gave opportunity for numerous personal conferences.

Finally, under what men have called the personal magnetism of this merchant, the bookkeeper began to reveal himself. He had been rather silent, and had a blasé, sophisticated habit of thought. For his twenty-eight years he was overmatured. At one place of employment he had worked under a superior who had played favorites with relatives.

(Continued on Page 26)

That is the Art of the President—Making Men Think More of Themselves

Digitized by Google

H. R.

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

II

THE next morning Hendrik went to his tailor. As he walked into the shop he had the air of a man to whom two new suits a day would not be extravagance. The tailor, unconscious of cause and effect, called him "Mister" against the habit of years. Hendrik nodded coldly and said:

"As secretary and treasurer of the National Street Advertising Men's Association I've got to have a new frock coat. Measure me for one!" Hendrik had the air of a man who sees an unpleasant duty ahead, but does not mean to shirk it.

"Left the bank?" asked the tailor uncertainly.

"I should say I had," answered Hendrik emphatically.

"What is the new job, anyhow?" asked the tailor professionally. His customers usually told him their business, their history and their hopes. By listening he had learned things that had proved valuable to him.

"As I was about to say when you interrupted me ——" Hendrik spoke rebukingly.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Rutgers," said the tailor, and blushed. He knew now he should have said "position" instead of "job." The civilization of to-day, including sanitary plumbing, is possible because price tags were invented. This is not an epigram.

"The clothes must be finished by Thursday. If you can't do it I'll go somewhere else."

"Oh, we can do it all right, Mr. Rutgers."

"Good morning," and Hendrik strode haughtily from the shop. To the tailor Hendrik had always been a clerk at a bank. But now it was plain to see that Mr. Rutgers thought well of himself, as a man with money always does in all Christian countries. Hendrik's credit at once jumped into the A1 class. Some people and all tailors judge men by their backs.

Being sure of the guests Hendrik Rutgers went forth in search of their dinner. To feed five score starving fellowmen was a noble deed; to feed them at the expense of some one else was even higher. So, dressed in his frock coat, wearing his high hat as though it were a crown, he sought Caspar Weinpusslacher. The owner of the Colossal Restaurant, just off the Bowery, gave a square meal for a quarter of a dollar—twenty-five cents; for thirty cents he gave the same meal with a paper napkin and the privilege of repeating the potato or the pie. His kitchen organization was perfect. His cooks and scullions had served in the German army in similar capacities, and he ruled them like one born and brought up in the general staff. His waiters also were recruited from the greatest training school for waiters in the world. He operated on a system approved by an efficiency expert. By giving low wages to people who were glad to get them, paying cash for his supplies and judiciously selecting the latter just on the eve of their spoiling, he was able to give an astonishingly good meal for the money. His profits, however, depended upon his selling his entire output. This did not always happen. Some days Herr Weinpusslacher lost almost three dollars. No system is perfect. Otherwise hotel men would wish to live forever.

Hendrik stalked into the Colossal dining room and snarled at one of the waiters:

"Where's your boss?"

The waiter knew it couldn't be the Kaiser, or a millionaire. It must, therefore, be a walking delegate. He deferentially pointed to a short fat man by the bar.

"Tell him to come here," said Rutgers, and sat down at a table. It isn't so much knowing whom to order about, as acquiring the habit of ordering everybody about, that wins.

Caspar Weinpusslacher received the message, walked toward the table, and signaled to a herculean waiter who unobtrusively drew near—and in the rear of—H. Rutgers. Hendrik pointed commandingly to a chair across the table. C. Weinpusslacher obeyed. The herculean waiter, to account for his proximity, flicked nonexistent crumbs off the napeless surface of the table.

"Recklar tinner?" he queried in his best Delmonico.

"*Geh weg!*" snarled Mr. Rutgers. The waiter, a nostalgic look in his big blue eyes, went away. Ach, to be treated like a dog! Ach, the Fatherland! And the officers! Ach!

"I'll Make You Rich—for Nothing!"

"Weinpusslacher," said Rutgers irascibly, "who is your lawyer and what's his address?"

C. Weinpusslacher's little pig eyes gleamed apprehensively.

"For why you wish to know?" he said.

"Don't ask me questions. Isn't he your friend?"

"Sure."

"Is he smart?"

"Smart?" C. Weinpusslacher permitted himself a fat grin. "He's too smart for you, all right. He's Max Onthemaker, 997 Bowery. I guess if you ——"

"All right. I'm going to bring him to lunch here."

"He wouldn't lunch here; he's got money," said C. Weinpusslacher proudly.

"He will come," Rutgers looked in a frozen way at Caspar Weinpusslacher, and continued icily: "I am the secretary and the treasurer of the National Street Advertising Men's Association. If I told you I wanted you to give me money you'd believe me. But if I told you I wanted to give you money you wouldn't. So I am going to let your own lawyer tell you to do as I say. I'll make you rich—for nothing!"

And Hendrik Rutgers walked calmly out of the Colossal Restaurant, leaving in the eyes of C. Weinpusslacher astonishment, in the mind respect and in the heart vague hope. This is the now historic document that Hendrik Rutgers dictated in Max Onthemaker's office:

Hendrik Rutgers, secretary and treasurer of the National Street Advertising Men's Association, agrees to make Caspar Weinpusslacher's Colossal Restaurant famous by means of articles in the leading newspapers in New York City. For these services Hendrik Rutgers shall receive from said Caspar Weinpusslacher, proprietor of said Colossal Restaurant, one-tenth ($\frac{1}{10}$) of the advertising value of such newspaper notices—said value to be left to a jury composed of the advertising managers of the Evening Journal, the Jewish Daily Forward and the New York Evening Post, and of Max Onthemaker and Hendrik Rutgers. It is further stipulated that such compensation is to be paid to Hendrik Rutgers, not in cash, but in tickets for meals in said Colossal Restaurant at thirty cents per meal, said meal tickets to be used by said Hendrik Rutgers to secure still more desirable publicity by feeding law-abiding, respectable poor people.

Paxem et circenses! He had made sure of the first! The public could always be depended upon to furnish the second by being perfectly natural. Mr. Onthemaker accompanied H. Rutgers to the Colossal. He had some difficulty in persuading C. Weinpusslacher to sign. But as soon as it was done Hendrik said:

"First gun: The National Street Advertising Men will hold their annual dinner here next Saturday, about one hundred of us, thirty cents each, regular dinner. That is legitimate news and will be printed as such. It will advertise the Colossal and the Colossal thirty-cent dinner. You won't be out a cent. We pay cash for our dinner. I'll supply a few decorations; all you'll have to do is to hang them from that corner to this. You might also arrange to have a little extra illumination in front of the place. Have a couple of men in evening clothes and high hats on the corner, pointing to the Colossal and saying: 'Weinpusslacher's Colossal Restaurant! Three doors down. Just follow the crowd!'

"Arrange for all these things, so that when you see that I am delivering the goods you won't be paralyzed.

"Another thing: There will be reporters from every daily paper in the city here Saturday night. Provide a table for them and pay special attention to both dinner and drinks. They will make you famous and rich, because you will tell them that they are getting the regular thirty-cent dinner. It will be up to you to be intelligently generous now, so that you may with impunity be intelligently stingy later when you are rich. I advise you to have Max here, because you seem to be of the distrustful nature of most fools and, therefore, must make your money in spite of yourself. Next Saturday at six P. M. You'll make at least $200,000 in the next five years. Now I am going to eat. Come on, Onthemaker."

H. Rutgers sat down, summoned the herculean waiter and ordered two thirty-cent dinners. C. Weinpusslacher, a dazed look in his eyes, approached Max and whispered: "Hey, dot's a smart feller, what?"

"Well," answered M. Onthemaker, lawyerlike, "you haven't anything to lose."

"You said I should sign the paper," Caspar reminded him accusingly.

"You're all right so long as you don't give him a cent unless I say so."

"I won't, not even if you say so."

With thirty cents of food and thirty millions of confidence under his waistcoat Hendrik Rutgers walked from the Colossal Restaurant down the Bowery and Center Street to the city hall. At the door of the mayor's room he fixed the doorkeeper with his stern eye, and requested His Honor to be informed that the secretary of the National Street Advertising Men's Association would like to see His Honor about the annual dinner of the association, of which His Honor had been duly informed.

One of the mayor's secretaries came out, a tall young man who as a reporter on a sensational newspaper had acquired a habit of dodging curses and kicks. Now as mayor's secretary he didn't quite know how to dodge soft soap and glad hands.

"Good afternoon," said Hendrik, with what might be called a businesslike amiability. "Will the mayor accept?"

"The mayor," said the secretary, with an amazing mixture of condescension and uneasiness, as of a man calling on a poor friend in whose parlor there is shabby furniture but in whose cellar there is a ton of dynamite—"the mayor knows nothing of your asso—of the dinner of your association." The secretary looked pleased at having caught himself in time.

"Why, I wrote," began H. Rutgers with annoyance, "over a week ——" He silenced himself while he opened his frock coat, tilted back his high hat from a corrugated brow and felt in his pocket. It is the delivery, not the speech, that distinguishes the great artist. Otherwise writers would be considered intelligent people.

"Hell!" exclaimed Hendrik, looking at the secretary so fixedly and angrily that the ex-reporter flinched. "It's in the other coat! I mean the copy of the letter I sent the mayor exactly a week ago to-day. I wondered why he hadn't answered."

"He never got it," hastened to say the secretary.

Hendrik laughed. "You must excuse my language; but you know what it is to arrange all the details of an annual

Digitized by Google

meeting and banquet—menu, decorations, music and speeches. Well, here is the situation: The annual dinner of the National Street Advertising Men's Association will be held at Weinpusslacher's. Reception at six; dinner at eight; speeches begin about ten."

"What day?" asked the secretary.

"My head is in a whirl and I don't—let me see. Oh, yes, next Saturday, April twenty-ninth. I'll send you tickets. Do you think the mayor will come?"

"I don't know. Saturdays he goes to his farm in Hartsdale."

"Yes, I know; but couldn't you induce him to come? By George, there is nothing our association wouldn't do for you in return."

"I'll see," promised the secretary, with a far-away look in his eyes as if he were devising ways and means.

"Thank you. And—oh, yes, by the way, some of our members will arrive at the Grand Central Station Saturday afternoon. Any objection to our marching with a band of music down the Avenue to the Colossal? We'll wear our association badges—they are hummers." He felt in his coattails. "I wish I had some with me. Is it necessary to have a permit to parade?"

"Yes, but there will be no trouble about that."

"Oh, thanks! Will you fix that for us? I've got to go to Wall Street after one of the bankers on the list of speakers, and I'll be back in about an hour. Could I have the mayor's acceptance and the permit to parade then? You see, it's only a couple of days and I hate to trust the mail. Thank you. It's very kind of you and I assure you that we appreciate it."

The secretary pulled out a letter and a pencil from his pocket, as if to make a note on the back of the envelope, and so Hendrik Rutgers dictated:

"The National Street Advertising Men's Association. Altogether about a hundred and fifty members and one band of music. So long and thank you very much, Mr.—er ——"

"McDevitt."

"Mr. McDevitt. I'll be in about an hour from now, if I may. Thank you." And he bowed himself out.

Hendrik Rutgers had spoken as a man speaks who has a train to catch that he mustn't miss. That will command respect where an appeal to kindliness will insure a swift kick. Republics! In an hour he was back, knowing that the mayor had gone. He sent in for Mr. McDevitt. The secretary appeared.

"Did he say he'd come?" asked H. Rutgers impetuously.

"I am sorry to say the mayor has a previous engagement that makes it absolutely impossible for him to be present at your dinner. I've got a letter of regret."

"They'll be awfully disappointed too. I'll get the blame, of course. Of course!" Mr. Rutgers spoke with a sort of bitter gloom, spiced with vindictiveness.

"Here it is. I had him sign it. I wrote it. It's one of those letters," went on the secretary, inflated with the pride of authorship, "that can be read at any meeting. It contains a dissertation on the beneficent influence of advertising, strengthened by citations from Epictetus, Buddha, George Francis Train and other great moral teachers of this administration."

"Thank you very much. I appreciate it. But say, what's the matter with you coming in his place? I don't mean to be disrespectful, but I have a hunch that when it comes to slinging after-dinner oratory you'd do a great deal better."

"Oh," said McDevitt, with a loyal shake of negation and a smile of assent. "No, I couldn't."

"I'm sure ——"

"And then I am going to Philadelphia on Saturday morning to stay over Sunday. I wish you'd asked me earlier."

"So do I," murmured H. Rutgers, with conviction and despair judiciously admixed.

The secretary had meant to quiz H. Rutgers about the association, but H. Rutgers' manner and words disarmed suspicion. It was not that H. Rutgers always bluffed, but that he always bluffed as he did, that makes his subsequent career one of the most interesting chapters of our political history.

"And here's the permit," said the secretary. H. Rutgers, without looking at it, put it in his pocket as if it were all a matter of course. It strengthened the secretary's belief that nonsuspiciousness was justified.

"Thanks, very much," said H. Rutgers. "I am, I still repeat, very sorry that neither you nor the mayor can come." He paid to the mayor's eloquent secretary the tribute of a military salute and left the room.

III

THE union of the sandwich men was an assured success. Victory had come to H. Rutgers by the intelligent use of brains. The possession of brains is one of the facts that can always be confirmed at the source. Next he arranged for the band. He told the bandmaster what he wished the band to do. The bandmaster thereupon told him the price.

Her Hair Had Glints of Sunshine and Her Eyes Were Clear and Blue

"Friend," said H. Rutgers pleasantly, "I do not deal in dreams either as buyer or seller. That's the asking price. Now how much will you take?" Not having any money, Hendrik added impressively: "Cash!"

The bandmaster, being a native born, repeated the price—unchanged. But he was no match for H. Rutgers, who took a card from his pocket, looked at what the bandmaster imagined was a list of addresses of other bands, and then said: "Let me see; from here to"—he pulled out his watch and muttered to himself, but so the bandmaster could hear—"it will take me half an hour or more."

H. Rutgers closed his watch with a sharp and angry snap and then determinedly named a sum exactly two-thirds of what the bandmaster had fixed as the irreducible minimum. It was more than Hendrik could possibly pay. The bandmaster shook his head; so H. Rutgers said irascibly:

"For heaven's sake, quit talking! I'm nearly crazy with the arrangements. Do you think you are the only band in New York or that I never hired one before? Here's the mayor's permit." He showed it to the musical director, who was thereby enabled to see the words National Street Advertising Men's Association, and went on: "Now be at Grand Central Station, Lexington Avenue entrance, three forty-five Saturday afternoon. The train gets in at four. I'll be there before you are. We'll go from the depot to Weinpusslacher's for dinner."

"Of course we get our dinners," said the bandmaster, in the tone of voice of a man who has surrendered but denies it to the reporters.

"Yes. You'll be there sure?"

"Yes. But, say, we ought to get ——"

"Not a cent more," said H. Rutgers pugnaciously, in order to forestall requests for part payment in advance.

"I wasn't going to ask you for more money, but for a few ——"

"Then why waste my time? Don't fail me!"

Then Hendrik Rutgers put the finishing touches on the work of organization. He rented offices in the Allied Arts Building, sent a sign painter to decorate the ground-glass doors and ordered some official stationery in a rush. He promised the agent to return with the president to sign the lease. Where everybody distrusts everybody else there is nothing like promising to sign documents! He bought some office furniture on exactly the same plan.

On Friday night the unionized sandwich men took their signs and boards to the trysting place, Twenty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, to have new advertisements of Hendrik's composition painted thereon. The boards did not belong to the members, but in a good cause all property is the cause's. Each of the original fourteen brought recruits. The street was almost blocked. The two sign-painters worked like nine beavers, and Hendrik and the young man in steel-rimmed spectacles helped. When the clamor became threatening Hendrik counted his men twice aloud. There were eighty-four of them. They knew it was eighty-four, having heard him say it, as he intended they should. He then took them to the corner boozerie.

He had only two dollars in bills. There were eighty-four thirsts. Therefore:

"Eighty beers!" he yelled majestically.

"Eighty-four!" shouted eighty-four voices.

"That's twenty cents more," said Hendrik to himself in the plain hearing of the hitherto distrustful bartender. He had a small green roll in his left hand, consisting of two dollars and three clippings. With his right he loudly planked down two large dimes on the counter and shoved them toward the bartender, who took them while Hendrik began to count his greenbacks. The bartender saw the exact change and began to draw beer. He even yelled for assistance. Hendrik knew better than to enforce discipline now, but he could not officially countenance disorder.

"Give the other fellows a chance," he said paternally to those near by. Then he saw the rear entrance. It inspired him. He waited until there were about sixty glasses on the bar. Then he yelled in the direction of the front door:

"Come in, boys! Everybody gets one!"

The tidal wave carried him and twenty others to the end of the room. But while the twenty others fought to get back to the schooners, he intelligently went out by the back door. The police reserves were called. They responded. Then six ambulances.

Those who survived sought Hendrik to complain, but he beat them to it by scolding them angrily. He all but licked them on the spot, so that they forgot their grievance in their haste to defend themselves. He then divided them into squads of five and took them to another saloon—one squad and a quarter of a dollar at a time. He used only $1.50 cash that way. He then promised them the price of forty beers a day, beginning on Monday. He told them to get recruits, who would not be admitted to the union but could have the privilege of parading. They must be thirsty men and look it. They would receive two beers apiece.

On Saturday morning there was not a sandwich man to be seen at work in Greater New York. At noon the city editors of all the metropolitan dailies received neatly typewritten notices that the sandwich men had formed a union and would "peacefully strive for higher wages, shorter hours and reduced peregrinations." The sandwich men had no desire to precipitate "another internecine strife between labor and capital."

They were "willing to submit their differences to a board of arbitration consisting of John D. Rockefeller, Charles F. Murphy, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and Hendrik Rutgers."

These notices were one and all thrown into waste-paper baskets as cheap humor—to be dug up later and used.

IV

ON SATURDAY afternoon at three thirty-five the Harlem contingent—carrying their armor under one arm, their tickets given into the conductor's own hand by the lieutenant, Fleming—entrained at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Station of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad.

Ten minutes later they arrived at the Grand Central Station. As the first pair of sandwiches descended the waiting band burst into a joyous welcome. The exits were crowded. Martial music and parading men always draw crowds. So long as there is no charge, gaping audiences automatically supply themselves in New York. And so along Forty-second Street, following the musicians, himself followed by his starving sandwiches, Hendrik Rutgers walked into Fifth Avenue and into history at one and the same time.

The procession turned southward. The band played Chopin's Funeral March. Hendrik Rutgers, at the head of his pauperized cohorts, anger in his heart, battle in his soul, defiance in his eyes, marched down Fifth Avenue with an effect as of a man in armor treading on prostrate millionaires as over so many railroad ties. Men who had money in their pockets for a minute felt the wind squeezed out of them by his foot. And as they saw the led sandwiches they looked thoughtful.

The first of Rutgers' infantry was an old man. His long gray beard was dirty and ragged, like his clothes and the rest of him. In his eyes there was the unutterable weariness of a man who has lived fifty suffering years too long. Underneath his eyes were dark rings; from the sidewalk his sockets looked finger-deep. On his cheeks was the pallor of death.

Digitized by Google

H. Rutgers, fighting for fairness and justice, had justly picked out the old fellow to be his Exhibit "A." Society must see what it did to human beings! Therefore the old man slid one foot along the asphalt and let the other follow it, with a spent, mechanical movement, as an engine, after the power is turned off, keeps on going from the momentum of years. The legs seemed to move from force of habit—a corpse on foot with a concealed galvanic battery somewhere.

On the breastplate and backplate of this armored corpse, printed in funeral black, beautiful women and intellectual men on Fifth Avenue, where the unforgivable crime is to be poor and show it, read:

YESTERDAY I WALKED NINETEEN MILES
THEY PAID ME THIRTY-FIVE CENTS CASH AND TWO MEAL TICKETS

He had been well coached as to his gait, and thrilled by the success he was making the old chap became an artist. He limped worse. Behind him was our friend Mulligan—thin to emaciation. He looked famished. To him Hendrik Rutgers had given this standard to bear:

THEY CALL US SANDWICH MEN BECAUSE
WE DON'T KNOW WHAT A SQUARE MEAL IS!

He was followed by the raggedest human being that the police ever allowed to exhibit himself in public. On his boards the Fifth Avenue crowd on this fair spring day saw this:

DO YOU THANK GOD YOU ARE ALIVE?
SO DO WE!
AND LOOK AT THE DIFFERENCE!

The shabby-genteel man, with steel-rimmed spectacles, who now looked for all the world like a bookkeeper out of a job, proclaimed:

I AM THE RESULT
THE CAUSE WAS NOT DRINK
IT WAS HUNGER

A young fellow, who looked so much as if he had just left a hospital that thousands of spectators imagined they smelt iodoform, carried this:

ALL MEN MUST DIE
KNOWING THIS, WE HOPE!

Under a big foot—property of a popular chiropodist on lower Broadway; terms 25c per, five for a dollar—was this:

WE ARE THE WORLD'S UNFORTUNATES!
BORN TO BE KICKED!

Then followed a haggard-faced man who looked like an exaggerated picture of poverty. He carried:

THERE ARE POORER THAN WE
HELP THEM!

A man with the stride of a conqueror bore a banner:

AND STILL WE BELIEVE IN GOD!

The crowd looked puzzled. What the dickens did believing in God have to do with anything? To end the bother of thinking they looked at the next one:

LOOK AT FIFTH AVENUE!
WHY?
SEE WHAT WE ARE!
WHY?

They obeyed. They saw Fifth Avenue. Why? They did not know why. And then they saw what the sandwich men were. And they wondered why the sandwich men asked why. Why not? Pshaw!

The placard that followed was:

IF YOU WISH TO SEE ONE HUNDRED STARVING MEN EAT
FOLLOW US
YOU WILL REMEMBER IT!

Say, that was something that nobody had seen, and, therefore, everybody could joke about.

Every woman had the same remark and the same grin: "Haven't I seen my husband?"

Before the parade had gone half a square Fifth Avenue was blocked. Apart from the interference of the band and the sandwiches with vehicular traffic, there was the paralysis of the pedestrians. The Peacock Parade halted. Slim figures, flat-bosomed, stalked swayingly to the curb and stared with eyes in which was an insolent challenge. And as they looked the challenge died in the eyes of the women: The marchers had no sex; anybody could see they had no money!

And the men, too, ceased to look at the women and gazed on the parade of sandwich men who, in the middle of the street with the machines and the horses, slouched on—almost rubbing valuable varnish off automobiles and carriages, careless creatures!

Presently the hurrying crowds slowed their gait and kept step to Chopin's dirge—slowly! slowly!—until all Fifth Avenue was a vast funeral procession; only the marchers could not have told you what it was that long since had died of gold on Fifth Avenue! Slowly! Slowly! And with the funeral gait other changes came—in the grimace of the over-red lips and the look of the over-bold eyes. But never the slightest change in the color of the cheeks, which was there to stay, in rain, shine or snow.

"What is it? What is it?" whispered ten thousand people.

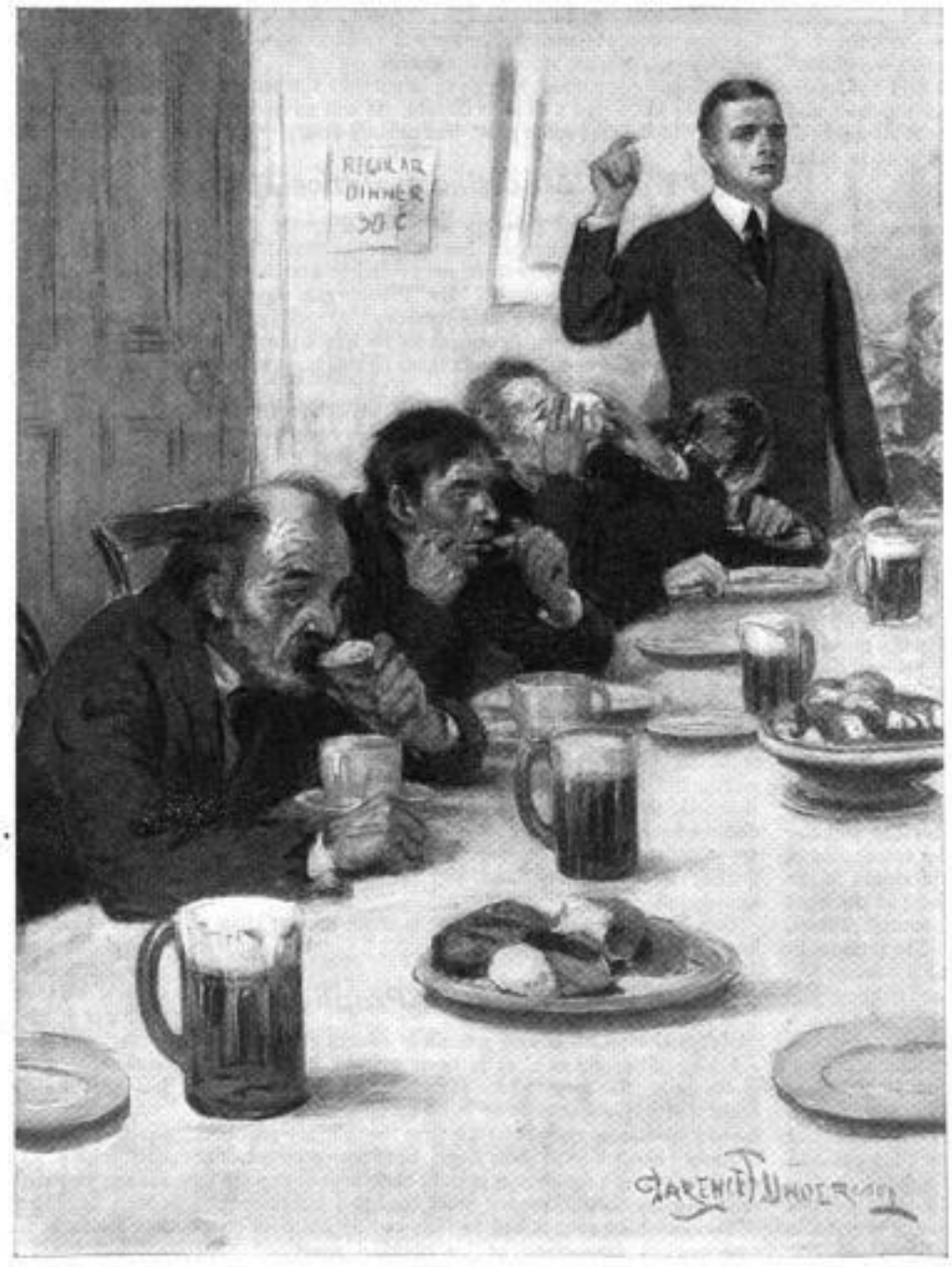
From the middle of the street it sounded like the whimper of ten thousand little foamy waves dying on a flat beach. It made the filthy bipeds who marched look at the thronged sidewalks.

They saw the usual Fifth Avenue crowd.

They saw the full-fed, clock-hating faces of professional idlers; and the drawn features of the busy money-maker with his perennial anxieties; and the suddenly immobilized grimaces of millionaires intended to conceal the fear of God knew what; and the contemptuous countenances of waiters from fashionable restaurants, who knew America at its worst; and healthy American boys with clean faces and the eyes of animals.

And the marchers saw only healthy American girls with delicate features and price-quoting eyes, and faces not clean and healthy, but dead white and dead crimson. They saw not women's faces, but marble tombstones on which the epitaphs were in scarlet letters.

There was a gap of about thirty feet between the first detachment of Rutgers' marching advertisements and the next.



They Flung Themselves on the Food Like Wild Beasts

The spectators, seeking explanations, saw a cadaverous-looking man, hollow-cheeked, sunken-eyed, white-lipped, who stepped uncertainly, fearfully—as though the avenue were full of puddles of nitroglycerin. And this death-on-foot carried a white cloth board, black-bordered like a funeral card. And thereon money-makers and money-spenders, clubmen and waiters, shop-girls and millionairesses—all Fifth Avenue!—saw this:

HAIL, NEW YORK!
WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE
SALUTE YOU!

There followed another gap of thirty feet, so that the valedictorian of the doomed might be seen by all. Then came eighty-odd sandwich bearers, appositely legended. From time to time the valedictorian would stagger, as you have seen horses do on their last trip to the glue factory. Whereupon a couple of the nondescripts behind him would shuffle up and endeavor to uphold him. And the others slouched on, deep-eyed, gaunt, famine-stricken, rum-ravaged, disease-smitten—ex-bookkeepers and superannuated mechanics and disgraced yeggmen and former merchants—and former men too!

At Thirty-ninth Street a young woman, dressed richly but in perfect taste, stood on the very corner. Her hair had glints of sunshine and her eyes were like twin heavens, clean and clear and blue and infinitely deep. And the Madonna face saw the Death face, looked at the thing that had been a man and read his salutation. And in one of the pauses of the Funeral March a thousand people heard her laugh, and heard her exclaim with a contagious relish, spiced with undisguised admiration:

"If that ain't the limit!"

New York had spoken!

And the chauffeurs near her laughed in sympathy. And gray heads stuck out of limousine windows. And millionaires and their wives stood up in their snail-moving touring cars; and top-hatted coachmen turned impassive heads on neck hinges long since rusted with the arrogance of menials. And upon their faces and along the ranks that lined both sides of the great Avenue a slow grin spread, uncertain, hesitating, dubious! The great American sense of humor was trying to assert itself. Hendrik's joke was not labeled "Joke" plainly enough. Otherwise the spectators would have shown much earlier their ability to laugh at death, hunger, disease, misery, drunkenness, honesty, despair—anything, so long as it was the death, hunger, disease, misery, drunkenness, honesty and despair of others.

But at Thirty-seventh St. the traffic policeman stopped the leader of the band; and he stopped the band; and the band stopped Rutgers; and Rutgers stopped his army; and that stopped all traffic on the Avenue up to Forty-second Street. Hendrik Rutgers hurried forward and explained:

"Here, officer. I am the secretary of the National Street Advertising Men's Association. We have a permit from the mayor. Here it is."

"Oh, advertising! I see!" said the policeman, and smiled appreciatively. He had feared they might be starving men.

"Yes," said H. Rutgers quite loudly, "advertising the fact that a man out of a job in New York, who is too proud to beg and too honest to steal, has to become a sandwich man and make from twenty-five to forty-five cents for ten hours' work—not in China or Mexico but in New York to-day—men who are willing to work, but are old or sickly or have no regular trade. You know how the mayor feels about the rights of citizens who are not rich and the duty of paid officials of this city. He and I are opposed to too much law in the way of clubs. So kindly pass the word down the line, officer."

The big traffic policeman, far more impressed by the delivery than by the speech itself, touched his hand to his helmet so very respectfully that the grinning crowd at once became serious. Each woman turned on her neighbor and frowned seriously—the unuttered scolding for the other's unseemly levity.

"What does it mean?" asked hundreds. All looked toward Hendrik Rutgers for explanation, for official

(Continued on Page 41)

Digitized by Google

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year (Except in Toronto, $1.50). Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions, $2.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 29, 1915

The Unemployed

THE Department of Labor concludes that in the first half of February four hundred thousand wage earners in the city of New York, or sixteen per cent of all wage earners, were out of work; that more than half of them had been out of work over two months and more than three-fourths had been unemployed over one month.

This is the most authoritative statement of unemployment yet made. The investigation by the Bureau of Labor Statistics included a complete census of a hundred and four representative city blocks. Probably the situation in New York was not greatly different from that in other cities, or for the country at large.

This, however, as the Bureau points out, is by no means a full measure of the hardship that business reaction devolves on labor; for, besides total unemployment, there is much part-time and irregular employment.

Just how much of this unemployment was due to temporary business conditions and how much is fairly chronic cannot be said definitely, because no such thorough investigation—giving an accurate basis of comparison—had been made before; but that there were at least twice as many unemployed last winter as in the preceding one seems probable from a municipal report on the subject.

The number of unemployed was about seven and a half per cent of the city's total population. Applied to the urban population of the country, that would give us a quantity of nonproductive labor power about up to the present European standard.

Nearly half of the marble and stone cutters and painters and paper hangers were out of work and quite a quarter of the carpenters—a poor experience for them and for the community. Reviving business will simplify the problem. We wonder whether it will accordingly be practically pushed out of mind until the next reaction.

Figures That Mean Nothing

IF YOU lay off from work for a week you say you lost that week's pay. It would be more accurate to say you missed gaining it. You might go a step farther and say you lost a hundred thousand dollars on the recent rise in stocks—that is, if you had bought the right stocks in the right quantity at the right time, and sold them at the right time, you would have gained a hundred thousand dollars. A healthy man under thirty may be expected to produce in his lifetime a certain value over and above his subsistence. If he dies at thirty the community has missed gaining that value.

So you may take the number of young men who die yearly from tuberculosis and other preventable diseases, multiply that by the supposititious value they would have created, and say the country loses so many million or hundred million dollars. You may apply that sort of mathematics to the European war and pile up a mass of losses which would fairly bankrupt Christendom.

This war, in fact, offers a field of unparalleled attractions for playing with figures. You can get practically any result you like, according to the assumptions with which you start. For example, the withdrawal of many millions of men from productive occupations implies an immense loss; but reports from Germany say the fields have been prepared and sown on something like the normal acreage. No doubt labor that would normally be unproductive, or but slightly productive—that of the old, the young, and of women—has been utilized. The employment of this normally unproductive labor offsets to a degree the nonproductive employment of the soldiers.

Even the direct borrowings by belligerent nations do not necessarily represent complete destruction. Some of it goes for foodstuffs that would be imported under any conditions. If the government feeds a soldier while the soldier's wife and children till the fields, the national loss is slight and indirect.

The actual loss is colossal, but contains many factors yet unknown. Not until the war is over can they be estimated. Meantime there is not much point in piling up amazing figures that do not prove anything.

A Stock-Market Incident

THERE is nothing especially notable in the circumstance that the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation rose rapidly this spring when business was so poor that the company was not earning even the dividends on its preferred stock. The rise was, of course, a cheerful anticipation of what the corporation may be earning six months from now.

There is more significance in the fact that this rise occurred when a decision was expected in the suit of the Government to dissolve the company.

Wall Street had a double-barreled explanation of this: First, that the court would not find the corporation an illegal combination and order it dissolved; second, that if the court did find the corporation to be an illegal combination, and order it dissolved, stockholders would benefit thereby, just as they had through the judicial dissolution of the Oil and Tobacco Trusts. Consequently, whichever barrel the court fired, the position of the Steel Trust would be stronger than ever.

In view of the oil and tobacco precedents this is logical, reasoning from the premises; and it is significant that, in the opinion of the investing and speculating public, the Government's suit to dissolve the corporation is an unimportant incident—not worth serious consideration as a factor in the market value of the shares.

By the time a final judgment is entered the suit will probably have cost a million dollars. It will have done a number of lawyers some good, but nobody else.

New York's Muddled Balance Sheet

MR. GLYNN was governor of New York; for a good while Mr. Prendergast has been comptroller of the city of New York—two gentlemen evidently who ought to understand public accounts. Mr. Prendergast says Mr. Glynn left a deficit in the state treasury. Mr. Glynn says Mr. Prendergast's own figures show he left a surplus of nearly four million dollars; but these figures omit an item of nearly two million dollars.

Mr. Whitman, the present governor, says the state must have some nineteen million dollars more revenue. Mr. Glynn says Mr. Whitman arrived at that conclusion through a simple mistake in arithmetic "which should have been obvious to a high-school boy"—in other words, that he added two items, aggregating seventeen million dollars, twice over; and if the governor would only do his little sum in addition correctly he would see that the state needed no additional revenue.

What is a simple citizen of the Empire State to make of all this? If he called for his grocery bill and the grocer could not be sure whether the amount was sixty-eight dollars and nine cents or nine dollars and sixty-eight cents, what would he make of that?

Not that we express any opinion on the merits of this fiscal controversy—we are quite ready to believe it has no merits and that nobody really knows whether anybody is right. If the incident were peculiar to New York it would deserve less attention; but it is not. That public accounts are often the subject of disputes which could never arise if they were properly kept and published, is common knowledge.

Competent public bookkeeping is more needed than a lot of higher-sounding reforms.

A Poor Time for Prophets

AS TO the political and economic effects of the war a large library has already been written, and its bulk grows daily. On every phase of those effects you can get a multiplicity of contradictory ideas by men whose opinions usually command respect. Of course the military prophets prophesy according to their flags; but those who consider the war just as a monstrous social phenomenon, and try to calculate its results, render most confused judgments.

You can hear that it will be followed by political progress toward democracy or by political reaction; that Europe will be industrially prostrate for years, or that a great boom will immediately follow the peace treaty; that money will be cheap or dear; that wages will be high or low; that the credit of the belligerent nations will be shattered or that those nations will be able at once to lend powerful fiscal assistance to the restoration of trade.

Two results of the war can be stated positively: First and most important is a big destruction of Europe's most efficient labor power. The workmen under forty who are killed or incapacitated cannot be replaced save by a slow process. Second, there is a big, positive destruction of capital. That can be replaced more rapidly under favoring conditions.

As to the destruction of labor, it may be remarked that Europe has been sending us several hundred thousand laborers yearly whom she may now employ at home. They are almost wholly unskilled, however, and their retention at home would imply a decided rise in Europe's wage scale. Scarcity of labor, say some, will force a rise in the wage scale. Scarcity of capital, say others, will cause a fall in wages which will augment the normal export of labor to the United States.

No phenomenon comparable to this war has ever before occurred in the world. No other war gives any satisfactory basis of economic comparison. Forecasting it is like trying to work out a problem half of the factors of which are unknown. The war itself shows that the capabilities of a highly organized modern industrial community, like Germany or England, have never been fathomed. What such a community can do to recuperate, when put to the severest test, is not known. We are steaming under forced draft on a sea that has never been charted. Just where we are going to land is anybody's guess.

Europe is poorer than she was last July by some billions of capital and some hundreds of thousands of efficient men. Her greatest economic asset, however, is indestructible—except through virtual depopulation. That asset is the modern industrial organization. You may take those known factors and prophesy from them as you like.

Human Life Too Cheap

DURING the first half of 1914 the French population decreased, deaths exceeding births by several thousand. What happened to it in the last half of 1914 is well known in general terms, and furnishes an interesting commentary on the foolish notion that a people's paramount duty is to multiply.

In Germany, on the other hand, we have a growing population, which enables the war party to argue that Germany must go out and lick somebody in order to make a place for her increasing numbers.

The world is already too populous. Life is too cheap. When ten million men are striving to kill one another, denouncing small families is the most fatuous mental exercise of which we can think. Nowhere, from California round to Japan, is life so conditioned that a man with a proper sense of responsibility would voluntarily place a child therein unless he could give it some advantage. We do not need more people in the world, but a more intelligent and kindly world to live in for the people already here.

The root of the anti-race-suicide propaganda is in the old tribal concept of patriotism, which holds that a given people is inherently much superior to all other peoples.

Drinking in England

AN AMAZING picture of British industry and British workmen is now spread before the world by persons who are assumed to speak with authority for the nation. Men in high position are declaring that drunkenness retards all sorts of government work, and are piling up innumerable instances to prove it.

That a country so saturated with and impaired by alcohol as these representations would have one suppose could have led the world, time out of mind, in exports, selling manufactures of all sorts over the globe in free competition with every other country, seems to us incredible.

Probably the war has increased drinking—not so much through higher earnings as through the excited, abnormal atmosphere that war begets. When a nation lets itself loose for destruction the ordinary moral restraints on individual conduct are doubtless loosened too. Those who praise the moral value of war should devote a chapter, for example, to explaining the increase in illegitimacy.

War is a terrific national intoxicant. Its effect on individuals can hardly be to increase sobriety. We suspect, too, that war is on the nerves of those who make the most sensational statements about the ravages of drink among workmen. In a calmer state they would probably draw a less startling picture.

After all rational allowance, however, the evidence is overwhelming, in this intense strain, that drink does decidedly impair national efficiency. If it impairs it now, it always impaired it. The strain simply shows the weak spot. Temperance is the outstanding lesson of the war, but strain is followed by reaction. In the reaction that will follow this war temperance may actually lose ground among the nations now belligerent.

Digitized by Google

RUBBING THE LAMP

How the Specialty-Shop Aladdin Makes His Profit

By CORINNE LOWE

WHEN Mrs. Sandford Dargent, of Milwaukee, is in the city of New York for a few weeks' shopping, she makes opulent progress from the Nero Hotel to the Richlock Specialty Shop, where she finds that fine essence of personality on which it relies for its success.

The liveried gentleman at the curbstone meets the de-luxe taxicab with an extra suppleness. Buttons turns that revolving door with the air of one raising the portcullis of an ancient castle. And, inside, a beautiful gentleman who comes to greet her speaks in tones as sweet as a bulbul's: "Why, how do you do, Mrs. Dargent?" murmurs he. "What may we show you this morning?"

The bend in those backs, the air of welcome, the address by name—all these are as sweet and powdered as one of Tom Moore's Oriental poems. Mrs. Dargent feels that New York has somehow been revived by her presence and that the Richlock Shop has rounded the final curve of destiny by her introduction to it. Lulled by these breezes of personal attention she is complaisant to any price and to almost any mode. In one morning she spends several hundred dollars for hats that are original models and perhaps a thousand for gowns that are absolutely exclusive.

In One Morning She Spends Several Hundred Dollars for Hats and Perhaps a Thousand for Gowns

As a matter of fact, it is Mrs. Sandford Dargent who is the pillar of the metropolitan specialty shop; and if a cartoonist were to try fitting this theme of trade to his pencil he would undoubtedly represent the woman from the Middle or Far West as Atlasing the New York specialty shop on her shoulders. Were it not, indeed, for this patron—were the exclusive shop to depend solely on the custom of the exclusive New Yorker—the shop would soon find itself without enough money for the uniforms of its curbstone guardian.

This much was developed by a conversation between an advertisement writer and the manager of one of the shops just opened on Fifth Avenue some blocks from the place where Victory, in the gilded statue of Sherman, holds out her substantial wreath.

"How shall we get 'em?" was the first puzzled word of inquiry from the latter gentleman. "Those women from Kalamazoo and Cincinnati and Denver and Kansas City—they're the people who keep up the specialty shops of New York; and we've got to have them!"

Money in Supposed Exclusiveness

IT IS the question asked by every budding enterprise of the sort in New York, and on the solution of the problem depends the ultimate record of extinction or distinction. The strange part of the situation is that, in spite of the number of such leaves which the stalk of industry puts out every year—in spite of the exclusive shops which spring up almost monthly in New York—a very large proportion succeeds in hitting on a satisfactory answer. By some means or other they persist in face of an almost impossible challenge to efficiency.

Of course there are some specialty shops that make only a modicum of profit. On the other hand we have a few notable examples of success which might well persuade Mr. Aladdin that his methods of getting rich quick were conservative and laborious. Of this number the case of Madame Z—— is intensely eloquent.

Some years ago the finely flavored establishment of this lady was meekly tucked away on Sixth Avenue. Here Madame Z—— formed a small clientele of appreciative women, who followed her when she moved into more pretentious quarters on Fifth Avenue. Now Madame Z——, as it happens, joins a certain creative artistry of clothes with a certain creative type of business mind, and before long she became known as minister to the exterior of dozens of fashionable New York women.

The rest was easy. Pittsburgh, Washington and the Middle West were soon strung on this particular clothesline; and only a year ago this financier was offered five hundred thousand dollars for her business, together with a guaranteed annuity of ten thousand dollars a year. This fact, however, tremendously significant though it is, does not happen to be nearly so memorable as her reputed answer to the proposition.

"What!" said she scornfully. "Ten thousand dollars a year! And how do you expect me to live on that?"

Before speaking further, however, of this magic lamp of commerce, it is well to prick the surface of words with a few questions. What is the specialty shop? How does it differ from the department store? Where does the one begin and the other end? The inquiry is very difficult; and in fixing terminations we may remark that some of the so-called specialty shops are merely stunted department stores which lack only the mossy verdure of what O. Henry groups as "Hamburg edging, stuffed peppers, automobiles, or other little trinkets" to make up the requirements in stature. For the rest, their general atmosphere is exactly like that of the great establishment.

Your true specialty shop has, on the contrary, something very fine and elusive in atmosphere. It has few counters, and its goods are arranged so as to make each article look as though it had been captured after a long chase. It is a triangle made up, on one side, by very carefully selected women's ready-to-wear garments—gowns and suits and wraps and blouses and parasols and neckwear; on another, by millinery; and on the third by the dressmaking establishment. Not an equilateral triangle however! Let no such mistake as that be made for a moment.

The fact is, most of the successful specialty shops in New York now possess an overbalancing length on the dressmaking side. Unlike the establishment of some years ago, where one found every costume cooked and set aside to cool, the modern specialty shop realizes much of its profit from the little dressbaking oven which occupies two or three of its floors.

The thought of this compartment of the exclusive shop simply runs over when you attempt to talk on the general subject. So much is it the center of financial gain that one with difficulty dismisses the issue even at the bid of coherence. Nevertheless, we must subdue this sad minor strain for a moment in the interests of the exclusive gown or hat already prepared for the customer.

Exclusive! The word, so long barked by every merchant in the country, is susceptible of various inflections. Perhaps, after all, the act of exclusion refers to the scenery about the garment and not to the thing itself. Certainly, at any rate, the specialty-shop merchant must have often sat down and said to himself the following piece: "Take any gown or hat or wrap, modulate the landscape about it, hustle it off into some little corner by itself, and see whether it does not look like the only one of its kind." By fidelity to this formula our financier accomplishes the impossible.

As a matter of fact, there are few exclusive models in the world. The representatives of the specialty shops buy at the same great Paris dressmaker's the same gowns that are bought by the representatives of the department stores. The manufacturer who supplies the great general organization supplies the identical product to the specialty shop. And yet, for both foreign and American goods, the specialty shop asks and receives a price which is sometimes twice that of the more comprehensive mart.

The lack of individuality in much of specialty-shop merchandise is affirmed by one of New York's best and most famous manufacturers.

"Exclusive!" says he, expectorating the word as though he simply hated it. "There isn't any such thing. When you say 'exclusive' you simply mean that the merchant excludes any thought of what the goods cost him and goes ahead on the income of his customer. Why, just look at me! I sell to a whole lot of the most exclusive specialty shops in this town—and the very same stock that I sell to the department stores. Naturally the rich patron doesn't know that the manufacturer has ever sullied the specialty shop with his impure touch. But it's true. The only difference between a specialty-shop model and a department-store one is—nine times out of ten—that you put a bunch of peacock feathers and a fine old print back of the one and crowd the other in among a lot of things on a hook."

Lessons for Department Stores

THE word of this gentleman is corroborated by any number of tales from the professional shopper of the big department store.

"Last week," narrates one such detective, "I went out from our store after looking over very carefully a pretty little chiffon blouse which we were selling at two-ninety-five. In the course of my tour of comparison I wandered into one of the Fifth Avenue specialty shops, and there—brazen as could be—was the identical blouse I had just seen in our place at two-ninety-five. But not at two-ninety-five—oh, no indeed! Here it was marked eight-ninety-five—six dollars difference! About five hundred per cent profit on the blouse! And yet I saw a woman buying one of them at that specialty shop as unconcernedly as though she were selecting a cake of soap."

What is it that enables the specialty-shop merchant to ask a price which represents anything from fifty to five hundred per cent profit on the manufacturer's cost? How can he persuade the rich woman of New York and the South and the West to pay so much more than is required at the big store? How has he thrived so long under the scanty folinge of that shrub—the exclusive model?

These questions and their answers have furnished new channels of thought to your conservative merchants, one of whom admitted not long ago:

"The department store has got to learn to be more compartment and less department in its methods. The sooner we approximate the methods of the specialty shop the sooner we shall be able to put over specialty-shop prices. The main question nowadays in selling goods is not the merchandise itself, but the furniture surrounding the merchandise. Lack of crowding; one thing at a time; mystery!—there's the secret of success grasped by our smaller brothers."

Digitized by Google

Graduation Time

LADY ELGIN

TIME flies! You used to make red-letter days of her first shoes, her first short dress, her first long dress, the day she abolished braids. Now the bigger events are crowding in, milestones so important as to be observed with choice gifts. Now it is her graduation day. Next will come her wedding day.

Time is the great arbiter. It ticks relentlessly away. It is the most important factor in life. What more appropriate, then, for the young woman or young man graduate than a watch, as handsome as your purse can buy—but, first of all, accurate, dependable, an exact timekeeper—an Elgin?

Elgin Watches are famous for their accuracy. Your jeweler is an Elgineer. He will furnish you with an Elgin movement as refined as you care to purchase. He will case it in as rich a setting as you feel you can afford. At any price it will be a timekeeper to be proud of.

Write for Elgin Wonder Tale Booklet, sent free. Send stamped and addressed envelope for set of Elgin Poster Stamps.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, Elgin, Illinois.

LORD ELGIN (Extra Thin Model)	LADY ELGIN A wide range of prices	G. M. WHEELER	R. W. RAYMOND (R. R. Watch)
$100 to $115		*$25 to $50*	*$35 to $75*

ELGIN WATCHES
KEEP TIME

In that word "mystery" lies the crux of the situation. Realizing that soft carpets, decorative exploitation, good-looking and tactful salespeople, will lull the most stubborn heart to acquiescence, the shops administer these anæsthetics with the utmost care. Rare old prints hang on the walls of these salons; Viennese black-and-white pirouettes behind a commonplace hat or an American manufacturer's familiar model. Exotic incense often scents the air of commerce. Everything is as still as an August day.

Undoubtedly, too, the specialty shop profits most greatly by its realization of the fact that no crêpe gown, however fairylike and dazzling, can assert its distinction when it must be picked out fretfully from a whole rack of frocks—when it is only one vertebra of a whole spinal column.

Consequently when you go a-purchasing at the specialty shop there are no huddled exhibits of merchandise. A wafer of a blouse may be nibbled from a corner; a group of hats may be sprinkled over the surface of the foreground; a rare imported wrap in a single case may serve as an appetizer—but the real banquet is hidden away and the customer sees it only sectionally and by request.

As a rule, indeed, when you enter one of these haunts of exclusiveness you are shown only the article of attire in which you have stated an interest. The woman who comes party-frocking is given no whiff of suits or of wraps. One frock at a time is brought from its retreat, and sense of its beauty is not diminished for a moment by sight of any rival item.

One of the Merlins of the trade, whose shop is cloistered on one of the fashionable side streets, has taken a postgraduate course in the art of guarded exhibition. To do this merchant justice, he has a very decided creative sense. His things are original models, and he is apt to design a hat that looks like a floundering crustacean, or a wrap that droops like a penguin's wings. This air of exclusiveness he distends into something like solemnity. In his window there is always some bit of exotic charm—a peacock's tail winks brilliantly behind a few selected blooms of millinery; queer-colored heads set off the charm of hats and neckwear. And inside his shop this magician does strange incantations with fantastic bird cages and odd bits of bric-à-brac.

It is said of this man that not even his salespeople are permitted to see some of his rarest creations. He keeps them locked away; and when a woman steps into his shop he takes from some misty recess a fragrant hat or frock and shows it in the strictest secrecy. Needless to say, the patron who buys one of these hidden treasures feels that she is admitted to a sacred rite when she is permitted to pay a lofty price for some bit of lace or straw or chiffon.

Attracting Wealthy Customers

Not only, either, is the merchandise itself guarded like the Eleusinian Mysteries. Your successful specialty-shop merchant of to-day understands so well the principle—Forbid them to enter and they will wish to—that he puts up all sorts of provocative barriers about his establishment. Sometimes, in order to be admitted, one must present a card of introduction from a friend or customer. Engraved invitations are issued to openings, and sometimes one hundred or two hundred dollars is demanded for the privilege of a peep at the new models. As a most telling proof of the sentiment of the times, many of the exclusive shops in town are retreating from Fifth Avenue itself to the fashionable side streets.

Visit one of these abodes of financial strategy and you will never dream that the big brownstone house, there in the middle of the block, hushes up the business of X——, probably the most exclusive of all exclusive specialty-shop merchants. Curtains drape the windows. No lettered sign shrieks vulgar anxiety to sell. It is exactly as though X—— were conducting a moonshine still or some other enterprise requiring a natural reticence. And, once up these brown steps, only a letter of introduction from a valued patron can prevail on the guardian of the door.

Having surrounded both shop and contents with this persuasive air of being forbidden goods, the specialty-shop merchant is ready for the first step in his path of success. It is the capture of some members of the fashionable set of New York. These are as necessary to the exclusive shop as is a counter to your ordinary version of store. They are, in fact, the sprats with which the wary fisherman of trade catches the mackerel that swim the waters from Central Park West to Butte, Montana. And in order to secure such bait the merchant bends every energy of his mind and every acquaintance of his life.

Various are the ways in which this merchant enmeshes the society woman of New York. Sometimes he has as secret partner some fashionable woman whose name is heavier than her pocketbook. Often he gives a commission to Mrs. Vanderbrown or Mrs. Vere de Vere. In rare cases he even outfits, free of cost, some Social-Register person who will bring to his establishment a number of her friends. Always he realizes that a pebble thrown into society means concentric circles of influence; that Mrs. Vanderbrown will say to her friends, Mrs. Vere de Vere and Miss Pepkins-Morgton: "Oh I got the most charming thing at Beaver's the other day! Do go there—and when you do just mention my name"; and that these converts will, in turn, affect other vulnerable points of trade.

The question here intrudes itself: Why will the society woman consent to pay the superprices of the specialty shop? The first answer to this is contained in the fact that Mrs. Vanderbrown and Miss Pepkins-Morgton do not shop round. Far from their limousine tour of unworried purchases is the middle-class shop-to-shop inquiry of modes and prices. From one year's end to the other they may never enter a department store; so how can they know that the same exclusive model, for which they have just paid two hundred and fifty dollars, is harbored in that inclusive shop down the street at fifty or a hundred dollars less?

Crooked Bills for Crafty Wives

Another feature that makes for the society woman's partiality to the specialty shop is the less rigid form of settlement prevailing there. All sorts of concessions are offered to her in this respect. Often she does not pay her bill for December's clothes until the next December has lifted its hoary poll. No monthly bill is intruded on her husband's morning cup of coffee. Indeed, you who happen to be hovering on the frontiers may chance to hear the habitual patron of the shop whisper into the merchant's ear: "Don't send that bill for several months. I don't want my husband to get it until he is convalescent from that last bill of mine!" Or, "When you make this out just take a hundred off the price of the gowns and fifty off the hats. I wouldn't for worlds disturb Mr. Vanderbrown by letting him know how much I pay for my things!

"Remember, now—I'll drop in with the extra hundred and fifty as soon as I get my next allowance."

Indeed, so captious and unreliable is the average society patron of the shop, and so numerous are the indulgences demanded by her in the way of settlement, that the Fifth Avenue merchant makes a sweet moan when he speaks of her.

"Did you ever try to pet an eel?" asks he wildly. "Or to hold a squirrel in the hollow of your arm? If you did you'll understand what most of the specialty-shop people go through in order to keep the custom of Mrs. Vere de Vere. Nearly all my society women keep me waiting for months—and even years—for my money; and if I'm indelicate enough to remind them of the fact they flounce out of the shop with 'Oh, well; I'll go round to Tomkins'. I like their things better anyway.' They generally dicker about prices and think nothing at all of sending back a frock after they've worn out the fringe on the skirt. And then the way we've got to doctor their bills for them!

"The other day, for example, one of the most prominent society women in town—a woman who's bought from me for years—came up and whispered to me: 'When you make out this next bill of mine just put an extra hundred on each frock, and when my husband pays you I'll come round and collect.' Of course I doped it all out. Her husband is one of the kind that will give her any amount of money to dress on, but draws in on every other thing. She wanted some extra spending money and here was a chance to get it. I just had to be the lever in order to keep her as a patron."

Wriggly as she is, however, the specialty-shop merchant has got to keep her—this quotation from the Social Register—simply

Digitized by Google

as an inducement to the woman from Central Park West or United States West. He knows that identification as "the shop where Mrs. Vanderbrown or Miss Pepkins-Morgton buys her things" is more valuable to him than any other asset. And the moment you enter the still, secluded waters of the exclusive shop you hear the swish of the line as the saleswoman casts her fly.

"Oh, it's so becoming to you, Mrs. Dargent!" you hear her murmur to the portly woman from Milwaukee, who just then is trying on a hat that looks, on her mop of bleached hair, exactly like a pea on an orange. "Exactly your style, you know! I'll tell you"—this with the air of being suddenly drenched by dews of memory—"it's Mrs. Archibald Vanderbrown you remind me of. I've been trying to think who it was ever since you came in. Yes; that's who it is. You're just her type."

Mrs. Dargent, of Milwaukee, peeks up coquettishly at herself from under the globule of hat as she remembers the stunning picture of Mrs. Vanderbrown that graced the magazine section of one of last Sunday's metropolitan papers.

"Really?" simpers she. "Is she"—in a tone of awe—"is she a customer of yours?"

"Oh my, yes!" replies the salesgirl, bending down the pellet of straw still farther over the left eyebrow. "She's been coming to us ever since we started. Only day before yesterday I sold her a little hat quite a good deal on this order. Why, there's her sister now!" And she nods to a bracket of furs and orchids inclosing Miss Therese Dusen-Ring. "She's the one that's just announced her engagement to Mr. Reginald Carpon, and she's buying all her trousseau here. Lovely girl she is—always so kind to everybody. Why, last week she happened to notice that our little boy at the door was sick, and she got his address and went over to his home. His father was out of work and they were all pretty near starving; and she did the sweetest thing—she sent them down a dozen of those nice little lettuce sandwiches you serve at receptions."

Mrs. Dargent looks, with a little thrill, at this compassionate member of an intrenched social set, and then stares thoughtfully into space.

"How much did you say this hat was?" she inquires after a painful gulp.

"Fifty dollars."

"Well, it's a good deal for a plain little street hat and I guess Mr. Dargent will think I'm awful; but, still, you've got to pay for exclusive styles, haven't you?"

Of course Mrs. Dargent takes the capsule of green straw; and back there in Milwaukee she always mentions casually:

"I bought it at Richlock's—the same shop where Mrs. Vanderbrown gets all her things, you know."

Headquarters for Society Gossip

As a matter of fact, when Mrs. Dargent says you must pay for exclusive styles she really means that you must pay for exclusive fellow customers. Both she and that other arch of the specialty-shop structure—the social climber of New York—are parching for bits of information about members of the fashionable circles of New York; and in order to be satisfied, in order to breathe for an instant the same commercial ether as does Miss Pepkins-Morgton, they are willing to pay big. In testimony to this fact hear the words of a woman who belongs to a retired firm of specialty-shop merchants.

"You know," says she, "I had to be more of a society reporter than a fashion expert! When the social climber of New York or the rich woman from some other city came into our shop I knew that, as a rule, she was more anxious to hear about the old families than she was to hear about the new modes. And so from our real society patrons I gathered an amazing amount of data, which I would retail to those profitable persons from Central Park West and from Pittsburgh and Milwaukee. I would recount for hours how Mrs. Vanderbrown dressed, the way she talked to her maid, and how many baths and sweaters she gave to her Chinese poodle. I would vouchsafe theories as to whether she was really in love with her husband, and whether it was true that she had encouraged her daughter to marry a titled foreigner instead of the young American with whom she was said to be in love. In return for all this the society climber or the rich woman from the West generally bought hundreds of dollars' worth of goods."

Much, however, as the specialty shop realizes on its society patron, it realizes still more on its made-to-order department. To-day, in contrast with yesterday, when few of the shops contained this branch of service, nearly every industry of the sort is centered about this section. It represents the most able antennæ of the specialty shop and can grope much farther into the pocketbook than the old stubby, ready-to-wear feelers.

In some of the more reputable shops this dressmaking department is a wholesome branch of industry. Presided over by a real artist, it provides the patron with an opportunity for getting away from the conventionalized materials and stock lines of manufacturers which are coated with the sweet adjective "exclusive."

We have in America some able designers who are represented through the specialty shop; but their number is limited, and with a very great many of these establishments the made-to-order department is only a Machiavellian hoist to trade—a subterfuge that permits an additional levy on the stock products of the manufacturer.

If you are Mrs. Sandford Dargent, fresh from Milwaukee, you do not, of course, suspect the subterranean channels of the dressmaking section. If, however, you happen to be one of those fashion artists who humbly chronicle the mood of Dame Fashion for magazine or dressmaker, you are apt to surprise some of these modern buccaneers of trade in an admission of duplicity.

Some Tricks of the Trade

Suppose, for example, you are Miss Pastella Palette, dropped in on the Richlock Specialty Shop for the privilege of sketching the latest importations for The Ladies' Respite. While waiting for the advertising manager of the shop, you have dropped down behind a pillar, where, entirely unnoticed, you listen to the following granulated remarks addressed by the manager of the place to the saleswoman who has just been ministering to Mrs. Sandford Dargent:

"Miss Jones, you're a pretty girl. You've got a good figure and cheeks like an apricot, and eyes like nice, big, brown, honest horse-chestnuts. You look so genuine and good that you could sell a cobweb for mercerized silk, and get away with it. Anybody would believe anything you said. And what do you do with your talents? Why, you go and tell that Mrs. Dargent—as rich as Crœsus—she could get exactly the same thing in our ready-to-wear department that she could in the dressmaking section; and for twenty dollars less. Come, come! This won't do. Why, that woman could have been stung for anything! And you let her get away like that!"

Miss Pastella Palette was not so much moved by this commercial indignation on the part of the manager as she might have been a few months earlier. At that time, sitting in the office of a garment manufacturer, some of whose models she had just sketched, she had got her initiation into the ways of the specialty-shop dressmaking department. It came by way of an order—just received over the phone—for a taffeta frock, size thirty-eight.

"He, he!" the manufacturer had snickered, hanging up the receiver. "Another exclusive made-to-order gown I'm going to supply to the Bunkum Shop! Great, the way they work that game! A woman comes in there to have a dress made; they go to the trouble of taking her measurements and even fit a lining to her, and then, when she is gone, they ring me up over the phone and order one of my stock dresses in the size that comes nearest to the lining they have fitted. Sometimes I go to the trouble of changing the buttons or using a different kind of braid; but generally I just deliver the thing as I sell it to any department store. Great game!" he repeated enthusiastically, in an admiration submerging even the painful fact that he was not sharing in the profits of this finesse.

As a rule, the ready-to-wear department of this unscrupulous type of specialty shop displays great caution in never having the size to fit the dimensions of any woman who comes to look for a suit or gown. If a woman with redundant curves comes up over the horizon, that particular suit of peacock-blue silk on which she has particularly set her heart is here only in size thirty-six. Conversely the woman with a figure like a young moon can get a coveted model of gray taffeta only in size forty-two.

My hero

"In stirring deeds
My hero leads,
And grandly serves the nation.
Its force and vim
Are due to him
Who serves this fighting ration."

And that's a good name for Campbell's Tomato Soup—

The "fighting ration." It helps you to win the every-day fight of work and business and study and play.

It does this because it is a *nourishing food* and at the same time a *wholesome stimulant.*

Arthur Brisbane, the famous editor, expressed it exactly when he said: "Soups properly prepared are the most valuable and important factors in digestion. *And your digestion makes you what you are.*"

Whether you serve it as a plain tomato bouillon or a rich cream of tomato or in any other of the many tempting ways in which it is so easily prepared, you find this favorite Campbell "kind" at once delightful and sustaining.

Buy it by the dozen and keep it always handy. That is the simplest way.

Your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne

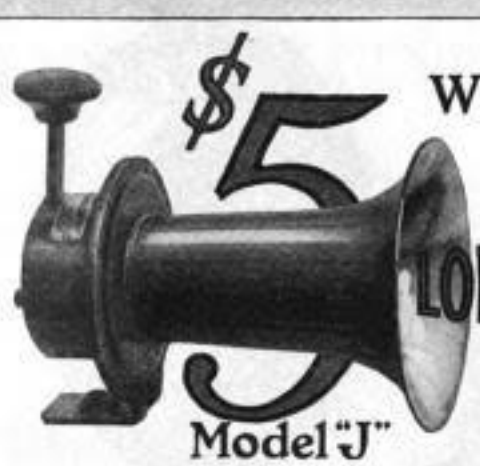
10c a can

Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Digitized by Google



$5 Whoever hears must heed LONG HORN

Model "J"

The voice of the Long Horn is strong. It compels attention. It shouts DANGER at every heedless sleep-walker. It penetrates his inner-consciousness and gets *action*. This horn is guaranteed to give permanent satisfaction. If at any time any part proves defective, Johns-Manville will give the purchaser a new horn. Hand-operated. No current required. First cost the only cost. Price includes all fittings. Write for booklet and see a Long Horn dealer today.

One Firm One Service
One Guarantee
back of every J-M Automobile Accessory

J-M (Meager) Soot-Proof Spark Plug
Always clean at the sparking point. No weak sparks. No short-circuits. Lead-proof and heat proof. Lasts longer. Price, 75 cts.

J-M Lens (Non-Blinding)
Puts more light where you need it and completely eliminates headlight glare.

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

Carter Carburetor
Insures more power, more speed, perfect low throttle and at least 10% saving in fuel.

Johns-Manville Shock Absorber
Smooths out the ruts and bumps in every road. For heavy as well as lighter cars. Absolutely efficient. Per pair, $15.00.

J-M Auto Clock
Eight-day movement all-lever escapement type in damage-proof case. Winding and setting keys and attachment concealed. Flush or dash mounting. $5.00

J-M NON-BURN BRAKE LINING

For Safety's Sake

For the safety of life and limb and for the protection of your car, be sure that the brakes are lined with J-M Non-Burn Brake Lining.

Then, no matter how *fast* you drive you can always stop *quick*; no matter how perilous the hill, your brakes will *hold*.

Because J-M Non-Burn is absolutely dependable. It cannot burn and it is not affected by water, oil or gasoline. Made from pure, long-fibre Canadian Asbestos reinforced with strong, brass wire. Thoroughly impregnated.

Cut sizes in cartons for all popular makes of cars. Ask your dealer. Write for booklet.

Other J-M Automobile Accessories

Jones Speedometer
Carter Automatic Gravity Gasoline Tank
J-M Tire Pump
J-M Automobile Tape
J-M Narco Tire and Top Repair Materials
J-M Dry Batteries
J-M Fire Extinguisher
J-M Packings and S. A. E. Gaskets
"Noark" Enclosed Fuses
G-P Muffler Cut-Out

3134

Write for booklets today

H.W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
294 Madison Avenue, New York
47 Branches Service Stations in All Large Cities

"I'm sorry," says the saleswoman, showing off the discrepant dimensions and inherent beauty of the model. "It is such a lovely thing, and we have nothing else that would suit you like this; but you see it's a one-of-a-kind model. It doesn't come in the regular stock sizes. Of course"—shrewdly noting the disappointment of her customer and speaking jerkily, as though just then the recipient of some angelic revelation—"you could have it copied exactly in our dressmaking department upstairs. Oh, yes; they could do it for you—and it wouldn't cost you so very much more."

There is a slender possibility of the required size of garment being actually constructed in the made-to-order department of the specialty shop; but the odds are in favor of fishing up that peacock-blue suit or that gray taffeta from the schools of such models which splash about in the waters of the manufacturers' workrooms, and from which, of course, these supposedly isolated bits of beauty were originally transported. Even otherwise, however—even though the work should be done actually by the shop itself—there are enormous profits made by this distraction of the customer from the ready-to-wear to the made-to-order department.

However, as has been said, there are numerous specialty shops in New York that possess much more than these phantasmal developments of the dressmaking department. Some of the most prosperous and most widely known of such establishments have been built about the skill and originality of their designers. They make money because they do introduce those little touches which create the difference between commonplace and distinguished. Yet, even in this legitimate exercise of the made-to-order faculties, there is quite a good deal of incantation and hypnotism.

Clothes that will express your individuality!—this is the cry taken up by a hundred lusty-voiced specialty shops, overcoming women who have no individuality whatsoever to express. It is an extra veil of mystery thrown about the establishment, and it completes the subjection imposed by the seclusion of its quarters, the velvet of its carpet and of its saleswomen's voices, and the isolation of each model. Woe, indeed, to the dressmaking department that does not make use of such chant!

It is a very pretty sight to see the presiding artist of this quarter of the specialty shop go off into one of her trances. She is standing there in the center of her gray Louis-Quinze salon. Glorified sandals are on her feet. Glorified sandalwood freights the air. As the patron enters these portals the slight figure under the mauve-colored robe shakes with a psychic convulsion.

"What would I advise for you?" she repeats, looking mistily at the dreadnought figure and commonplace features of her customer. "Ah, let me see! You must give me time—a week—to decide. Shall it be gray, with violet shadows? Or shall it be a gorgeous contralto purple?" Her voice sinks, as though the artist were reeling off the thin edge of the finite; and her eyes are half closed, as though she could not quite hear the Voices. "I seem to see you as something heroic—always heroic—a warrior woman of old; standing there in the prow of your battleship—ah, yes; but it will take study to do it—to express you as you really are, you know."

The other woman gives a little sigh of satisfaction. At last somebody has picked out the fact she herself has long suspected—that she is a picturesque figure—and is going to translate the great truth into clothes. She is overcome with gratitude. She would pay anything to this clairvoyant, crystal-bowl-gazing seer of the dressmaking world.

Of course not every specialty shop or dressmaking establishment puts over the idea of seeing visions as luridly as does this lady in the violet robe. She is a nodal point of such ambitions. But, slyly or baldly, practically or histrionically, the specialty-shop harpist is always busy with the theme that he alone can bring out the personality of a woman through her clothes.

Yet the specialty shop of New York would never have attained its present success did not its chief specialty consist in picking out saleswomen who are shrewd—almost intuitive—judges of character. For this reason that attitude of superior insight is not always taken.

Realizing that some women do not want to be told what they should wear, the saleswoman often finds her duties narrowed down to confirming the patron's taste. At a glance this minister can tell whether the woman who enters the shop desires to be guided or merely accompanied. And if that rich Mrs. Brown belongs to the latter class she will see her walk out with the most unbecoming frock in the establishment and pelt down such final assurances as:

"You couldn't have done better, Mrs. Brown—it suits your style perfectly!"

The great financial success of the specialty shop must not be attributed, however, to the shrewdness of its salespeople or to the dishonesties that crop up in certain of its units. The reason it has gotten along—the reason why all department stores are trying to follow in its wake—is because, in a day of inartistic merchandise exploitation, it found new ways to make garments look attractive and to make the shopper enjoy the pursuit of clothes.

For its tranquil demeanor, its skilled salesmanship, its soft-padded floors and its graceful furnishings, the public is obliged to pay; yet no one can say that the return is inadequate.

THE MIND READER

(Continued from Page 18)

"After I had been there three years and worked from nine to fourteen hours a day," said Long, "I was fired because a cute little nephew with a twelve-and-a-half neck wanted a job. I was wearing a sixteen collar myself, which gave a good circulation in the story above."

At another place of employment he had an arrogant department manager, to whom all men looked pretty much alike.

"Though I knew I was more capable than a lot of those fellows, I had to take as much cussing as the rest of them," he said, in one of his confidences to his new boss. "If I happened to be a few minutes late I got called good and loud; and if I did this, that or the other thing I was bawled out. I worked for twenty dollars a week and never got a cent for all the night work. After two years I struck for a raise; and they said I might as well quit because there was a long line of fellows on the waiting list who would work for fifteen dollars a week, and a lot more in sight who would work for twelve."

After drifting round in this fashion from the time he left school, at sixteen, Long was warped. He hated capital. A man who had money invested in business was his enemy, and he was not overparticular about concealing the fact. When he shaved up his nice long pencil all over the floor and ground the powdered lead with his heels he was simply expressing his opinion.

I suppose that was twenty years or more ago. I saw Long recently inside the traffic manager's office of this great house. He is the traffic manager himself and an influential factor in the system. Through his contact with this merchant he came into a very different frame of mind and went up steadily.

As the business grew the individual contact of the chief executive necessarily was confined more and more to the higher executives; yet even to-day the "spirit of the house," as he calls it, is the identical spirit of its head. It filters down through the organization.

Here is an instance of how it filters: Within the last year the president of the company sent for the executive head of one division.

"I find from my statistics," he said, "that your division shows the highest percentage of quits and discharges. You are away above the normal and we must find out where the trouble lies."

Then they had a special research made. Every man who had left the employ of the house during the year, as far as that division was concerned, was communicated with, either in person or by letter. To each man these questions were put:

"If you left voluntarily, what were the inner motives that prompted your act? And if your departure was not voluntary, in what measure do you consider the house to blame for the differences that led to your going?"

Nearly all the men returned some sort of answer. One minor executive, who had

Digitized by Google

resigned to go to another house, explained the thing in substance like this:

"I had been in the accounting department three years without making much progress. I was tired of the job and didn't see any future ahead. It looked to me as though the house was so big that it had about reached its limit, especially in that line of work; so I looked round and got a job with a good, lively house, where I had more chance to swing myself, to put in new ideas, and draw more money."

To the president this was something of an eye opener.

"We haven't been handling this man right," he said, "if we have allowed him even to imagine that ideas weren't worth as much to us as to any other house, big or little."

This led to a scrutiny of the accounting department.

"Is it true," asked the president, "that we have developed this department to its limit? We have been priding ourselves that we had a good accounting department; but perhaps it has been mere self-flattery."

He ordered a research made into the methods of accounting departments in other large concerns and this showed him that his own had been lacking in modern ideas. The executive was hired again and given authority to dig up all the ideas he could and try them out. This resulted in a new auditing department, of which he was made the head.

It resulted, too, in a policy of keeping track systematically of all men who leave the company's employ, as far as it can be done without prohibitive effort. Regular reports on these men are made to the president, who goes over the records and finds in them a lot of things to think about.

One man who had left the house to establish a business of his own was found to be prospering in an unusual way.

"Why did we let him go?" asked the president. "We should be better analysts of men than that. With our great opportunities here in this business we can offer men of that kind inducements which will keep them with us. We must not let men of this caliber get away so easily."

Then he sent a telegram to his former executive who had succeeded as a merchant by himself, and invited him to take a train that night and come to the old stand for a conference. Shortly afterward the big house absorbed the offshoot and the owner of the latter became once more a member of the great organization. He is now a vice president.

It is the aim of the house to get back, sooner or later, every exceptionally good executive who has left.

How Men are Tested Out

The study of the subsequent careers of discharged men is likewise productive of results. A man in the sales department was eased out of his job because he failed to absorb the spirit of the house and had become a disturbing element. Afterward, when he went on the road for a competing house, his work was carefully watched by the first house.

He rose rapidly to the position of sales manager and to the casual observer he was unusually successful; but his former employer was not deceived. The reports showed that the morale of this sales manager's organization was very bad and the sales unsatisfactory. His promotion to the sales managership was a freak of chance and bad generalship on the part of his employers. The house failed and he never got above the surface afterward.

Another discharged employee, on being asked why he considered the house to blame for his downfall, named a certain superior and said very uncomplimentary things about him. No special weight was attached to this until several other discharged employees referred in an uncomplimentary way to this same superior. They called him names, such as toad, rat, lobster, and perhaps skunk. I am not sure about that. At any rate, they made quite a menagerie of him.

Out of this grew a close analysis of this man and he was quietly superseded by somebody else who was in better accord with that shrewd spirit which says that men must be handled psychologically, so as to bring out all their good points and strongest efforts.

The early researches of the president of this house showed him that it is not merely financial incentive to which men respond, but that genuine interest in their work is quite as much of a puller. Therefore he studied men's characteristics, so that he might place them in the lines of work for which they were mentally suited.

When he established a statistical bureau he tried an experiment. After his statistical manager had been in that position six months another job in the house was offered him at an advance of five dollars a week. He had been getting thirty-five. He took the new job in a hurry.

Then another statistical man was picked out; and in a few months he, too, was offered an advance in another line of work. He took it without hesitation. This was repeated several times, with the same result. Then the president went outside of the house and found a man who was preeminently adapted to the work. He was hired at thirty-five dollars a week. Three months later he was tempted by the president with an entirely different sort of job at forty dollars a week; but that afternoon he went to the president's office.

"I've been thinking about this matter," he said, "and I believe I'll stay where I am—if it's all the same to you. I like the work I am doing now. I'm built for it and I can fairly eat it up. I don't think I should like that outside job."

This and other experiments led the president to conclude that much might be accomplished by getting men to take a more genuine interest in their work, even though it was not possible always to duplicate this episode of the statistician.

Harnessing Animal Spirits

He instituted, therefore, groups for merchandise and factory study, salesmanship, the methods of competitors, markets, finance, traffic, records, and the like. Into these studies he worked various social gatherings, debates, club activities, illustrated talks and travel. He believes it to be psychologically correct to set up little mileposts of pleasure along the path of labor, but so closely associated with the labor itself that the two are one.

This involved a good deal of careful observation of individuals in the different groups, so that men showing special qualifications could be given just the nutriment they needed. One man who showed unusual interest in fabrics was given opportunity for advanced study and became an expert. Specialists were built up all through the organization.

To-day there are in this house many men who would not leave it even for a considerable advance in salary. Quite recently one man who was getting four thousand dollars a year was offered six thousand to go to another house.

"I'll stay where I am," he said. "I am interested in working out our problems here and I'll take chances on getting more money."

In these groups leaders naturally develop—men who come to the front with an excess of enthusiasm and ability. Some of them bubble over with energy and have a ham sandwich brought in because they would rather stay and work than go out to eat. You have seen the type. Enthusiasm is the quality the president likes best to discover and develop.

"When you get a man to the stage where he would rather work than loaf, just for the happiness it gives him, the chances are that you have good material for an executive," he says. "Then, when you add the financial incentive and the opportunities higher up, you create ideal conditions."

Some twelve years ago a youth applied at this house for a job. It is told of him that while waiting in the employment room he killed time by throwing paper wads at the other applicants, and got into an altercation that in any other employment department would have finished him on the spot. Oddly enough, in this house the very fact that he threw paper wads attracted attention to him—not exactly favorable attention, but a certain degree of curiosity. This curiosity was nothing more nor less than the spirit of the president filtered down to the manager of the employment department.

The boy was nothing extraordinary; on the contrary, he measured up pretty scant when it came to the problem of twenty-six plus eighteen plus one—or something of that sort. He got the answer forty-seven—or something relatively as far from the correct one. He wrote uphill and went downhill on grammatical construction. But for some singular reason, he got by and was put on the eligible list; and a few weeks later he was notified to report for work.

Barrett Specification Roofs

In the path of the great Salem fire—

THIS warehouse was in the centre of the great Salem fire of 1914 which swept over 250 acres of the city. It was built of reënforced concrete and roofed along the lines of The Barrett Specification. In the fierce path of flame, the rain-water conductors and the zinc flashings at the edge of this roof were melted down, but the roof itself was left intact.

After the fire the building stood, ready for immediate use, among the prostrate ruins of its neighbors. The fire underwriters in their official report said:

"The flames and smoke were driven toward these from a burning area extending over a mile back and a third of a mile in width and swept these mills along their exposed front of about a quarter of a mile in length with a heat which no ordinary construction could withstand."

The test was a triumph for reënforced concrete and this type of roofing. No wonder Barrett Specification Roofs take the base rate of fire insurance and are approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories!

Barrett Specification Roofs are not expensive. In fact, they are the least costly of any permanent roofing; they cost nothing to maintain, for they require no painting, coating or tinkering.

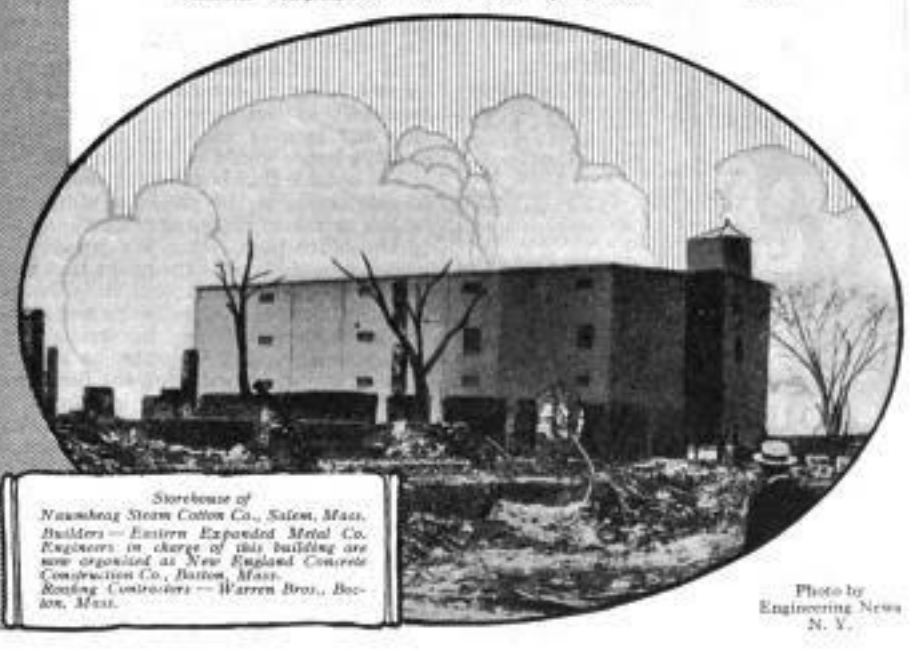
We should like to send every architect, engineer and building owner a copy of the Underwriters' Laboratories report on Barrett Specification Roofs. Address our nearest office.

Special Note: We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis
Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh Detroit
Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Salt Lake City Seattle
The Barrett Mfg. Co., Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg
Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.



Storehouse of Naumkeag Steam Cotton Co., Salem, Mass. Builders — Eastern Expanded Metal Co. Engineers in charge of this building are now organized as New England Concrete Construction Co., Boston, Mass. Roofing Contractors — Warren Bros., Boston, Mass.

Photo by Engineering News N. Y.

Digitized by Google

Taking the World By Storm!

Richard's Interlocking Friendship Bracelet

A dainty Richard's Link will make you think of friends, relatives, sweetheart, husband, father and mother. Start now—make a Friendship bracelet. Tell your friends and relatives to go to any jeweler anywhere. Pay 25c and order a link—a Richard's Sterling Silver Interlocking Friendship link. The jeweler will engrave the initials free. Have the link sent to you. They are worn on a ribbon until you acquire enough to connect them yourself to complete bracelet. In a short time you have a magnificent bracelet every link of which reminds you of some loved friend or relative. This is the link that you hear so much about just now. Tell your friends to see that the name "Richard's" is stamped on the back of each link, for if it is not a Richard's it is not an interlocking link and it will not unite with those you have.

Any Jeweler anywhere.

If you care For a lady fair, Buy her a link To make her think of you.

The memento of elegance illustrated below joined with others (even a child can unite them) makes those artistic bracelets that are now so much the rage. Richard's Friendship Links are interlocking—the only interlocking links—remember that. Tell your friends to look for the name "Richard's" on back of each link.

Here It Is

25c A Link Initials FREE

Patent Applied For

Everybody is doing it NOW!

You Men Who Want To Please Some Lady

Have your initials engraved on a Richard's Friendship Link. Send the link to a friend or relative. Tell her how to start a Friendship bracelet.

Throughout her life and yours this little link will make her think of you. Price 25c, initials free.

Magnificent NOW—Priceless YEARS From Now

Mementos

The Richard's Friendshiplinks are the rage among all young ladies who, approaching womanhood, desire to have a memento of some boy or girl to carry through life, hence friendship bracelets are made.

Start a Friendship bracelet club today—give a link to your girl friends and they will exchange with you.

For Young Matrons

At your next social luncheon, dinner or supper, place a Richard's Interlocking Friendship Link beside each guest plate, attached to place cards, as a favor. You will proclaim yourself an up-to-the-minute hostess, and soon your lady guests will be sending you Friendship links and wearing your link in the center of an elegant bracelet. When you attend card or lawn parties or upon auto or yachting trips, make your friends agree to start a Friendship link bracelet.

You Link Them Yourself

LADIES: Remember, every jeweler, anywhere, will supply you with a Richard's Sterling Silver Interlocking Link. Price 25c, initials engraved free. For your protection see that the name "Richard's" is stamped on the back of each link. If it is not a Richard's it is not an interlocking friendship link.

Also made in 10-K solid gold, 14-K solid gold and platinum.

BAUMAN-MASSA JEWELRY CO.
Distributors and Manufacturers
St. Louis, Mo.

They put him in a stock room at six dollars a week. On the second day the president, walking through, got a first glimpse of him. He had a feather duster run down his back inside his shirt, and the feathers were waving over his yellow hair. He was a Comanche Indian—and he was executing a death dance.

You will remember that the president is an analyst of men; also of boys. So, instead of rebuking this boy he went along and asked himself:

"What impulse moved him to undertake that violent exertion when he might have sat down and taken some leisure?"

The president, following his system, resolved to find out. Next day the boy was taken out of that particular stock room and put into another, where the work was heavier and the help short. Nevertheless, he exhibited a surplus of energy and carried the additional burden without any complaint or let-down. Between jobs he practiced standing on his head.

Then the youth was moved up again and some responsibility was added to his physical duties. Every time he broke out into an Indian dance or similar exuberance they gave him something to absorb his enthusiasm. At the behest of the president he was watched shrewdly, and periodical reports were made on his progress.

He went up rapidly and in the course of a few years became sales manager, which position he now occupies. It was his irrepressible enthusiasm that did it. The president and the organization simply harnessed it.

This is an exceptional instance only in degree. The same thing is being done in that house right along. In everyday life you run across these physical or mental enthusiasts oftener than you realize. They do not all make good, even when directed as they are in this house, because their enthusiasm may be offset by other characteristics. Nor do they all show their enthusiasm by Comanche dances.

A serious youth once got employment at this establishment—so extremely serious that some of his associates called him a sad-faced dub. He had been born with such an appetite for work that he never itched to have his grandmother die so he might get away to the ball game.

In these modern days, when so many grandmas are dying, the exception came to the knowledge of the president. He had the youth watched, as was customary in such cases. All through this organization there runs an extraordinary system of kindly observation that is the reverse of the more common espionage. It all merges into a current that leads to the president's desk, and its object is constructive, not destructive.

This boy, like the one who became sales manager, was first put in the stock rooms; but his bent was discovered to lie in a different direction, and they sent him over to the file room and gave him sufficient encouragement by showing him some possibilities that might be worked out. He seized the idea with a swoop, like a fish carrying away hook and bait. Within a few years he had completely revised filing methods and equipment.

Then he was put into the trucking department, which he showed to be in a very unsatisfactory condition. He is the head of that work to-day.

"I was never cut out for a salesman," he says, "and I have our president to thank for setting me right and feeding me the kind of mental food that has brought me up to a fairly important position. If I had remained in the sales department I am sure my income would be small to-day; and the house would be the loser too."

Yet outside that house few people realize how intimate is the president's influence on the members of the organization, down to the office boys. It is the president in person who thinks out the paths that many men and boys follow, and it is he who devises the more abstract ways and means. He has experimented in numerous angles of psychology. For instance, he has tried various ways of developing the faculties of judgment and responsibility in men. Once, in following out some theories he had either conceived or dug up in his researches, he tried an experiment on half a dozen boys in succession. This is how he worked it:

"Johnny," he said, "I want you to take this note to the address you find on the envelope"—a clubhouse in an outlying and distant part of the city—"and bring me an answer as soon as you can get here."

"Yes, sir," agreed Johnny, eager for the task with which the president had honored him.

"In order to help you make time," the chief continued, "I have written on this slip of paper full directions for getting there. You see, I am very anxious to get an answer quickly."

"Yes, sir," said Johnny, and went away on the run.

It took him about three hours to make the round trip. He had followed instructions implicitly, as was shown by careful questioning.

Then the same errand was given to Jimmy, Bobby, Mikie, Georgie and Artie, each having no knowledge that the others had done the thing. All of them made about the same time except Mikie, who came in under the wire in a little over two hours.

"How did you get back so quickly?" the president asked.

Mikie was in something of a hole, because he had disobeyed the instructions given him and had selected his own route. Of the six boys, he had been the only one to do some independent thinking and to perceive that the route mapped out for him was not the best one; but he confessed.

This longer route had been laid out intentionally, to test the boys' capacity to think.

In his talks to his organization this episode has been used with much effect by the president. He is full of such experiments and his organization is full of them. Perhaps you have a better understanding now why this business establishment is so big.

Printing Telegraphs

PAGE-PRINTING telegraphs that receive messages and automatically put them in typewriting, with many lines to a page, were invented long ago; but their practical adoption has been slow, due in many instances to little difficulties of operation. Now a combination of some of the most successful patents has been accomplished by a company that has spent much money in perfecting practical operation, and such printing telegraphs have stood up under a year's test on telegraph lines.

It is the expectation that wide use for these telegraph instruments will be found in business. A concern that has many branches in a city, for instance, would be able to send general orders to all branches from a central office, or a factory manager might issue orders to various departments of a plant over printing telegraphs. The instruments can be connected, so that a message sent from the main office will be printed on all the instruments of the system or on one particular instrument. Such practical use in business has been developed rapidly in Berlin.

In the distribution of news great possibilities are open. Automatic transmission of messages by telegraph companies is the most immediate field.

In its simplest form the page-printer will send messages at the rate of forty-five words a minute, but combinations of instruments make it possible to send one hundred and eighty words a minute in each direction at the same time over one pair of wires—or three hundred and sixty words a minute.

To send a message, an operator writes the words on a typewriter. This typewriter makes perforations on a tape, a different combination of five perforations being provided for each letter of the alphabet and for various symbols. Each time the operator touches the space bar on the typewriter a separate perforation is made to record the space; and when the operator reaches the end of a line and moves the carriage back to start another line, a separate perforation records that action.

This tape is then fed to an instrument that sends the dots of the perforations over the telegraph line. At the other end a typewriter is operated directly by the dots, writing out the words as sent, spacing the words, and shifting the carriage exactly as was done on the original machine.

10% More for Your Money

The 25-cent package of Quaker Oats is nearly three times larger than the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers more for your money.

To Folks Who Like

Oat-Fed Boys

Our appeal is to mothers who like active boys and girls.

And to folks of all ages who wish to foster vitality.

We make oats, the great vim-food, into a delicacy. We make it into fragrant, luscious flakes.

We use only the queen grains, plump and richly flavored. We discard all but ten pounds per bushel. Then our process enhances that flavor.

The result is a food so rare, so winning, that oat lovers in a hundred nations send here for Quaker Oats.

You who want folks to "feel their oats" should make the oats inviting. And this is the way to do it.

Quaker Oats

The Vim-Food Dainty

That flavor, that aroma, in the oat was meant to be inviting. It is Nature's way of winning folks to this vim-producing food.

Then why not enhance these attractions? Why not serve oats in this tempting Quaker form?

No extra price, no extra trouble. Simply remember to specify this brand.

Then you will get what millions regard as the finest thing known in an oat food. And you'll agree with them.

10c and 25c per package
Except in Far West and South

Quaker Cooker

Each package of Quaker Oats contains an offer on a perfect double cooker, made of pure aluminum. It is made to cook Quaker in the ideal way.

(872)

Digitized by Google

WHITE HOPES

IN THEIR job of calculating the abundant and diversified harvests that annually gladden this broad and fertile land of ours, the statistic sharps during the past two years and a half have been guilty of a most culpable omission. Either deliberately or for other reasons they have overlooked one of the largest and most conspicuous yields we have. They have dealt with corn, with wheat, with rye, with chin whiskers, Indians not taxed, alfalfa, oats and breakfast foods; but, to date, nothing has been said in an official way about the total gross tonnage of White Hopes; and yet the White Hope output, if any one should ask you, is with us a bumper crop—a bumper crop to start with, and, until very recently, a bumped one.

That was indeed a sad day for himself and friends when Mr. James J. Jeffries, of California, disregarded the gipsy's warning to beware of a dark man, coming with a bunch of something in each hand. It is a part of the written history of our nation that upon a certain fateful Fourth of July, in the city of Reno, Mr. Jeffries, better known as the Abysmal Man, trusted himself inside the same confined and circumscribed area with a large colored person who was, if anything, more abysmaler, and as a result of this indiscretion was shortly thereafter retired back to his cozy hay ranch by way of the casualty ward. And that was indeed a sorrowful evening which followed this sadsome day. Many of my readers are doubtless able to remember the dense and impenetrable gloom that settled down over the length and breadth of our country upon the receipt of certain dire tidings from the new city of the Great Divide—how the ticker seemed to sob aloud as it got along toward the fourteenth round; how brawny telegraph operators began to falter and to weep; how the populace in some of the larger cities—notably New York and Chicago—could not believe it at first; and how, later on, realizing that it was all only too true, they girded themselves for battle and went forth to destroy certain of their neighbors who up to that moment had given excellent satisfaction as Pullman porters and head and side waiters.

However, as some one has remarked before now, it is not in the nature of the Anglo-Saxon stock to bow the neck to the yoke of defeat, even when that Anglo-Saxon stock is so largely made up of Latin, Slavonic, Semitic, Celtic, Caledonian and Scandinavian Anglo-Saxons, as in our own case. To a great number of these sons of the dear old motherland of Anglo-Saxony, it seemed an intolerable thing that the belt which had come down in practically an unbroken line from Jim Figg, through Billy the Nailer and Daniel Mendoza, to Jem Mace and John L. Sullivan, and other distinguished Anglo-Saxons, should be worn, even for a season, by a party the color of an anthracite coalbin at half-past one o'clock in the morning.

Without the loss of a single precious moment, they one and all set about finding some one who would wrest these laurels from the somewhat abbreviated brow of their dusky wearer.

The Nation-Wide Hope Family

In this laudable endeavor they met with many disappointments—oh, yes, many of them—but they persisted. They sought to discover within the national confines a suitable and winning candidate. Hunting the White Hope became as much of a big-game sport in America as hunting the White Rhino is in Africa—see published works of Theodore Roosevelt. Nay, more than a mere sport, it became a profession and a calling. It became a regular business. It partook of the scientific aspect of intensive farming. Like the wild grasses of the boundless prairies the White Hopes came up, and like the wild grasses they were mowed down.

There is hardly a city of twenty thousand inhabitants or more but has, during the last four years or so, been either the abiding place or the starting point of at least one White Hope. The process by which most of the Hope family have emerged from comparative obscurity into the white light that beats upon thrones and potential heavyweight champions of the world, has been singularly similar. A brawny hired man or a sinewy scene-shifter or a competent safe-mover was observed to have large swelling biceps and a chest development like the Palisades of the Hudson, and a jaw like a spite fence. This person was able to split the stoutest oak door in a barroom with one blow of his naked fist. If, being moved to anger, he struck a fellow citizen, said fellow citizen went to the hospital to have his face unscrambled, and all his relatives seemed to feel a distant jar. It was inevitable that the possessor of so much latent and undeveloped talent should come under the discerning eye of a sporting cigar dealer or an enterprising billiard-hall keeper. The latter observed the bulk and bearing of the prodigy, and to him made a proposition.

Presently we beheld our hero taken in hand. A pair of trunks and a bathrobe creditably patterned after the Gobelin tapestries replaced his prosaic workaday overalls. He did cross-country runs to improve his wind—and improving it to a degree where his wind could be heard pantingly for a distance of a hundred yards or so. He punched the bag and accommodating friends in a disused cowbarn fitted up as temporary training quarters. The local papers printed warmly eulogistic articles about him. His fame spread beyond his native county and state, and attracted the attention of a regular promoter—one of those astute and forehanded gentlemen who make good livings for themselves by inducing others to get into a prize ring and be all beaten up. The promoter came to see him and straightway decided—promoters being proverbially a race of born optimists—that here, needing only a little experience, stood the chosen soul who would again lift the banner of Caucasian supremacy on high. So he took this mountain of meat by the hand and led it to a large city—preferably to San Francisco or to New York—and soon after that a waiting and an impatient world was joyed by tidings of abundant cheer. The real White Hope had at last been found! All was excitement and enthusiasm reigned supreme. At the evening cocktail hour loud cheers were heard resounding and swinging doors swung again to the reverberating echoes.

The Procession From the High Grass

Alas, so few of these White Hopes seemed to stand the ultimate test! For a long time you could count those who had entirely justified their early press notices upon the fingers of one hand. You could still do this if you were Barnum's Armless Wonder—and he, as will be recalled, never had any hands. The Great White Way lured some from the paths of pugilistic rectitude. The sleeping potion that lies concealed in the heel of a hostile glove arrived soon for others. There was one who might have kept out of the way of the other fellow's fists if he had only been able to keep out of the way of his own feet. No matter how far he sidestepped, he always seemed to come down on himself, which in time was fatal. There was at least one who, under fire, proved to be as full of yellow as a double-yolk egg. It was agreed that a White Hope, with a fleck of saffron here and there, made a bad color combination to put up against an all-wool, fast-black proposition. And so it went.

A long procession of them emerged from the high grass, youthful and rugged and full of ambition. The West particularly has been prolific of material. There was Carl Morris, the brave Oklahoma engineer; and Luther McCarthy, the Iowa Caveman; and Al Kaufman, the San Francisco Star of Hope; and Gunboat Smith, the Human Golden Gate, also of California; and Al Palzer; and Jim Savage, the Orange—New Jersey—Blossom; and Tom Kennedy, who was another Corbett, so his friends agreed; and Bombardier Wells, who came from England and had just as much luck as other British fighting invaders of these shores have always had, from Lord Cornwallis to Charlie Mitchell. For its size the White Hope crop was most disappointing as to actual yield. It mainly ran to tassel, often failing to head out at all.

Then came Jess Willard, the giant cowboy from Kansas. He was a White Hope. He met the redoubtable dusky Johnson at Havana, and the rest is history to the prospective citizen of France, the golden pathway to the Kansan who conquered him. He has become a moving-picture hero—the moving picture of the hour, perhaps for longer.

Second National Demonstration Sale

Benjamin "Week-End Wardrobe"

Special Demonstration Price (Including three Garments and Two Belts) **$22.50**

With Tuxedo Coat of Tropical Cloth (Included Complete) **$39.00**

More than a thousand progressive and representative clothing merchants all over the country co-operate in the conduct of this National Demonstration Sale. It begins on May 27th, and ends after Decoration Day.

An *Event* rather than an incident, the purpose of the Sale is to demonstrate:

FIRST: that Benjamin Correct Summer Clothes (Made in New York) are not dependent upon linings, canvas and upholstery for the *permanence* of the grace, dignity and character which our designers express in Benjamin models.

THEN: that the prices of Benjamin Summer Clothes are not as high as the quality—that there is no logical reason why you should be satisfied with anything but a Benjamin-tailored garment, even though you be inclined to pay but a modest price for your "Week-End Wardrobe."

AND LASTLY: to demonstrate that there are unselfish merchants who are ready and willing to pass the benefits of the price-concession on to *you*—instead of holding it for their own profit.

Complete Description and Inventory of the Benjamin "Week-End Wardrobe" at $22.50

COAT AND TROUSERS of Blue Flannel — The new form-defining Double-Breasted or the Demi-Norfolk model, fashioned of fine, light weight American flannel, skeleton-lined with yoke and stay-straps of silk, inside seams piped with silk. Trousers to match.

WHITE TROUSERS — Well-tailored trousers of high-grade *white* flannel for service with either the blue-flannel coat in the daytime or with the Tuxedo in the evening.

SEPARATE BELTS — Two belts are included in the wardrobe—one of blue flannel and one of white flannel to match the trousers.

Description of the Summer Tuxedo Coat at $16.50

For Mid-Summer, fashion's edict sanctions this new Dansant Tuxedo, with white flannel trousers for evening wear. The coat is fashioned of a light, tropical fabric, skeleton-lined with silk and inside seams piped with silk and with the new lapels of serviceable silk. In every detail, tailored to satisfy the Benjamin standards.

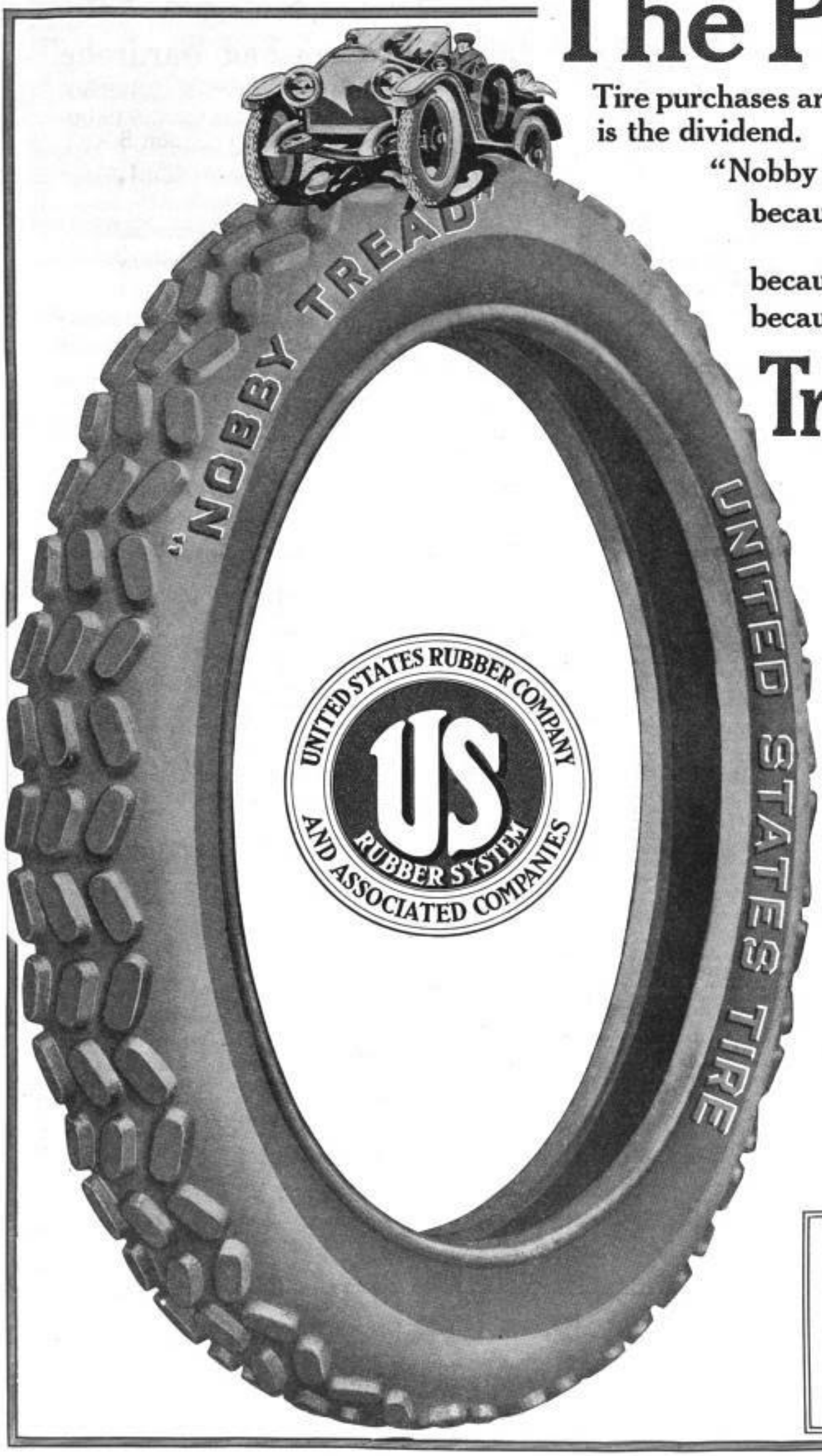
With the Benjamin "Week-End Wardrobe" you are prepared to go anywhere and everywhere without fuss or bother, and with the full knowledge that you and your garments will dignify the occasion, morning, afternoon or night.

Ask *your* clothing merchant for the Benjamin "Week-End Wardrobe." More than likely he is one of the thousands co-operating for your benefit. If not, ask him to get the "Week-End Wardrobe" for you, or write to

Alfred Benjamin-Washington Company

Lafayette Street and Astor Place New York

Digitized by Google



The Premier T

Tire purchases are investments to all intelligent bu
is the dividend.

"Nobby Tread" Tires are the premier ti

because—they pay the biggest divid
cost-per-mile tires in the w

because—"punctures 90% less" mea

because—they are real anti-skid tires

True Tire Econo

because—they can now be p
former years for si

because—few today can affo
"cheap first-cost"
have absolutely p
the basis of lowes

"Nobby T

are adjusted u

5,000

—but the great majority of "N
more than 5,000 miles, using p

"Nobby Tread" Tires are
high-grade anti-skid tires in th

"Nobby Tread" Tires are sold by Leading

United St

Made by the Largest Rub
(Employing

Digitized by Google

ire Investment

ers. In making investments the first consideration

investment of the world,
ds in mileage, being the lowest final-
ld,
greatest security for amount invested,

my for Everyone

rchased for the price paid in
ply ordinary tires,
the extravagance of buying
ires, when "Nobby Treads"
ven their true economy on
final-cost-per-mile.

ead" Tires

on the basis of

Miles

bby Tread" users secure vastly
per inflation.
oday by far the largest selling
world.
liable Dealers. Do not accept substitutes.

ates Tires

er Company in the World
5,484 Men)

Digitized by Google

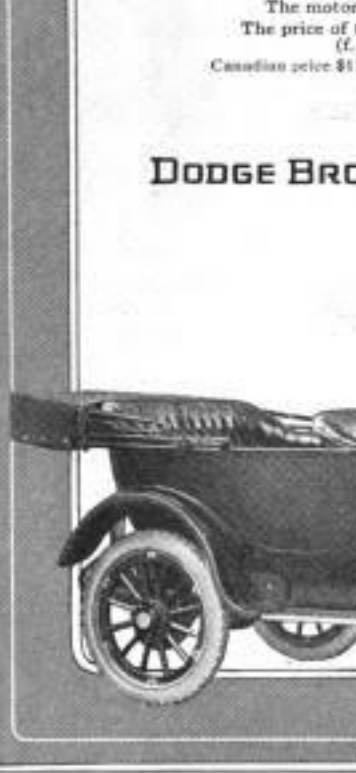
DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

Its style is so attractive that frequently the car sells itself solely by its appeal to the eye.

The feeling of complete comfort and satisfaction experienced in the first ride confirms the buyer's first impression.

The motor is 30-35 horsepower
The price of the car complete is $785
(f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



"THE profits from my agency for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* provide the necessities of life for myself, my wife and our children. All of the youngsters are in school."
Arthur C. Anderson, Kansas

To Increase Your Income

DON'T say that you cannot increase your income or find profitable employment. Mr. Anderson is one of thousands of men and women who are increasing their incomes by giving their spare time to THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, or who are supporting themselves by specializing in Curtis work.

We have positions for a hundred more men like Mr. Anderson. Ask us about it.

Agency Division, Box 896
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia

THE PHŒNIX

(Continued from Page 15)

He can't be disturbed. I've just had a message from him. He isn't coming back."

Starr knew this voice. He turned about slowly to feast his eyes upon the wholesome, healthy lady.

She was in a black skirt, and her waist had the same fascinating blend of cream and pink he had noticed at luncheon, and the same flimsy coolness.

"Listen! Do you like these men you work for?" he asked. "You'll think it's funny for me to speak of it, but I've wondered. I suppose if you didn't work for 'em you wouldn't be able to take care of yourself and your mother. But why don't you work for somebody else?"

She looked at him savagely.

"They're honest, of course, and big, able men, and I can see they protect you," Marcellus went on, without a thought of the first story which had described her as "an heiress in a small way." "But they aren't your kind, are they?"

There was a flash of fire in her eyes.

"That's good," said Starr. "The answer is No."

The two stared at each other.

"Can't you have dinner with me?" asked the transformed man.

She looked at him pityingly, but there was some sincerity in her voice as she said: "I'd love to go!" Perhaps deeper than the fact that he was the easiest prey the pay-off joint had seen for many a moon there was the fact of the years Marcellus had lived in comfort with his principles. The unsmoked cigars, the unblown dollars, the undrunk drinks, the unspent affections of this strange man maybe had their attractions for her. He surely was something new. He was unhandled, not shop-worn, a fresh package, somehow. She may even have wished that he wasn't such a soft and easy thing.

Late in the evening Marcellus walked home with her far out into the North Side, where their brisk steps rang on the pavements of deserted avenues.

"I've had a fine time," she told him.

"That's good," said he, almost dancing along beside her.

"I think it was you. You've made the city seem different. I hate cities. I'd like a little one maybe—like Bodbank, I think. Sometime, when I'm tired, I like to go away all by myself. Is there any place in Bodbank where I could stay?"

"Yes, there is," said the simpleton. "Mrs. Eben Colgate takes boarders in a house that looks way up the river. Why don't you come down for a week? That would be good."

They had come to her modern apartment house, where the green burlap of the hall walls showed through a plate-glass door, and bay windows, sheathed with sheet tin, clung to the front of the building.

"I wish you'd tell me something," she said craftily: "How much are you going to put into the pool—how much are you going to risk?"

"Well, I'll tell you about that," said Marcellus. "I want to see how the scheme comes out. I'll give it a trial. I'll put up two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred dollars! Two hundred dollars!" exclaimed Josephine, for she felt that all her work had been planted for nothing.

"Isn't that good?" asked the simple Marcellus, glad that the arclight was casting its white radiance on her Junoesque features. "And then, if everything goes well, I can raise nearly fifteen thousand the next time."

Josephine bit her beautiful underlip, but she was forced to nod and smile.

"You are always so happy!" exclaimed Starr. "I think life must be just as you would like to have it."

The girl opened the apartment door, went in, and then, turning, whispered through the crack:

"Think again!"

"She spoke with some feelin'! I guess she ain't happy," Mark said to himself. "Well, that's good."

The following morning Ed the Frog, the Juarez Fence and Goetting, having heard from the pink lips of Josephine of the victim's determination to stake only two hundred dollars, were in conference at the pay-off joint in the Esmeralda Building.

"Suppose a likely horse, like Gum Get, puts one over on the favorite!" whined the Fence, pulling at his cropped mustache. "We'd have to pay ten to one to the piker's two hundred."

"Or frame him with a loser and take the two hundred iron men for all our trouble! And it's just that kind of a little fish that squeals loudest round on Harrison Street," said Eddie the Frog, looking more tubercular than ever.

"Where is he now?" asked alias Mr. Prentice.

"Out with Josephine. He's one of those fresh-air guys and he's walking her through some park to give her a swell time. Honest, he's hard to believe. I didn't know they grew so ripe. Listen! He told her to come on down to Bodbank for a vacation! He's so soft you can't pick him up with a fork! When I think how that simp has got fifteen thousand and nobody has taken it away from him, it makes me ashamed of myself."

Goetting had been sitting at the mahogany desk with his fat fists closed on his knees; now he raised one of them and pounded the credit-rating book with it.

"You two nice little boys talk as if somebody had been feeding you raw meat again," said he. "The thing to do in this case is to go through with it. Let him win; it's a good investment! Don't you remember the German we let go back to La Porte, Indiana, with twelve hundred honest-to-goodness dollars? Did he come back? You bet he did! They all come back. They come foaming at the mouth for another bite and ready to play life-insurance policies, gold fillings and crown-and-bridge work for a big killing. What we have to plant on Marcellus S. we'll get back a hundred times over."

"Suppose he went back to Bodbank and dropped dead," said the Juarez Fence woefully.

"Well, anyway, we can send Josie down to watch him and bring him back," Eddie suggested. "Trust to that lady! The longer they stand with her, the harder they fall."

"You've got the right idea, brother Freeze," said Goetting. "When he comes back to Chicago, go fix up a little flat with a wife and two squallers and get him out there for dinner. Then, after he has felt the gaff, lost his money and wants to squeal, tell him that if he does it will expose your embezzlement and ruin you, and spoil the life of the family. It will go with him. He's too good to be true!"

The matter was thus sewed up.

At five-thirty that afternoon no less a person than our own little round cherub, Marcellus Starr, stood in the Union Station waiting room with a ticket for Bodbank in one hand, his dress suit case in the other, and a smile of some permanence on his face. A perfectly good thousand-dollar bill and twelve fifty-dollar notes were in his breast pocket under a safety pin. A horse called Gum Get had run so fast in New Orleans, during the afternoon, that he had beaten the favorite, and eight for one was handed out to intelligent persons like Marcellus, especially when a telegraph operator gave information in advance. Mark could remember vaguely being introduced to three big cattlemen from Montana, a banker from Toledo, and the president of a big packing company. All of them had puffed expensive cigar smoke in his face, and had congratulated him when he had won their money. It was a miracle, a fairy-tale. He remembered promising somebody to mobilize his quick assets and return to Chicago in a week, ready to become a rich man. It was too bad!

And yet Josephine, clad in a beautiful green broadcloth street gown, and more than ever like something out of an old-fashioned garden, could not interest Marcellus in his financial affairs. She had come down in the taxicab with him, and with schoolgirl "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" had congratulated him on his good fortune; but Marcellus insisted on talking philosophy only, philosophy slightly tinctured with "personnel."

"My train's ready now," he said. "But, Josephine, don't forget what I said to you. I believe in you. I consider you're my friend. No matter what anybody would say about you, I'd believe that you were the right stuff at the bottom. I'd bet my last dollar on you!"

"Maybe I'm not what you think," she said.

"Oh, yes, you are. Whatever I think you are, and whatever you think you are, why,

Digitized by Google

that you'll be!" said he. "Don't forget. I'm just a pretty plain, unimportant travelin' man and shopkeeper. That's me. But don't forget—Marcellus Starr has picked you for the real thing! You're a fine woman. You're a brave woman. Come down to Bodbank."

"I believe I'll come Saturday," said she slowly.

"That's good. Believe you'll come Saturday. Belief is what you want. They'll tell you that only fools believe; but I tell you it's only the wise ones. Give me your hand!"

"You never asked to kiss me," she said, looking at him thoughtfully.

"Do you kiss men?" asked Mark.

"No. That's one thing, anyhow!"

"Then why would I ask? Good-by."

After his train had puffed out of the shed she found a mirror, three by two, in her vanity case; she looked in it and laughed.

Of course, one of the advantages poor Marcellus had was that, in Bodbank, he could raise a scandal and never hear of it. When on Saturday and Sunday and Monday he spent most of his time with a beautiful blond lady-of-mystery who had taken a room for the week end at Mrs. Colgate's on the River Bluff, none of the talk reached his ears. He went right on taking Josephine to the movies, and to supper at the Bodbank Hotel, and to Carthage and Galesburg in a hired touring car, just as if he really believed in what he was doing. He left the boy at the store to polish the glass cases, show the trays of knitted silk ties, and the "Winterwarm" line of underwear just received. The atmosphere of mayflowers and dew on the meadows which the girl carried round with her held him entranced.

She surprised him constantly. She liked to walk along the high river bluffs because she could see the big sweeps of the Mississippi. He had not expected this. She liked to stop stray dogs and talk to them. He was astonished. She let him read aloud Victor Hugo's description of the Battle of Waterloo, and listened with her pink lips a little apart. He could scarcely believe it. Bodbank, where there was so little to do, seemed to satisfy her.

He was surprised. She liked to be with him in spite of the fact that he made no love to her, and sometimes when it was sunny and the air clear and cold she would put her arm through his and squeeze. He couldn't see why.

On Tuesday evening at six they were to take the W. L. and N. train back to Chicago for the "killing." Marcellus was to become a rich man! And it was not until Tuesday afternoon, when they were on their way to the station, that the poor chump made to Josephine his confession.

"I've saved and saved," said he. "And now when the chance comes, I'm going to be paid for all these years of struggle and self-denial. I'll have ten thousand of my own money to take back to Chicago, and here in this envelope I've ten thousand more in bonds."

He showed her a manila packet fat with securities.

"I wouldn't touch these bonds if there was any risk," said he.

Josephine, who was standing, looking down Main street toward the Levee, never showed a trace of excitement on her face. Its classic calm was undisturbed, too, as she watched him return the securities to his inside coat pocket just as they stepped into his haberdashery.

"Are those bonds negotiable?" she asked sweetly.

He put down his own dress suit case and hers and nodded. "Just like money."

"They're yours, eh?"

Upon the cherubic face of Marcellus came a blush.

"They belong to my sister's little girl," he said. "I wouldn't tell anybody that but you. I'm her guardian and trustee. And don't think I mean to do any wrong. No! When I get back I'm going to return every cent and a lot more beside. There ain't a soul alive who to this day has ever known me to do a crooked or dishonest thing."

Josephine Pollock looked at the floor a moment, and then went along the showcase singing softly to herself. The time for closing had come; the boy had gone home. Marcellus unlocked the cash register, and having counted the day's receipts put them in his trousers' pocket. The girl even looked wistfully at these bills.

"Excuse me a minute if I go down and open up a case of dress shirts," said he, hanging his coat and waistcoat over the counter. "I've got to do it. I won't be back before Thursday. And please keep watch of the time, Josephine. Call me, will you, at ten minutes of six. It'll take us five minutes to walk to the station."

She could hear the hammer going on the packing cases down the cellar. She listened at the top of the stairs. She tiptoed back to the place where his coat hung. She moved the edge of it with the tips of her fingers. The envelope was there! Ten thousand dollars!

The clock against the wall at the end of the store ticked loudly in the moments between the sound of the hammer and the ripping of wood in the basement. It was ten minutes of six now. There would still be time to catch the train.

The arc light on Main Street threw the moving shadows of passers-by onto the store floor, but Josephine did not see them as her finger tips slowly withdrew the fat envelope from the pocket of Marcellus Starr's coat.

"The fool!" said she. "Five minutes of six now."

She listened. His step was coming up the stair. He was whistling. She thrust the envelope into her black fur muff.

At the top of the cellar steps Marcellus switched on the light; as he looked at her he must have thought she was pale.

He said: "Are you ill?"

Outside the clock on the courthouse struck the hour.

"Great Scott! We've missed the train! You've spoiled everything!"

Josephine, however, did not answer.

And then he showed his first suspicion; he ran to his coat and felt with trembling fingers for his bonds. Of course he felt in vain.

"Give them to me!" he exclaimed, almost sobbing. "Give them to me—you thief."

The girl felt behind her as if the name he had called her had a physical violence in it which made a prop necessary.

"No, you poor fool, I won't give them to you."

"Why not?" asked Marcellus, staring at her out of his simple eyes.

"Because you trusted me," she said. "Because I meant for you to miss the train. I thought I could let you lose your own money, but I couldn't. And I won't. And I won't let you be a crook on my account—not on my account. You're too white! You're the realest man—except for being a fool—I ever knew! You've beat me! Promise me you won't go to Chicago? Promise."

She had grasped his wrists in her hands and brought her eager face close to his.

"Listen to me," she went on. "I'm going to double-cross the whole bunch up there in the Esmeralda Building. I'm sick of the whole game. Do you know, you poor mark, what they were going to do to you?"

"Sure," said he gleefully—like a boy.

"Sure!" exclaimed Josephine. "What do you mean?"

"Open the envelope," said he.

She tore it open and looked within. There was one newspaper and a sheet of the stationery of Marcellus Starr, Outfitter to his Majesty the Well Dressed Citizen. Mark had written on it:

"Of course you'll take this from me if you get the chance, and I am going to give you the chance. The reason you'll take it is because what I said was so—at the bottom you are the real thing and you'll stick to me. You won't let me make a mistake. That isn't in your heart. And I trust you so much that if you say I ought to send back the sixteen hundred dollars to the simpletons who let me get away with it, I'll send it back. You may have gone away before you read what I've written; but you will come back. You will see that fools may believe, but that only wise ones can have beliefs."

When Josephine had read this it dropped out of her hands and fluttered down onto the floor.

"Well?" asked Marcellus. "What do you say?"

"You win!" she whispered. "What are you going to do with me?"

"I'd like to take you into the firm," said he briskly.

At first she looked at him a little frightened. He thought that the atmosphere of old-fashioned gardens was stronger than ever. Then something of mischief came into her face. She said:

"That's good!"

Come In!

Join the world-wide family of satisfied Columbia Battery users.

Enjoy the instant response of dependable, hard working Columbias for all purposes—bells, buzzers, gongs, telephones, automobiles, motor boats, gas engines, tractors, hand lamps and general battery service.

When you say "Columbia" to your dealer, he knows you know the Batteries that are sold everywhere and preferred for length, strength and dependability of action. Cost no more—last longer.

National Carbon Company, Cleveland, Ohio

Factories in U. S. A. and Canada

Convenient Fahnestock Spring Clip Binding Posts — no extra charge.

Union Suits are gaining in popularity six times as fast as two-piece garments. And now comes

The Hatch ONE-Button UNION SUIT

to raise the percentage still higher

THE unique feature of this union suit is that it is so perfectly fashioned to the body—so skillfully and comfortably fastened as to remove all binding over the shoulders.

Its lines are unbroken by wrinkle or crease or bulge. It is the attainment of comfort which all manufacturers have sought. We have worked for twenty-three years to produce it.

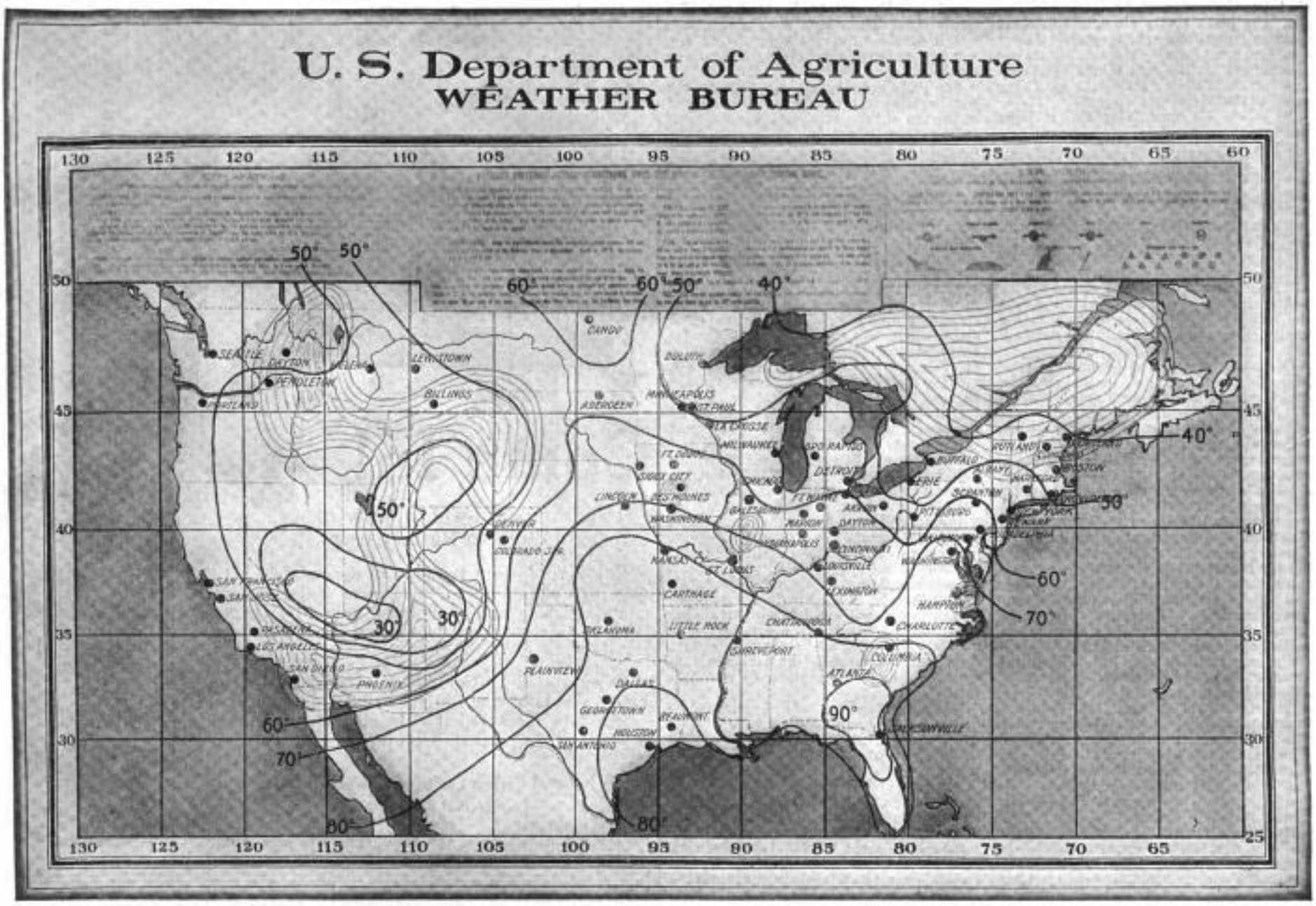
Your favorite haberdasher or department store has it now or can get it easily and quickly. If you have the slightest difficulty in obtaining this garment from your dealer, send us remittance and we will supply you, delivery prepaid. Made with our special closed crotch in fine-ribbed fabrics—also in the famous Keep-Kool mesh. Sells at 50c for boys, and 50c, $1 and $2.00 for men.

Here is the label → to guide you.

ONE BUTTON Hatch UNION SUIT
PATENTED JUNE 18, 1918

Fuld & Hatch Knitting Co.
Albany, New York

Digitized by Google



SATURDAY, May 1st, 1915, at five o'clock in the afternoon, the U. S. Government Weather Bureau at Washington marked this map showing weather conditions during the Great National Efficiency Test of the Franklin Car that day.

Throughout the Rocky Mountain States there was rain. In thirty localities high winds prevailed. At Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and other lake points there was a fifty-mile gale to contend with.

This automobile test was for the American public the most significant ever held.

Its effects will be felt by every American able to own and run a motor car—and there is an automobile to every seventh voter in the United States.

The Cost of Inefficiency

The nation's yearly tire bill is more than $200,000,000—its gasoline bill more than $150,000,000. Add the sums spent for repairs—for unnecessary wear and tear, and you have an annual expenditure startling even to a people like ourselves, accustomed as we are to big figures.

The waste due to inefficiency is a drain on the economic life of the country.

The subject of *Motor Car Efficiency* enlisted the special interest of the great American Universities and Technical Institutes.

Laboratory tests at Yale and at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, showing the remarkable efficiency of the Franklin in comparison with other cars, excited professional comment everywhere.

Other Universities took up the study of the Franklin principles.

The Engineering Department of the State University of Kentucky made "The Test of the Franklin Car" a thesis required for graduation.

This is an age of efficiency. Men's minds have a practical turn. So widespread became the interest, that to supplement laboratory tests a Great National Efficiency Test on the road was arranged.

The Great National Efficiency Test

Among the Supervisors of the test were representatives from the Engineering Departments of the following Universities: Toronto, Yale, Pittsburg, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Brown, Rochester, Syracuse, Kentucky, Ohio, Lehigh, Cincinnati, Nebraska, Washington, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Armour Institute of Technology, Stevens Institute of Technology, Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Pratt Institute.

At nine o'clock on the morning of May first, the Franklin Cars started in all parts of the United States and Canada, over all sorts of roads, and regardless of weather conditions.

Each car carried a Supervisor of Tests, who had already certified the preliminary details—the gasoline tested to prove that it was the ordinary commercial quality,

Digitized by Google

officially measured by the Sealers of Weights and Measures of the respective States; the routes planned so the cars would be compelled to go and return by the same roads to equalize any advantage of wind and grade; the car a regular model Franklin Car; the drivers men with experience on a par with the average automobile owner.

Results: 137 regular Franklin Cars, in 137 Cities, averaged 32.1 miles to a single gallon of gasoline—

The highest record 55 miles to a gallon of gasoline—

44 cars averaged 40 miles to a gallon of gasoline.

A New Standard for Measuring Motor Car Efficiency is Established

Here at last, with this remarkable record, the Franklin Car establishes a standard for comparison of automobile efficiency. It provides the public with a simple and definite means for judging automobile *values*—the best they have had since the automobile was invented.

Everybody knows how to judge the relative value of upholstery, paint, leather, fittings—the things on the outside of a car.

It is the things on the *inside*—things the buyer doesn't see—that burn up money.

If a car is not right in design, in construction, in material, it will show first in the *gasoline tank*.

Engineers determine the efficiency of an automobile by comparing the *useful power* delivered to the *driving wheels* with that which is lost by friction.

Gasoline Consumption will show up inefficient tires. They will use extra power in friction—*more gasoline is used*.

Gasoline Consumption will show up excessive weight. Excess weight requires more power to move—*more gasoline is used*.

Gasoline Consumption will indicate whether a car will last. Where more gasoline is used there is *friction*, and where there is friction there is wear and tear.

Gasoline Consumption will show up useless mechanical complications. The more working parts to a car the greater the friction—*more gasoline is used*.

The mileage secured from a gallon of gasoline is a true indication of the total efficiency of the whole car. It takes into account the efficiency of the tires, axles, universal joints, transmission, clutch, mechanical efficiency of the engine, thermodynamic efficiency of the engine—everything about the car.

Consider what this test of the Franklin Car means to you—to every owner of an automobile—to the scientific and technical men who watched the test from start to finish.

Think what it means when so little power is lost by friction; when the maximum of power is delivered to the driving wheels with an average of 32.1 miles to a gallon of gasoline the country over!

Only a Fine Car can do it.

You have had your experience. Now make your comparisons.

Sworn Final Results

City	Driver	Road	Record
Akron, O.	A. Auble, Jr.	Good	31.8
Aberdeen, S. D.	G. M. Worthington	Rough	22.7
Albany, N. Y.	C. G. Heck	Heavy	30.5
Amboy, Ill.	A. Aschenbrenner	Good	25.6
Athens, O.	C. H. Welch	Dry	31.8
Atlanta, Ga.	W. M. Hull	Rough	31.3
Auburn, N. Y.	G. H. Leonard	Muddy	31.4
Baltimore, Md.	W. F. Kaelp	Good	38.0
Bar Harbor, Me.	F. L. Savage	Muddy	22.2
Billings, Mont.	Arthur Barth	Muddy	20.0
Binghamton, N. Y.	S. H. Lewis	Muddy	27.0
Boston, Mass.	Otto Lawton	Fair	39.9
Brooklyn, N. Y.	G. B. Perkins	Fair	36.1
Buffalo, N. Y.	George Ostendorf	Fair	26.2
Canton, O.	G. W. Belden	Good	43.5
Carthage, Mo.	A. L. Caulkins	Muddy	36.0
Charlotte, N. C.	J. D. Woodside	Fair	36.2
Chattanooga, Tenn.	J. H. Alday	Dry	30.3
Chicago, Ill.	F. H. Sanders	Good	30.7
Cincinnati, O.	Newman Samuel	Dry	35.7
Cleveland, O.	R. H. Eckenroth	Fair	24.4
Colorado Springs, Col.	G. W. Blake	Fair	30.7
Columbia, S. C.	Wm. Gibbes	Good	26.1
Columbus, O.	O. C. Belt	Dry	31.7
Concord, N. H.	W. E. Darrah	Wet	33.6
Cortland, N. Y.	J. A. Farrell	Wet	28.8
Dallas, Texas	W. G. Langley	Good	38.6
Danvers, Ill.	Frank Simpson	Fair	31.5
Dayton, O.	F. B. Heathman	Good	30.5
Decatur, Ill.	C. E. Dawson	Dry	32.9
Denver, Colo.	F. C. Cullen	Heavy	21.0
Des Moines, Iowa	S. P. Johnston	Good	34.2
Detroit, Mich.	W. J. Doughty	Fair	42.3
Duluth, Minn.	J. T. Peacha, Jr.	Heavy	35.2
Eau Claire, Wis.	G. R. Wood	Fair	26.7
Elizabeth, N. J.	F. V. Price, Jr.	Poor	40.8
Elmira, N. Y.	Fred M. Jones	Muddy	31.4
Erie, Pa.	John Griffith	Fair	31.5
Fall River, Mass.	Ernest Place	Fair	37.8
Falmouth, Mass.	F. W. Crocker	Heavy	28.9
Fleetwood, Pa.	Wilson Sell	Fair	34.1
Fort Wayne, Ind.	L. Ohnhaus	Good	31.9
Galesburg, Ill.	E. T. Byram	Dry	22.6
Geneva, N. Y.	W. W. McCarroll		34.5
Georgetown, Texas	T. J. Caswell	Dry	25.6
Grand Forks, N. D.	J. W. Lyons	Heavy	25.3
Grand Rapids, Mich.	J. R. Jackson	Fair	28.1
Great Falls, Mont.	B. D. Whitten	Dry	37.6
Greensburg, Pa.	E. L. Turner	Dry	28.6
Greenville, S. C.	R. N. Tannahill	Dry	34.4
Hampton, Va.	J. V. Bickford	Fair	22.0
Hartford, Conn.	H. P. Seymour	Good	40.4
Helena, Mont.	W. L. Swendeman	Muddy	18.4
Holtville, Cal.	W. J. Seat	Sandy	24.1
Hoosick, N. Y.	John Moseley	Fair	36.4
Houston, Texas	Rudolph B. White	Rough	22.5
Indianapolis, Ind.	Glenn Diddel	Good	35.0
Ishpeming, Mich.	E. R. Nelson	Heavy	27.9
Ithaca, N. Y.	H. L. Cobb	Fair	30.4
Jacksonville, Fla.	W. F. Winchester	Dry	30.0
Kankakee, Ill.	F. A. Babel	Good	29.1
Kansas City, Mo.	E. F. Williams	Fair	43.7
Kingston, N. Y.	W. M. Davis		32.3
LaCrosse, Wis.	Alfred James	Dry	29.0
Lake Park, Iowa	H. C. Meyer	Rough	27.6
Lexington, Ky.	V. K. Dodge	Dry	33.5
Lincoln, Neb.	Fred M. Ryan	Rough	24.6
Little Rock, Ark.	J. F. Jones	Dry	37.1
Los Angeles, Cal.	R. C. Hamlin	Good	35.1
Louisville, Ky.	G. M. Younger	Dry	36.8
Marion, Ind.	M. L. Swayzey	Good	33.0
Meriden, Conn.	J. F. Miller	Dry	49.2
Milwaukee, Wis.	Wm. F. Sanger	Fair	51.2
Minneapolis, Minn.	L. A. McKay	Good	47.8
Moline, Ill.	D. H. Duncan	Fair	23.1
Montreal, Can.	H. Grothe	Muddy	24.6
Neenah, Wis.	J. F. Stroebel	Dry	26.3
New Bedford, Mass.	S. C. Lowe	Good	33.0
Newark, N. J.	W. L. Mallon	Dry	36.5
New Haven, Conn.	Cowles Tolman	Dry	55.0
New York City	Glenn A. Tisdale	Wet	35.2
Oil City, Pa.	H. S. Phinny	Sandy	18.3
Oklahoma City, Okla.	J. W. Lee	Good	36.3
Paris, Ky.	C. A. Weber	Fair	34.0
Pasadena, Cal.	W. P. White	Good	31.4
Paterson, N. J.	Nicholas Hughes	Good	34.9
Peoria, Ill.	S. K. Hatfield	Good	34.3
Philadelphia, Pa.	James Sweeten, Jr.	Wet	41.9
Phoenix, Ariz.	George Hageman	Wet	53.0
Pittsburg, Pa.	W. Murray Carr	Dry	34.2
Plainview, Texas	John J. Ellerd	Muddy	21.1
Portland, Me.	H. D. Cushman	Muddy	24.9
Portland, Ore.	J. C. Braly	Good	43.8
Providence, R. I.	W. L. Wilcox	Wet	43.8
Putnam, Conn.	O. C. Bosworth	Muddy	29.8
Redlands, Cal.	B. S. Hatfield	Muddy	26.0
Regina, Sask., Can.	A. O. Store	Good	33.9
Remington, Ind.	C. B. Johnston	Dry	25.5
Rochester, N. Y.	G. R. MacCollum	Good	34.5
Rockford, Ill.	L. J. Theiss	Fair	33.4
Rutland, Vt.	O. H. Coolidge	Muddy	26.6
Saginaw, Mich.	Fred H. Witters	Dry	25.1
San Antonio, Texas	L. F. Birdsong	Dry	35.6
San Diego, Cal.	W. S. Smith	Muddy	29.8
San Francisco, Cal.	John F. McLain	Good	36.1
San Jose, Cal.	L. Normandin	Good	35.6
Saranac Lake, N. Y.	E. E. Bellows	Wet	30.3
Scranton, Pa.	O. D. DeWitt	Rough	36.4
Seattle, Wash.	W. A. Wicks	Good	39.3
Sharon, Pa.	C. H. Wiltsie	Dry	24.4
Shreveport, La.	J. M. Nabers, Jr.	Dry	22.2
Sioux City, Iowa	Thomas Murphy	Soft	23.5
Sioux Falls, S. D.	Knapp Brown	Good	41.0
South Bethlehem, Pa.	L. L. Sterner	Fair	25.8
Springfield, Mass.	F. G. Jager	Heavy	36.1
Springfield, Mo.	H. E. Seeley	Fair	26.9
St. Louis, Mo.	J. B. Dryer	Wet	36.9
St. Paul, Minn.	A. H. Clark	Fair	31.8
Syracuse, N. Y.	C. W. Bull	Fair	41.7
Toledo, Iowa	Harvey Jones	Heavy	24.8
Toledo, O.	C. B. Sage	Good	31.7
Toronto, Ont., Can.	A. W. Wilson	Good	34.9
Trenton, N. J.	Walter Richards	Bad	25.8
Utica, N. Y.	W. W. Gurabrunt	Heavy	39.3
Vincennes, Ind.	D. D. Aldrich	Poor	35.7
Walla Walla, Wash.	R. H. Tuttle	Muddy	34.2
Walton, N. Y.	J. R. Bryce	Muddy	18.8
Washington, D. C.	D. S. Hendrick	Good	33.8
Waterloo, Iowa	R. H. Cramer	Fair	39.7
Wellsville, N. Y.	Oak Duke	Fair	27.7
West Brooklyn, Ill.	J. W. Thier	Rough	35.1
Wheeling, W. Va.	J. J. O'Keefe	Good	26.2
Williamsport, Pa.	S. A. Courson	Bad	20.3
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	W. S. Lee	Sticky	34.1
Wilmington, Del.	Peter Hanson	Fair	23.1
Worcester, Mass.	F. B. Williams	Muddy	29.7
Youngstown, O.	Jacob Stuhldreher	Good	27.9

Make Your Own Comparisons

Many people do not want agents calling on them until after they look into and check up the facts—then make their own comparisons.

To any man or woman who cares enough about motor car efficiency—motor car economy—to write us, asking for *Franklin Facts*, asking us to show why the Franklin Car is the most efficient automobile in America today—why it is the easiest riding car—why it will go farther in a day, with the greatest comfort and least expense—we will send the proofs.

We rely entirely upon our certified facts, upon proven results. They mean so much to you, we want you to have them even though you do not buy another car in five years.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

Syracuse, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

Copyright U. S. A. 1915, by The B. V. D. Company

"That's Your Friend, The B. V. D. Label, Boys!"

"TAKE a mental snapshot of that *Red Woven Label*, Tom, and you won't be fooled as I've been once. Now, they can't sell *me* anything but B. V. D. Underwear. I'm just as particular about my *underclothes* as I am about my outer clothes.

"I prefer B. V. D. because it feels so soft and fits so good. Take my word for it, it's certainly cool and comfortable, washes up like new and gives me no end of wear. I don't buy, if the B. V. D. Red Woven Label is missing."

On every B. V. D. *Undergarment is sewed This Red Woven Label*

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07), $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment.

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

The B. V. D. *Company, New York.*

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

We Pay This Girl $1.00 an Hour

IN a small Pennsylvania town Miss Marie Yerkes looks after the new and renewal subscription orders for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.* Her profits in salary and commission are paying her way through college. She says:

"I CAN give only spare time to Curtis work, but have found that I can earn as much by one hour's work for them as I can by three hours' work at anything else."

Miss Marie Yerkes

If you need something that a limited income holds beyond your reach, we will show you an easy, dignified and pleasant way of getting it.

Agency Division, Box 899

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

MADE IN JAPAN

(Continued from Page 17)

of course, was the secret of the movement on China, which already is the second-best customer Japan has, the United States being the first. A recent official report on this matter of trade expansion in China deals with the needs of the Chinese in and about Hong-Kong, where the British are in control, but where the war has given the Japanese a new opportunity.

This report says that the consumption of soap has recently received a marked impetus among the Chinese, but that they know so little about it they use washing soap for toilet purposes. Hence the Japanese are exhorted to pay little attention to packages and fancy wrappers, but to supply a better soap for washing purposes as well as for toilet purposes—the implication being, of course, that the Japanese should send over a washing soap that shall be better for toilet purposes—if the Chinese desire to use it thus—than the washing soap of other countries would be. It is pointed out that there is a good market for enameled ironware, as the stocks of German and Austrian goods of this kind are getting low, and no more are coming in; also, umbrellas are wanted, and cheap watches and cotton blankets, which Germany and Austria have been supplying.

Knitted underwear came from England; but England is too busy to send any now, and the Japanese think they can get that market, and they hope to drive out European and American glassware and German looking-glasses. Also, they have designs on canned goods—particularly canned awabi, which is a shellfish—and canned peas; on condensed milk, and on beer and papers of all sorts.

This is but a detail of the manner in which Japan looks out for her trade. They are alive to every opportunity. They will meet any price. They will meet any condition. They want business—and they need it. If by any chance the Chinese go back to queues you will find the Japanese there with plenty of round caps and plenty of queue strings and bandoline, and whatever else is needed for the propagation, cultivation and full fruition of queues.

Japanese Cotton Figures

If, this autumn, some enterprising American invents a novelty that looks as though it were salable, he will find the American market flooded with Japanese imitations of his invention before he has had time to get it under way. If this war continues another year Germany and Austria, and England, too, will be hard put to it to get back the trade they have lost because affairs at home forbade their holding it. They will find the Japanese are in their market with imitations and substitutes for their goods, and that they must be very cheap producers indeed if they can undersell these astute merchants and manufacturers.

The greatest single manufacturing interest in Japan is cotton spinning, and raw cotton is the most important article of import to that country. Mr. W. A. Graham Clark, of the American Department of Commerce, who spent several years investigating the cotton industry in Japan, says that in the ten years between 1900 and 1910 the importation of raw cotton amounted to 24.28 per cent of the total imports during that period, which amounted to almost two billion dollars. The import of raw cotton rose to 28.57 per cent of the total imports in 1911, and to 32.44 per cent in 1912. Japan ranks ninth in the number of spindles used for cotton spinning by the nations of the world, but sixth as a consumer of raw cotton.

This is because Japanese spindles work all the time—day and night.

The country takes $32,171,375 in cotton from the United States against $54,119,273 from British India and the remainder of a total import of a little more than a hundred million dollars from all other countries. The use of American cotton began with a sample bale in 1886.

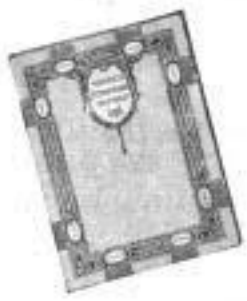
The Japanese cotton-spinning mills have a paid-up capital of 82,522,909 yen, which is somewhat more than forty-one million dollars, and are controlled, as to prices, output and other details, by the Japanese Cotton Spinners' Association, which is a neat and effective combination that we might call a pool. The subject of Japanese cotton exports into China, and the effect on American cottons, is too intricate for

For one Season why not try using Warren's Coated Printing Papers?

As the first coated paper made in America came from Warren's Mills, they give you the *assurance of quality* based on *longest experience* in the art.

All of your needs are provided for in the new portfolio of printed specimens, sent free to buyers or makers of printing. These papers are rigidly standardized and all are guaranteed.

CAMEO, LUSTRO, CUMBERLAND and SILKOTE are papers that you should know. Better send for the portfolio today.



S. D. WARREN & COMPANY
162 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.

Constant excellence of product—the highest type of competition.

THIS 1915 Model **Ranger** 30 DAYS Free Trial

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER—30 DAYS one month's free trial on this finest of bicycles—the "Ranger." We will ship it to you on approval, *freight prepaid*, without a cent deposit in advance. This offer is *absolutely genuine*.

WRITE TODAY for our big catalog showing our full line of bicycles for men and women, boys and girls at *prices never before equaled* for like quality. It is a cyclopedia of bicycles, sundries and useful bicycle information. It's free.

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, equipment and parts for all bicycles at half usual prices. A limited number of second-hand bicycles taken in trade will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each.

RIDER AGENTS wanted in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1915 model Ranger furnished by us.

It Costs You Nothing to learn what we offer you and how we can do it. You will be astonished and convinced. Do not buy a bicycle, tires or sundries until you get our catalog and new special offers. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. T-55, CHICAGO, ILL.

30 Days' Free Trial

Direct to you at factory prices. Beautiful, sanitary, Enameled snowy-white inside and out; revolving shelves, cork-cushioned doors and covers; porcelain drinking water reservoir and cooling coil—attachable to city water system if desired.

White Frost SANITARY Refrigerator

Guaranteed 25 years; lasts a lifetime. Adopted and used by U. S. Government. Easy payment plan. Freight prepaid. Write today for handsome free catalog.

WHITE FROST REFRIGERATOR CO., Dept. E-1, Jackson, Michigan

Digitized by Google

BUCKSKIN
PLAIN & NON-SKID Guaranteed TIRES

are carefully made from the purest Para Rubber and Long Staple Cotton Fabric. No other tire excels them in appearance, non-skidding qualities or durability. But owing to the fact that we sell them for cash direct to user, thus dispensing with expense of branches, salesmen, credit loss, etc., we can sell them cheaper. Compare the prices given below with what you are now paying for first grade tires and you will find that we quote the lowest prices in America. You are not fair to yourself if you do not save this money.

WHAT USERS SAY: G. T. Rogers, President Binghamton Railway Company, Binghamton, N. Y., writes: "I wish to state that I have BUCKSKIN Tires on my car now that my chauffeur states have run 10,000 miles. I have also some other BUCKSKIN Tires on my car that have made 3500 miles and are in fairly good condition. I take pleasure in stating these facts to you."

A FEW OF OUR MANY SIZES

SIZE	PLAIN	NON-SKID	TUBE	SIZE	PLAIN	NON-SKID	TUBE
30x3	$8.46	$9.40	$1.98	34x4½	$22.12	$24.75	$4.32
*30x3½	10.71	12.01	2.34	36x4½	21.35	26.04	4.50
*32x3½	12.37	13.86	2.41	37x5	28.80	32.34	5.35
*34x4	15.84	17.74	3.42	38x5½	37.26	41.72	6.07
*34x4	16.12	18.07	3.51	*Made on Dunlop straight side			

GUARANTEE: BUCKSKIN Tires are guaranteed to run 4000 miles. If they don't, a credit in full will be allowed immediately on the unexpired mileage and we'll pay expressage both ways.

WRITE FOR COMPLETE FOLDER: Sent free on request. It contains complete list of sizes and prices. OUR TERMS: When cash accompanies order, we ship tires by prepaid express, subject to money-back guarantee if unsatisfactory. We also send shipments C. O. D. with privilege of examination. REFERENCES: Dun's, Bradstreet's, First National Bank of Canton, Ohio, or The Cummings Trust Company of Carrollton, Ohio. Give these tires a trial!

THE L. & M. RUBBER COMPANY
Manufacturers of Rubber Goods Since 1904
Dept. "L" Carrollton, Ohio
Western Distributing Office, 328 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Dimensions of The Great Ship: Length 500 ft.; breadth, 98 ft., 6 in. 510 staterooms and parlors accommodating 1500 persons. (In service June 15.)

A Good Night's Rest Be It East Or West

Whether your trip takes you East or West—break its monotony. Get one night of refreshing rest on a veritable floating hotel with every convenience for comfort and enjoyment. The great ship SEEANDBEE, the largest and most costly steamer on the inland waters of the world, and steamers "City of Erie" and "City of Buffalo."

Fare $3 Cleveland and Buffalo — Daily: May 1st to Dec. 1st

Leave Cleveland—8:00 p. m. (Cen. Time)
Arrive Buffalo—7:30 a. m. (East. Time)
Leave Buffalo—9:00 p. m. (East. Time)
Arrive Cleveland—6:30 a. m. (Cen. Time)

Connections at Buffalo for Niagara Falls and all Eastern and Canadian points. At Cleveland for Cedar Point, Put-in-Bay, Port Stanley, Ont., Toledo, Detroit and all points West. *Railroad tickets reading between Cleveland and Buffalo accepted for transportation on all steamers. Ask your ticket agent for tickets via C. & B. Line.*

Send 5 cents for colored puzzle chart of the Great Ship

SEEANDBEE
Also ask for pictorial booklet (free).
The Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Company
Department R, Cleveland, Ohio

discussion here. The broad fact, as I understand it, is that Japan has, to a large extent, supplanted American manufactured cotton in China because of cheaper methods of production; but, on the other hand, has become a large consumer of American raw cotton. Voluminous reports on this subject have been made in America. The sum of the matter is, Japan has reached out and annexed trade.

Banking is a good business in Japan. The large banks are very profitable institutions; and the small ones must pay well, also, because there are many of them. Money is expensive and great inducements are offered to depositors, albeit not many are offered to customers. In some instances six per cent is paid on fixed deposits, though the ordinary rate is lower now; and as high as ten per cent is charged on overdrafts. Commercial money costs according to the need of the borrower. Twelve per cent is not an unusual price, and the foreign banks get that as well as the local banks.

Exchange is a great item of profit. The small merchant who wants to borrow at his bank is charged a high price for his money, but no higher, I suppose, than the risk warrants. Still, banking must be a good business, as I have said, judging from the number of banks, the ornateness of their buildings, the size of their surplus accounts, and the dividends paid.

The railroads, both street and steam, are government monopolies. I am not certain that all municipal railroads are government owned, but the one in Tokio is—and I think the others are also. The steam roads have been operating at a loss. This year the loss is something like ten million yen for a certain period.

Naturally, as the railroads are government owned, they are run by armies of employees. Men swarm at every station. When a train pulls in at a small station—or at any station—aside from the usual employees there are great numbers of ushers who run up and down shouting the station. It is a rare treat to hear half a dozen young Japanese yelling "Higashikanagawa!" at the tops of their voices; and no two pronounce it alike, thus showing that one touch of railroad-guardism makes the whole world of railroad guards kin.

No Place for Sincere Smokers

The telephone and telegraph are also government-owned, and tobacco is a government monopoly. I have not yet discovered what the object of the Japanese Government tobacco monopoly is. It may be to force the people to smoke the vile homemade cigarettes; or it may be for other reasons. In any event the import duty on cigars is three hundred and fifty per cent. Also, very few cigars are allowed in Japan even at that price. A pale, blond ten-pfennig German cigar can be secured for about fifteen cents, gold; and the Havana cigar, which sells ordinarily in the United States at two for a quarter, costs never less than forty cents, gold.

I never had the nerve to ask what a really good cigar would cost. At that, only a few brands are allowed in the country; and the selection of those brands was made by a man who knew nothing about cigars. They let in a few Manila cigars, but not the very best ones. A smoker who is accustomed to Havana cigars has a hard time of it in Japan; and a cigarette smoker who uses the ordinary brands sold in America or England—unless he has some smuggling facilities—is in desperate straits.

Most of the labor in the government tobacco factories is girl labor, and the girls work long hours for small pay. The native Japanese product of cigarettes and smoking tobacco—few cigars are made—is vile.

Little by little Japan is beginning to have the labor-union experiences that other countries have. The ordinary Japanese skilled workmen work at home, as I have shown, and it is hard to get them organized; but organizations are being perfected, especially among carpenters and printers and other men who work away from home. Japanese public men are aware that in due time they will have their difficulties. There was a street-car strike in Tokio a time ago, and also other labor disturbances. Organizations are growing. It is quite likely that some of these days there will be Japanese movements against child labor and long hours and low wages, and all that sort of thing, though these can be held off more easily than elsewhere because Japanese suffrage is so limited. Not one in a thousand of the ordinary workingmen has a vote.

EXTRA
SHAVING NEWS Saturd

New Way to Shave

Mennen Experiments Three Years—Produces Shaving Preparation Different From All Others.

Even With Dull Blade, It Makes Shaving More Comfortable.

Men can now shave without torture, and far more rapidly than ever before, as the result of three years' experiments, carried on by the Gerhard Mennen Co. This company's preparation, Mennen's Shaving Cream, makes it possible to shave even with a dull razor, without unpleasantness.

All the nuisances of shaving are caused by the composition of the soap used. Mennen's is entirely different in composition from the dry soaps still so widely used today. To this difference are due the remarkable results that can be obtained with it.

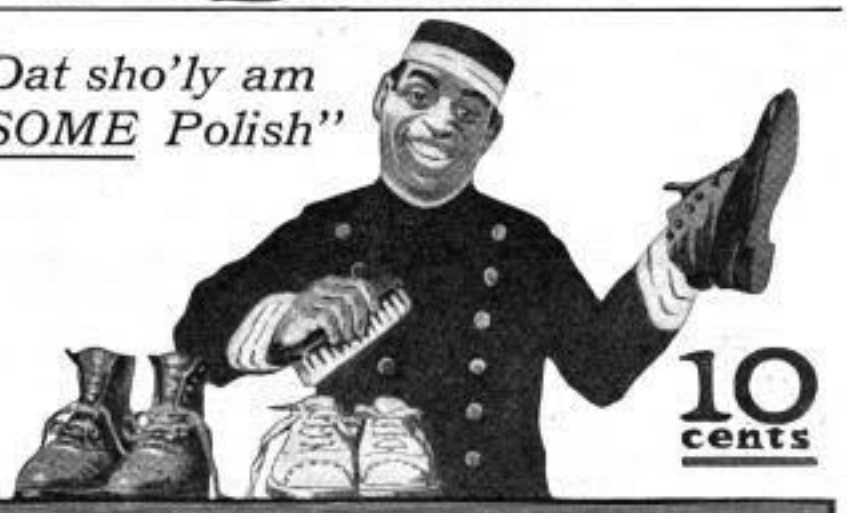
Because of its particular properties, Mennen's Shaving Cream really softens the beard without the objectionable rubbing in; makes relathering unnecessary; and because it contains no "free" caustic, it does not smart or irritate the face. In addition a large percentage of glycerine is present, giving the skin that soft, velvety feel.

Make This Novel Test

You can prove the truth of these statements by a novel experiment. Shave one side of your face with Mennen's, the other side with the preparation you now use; you will be amazed how differently your razor acts and how the two sides of your face feel; also at the shorter time it takes you to shave with Mennen's.

A medium-sized tube of Mennen's may be obtained by sending a dime to the Gerhard Mennen Chemical Company Laboratories, 1405 Orange Street, Newark, New Jersey.

With it will be sent, free, a trial can of the Mennen Talcum for Men, very desirable for after shaving, because it is a neutral tint and does not show on the face.



2 IN 1
Shoe Polishes
BLACK - WHITE - TAN
THE F. F. DALLEY CO., LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONT., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

On these feet are fine thin texture Interwoven Socks—Made as Interwovens only can be made—distinctive in their softness, coolness and durability. Their silky lustre and smooth, perfect fit will be found by you to be a source of continual satisfaction.

Interwoven

TOE AND HEEL

Socks

Your dealer will supply you, 25c up

In the old days, before the restoration, the merchant was the lowest of the four orders of society, which ran thus: samurai, or fighting men; farmers; artisans; and merchants. The samurai scorned money, and there was no idea of property—especially as to land values—among the upper classes; and the man who trafficked for gain was beneath contempt. The education of the better Japanese was confined to ethics, politics, history, literature and the military arts.

Money was considered a dirty thing. It was beneath the dignity of a daimio even to speak of money. Such things were for the vile merchants. Still, there were some commercial organizations in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the government even deigned to borrow money from them. The Mitsui, a tremendous institution, and to-day one of the most powerful houses, if not the most powerful, in Japan, flourished then. The two commercial centers were Osaka and Yeddo, now Tokio.

After the country was opened and men who did not consider money such a bad thing after all began to take hold of affairs, Japanese business, both manufacturing and merchandising, underwent many rapid changes.

The people, however, naturally acute of mind and highly imitative, soon adapted themselves to business in the Western conception of it—not only in its good forms but in its shady methods. The Japanese took it all over, good and bad, and gained a rather unenviable name for sharp dealing and unscrupulous methods.

A feature of their merchandising, often discussed and not yet eliminated, is their inability to discriminate between the value—to them—of a large order and a small one. They do not—formerly more than now, but still to some extent—recognize quantity as an inducement for shaded prices. An American or a European, giving a large order, expects and demands a reduction in price for quantity, arguing that the greater quantity makes for bigger business, even if the profit on a unit is not so great.

Price and Quantity

The Japanese does not look at it that way—or did not in the beginning, and does not yet in many instances. He argues that if you order a dozen of an article of him it proves that you want that article, but if you order a gross it proves that you want it very badly and accordingly should be willing to pay at the same rate for your gross—if not more—as for your dozen; for the mere fact that you desire a gross proves you are very anxious for the article and should be prepared to pay for it.

And it works the other way about. A man I know had two customers in Japan—one in Osaka, who took a thousand dozen of his goods, and one in Kioto, who took a hundred dozen. Naturally the Osaka customer got a better price than the Kioto customer. In some way the Kioto man learned that the Osaka man got his goods of this kind for a lower price, and he straightway repudiated his contract and refused to pay for the goods until his price for a hundred dozen was made the same as the Osaka man's for ten times as many of the article.

Quantity as an inducement for a lower price cuts no figure with the Japanese—or did not. Of late, however, they have begun to assimilate that cardinal Western business principle; in fact, there are very few business principles or practices, either good or bad, the Japanese have not assimilated. They are the assimilating wonders of the world, the unparalleled imitators, the unrivaled adapters. Likewise they are keener in business, more eager for trade, willing to go farther for it and to make more concessions for it, than any of their competitors.

Again, they must have more trade. They must expand. For that reason they are already proving themselves formidable competitors, and will be even more formidable as the years go on.

YOU would never believe there could be so much comfort and leg freedom in garters as you'll find in Ivory Garters. Why, just the absence of pads wins men's favor, for it means a cooler, lighter garter for summer wear.

But we cut out metal clasps besides and use sanitary fasteners, which can't rust or corrode or tear the socks. And we left off the cords—Ivory Garters don't bind the leg or break easily. They lessen sweating and chafing.

They give you wear and comfort and satisfaction or your money back—that's our guarantee. 25c and 50c at most haberdashers'. If not at yours buy from us.

Ivory Garter

REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFFICE

Dealers: Write for our proposition.
IVORY GARTER CO., New Orleans

HERZ ("The famous "Bougie Mercedes" of Europe) SPARK PLUG

Used by U. S. Army and Navy. WHY? No cracking porcelain—4 sparking points—Platinum-alloy electrode—self-cleaning. Guaranteed a year—usually outlasts the motor. Dealers or direct from us—$1.50. HERZ & CO., 245 W. 55th St., New York

PEERLESS CHECK WRITERS

Why Carry Your Own Risk? You don't carry your own fire insurance risks—why your own check insurance? *Our new Free Booklet* shows the risk on every check you deal. Gives Burns and Fisherian Experience. Shows why Peerless Protection-to-the-Penny is used by 40,000 business leaders—why it will protect you. Simply say: Send Booklet No. 42-S.

Peerless Check Protecting Company
Originators of Exact Protection. Rochester, N.Y.

FILING DESKS keep your records at your finger tips

There are 10 kinds of drawers for filing Letters, Index Cards, Catalogs, Tariffs, Vouchers, Blanks, etc. Your choice of these may be arranged as you want them. Refer to any file from your chair. A complete office at yourelbow. Allsolid Oak, Golden or Natural finish. Top 28 x 52. Drawers on Roller Bearings. Without Back Panel $23.00. As shown $25.00 Freight Paid See Note

For Blanks and Other Papers

Electros, notes, copy, order cards, etc. Handy as almost any desk. Solid oak, corner-locked construction. 6 Drawers 8½ x 10½, 1½ in. high. Golden or Natural finish—$4.00 by parcel post; see note.

$4 See Note

Note: We pay transportation charges at prices quoted in Eastern and Central States. Prices slightly higher in West and South. Get free Catalog "F"—96 pages office equipment. See your dealer or write

The Wolf Mfg. Co.
68 Union St., Monroe, Mich.
New York Office, 75 John St.

The Song The Whole World Will Soon Be Singing

Don't miss it. We know you will like it even better than "Dearie," which sold over a million copies. "My Little Dream Girl" will linger in your memory. Send for it—10c Postpaid.

FREE Write For The Society List Of Best Dance Music

The New Dance Hits

By Heck	Fox Trot (Also Song)	10c COPY POST-PAID
Illusion	Waltzes	
Dicty Doo	Fox Trot	
Shaksperian Love	Fox Trot	
Zum	One Step	
Last Waltz	Waltzes	
Ballin' The Jack	Fox Trot	
Reuben	Fox Trot	
Meadow Brook	Fox Trot	
Beautiful Eyes	Waltzes	25c
Sparkling Trot	One Step	

Above sheet music on sale at Woolworth's, Kress', McCrory's and Kresge's. You can also secure the music on Victor, Columbia, Edison, Pathé, and Aeolian records.
JOS. W. STERN & CO., Publishers, 109 West 38th St., N. Y. City

HUGH McNALLY

was recently awarded a scholarship by the St. Louis University. He "passed" with an average of 91½.

While preparing for this severe test, and for several years previously, Hugh was one of the leading salesmen of a troop of *Saturday Evening Post*-*Ladies' Home Journal* boys.

Recently he earned a Shetland Pony Outfit as an extra prize for good work. His selling experience developed and trained his reasoning faculties and supplemented his school work.

Our Plan Will Do As Much For Any Bright Boy

Thousands of boys are getting a splendid business experience and at the same time earning their own spending money. Let us tell you how Hugh did it and how any other boy can do the same thing.

Sales Division, Box 893
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Digitized by Google

TUXEDO—The Great American Smoke

Get busy! Get happy!

Those two great qualities—vigor and cheerfulness—stand out big in American life. In less than a hundred years this American energy and optimism have populated hostile plains, reared skyscrapers, founded fortunes and made America the hope of the whole world.

Anything that inspires these qualities in American men—anything that encourages wholesome cheer and generates useful energy—is sure to be hailed with delight.

IRVIN S. COBB
Famous Author, War Correspondent and Lecturer

"I can't think of any reason why I shouldn't say I like Tuxedo—because I do like it, very much."

Irvin S. Cobb

CLEMENT W. K. BRIGGS, M. D.
Prominent Physician and Surgeon of Chicago

"Physicians give their approval to Tuxedo because it's harmless and wholesome. I have never smoked a finer, cooler, more refreshing tobacco than Tuxedo."

Clement W. K. Briggs, M.D.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Tuxedo fills a man full of snap and good humor. Bound to, because it smokes so mild and easy, full of mellowness, without bite or irritation.

Thousands and thousands of up-and-doing, successful Americans in every walk of life gladly endorse this temperate, helpful tobacco—made from the rich, mild leaves of Kentucky's choicest Burley—treated by the famous "Tuxedo Process" so it absolutely cannot bite your tongue.

A tip to those Americans who want to put more vim and gusto into their lives: Get busy—Get happy—Get Tuxedo.

C. C. SNIFFEN
Brig. Gen'l United States Army
Paymaster Gen'l United States Army

"Tuxedo is a tobacco that is always good. It is supreme in mildness and fragrance."

C. C. Sniffen

R. F. BROUSSARD
Member of Congress from Louisiana and U. S. Senator-Elect

"The mild and fragrant qualities of Tuxedo tobacco appeal to all smokers of cultivated taste. It is the only tobacco I use."

R. F. Broussard

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine wrapped moisture-proof pouch . . 5c **Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket** 10c

In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c

D. W. GRIFFITH
Famous $100,000-a-year Creator of Moving Pictures

"A pipeful of Tuxedo is a wonderfully pleasant form of tobacco enjoyment, mild and soothing."

D. W. Griffith

SAMPLE TUXEDO FREE—

Send us 2c in stamps for postage and we will mail you prepaid a souvenir tin of TUXEDO tobacco to any point in the United States.

Address
TUXEDO DEPARTMENT
Room 1187
111 Fifth Ave.,
New York

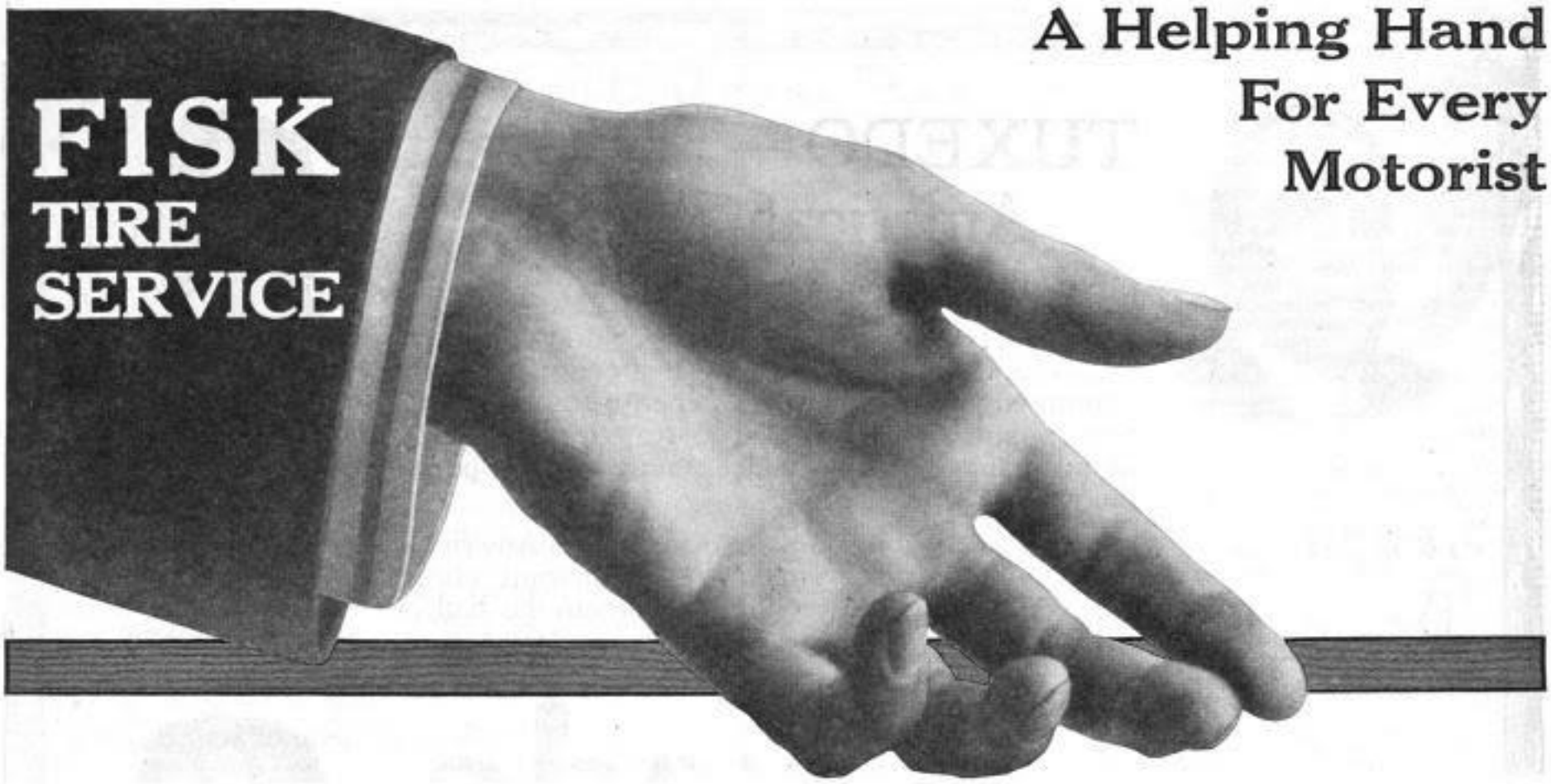
Illustrations are about one-half size of real packages.

HERMAN NICKERSON
Sec'y Boston National Baseball Club
World Champions

"Give me Tuxedo every time. I find the last puff at night tastes just as cool, fragrant and satisfying as the first in the morning."

Herman Nickerson

Digitized by Google



This Is To Be Taken Literally And Interests Every Car Owner!

SO FAR as we can, through our Service System, we will eliminate for *any* car owner all inconveniences in the use of tires.

If you use tires other than Fisk, we particularly invite you to stop in at one of our Branches the next time your tires need attention and thereby inform yourself as to the *substantial* qualities of Fisk Service.

To present Fisk Users we would say that the privileges enjoyed at your local Fisk Branch are to be found in every city where we are located.

Tourists should send for a list of Fisk Branch Addresses and Plan to take advantage of our Service even though they may not use Fisk Tires.

The Secret of the Success of the Fisk Service Policy is its uniformity. The Service is organized. There is nothing like it in the tire industry. We are building our business on an Established Reputation for Good Tires and for Courtesy and a Personal Interest in the requirements of *all* tire users.

Every car owner, regardless of what tire he may use, is *welcome* in any Fisk Branch. He will find there a spirit of accommodation which will add materially to his pleasure and convenience when his tires are in need of attention of any kind.

Fisk Tires Are An Extraordinary Buy

Prices are Low. There never was a time when Fisk Tires were better quality or gave more universal satisfaction. This statement can be easily verified by inquiry among Fisk Tire users.

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

Factory and Home Office **Chicopee Falls, Mass.**

You Can Buy Fisk Tires From ALL Dealers—Fisk Branches in ALL Principal Cities

Digitized by Google

H. R.

(Continued from Page 21)

permission to laugh at a spectacle that was not without humorous suggestions. But he kept them guessing. "This is called knowledge of stage effects; also psychological insight; also cheap politics. Historians even refer to it as statesmanship.

Something that makes one hundred thousand New Yorkers gasp and stare is not necessarily news. An ingenious street sign or a five-dollar-a-day steeple jack could do it. But that not one of one hundred thousand omniscient New Yorkers knew whether to laugh, to curse or to weep at what they saw, made that sight very decidedly news. An interrogation mark in one hundred thousand otherwise empty heads loomed gigantic before the hairtrigger minds of the city editors. They sent their star men to get answers to the multitudinous questions, and if possible also the facts.

Just south of Thirty-fourth Street the Herald, Times, Sun and Evening Journal reporters overtook H. Rutgers. He made the procession halt. That made all Fifth Avenue halt. He waited until all the reporters were near him and then he spoke very slowly, for he guessed that shorthand and literature do not necessarily coexist.

"The sandwich men have formed a union. It includes sandwich men from the five boroughs. We are going to have an annual dinner at six o'clock—we are not fashionable folk, you know. There will be speeches. Did you ask why we should have a union? I'll tell you why—because we didn't have one; because employers have not thought of us as human beings but as human derelicts. A starving man who doesn't want to steal and is ashamed to beg will sandwich for thirty cents a day—ten hours; and he can't always collect his wages. And who is going to fight for him? When you think of the importance of all advertising, do you stop to consider the peculiar picturesqueness of advertising through sandwiches?

"In the Middle Ages they had their heralds and their pursuivants, the sandwich men of feudalism; and later the town criers; and later still us. Do you know in what esteem sandwich men are held in the south of France and in the Orient? Did you ever hear that sandwich men take the place of bells on Good Friday in Moldavia? Do you know why there are no commercial sandwich men in Russia or in Spain? Did you ever read what Confucius wrote about 'Those men who with letters on their garments dispel the ignorance of buyers,' and a lot more? Did you? Did any clergyman ever tell you that sandwich men are beyond the shadow of a doubt alluded to twice in the Old and five times in the New Testament? Don't you think that as intelligent investigators of industrial conditions and of the submerged tenth it would be worth your time to come to our annual dinner and hear our version of it? And also see how starving men eat their first square meal of the year?"

Of course it was pure inspiration, and as such, impressive.

"Yes, sir," respectfully replied the Evening Journal man, a tall, dark chap with gold-rimmed spectacles and a friendly smile. "What's the name of the restaurant?"

"Caspar Weinpusslacher's Colossal Restaurant," said H. Rutgers.

"Spell it!" chorused the reporters; and H. Rutgers did so, slowly and patiently. At once the Evening Journal rushed off to telephone the caption of a story to his paper. That would enable the office to get out an extra; after which would come another edition with the story itself. He was the best headline reporter in all New York.

Long before the National Street Advertising Men's Association reached the Colossal Restaurant, Caspar Weinpusslacher converted himself into a Teutonic hurricane and changed thirty short tables into three long ones. On his lips was a smile, and in his heart a hope that glowed like an incandescent twenty-dollar gold piece; for Max Onthemaker had rushed in and gasped:

"He is a smart feller all right, what?" He gave an Evening Journal to Caspar Weinpusslacher, wherein he read this:

SANDWICH PARADE

PATHETIC PROTEST AGAINST INDUSTRIAL SLAVERY

PAUPERS WHO WILL NEITHER STEAL NOR BEG FORCED BY SOCIETY TO STARVE

SANDWICH WAGES TWO CENTS AN HOUR

MEN ABOUT TO DIE SALUTE NEW YORK

"The Sandwich-men's Union will hold its annual meeting at Weinpusslacher's Colossal Restaurant.

"The members have been saving up for this, their one square meal this year.

"They are paid from 20 to 40 cents a day and walk from 15 to 30 miles in the ten hours.

"Did you know that twice in the Old and five times in the New Testament mention is made of the sandwich men?

"Do you know why Spain and Russia alike permit no sandwich men to ply their time-honored occupation within their confines?"

There the article abruptly ended.

"Weinie," said Max exultingly, "this makes you! Be very nice to Mr. Rutgers. You'll have to pay him thousands of dollars ——"

"Then you vas in league mit him?"

"No, but he is a genius!"

"I thought he was German," said C. Weinpusslacher controversially.

"Get busy, Weinie. The crowd will be here in a minute. And don't ask Mr. Rutgers to pay for his dinner."

"Why not?" growled Weinie. He was on his way to a sure million. That made the growl natural.

"What is thirty dollars for their dinner to thirty thousand dollars' worth of free advertising?"

"Thirty dollars," observed C. Weinpusslacher thriftily, "is *Thirty Dollars!*"

"Bah!"

"I tell you it is, Onthemaker!" C. Weinpusslacher frowned pugnaciously. But Onthemaker knew his man, so he said:

"I'll get Meyer Rabinowitz to give us an option on the property to-night before he reads the newspapers. As Rutgers said, once your place is a success you'll have to pay any price the landlord wants. Meyer's got you! I can hear your squeals of agony already!"

Max shook his head so gloomily that C. Weinpusslacher actually began to tremble with joy. The thought of making money did not move him. The thought of losing money he had not made did move him. Oh, yes; born money-makers!

By the time H. Rutgers arrived at the Colossal Restaurant, Caspar Weinpusslacher, Esquire, and the Hon. Maximilian Onthemaker had constituted themselves into a highly enthusiastic reception committee, for the crowd that came with H. Rutgers filled the street so that all you heard was the squealing and cursing of persons that were pressed against iron newelposts of the old-fashioned stoops or precipitated into basements and cellars. Sixty policemen, impartially cursing the mayor, Epictetus and H. Rutgers, and yearning for the days of Aleck Williams, when clubs were made to be used and not to be fined for, endeavored to keep the crowd moving.

"You'll find everything ready, Mr. Rutgers," said M. Onthemaker. "Here is one of my cards. The name, you will see," he almost shouted, "is spelled with a *k*, not *ch*—O-n-t-h-e-m-a-k-e-r. Everything is ready, Mr. Secretary." He looked at the reporters out of a corner of his eye.

"And it won't cost you nothing, not one cent," interjected C. Weinpusslacher eagerly and distinctly. "Any feller wot's smart like you, Mr. Rutchers ——"

"And the poor starving men," quickly interjected Mr. Onthemaker, not wishing for character analysis yet, "who are the victims of a ruthless industrial system ——"

"Yah, sandwiches!" put in C. Weinpusslacher. M. Onthemaker grimaced horribly and C. Weinpusslacher was silent for a minute. Presently he told Rutgers:

"They get enough to eat there anyways, I bet you."

He glared with a sort of malevolent triumph at M. Onthemaker, until he heard the boss say in stern accents:

"That, of course, Weinpusslacher, includes a couple of beers apiece."

"Of course! Of course!" put in M. Onthemaker hastily. "The representatives of the press will sit at their own table at which I am to have the honor of presiding—Max Onthemaker, O-n-t-h-e-m ——"

"We got it down," the Evening Journal man assured him amiably.

C. Weinpusslacher was so angry that anybody should help him to make money when half the pleasure is in making it

Get this new play shirt

Don't start on your vacation without a Pongeplay—it's the shirt for all outdoor activities. Put on a tie and you're ready for any occasion.

The specially designed collar—long or short sleeves—with neat cuffs, mean real comfort—and it is great for work or recreation.

Pongeplay $1.00

—the last word in summer shirts

And, say—this shirt will give you more wear—more genuine satisfaction than you ever got from any shirt—no matter what you paid for it. The armholes won't bind—they're big and roomy. Shirt ever gap? Pongeplay won't; there's an extra button at the bottom to stop it. Roomy—but not too big—and fits you like a custom-made shirt.

All the stitching is extra strong, the buttons are sewed on tight, and you get a long-lasting, wear-ever shirt—made of pongee or chambray—in an original style for $1.00. Other Pongeplays made of crêpe, madras, or oxfords—$1.50 to $2.50.

SIGNAL SHIRT

Always look for this trade mark—it's the "Safety First" Sign in buying shirts.

Buy a Pongeplay at your dealer's

If it isn't a Pongeplay—don't buy it. Write us your size—enclose a dollar bill—and we'll send you, prepaid, a Pongeplay, we guarantee will please you. Money refunded if shirt isn't satisfactory.

Hilker-Wiechers Mfg. Company

Dept. F-1, 1260 Mound Ave. Racine, Wisconsin

Manufacturers of the Famous Signal Brand

When you buy any kind of soft shirts, ask for Signals. For quality, style and workmanship they have no superior. The styles are up-to-date, and whatever style collar you like best—military, flat, detachable or attached, you can best fill your needs from the Signal line. The prices range from $1.00 to $2.50.

The Patented Red Plug Prevents Slipping

SPRING-STEP HEELS

Walk on Rubber Cushions

"Put on a pair of Spring-Step Heels."

Say that to any reliable dealer. Already over 4 million up-to-date people have said it to their shoe dealers.

Learn the real joy of walking on Spring-Step Rubber Heels.

These new Spring-Step Red Plug Heels cost no more than ordinary rubber heels. Don't accept inferior heels—get "Spring-Steps."

Ask for the Heel with the Red Plug

Spring-Step Rubber Heels are made by the Largest Rubber Company in the World.

Digitized by Google

EGYPTIENNE

"STRAIGHTS"

CIGARETTES

You can always tell an inexperienced smoker from an experienced one. The former judges a cigarette by its price—the latter judges by *Quality*. That's why so many connoisseurs smoke "STRAIGHTS." They *recognize* the fine aromatic fragrance, mellow flavor and delightful mildness of *100% Pure Turkish leaf*—the same high *Quality* they have found in *higher-priced* Turkish brands.

They don't regard "STRAIGHTS" as "a 10-cent cigarette" and they are *right*—"STRAIGHTS" costs more to manufacture and costs the dealer more.

We believe that practically every tobacco dealer in the U. S. now sells "STRAIGHTS," but if you should be unable to get them, send us your dealer's name and 10c for a package of 10, or $1.00 for a package of 100. Smoke as many cigarettes as you wish, and if not satisfactory return remainder of box and we will refund your money. The American Tobacco Co., 111 Fifth Ave., New York.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

10 for 10c

LIKE AN OPERA WITHOUT MUSIC

is a moneyless vacation

HUNDREDS of young men and women will earn the money with which to defray their vacation expenses this summer by looking after the renewals and new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in their own neighborhoods.

The work is enjoyable because it is carried on out of doors and brings one in contact with the best people in the community. A few hours each week of aggressive, enthusiastic effort and the vacation will be realized.

There is a definite commission when the order is sent and then at the end of the month a check for salary.

These coming weeks are the pleasantest in the year for active work. We can appoint you as our local representative if you will write at once.

BOX 897, AGENCY DIVISION
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

yourself out of your fellow-men, that he said spitefully: "There will be free beer!"

Everything free for free men! A grunting murmur ran down the line of derelicts—the inarticulate tribute of great thirst to great leadership. In a hundred pairs of eyes a human hope kindled its fire for the first time in two hundred years! Great indeed was Hendrik Rutgers!

His faithful sandwiches would go through flame for him. A man who can get free beer for Sahara throats wouldn't mind a little thing like fire. He could put it out—with more beer. The political genius of this remarkable young man was never so clearly evident as in the manner in which he recognized the most remarkable platform in the history of party government when he saw it: "Free Beer!" Hendrik decided he would some day use it!

The boards were hung round the great hall in plain sight of the reporters, who copied the legends that all America might read. While they were writing Caspar was hiring thirty extra waiters and turning people away! Hendrik went from man to man, sternly warning that no one was to begin to eat until he gave the order. A violation of his order would entail the loss of the dinner and most of the scalp. He also said that they must not linger, and told them that two extra beers apiece would be awarded to the ten men who finished first. He had made up his mind that the cold and callous world should be told how starving men eat.

In a surprisingly short time one hundred complete dinners were in front of one hundred starving men. Six bartenders were busy filling schooners—in plain sight of the starving men. But the boss' awful frown held them in check. Each man began to tremble in advance, fearing he might not be one of the ten to win the extra schooners. The reporters looked at the hundred faces and began to write like mad.

Hendrik rose. There was an awed silence. The reporters stopped writing. One hundred inferior maxillaries began to castanet away like mad. The boss held up a hand. Then he said in measured tones:

"May God be good to us sandwich men again this year! Eat!"

When he said eat, men ate. Don't forget the moral effect of commanding and being obeyed. They flung themselves on the food like wild beasts, and made animal noises in their throats. They disdained forks, knives and spoons. They used claws and jaws on meat, coffee, bread, potatoes, soup or pie, whichever was nearest. No man wanted to be the last to finish.

"This is absolutely horrible!" exclaimed the Evening Post man.

"Pippin!" said the creative artist from the Sun.

All of them would treat it like a Belasco production—that is, they would impart to it all the dignity and importance of a political convention.

At 8 P. M. Hendrik Rutgers, man of destiny, rose to speak. He never even glanced in the direction of the reporters. He said very earnestly to his tattered cohorts:

"Comrades, ours is beyond question the only labor union in the United States, and for all I know in the entire world, that is not monopolistic in its tendencies. We are Individualists, because advertising is not a science or a trade, but an art, and we are artists. When the advertisers' greed saw the artists' hunger the result was that!" He pointed to five-score dehumanized faces before him.

"Great!" murmured the Sun man.

"Hereafter watch the sandwich men, and in one corner of the sign look for the union label—a skeleton carrying a coffin—to remind us that no matter what a man is when he is born, he goes to his Maker between boards. In death all men are equal and in his coffin a man is the ultimate sandwich!"

"That's literature!" muttered the serious young man from the Journal.

"We refuse to be thieves. Therefore we decline to do any sandwiching for disreputable people of any kind, class or nature whatsoever. We start with professional ethics, which is where most professions end. We who have been the lowest of the low class that work for their daily bread are now the S. A. S. A.—the Society of American Sandwich Artists. All we ask is permission to live! Our headquarters are going to be in the Allied Arts Building on Fifth Avenue."

His speech had quotable phrases. A country that once cast the biggest vote in its history for the Square Deal, in quotation marks,

(Continued on Page 45)

Will Your Teeth Be as Good

10—20—30 years from now as they are today? The answer depends largely upon whether you use a dentifrice which checks "Acid-Mouth"—the *cause* of 95 per cent. of all tooth decay.

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

helps *save* teeth by neutralizing "Acid-Mouth." Get rid of "Acid-Mouth" and you remove the worst enemy of your teeth. Do you know that 9 out of every 10 people have "Acid-Mouth"?

By helping to stop "Acid-Mouth," Pebeco gives you the best chance in the world to keep your teeth for life. Once the enamel is pierced, the bacteria of decay make short work of the soft, inside tooth. *Don't let them! Check "Acid-Mouth"!*

"I like real *workers*—men and women who *accomplish* big things. It's just natural that I should like Pebeco. It does a *real* work. Pebeco for me, every time."

Sample Tube and Test Papers FREE

A ten-day trial tube and acid-test papers to test your mouth for acid—sent free. May we have your name and address?

LEHN & FINK
122 William Street New York
MAKERS OF PEBECO
Canadian Office: 1 & 3 St. Helen St., Montreal

$2.00 value for $1.35

Send name of your dealer and $1.35 and get this big Splendola Mop, worth $1.50, a 25c polishing cloth and a 25c bottle of the wonderful Splendola natural wood oil polish at the

Special Introductory Price

We make this offer, virtually giving you 50c, to get your dealer's name.

This mop is a wonder—big, thick, long fiber—**can be taken off for cleaning or renewing in a few seconds**—frame heavily padded—oil feeding center—handle adjustable to any position—triangular shape—gets into all corners—the finest floor polishing mop made. We want you to know it and

Splendola

Natural Wood Polishing Oil

"Crystal Clear and Simon-Pure"

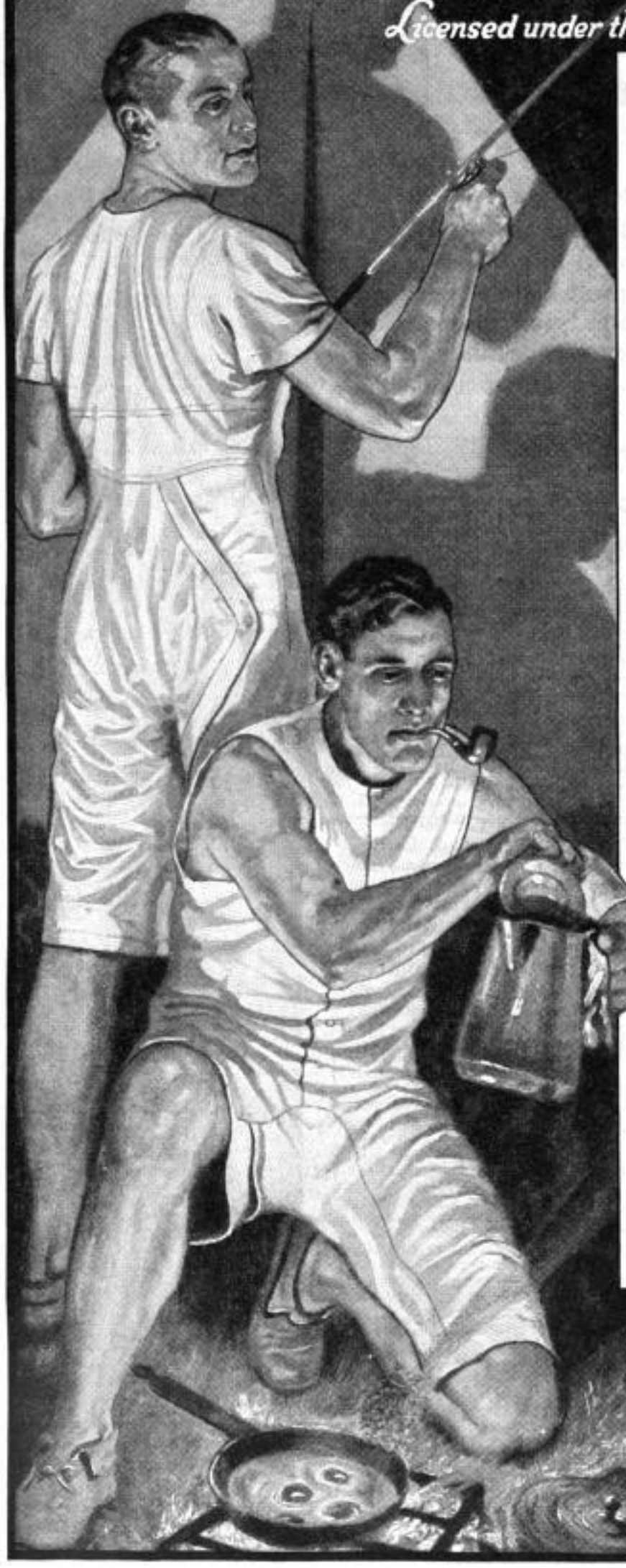
Gives new life to any finished surface—Floors—Furniture—Automobile Bodies, etc. Splendola is a natural wood oil polish of super-quality. Feels good to the hands—and feels good to the varnish because it **is good for the varnish.** If you want to know what a natural wood oil polish is, get "Splendola." Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Made in all sizes 25c to $2.50. Take advantage of this **special offer** and get acquainted with Splendola. Hardware and Department stores can get it for you—but to be sure **send us $1.35 today and name of your dealer.**

C. F. ROBERTS CO., Inc., Detroit, Michigan

Digitized by Google

Wilson Bro's ATHLETIC UNION SUIT

Licensed under the Klosed-Krotch Patents



Absolute Summer Comfort for the Body

HERE is the underwear that makes for a cool, comfortable, bearable summer. You men of action who love freedom of limb and chafe under garment restraint will find this union suit exactly to your liking.

It is made of soft, cool fabrics, sized for roomy fit without any clumsy fullness and made absolutely comfort-perfect by the original patented closed crotch. No edges or buttons between the legs—a single smooth thickness throughout the crotch, same material as garment. Separate openings front and rear—sized to allow the greatest convenience.

Wilson Bro's Athletic Union Suit is made sleeveless or half sleeves, knee or three-quarter lengths, in all the desirable imported and domestic tub-tested, woven fabrics. $1.00 and up for men; 50c and up for boys.

Retailers who are seeking to provide the most desirable and up-to-date merchandise for their customers will show you Wilson Bro's garments in the full line of fabric styles. These progressive merchants are good men to deal with. They desire to give the greatest value for your money and thereby win your permanent trade

Other furnishings bearing the Wilson Bro's mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Pajamas, Nightshirts, etc., each line measuring up to the exceptional standard which this house has ever maintained.

If your dealer does not handle them, write us and we will tell you how to get them.

Wilson Bro's—Chicago

Look for this label

Digitized by Google

In the making of Federal Tires, there is a never-varying insistence upon accuracy. Throughout the Federal laboratories and all the departments of the great Federal factory, precision has been developed to a nicety of refinement which we believe stands unexcelled.

This superior precision is an important factor in the production of

The Exclusive Federal
Double-Cable-Base Tires
"Rugged" and Plain Treads

The many unusual and exclusive features of Federal design and construction *merit* the care with which we build Federal Tires. These exclusive features add hundreds of miles to the life of every Federal Tire.

Federal Double-Cable-Base construction is the greatest single improvement in the whole history of pneumatic tires. It has eliminated from the road-experience of Federal users the most common, annoying and costly tire troubles.

No More Rim-Cuts
No More Blowouts just above the Rim

No More Tube-Pinching
No More Danger of Tires Blowing Off

These troubles cannot occur with Federal Tires. For the heavy endless double steel cables in each base of the tire anchor the tire firmly to its rim so that it cannot "rock" and work loose. And the double cables permit the use of a soft, flexible bead-filler, instead of the ordinary hard, sharp-pointed bead-filler, and provide elasticity—instead of a cutting edge—at the flexing point just above the rim.

Federal scientific care is reflected just as fully in the tread design of Federal "Ruggeds." The studs of the outer rows are of graduated thickness tapering down to the outer edges. Therefore they cannot project beyond the center studs, after slight wear, and press into the fabric to break it and cause blowouts. Tapered studs add long life to Federal "Ruggeds." They make this the perfectly balanced non-skid, sure-traction tire.

Federal Double-Cable-Base Tires, "Rugged" and Plain, are made in Straight-Wall and Q. D. Styles in All Sizes.

Federal Rubber Manufacturing Co.
MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.

Branches, Distributors and Service Stations in all Principal Cities.
Dealers Everywhere.

Digitized by Google

(Continued from Page 42)

which boasts of the thorn that made a rose famous, is bound to be governed by phrases. The only exceptions are the Ten Commandments. Italicizing them does no good.

All the newspapers spread themselves on that story. In their clubs the managing editors heard their fellow-members talk about the parade, and this made each managing editor telephone to the city editor to play it up.

It was too picturesque not to be good reading, and since good reading is always easy writing both reporters and editorial writers enjoyed themselves. That made them artists instead of mere wage-earners.

v

HENDRIK RUTGERS possessed the same quality of political instinct that nearly made the luckiest man in the world president of the United States three times. It enabled Mr. Rutgers to jump into the very heart of a profound truth. It was no fault of his own. But once he landed he always stamped with both feet. This he did also by instinct. And then, when he perceived exactly what he had done, he proceeded carefully to pick out his own philosophical steps, in order to prove that he was coldly logical. Impulsive humanity distrusts all impulses in others. Leaders, therefore, are compelled to call them "carefully considered plans."

In all irreligious countries, as young Mr. Rutgers, astutely arguing backward, told himself, the people who buy and sell and vote are alive only to to-day and, therefore, dare not take heed of the hereafter. This has exalted news to the dignity of a sacred commandment.

In such communities success is necessarily a matter of the press agent. Who is the greatest of all press agents, working while you sleep and even when you blunder? The People! The front page of the newspaper is, therefore, the arena of to-day! To live in that page all you have to do is to become news. Once you become news, all the king-making reporters of all the nation-making newspapers become your press agents. The public does the rest—and pays all salaries.

Thrilled by his discovery, Hendrik called Max Onthemaker to one side, and with the air of a man risking one hundred and two millions of cash, said to him: "I have decided to make you chief counsel of my society. Your services will entitle you to represent me."

Never had man been so lavishly overpaid for breathing since the dawn of historical time! Hendrik went on, still imperial in bounty:

"I have in mind some great things. Every one of them will be worth as much space as the newspapers will give to this dinner. Do you see your chance?"

"I can't live on newspaper articles," began Max, elated but dissembling.

"You can die without them. Chronic obscurity, acute starvation," said Hendrik Rutgers in his clinical voice. "I not only do not propose to pay you a cent, but I expect you to incur all necessary expenses out of your private purse without a murmur—unless said murmur is intended to express your legal opinion and your gratitude. I shall give you an opportunity to represent my society"—you would have sworn he was saying "my regiment"—"in actions involving the most famous names in America."

"For instance?" asked Mr. Onthemaker, trying to speak skeptically, that his eagerness might not show too plainly.

Hendrik Rutgers named six of the mightiest.

"You're on, Mr. Rutgers!" said Max enthusiastically. "Now I think ——"

"Wait!" interrupted Hendrik coldly. "Never forget that I am not your press agent. You are mine."

"There will be glory enough to go round," said Max Onthemaker in his police-court voice. "When do we begin?"

"To-morrow."

"Yes, sir. And now ——"

"My now is your when! Your job is to find the legal way of helping the cause."

"I will!" promised Onthemaker heartfully.

The cause would be his cause. He'd fix it so they couldn't leave out his name. But Hendrik saw the gleam in the lawyer's eye. That's the worst of all thoughts of self. They invariably are undisguisable.

"The cause, Onthemaker," said Hendrik sternly, "is the cause of the Society of American Sandwich Artists. We are not associated to make money for ourselves, but for our employers. This is revolutionary. Moreover, we are not workingmen, but artists. Therefore our men love their work. We are law abiding. This will make the employers helpless to retaliate. We shall never do anything without invoking the aid of the law.

"That's where you come in. For I believe that the law will help the poor not less than the rich, if properly ——"

"Advertised," prompted Max. "I get you. In the forum of the people's liberties, the daily papers, is the place to try ——"

Hendrik held up a hand. He had chosen the right lawyer. The interpretation of the law depends exclusively upon the tone of voice. All reporters are trained to be judges of elocution. They have to be, in republics.

"To-morrow"—here Hendrik paused. Max's face paled slightly as he waited. What was coming? Hendrik finished—"I shall telephone to you!"

Max drew in his breath sharply. Hendrik then nodded. It meant:

"You have my permission to retire!"

"Thank you, Mr. Rutgers," said Max respectfully, and withdrew from the presence on tiptoe.

Hendrik then beckoned to his sandwich lieutenant.

"Fleming!" he said sternly.

Fleming threw up an arm defensively from force of habit—the slave's immemorial salute. Then he grinned sheepishly. Then he said eagerly:

"Yes, boss!"

"I'm going to make you chief of the Meal-Ticket Department and I expect you to maintain discipline. But if I ever hear of any graft, such as accepting bonuses"—he closed his jaws and his fists. When you close both at the same time you inevitably win the debate. It is, however, difficult.

"Honest, b-boss," stammered Fleming, his eyes on Hendrik's right fist. "Honest, I ——"

The boss' right unclenched itself. Fleming drew in a deep breath.

"Get the names and addresses of all the men here—in their own writing. Ask Onthemaker for a blank book, and when the men have signed give the book back to him. They've got to sign!"

Fleming's face was pale but resigned. Signatures are lethal weapons in all industrial democracies. Ask the note-teller in any bank. But the boss had said "Sign!"

Kismet!

"And you keep a book of your own, so that when I want ten or twenty men of a certain type and appearance you will know where to find them. I hold you responsible!"

Poor Fleming almost collapsed. Responsibility in a republic really means accountability. Our entire system of law is based upon the same confusion of definitions. Hendrik saw the fear of statutory punishment seep into his lieutenant's soul. He stopped it at exactly the right point.

"Fleming," he said kindly. "I trust you!"

Fleming felt himself decorated with the great modern order of unearned food. It made him into an active citizen.

"I'll get the men when you shout, boss!" he promised proudly, realizing the meaning of the duty of a voter.

However, it would not do to have your creatures think they also have the power to create. Therefore Hendrik said:

"If you don't ——"

"I'll g-get 'em for you, b-boss. Honest, I will!" meekly promised Fleming, taking his place in the ranks. He was an ideal cabinet officer.

Hendrik Rutgers did not know men. He guessed them. He thus saved himself the fatigue of thinking. Weinpusslacher swaggered by, counting his millions. He had begun to feel haughty. Hendrik stopped him by lifting his right forefinger and then smartly moving it Hendrikward.

"Weinie, I guess you're famous. You give the free meal tickets to Onthemaker. And don't try to cheat!"

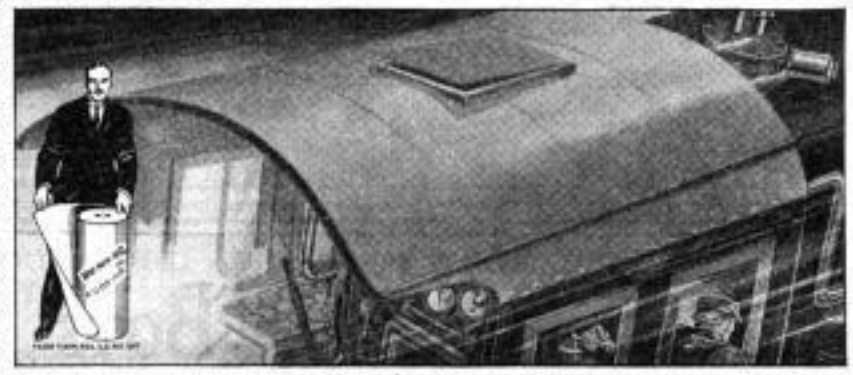
"I never do such ——" began Caspar angrily.

"You never will to me," interrupted Hendrik, making Weinie's unuttered words his own. It took away from Weinie all sense of proprietorship in his own property. This also is called genius.

Such men should be tax collectors instead of railroad bankers.

Hendrik glanced toward the reporters and saw that Mr. Onthemaker was talking to them and looking at him—looking at him

A Safety Self-Filler
The new Parker Self-Filler is now made with a safety cap, which locks the barrel and holds in the ink regardless of position in which the pen is carried. The pen point is always like a fresh dipped pen. This improvement adds the finishing touch of supreme utility to this great self-filling fountain pen. Perfectly smooth barrel without projecting outside mechanism or opening in the barrel.—Geo. S. Parker.
The Pen for Commencement Gifts and Vacation Days
PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
SCIENTIFICALLY CORRECT
FOUNTAIN PEN
1. New Parker Self-Filler—Standard type with concealed filling device. Press the button—fills in two seconds. $2.50 up.
2. New Parker Self-Filler—Fitted with safety cap. $2.50 up.
3. Jack Knife Safety—Upside down or rightside up, it won't leak. Self-filling or Standard types. $2.50 up.
4. Transparent Bakelite Pen—Shows the Lucky Curve at work and tells you when pen needs refilling. $3.50 up.
With Level Lock Clip, 25c extra. Has bull dog grip—disappears to level of barrel when cap is in writing position.
PARKER PEN COMPANY, 90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.
New York City Retail Store in the Big Woolworth Building.



Roofing on locomotive cabs must withstand the greatest extremes of heat, cold and wind; it must defy sparks and smoke. Railroads protect locomotive cabs with

Pronounced "RU" as in RUBY
RU-BER-OID ROOFING
COSTS MORE - WEARS LONGER

Cover your home and other buildings with RU-BER-OID and you will end repair bills. It is the original pliable, ready-to-lay roofing. RU-BER-OID roofs laid more than 20 years ago are still weather-proof.

RU-BER-OID roofing is made of the best materials obtainable and water-proofed with a compound containing high-grade animal and vegetable substances. It contains no asphalt, coal tar or cheap mineral oils. Its quality has never varied.

RU-BER-OID is *solid through and through*. Beautiful Colored RU-BER-OID (Ka-lor-oid) comes in Tile Red and Copper Green. The attractive colors are permanent—*built into* the roofing.

RU-BER-OID costs more than ordinary roofings, but it is *cheaper by the year*. It is sold by the best dealers in each locality.

The U. S. Appellate Court has enjoined imitators from using the word "Rubberoid or any similar name as the trade name or brand" of their roofing. Get the genuine RU-BER-OID. Look for the "Ru-ber-oid Man" (shown above) on every roll.

Building Books Free

Contain practical plans and helpful illustrations. Valuable to any property owner. Mark the book that interests you and mail the coupon now.

The STANDARD PAINT CO.
NEW YORK and CHICAGO
Also makers of Ru-ber-oid Shingles, Amiwud Wall Board, and Impervite Waterproofing for Concrete
The Paraffine Paint Co., San Francisco (Under License)
The Standard Paint Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal

Building Book Coupon

The Standard Paint Co., 568 Woolworth Bldg., N. Y. City
Send me samples of RU-BER-OID and the books opposite which I mark X. I intend to roof a.....

☐ Roofing a Home
☐ Building a Poultry House
☐ Building a Bungalow
☐ Building a Barn
☐ Building Your Own Garage
☐ Covering Your Factory
☐ Artistic Roofs
If a dealer, check here ☐

Name.....
Address.....

Digitized by Google

Photo © Pach Bros., N.Y.

Four distinguished advocates, one of whom has had Postal protection for several years

CLEVELAND SAID: Get a policy, and then hold on to it. It means self-respect, that nobody will have to put something in the hat for you or your dependent ones if you should be snatched away from them.

ROOSEVELT SAYS: Life insurance increases the stability of the business world, raises the moral tone and puts a premium upon those habits of thrift and saving which are so essential to the welfare of the people as a body.

TAFT SAYS: A man in office without means must abandon hope of making the future luxuriously comfortable. All a man can do under existing circumstances to safeguard his family is to get his life insured.

WILSON SAYS: If a man does not provide for his children, if he does not provide for all those dependent upon him, then he has not opened his eyes to any adequate conception of human life.

Let the Postal solve your life insurance problem

The Postal Life *employs no agents*; substantial savings thus effected go to *you* because you deal *direct*. You get *more* insurance for the *same* money, or the *same* insurance for *less* money. The Postal writes all standard policy-forms, and all are officially approved.

It is the Company of—

SERVICE

The Postal arranges your insurance wholly by correspondence or on personal application at its home office. No agent is sent to call. Everything is in black and white, to be considered at your leisure. A policy is mailed to you *on approval*, and if you become a policyholder the Postal organization, including its Health Bureau, is always at your service for consultation and advice.

SAVING

1. On entering the Company you get a *Commission Dividend*, corresponding to the agent's commission, less a moderate advertising charge.

2. Every year after the first you get a *Renewal Commission Dividend* and *office-expense saving* aggregating

9½%

Guaranteed in the Policy.

3. Beginning at the close of the second year you get *Annual Contingent Policy-Dividends* based on the Company's earnings.

SAFETY

The Postal sets aside the full legal reserve, now $9,000,000, and has ample funds in banks, and a special deposit of $100,000 with the State of New York. Insurance in force, $44,000,000. It is now paying, and promptly, more than $1,000,000 annually in dividends and policy-claims. It is under the strict supervision of the New York State Insurance Department and of the United States Postal authorities.

Find out now what the Postal can save you at your age

Just write and say: "Send full official information as per *May 29th Saturday Evening Post*", and be sure to give *your full name, occupation, and exact date of birth.* No agent will be sent to visit you. Savings thus effected will go to you, because you deal *direct*.

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

WM. R. MALONE, PRESIDENT

THIRTY-FIVE NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

Salesmanship For Boys

JUST as the coöperative and continuation schools afford boys the opportunity of learning the trades while they are pursuing their regular school studies, so the Curtis Plan for boys is a school for salesmanship without interference with the boys' other duties. The plan is indorsed by educators of national reputation. For example:

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen: I am glad to tell you that we appreciate what you are doing with your boys through your Sales Division. I feel that the training the boys get in this work is of inestimable value to them.

We have quite a number of these boys who attend our Continuation School during the entire morning and sell your periodicals in the afternoon. I feel that the work they are doing under the direction of your Sales Department is of distinct educational value. You are making men.

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) R. L. COOLEY, Director of Industrial Education.

If you have a boy, and if you want him to earn his own spending money and at the same time get a splendid business training which will be of value to him as long as he lives, we should like to hear from him.

Thousands of other boys are now getting this training by selling *The Saturday Evening Post* after school hours on Thursdays and Fridays. You owe it to your boy to give him this chance.

A line of inquiry will bring everything necessary, including a booklet which has interested thousands of parents, entitled "What Shall I Do With My Boy?"

Address: *Box 895, Sales Division*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

both ingratiatingly and proudly. He therefore knew that Max was being quoted by the newspaper men, and the only subject on which they would quote him was Hendrik Rutgers. He also knew that the desire for reflected glory in all newspaper-reading countries is so strong that Max would be a great political historian. The best way to blow your own horn is to lend it to an obscure friend.

Hendrik Rutgers left the Colossal Restaurant certain that he was news, and that his job consisted of continuing to be news. To become news, and then to continue to be news, a man must be plausible, persistent and picturesque. There was no altitude of success to which he might not climb, provided he lost six-sevenths of his name and mutilated his surname in like degree. He must become two letters—H. R. He thus would become an immortal during his own lifetime, which was immortality enough for any man who merely wished to acquire fame, wealth and one wife in his own country. So brightly lighted was his road that he knew exactly where to plant each foot—in the front page!

He must organize. The fact that he had nothing to organize but his own success-compelling machinery enabled him to think not only logically but brilliantly. It was the nicest kind of responsibility, one that it did not occur to him to shirk. He must do it all. Therefore he must make others do the work. Much thus depended upon the selection of the underlings. But this man, who by now was a million miles beyond all bank clerks, knew exactly what he needed, which made it easy for him to know exactly whom he needed. This knowledge would establish the basis on which the workers must work.

He sought a newspaper-advertising agency, ordered the manager to insert in all the morning papers the same advertisement, in large type with triple spacing, to show that money was no object. This always impresses people who wish to make money. The advertisement read:

WANTED—First-class Advertising Canvassers. I am anxious to pay fifty per cent more than is customary to such men. This does not mean you, my hungry and hopeful friend! Apply between 9 and 10 A. M. to H. R., Allied Arts Bldg.

P. S. The better the man the fewer I need. The fewer I use the greater the profit to the lucky ones. Keep away unless you are a Wonder.

It was the first time that an advertisement for Help Wanted had contained a postscriptum. H. R. added one because he knew that the unusualness of it would make professional people talk. Every experienced advertising man must realize that H. R. had not written an advertisement, but had dictated a brief letter to him. The signer was too busy and too much in earnest to compose a regular advertisement.

Genius neglects no opportunity, however slight. Consider the small but efficient yellow-fever microbe.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sea Telephones

WIRELESS telephony has now progressed so far that a new ocean liner, which made its first trip this summer, was equipped with a wireless telephone. Other steamers of the same line have been so equipped and it is possible for their captains to converse whenever the ships are within a few miles of each other.

Long-distance wireless telephony is still in the experimental stages, with many hard nuts to crack.

One of the big difficulties is to put enough power into electrical impulses. It will take from fifty to one hundred horse power behind every spoken word to carry it across the Atlantic by wireless waves.

Only a very tiny fraction of one horse power is in the impulses conveyed into the transmitter, and also in the electric waves that carry the vibrations along a long-distance telephone wire on land.

In wireless telephoning transmitters are used which will greatly magnify the amount of electricity that makes the wireless waves; but magnifying it up to fifty horse power develops so much heat that the difficulty is to make a transmitter which will not be put out of business by heat.

"What good is a shirttail anyway?"

Truth Test No. 1—Ask any man if his shirttail isn't forever making him uncomfortable by riding up.

Truth Test No. 2—Ask any man if his drawers are not always working down.

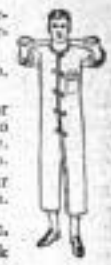
If he says "YES" to both questions he is honest.

Men abandon the old shirt for **OLUS** because shirt and drawers are joined together.

OLUS costs no more than the ordinary shirt—simply trades a pair of drawers for a useless shirttail, plus everlasting comfort.

Important—Wear only an undershirt with **OLUS**; no further underwear is necessary.

$1.50—$2—$2.50—$3—$3.50 and up.



OLUS ONE-PIECE PAJAMA for lounging and comfortable sleep. No strings to tighten or come loose. For Men and Women. **$1.50** up.

OLUS booklet on request. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

Phillips-Jones Company, Inc.
1199 Broadway, Dept. P, New York

MONEY FOR BRAINS

Large corporations want young men of energy, trained along special lines. They are willing to pay such men well. College graduates qualify for these important positions. A college education opens the doors of opportunity.

If you want one of the big jobs, prepare yourself by acquiring a college education. You can do this, without investing a dollar, by devoting your spare time to getting subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Country Gentleman* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*. We'll tell you how.

Educational Division, Box 892
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

I TEACH *Penmanship* BY MAIL

I won the World's First Prize in Penmanship. By my new system many are becoming expert penmen. Am placing my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal.

C. W. RANSOM
315 Essex Building, Kansas City, Missouri

POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL
ALWAYS FRESH
PURE-SWEET-WHOLESOME

TRAVELING SALESMEN who visit County Seats wanted everywhere to sell our tax sheets as side line on commission. Hundreds excellent endorsements. Saves one half time. Samples carried in pocket. Exclusive territory covered. STOCKWELL TAX TABLE COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio.

A Fortune to the Inventor

who reads and heeds it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 6 cents postage. Write us at once. E. G. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Digitized by Google

Milburn Light Electric

The Car You'll Use Most

With a garage full of all kinds of cars, you would drive your Milburn a hundred miles for every ten you'd drive other types of car.

We have observed it carefully—it is an invariable fact.

It is so easy to just get in your Milburn and go—it is so cool and clean—it is so little effort to drive—it travels along so smoothly and quietly—its elegance and luxury so completely satisfy one's pride.

And this marvel of motor car *luxury*—the Milburn—is also the utmost in motor car *economy*.

Have your touring car for the purely pleasure trips, but have your economical Milburn for all the uses of convenience.

And if you must do with one car, get the car you would use most—the Milburn *Light* Electric.

The price is $1485 for the Coupé—($1285 for the Roadster)—about half that of other electrics—and the Milburn is built for durability; none is more fully or more reliably guaranteed. The following specifications attest highest quality standards throughout:

General Electric Controller	Hess-Bright Bearings	*Cord Tires
Worm Gear	Cantilever Springs	100-inch Wheel Base
General Electric Motor	Aluminum Body Panels	Mechanical Window Lifters

*Motz Cushion Tires, special equipment, $35.00 extra

Home Charging

The Milburn Light Electric Charger, developed by us, offers a practical and economical solution of the home charging problem.

To Dealers

It is a Milburn year. The light electric has made good—stands first in popular favor—deservedly so.

We have capable dealers in most of the larger cities. We want live dealers in *every* city. Especially—we want dealers in the *smaller* cities where lack of charging facilities has until now barred the electric.

Not only have we developed the no-competition, most-in-demand electric, but also the Milburn Light Electric Charger, which is inexpensive and makes charging as simple as switching on a light.

It will pay you handsomely to promptly investigate this remarkable opportunity.

Write today for complete, descriptive catalogue. Please address Dept. 27

THE MILBURN WAGON COMPANY (Established 1848) TOLEDO, OHIO

Digitized by Google

Prince Albert Tobacco is so good you feel like you could just eat the smoke!

Yes, sir, P. A. puts a razor edge on your smoke-appetite-division that's nobby enough to be photographed! No other pipe and cigarette tobacco can be like Prince Albert, because *no other tobacco can be made like Prince Albert.* The patented process fixes that—and removes the tongue-bite and throat parch! Let *that* digest!

P. A. in the toppy red bag, 5c

And that line of conversation is 24 kt., whether you play P. A. in your old jimmy pipe or roll it into a makin's cigarette. For you can put your little old blue-pencil O. K. right here that Prince Albert is a regular double-header for a single admission—as joy'us to your tongue and taste one way as the other!

Will the "rollers" kindly step forward for a spell and get some of this listen into their systems? Because Prince Albert certain and sure jams more joy into a makin's paper than ever before was figured up on two hands!

In the plain language of the hills, you can't any more resist such makin's tobacco than a bullfrog can pass up a piece of red flannel! Because P. A. hands to you *everything any cigarette roller ever dreamed-out*—rare flavor, and aroma, and mildness, and body; absolutely the best bet—the best smoke you or any other man ever did roll and put the fire to! Men, we tell you to wise up.

P. A. is crimp cut and stays put—which means rolling P. A. is as easy as falling off a log. And it's good to remember P. A. is put up in the toppy red bag especially for you "rollers." Sells for the price of a jitney ride, 5c. That bag's protected three ways to keep the *goodness in!* Glassine on the outer side, then the red cloth, then heavy, prepared paper, then good old P. A.! *Can't beat that!*

Now, will the "pipers" kindly open both ears? Here's tobacco that has made it possible for *three* men to smoke pipes where *one* smoked before!

Any way you hook it up, Prince Albert is *tobacco insurance!* Yes, sir, it guarantees your future as well as your *present* smokings! And just makes your tongue so jimmy pipe joy'us that your smoke appetite grows whopping big.

Prince Albert is universal tobacco—kind of hits the right spot in men not only in home-towns, but all over the world. It's so kindly, so downright good in its dealings with the tenderest tongues, you just can't help getting chummy with it.

You men who "dassn't," we say you go to P. A., *natural-like!* Because there isn't a bite in a barrel of this national joy smoke.

Unlimber your old jimmy pipe! Dig it out of the dark corner, jam it brimful of P. A. And make fire with a match! Me-o-my! And that's first-hand, inside information!

P. A. in the tidy red tin, 10c

You get acquainted with Prince Albert in the toppy red bag, 5c; or tidy red tin, 10c; but for the double-back-action-joy, you buy a crystal-glass pound humidor. *And then you're set!* You see, it has the sponge-moistener top and keeps P. A. at the highest top-notch point of perfection. Prince Albert is also sold in pound and half-pound tin humidors.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Copyright 1915 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Digitized by Google

SUSPICION

(Continued from Page 7)

"Betty, be careful not to let Mr. Fenton suspect that I'm here."

"Mr. Fenton? What has he to do with it? Speak out, Murray."

"Mr. Fenton is your uncle's guest, and you like him. But Mr. Fenton's business here is to prevent me from raising this money."

"Why, Murray! I can't believe such a thing of Mr. Fenton."

"It's true."

"Mr. Fenton a spy in Uncle's house? Impossible." She wheeled and clattered rapidly down the steps.

"Betty, what are you going to do?"

"I don't know."

Betty did know; and Duncan knew she knew. Watching her pass out of the front gate, anybody would have known that she was headed somewhere with a definite purpose.

Murray Duncan could scarcely remember back to the time when he had spent an hour of daylight cooped up in one small room. After a full hour and a quarter the gate clicked. It wasn't Betty or the Colonel, but Old Reliable, shuffling toward the house with two suitcases, which had Murray's initials painted on the end. Zack must not set them down in the hall where Fenton might see. Almost as the thought crossed Murray's mind he saw Fenton himself turn the corner. Murray ran down and cautiously opened the garret door. Zack must have tarried below; he came upstairs only a few steps in advance of Fenton. Duncan heard him drop the suitcases and grumble: "Mister Murray oughter come here in de fust place; den I wouldn't had to tote dese gripsacks plum' from de hotel."

Then Fenton strolled in with easy self-assurance. "Hello, Uncle Zack; thought I heard you talking to somebody."

"No, suh; jes' holdin' a little civil conversation wid myself." Zack resented Fenton's taking possession of Colonel's biggest chair, just as if the whole place belonged to him.

"We are going to have company?" with a shrewd glance at the baggage.

"No, suh; dese is jes' some ole gripsacks what Cunnel had."

"What does R. M. D. stand for?"

"Dunno, suh; I ain't dat much of a scholar."

"I thought possibly Mr. Duncan might be expected?"

Duncan heard Zack answer: "I dunno what is become o' Mister Murray."

The white man lowered his voice so Duncan could not hear distinctly; but Duncan knew that Fenton was offering Zack money, for the negro chuckled:

"Lordee! I wish I had seed him, jes' about one dollar's wuth."

Duncan tingled to step out and confront him, but Betty's voice came singing up the main stair. She entered the room with an exclamation of surprise: "Oh, Mr. Fenton!"

"Yes, I came back hoping to find you."

"Zack," the girl said, and Duncan knew she was pointing to his satchels, "put Mr. Duncan's baggage in the West Room. And tell Alec to have the car ready, so he can catch the ten-thirty train for New Orleans."

Zack went shuffling out, which left Betty alone with Fenton; so Duncan could no longer listen at the door. He crept upstairs without a sound.

Fenton preened himself upon the promptness with which Betty had eliminated Zack. It was a favorable straw. If Fenton had been thinking less of the woman he might have noticed that she carried a loosely wrapped package in her hand.

Loosely wrapped packages meant nothing to Fenton. But she suddenly thought of it, and held the package behind her with both hands. This left her enticingly vulnerable to a front attack. Betty's eyes were very bright, lips red and trembling, with a bosom that rose and fell.

They were both standing near the table. He advanced. "Miss Spottiswoode—Betty—I don't know what moment I may be called away, and I must have your 'Yes.'"

Although he felt that the game was now in his own hands, Fenton played it with consummate art and more than a touch of Nature. But it's a woman's game, and a woman is never so distractingly attractive as when she deceives one man for the sake of another. Betty drooped her eyes, and Fenton misunderstood.

"Marry me to-day, and we'll go home to little old New York!"

Involuntarily she glanced toward the garret rail where Murray's suitcases had been lying, and Fenton caught the look.

"Betty, you can't be considering that man. I've just beat him in a financial transaction. By this time to-morrow he'll be a pauper."

"Are you sure?" A cold-blooded but a very proper question.

"Absolutely sure." Fenton poised himself easily on his feet and rested easy in his mind. With his personal attractions, social prestige and financial desirability, it never occurred to Mr. J. Lawrence Fenton that he need ask any woman twice.

"Betty"—he caught one hand; she had to let him have it, or drop the package—"marry me to-day!"

"Oh, please, please ——"

"Yes, now, at once."

"Mr. Fenton, do be considerate. Wait until to-night, when he's gone. He leaves at ten-thirty for New Orleans. Can't you understand how it is?"

Fenton thought he understood, and the thinking made him jubilant—he had taken away from Duncan both the girl and the mine.

"Give me time to think," she begged.

"Until ten." Fenton tried not to dictate the terms, but his tone was more aggressive.

Thoroughly in command of every faculty, Betty met his eye: "I shall give you my answer to-night at ten-thirty."

"Then let it be ten-thirty," was the ultimatum.

"Now, Mr. Fenton, won't you be very considerate and leave me quite alone?"

Betty did not know exactly how she managed to hasten Fenton out of that house, but she could not feel safe until he had gone. At the gate he turned and threw a kiss. He seemed so very certain she would be following with her eyes.

"Ugh!" the girl shuddered, and flew to the garret door.

"Oh, Murray, come quickly!" Her voice rang out with such quivering tremolo that Duncan ran down the stairs. She backed away from him, into the middle of the room; and then—it wasn't as Betty had planned—she broke down utterly.

"Betty, dear, what is the trouble?" He would have put an arm about her, but she pushed him off.

"Please, Murray; please don't touch me. I am so ashamed."

"You? Ashamed? Of what?"

"I'm just a common liar."

"You told him that ——"

"I didn't tell him; only let him believe it." She straightened up defiantly. "No, I'm not ashamed. I'd do it again, and more. I heard him; I stopped on the stairs to listen. It was a humiliating thing to do; but he was offering money to Zack to find out where you were. Then I let him make love to me, to get rid of him so you could go. Oh, Murray, please don't look at me like that! Did I do so very wrong?"

Duncan could not bear the thought, and his face showed it. Betty's lips were quivering again. She had almost forgotten the packet of money.

"Murray, you must go now. Here's the money. Hurry, dear, hurry."

Duncan stood bewildered. It was a new kind of Betty that thrust that awkward-looking bundle into his hand, a humiliated Betty, a Betty who was ashamed to look at him. There were so many different kinds of Betty that he didn't know how to take her. This Betty, flushed, excited and semi-hysterical, was not the calm and determined little woman who had left him in the garret.

Slowly he unrolled the newspaper wrapping and glanced at those neat packets of currency.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "The Colonel did get it!"

"Yes." Betty turned. "Now I must get you something to put it in." She ran toward her own room, Duncan bounding after and catching her at the door.

"Little sweetheart, I haven't seen you for three years; we must have one hour in the honeysuckle arbor."

"That's foolish!"

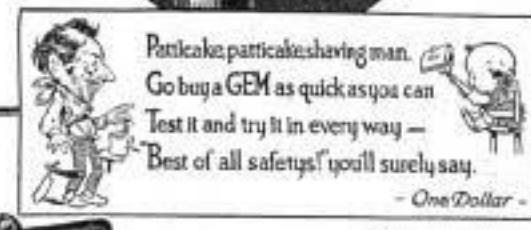
"Foolish!" Duncan tossed the money on the table and touched the chain at her throat. "Foolish! Betty, dear, do you remember the night I clasped that chain round your throat, and you kissed me? That was

Gem Damaskeene Blades

Most razor blades look very much alike, but the difference is soon revealed in the shaving—use the Gem Damaskeene Blades.

7 for 35c
(10c in Canada)

Then you'll have proof of their superiority—fit most safety razor frames.


Pattycake, pattycake, shaving man.
Go buy a GEM as quick as you can
Test it and try it in every way—
Best of all safetys! you'll surely say.
- One Dollar -

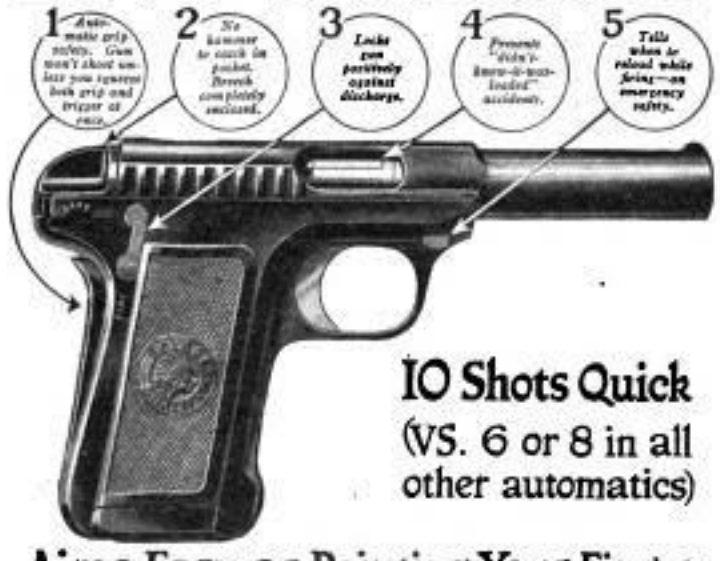
GEM
DAMASKEENE RAZOR

The wise man's choice—because it gives *real* shaving service—*every* day.

Complete outfit with 7 blades, in handsome case $1.00

GEM CUTLERY CO., Inc., NEW YORK
Canadian Branch: 591 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal

NEW HAMMERLESS
SAVAGE
The ONLY *Automatic that has*
Five Safeties



10 Shots Quick
(VS. 6 or 8 in all other automatics)

Aims Easy as Pointing Your Finger

Send Today for Free Pistol Booklet

Savage Arms Co.
75 Savage Ave., Utica, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

Wear Michaels-Stern CLOTHES

For their STYLE—
For their QUALITY—
For their SERVICE.

Wear them for their appearance when you try them on before your dealer's mirror—

Wear them for the confidence you can feel that this appearance is there to stay—

Wear them with the full knowledge that they are "*thoroughbreds*"—built to hold their own and look fit under stress and strain—

Wear them because half-a-million men and several thousand dealers have proven, year after year, that no other clothes offer so much value for so little money as Michaels-Stern Clothes.

$15.00 to $30.00, anywhere in the United States.

Write for the Michaels-Stern Calendar in full color

Michaels, Stern & Co.
Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothing
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Avoid 99% Of Your Tire Troubles

No more punctures and blow-outs—no more tires cut by broken glass or bottles—no more getting out in the dust or mud to repair tires or change wheels when your car is equipped with

HIGHWAY TIRE PROTECTORS

Prevent skidding—save tires—save trouble. We guarantee any standard rubber tire to run 20,000 miles when equipped with Highway Protectors. Think of the saving in money—think of the saving of time, trouble and annoyance. You can't afford to be without Highway Tire Protectors. Strong guarantee—money back if not satisfactory.

Write for Free Trial Offer

Highway Tire Protectors are sold on the "show me" basis. They make good or we don't want your money. Write quick for circular and liberal free trial offer.

BUKOLT MFG. CO.
31—2nd St. Stevens Point, Wis.

PATENTS
MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE
Established 1861—602 F Street, Washington, D. C.
New York City and Chicago. Manufacturers buy good patented ideas. BOOKLET FREE.

the first woman kiss. As a child you always ran to meet me with a kiss, laughing with those big brown eyes that gazed so straight into mine. But that night, Betty, dear, that wonderful night, you could not look straight at me; your eyes drooped and turned away, just as they droop now. There was something else in them, something else."

The soft red flush crept into her cheeks. Her eyes did droop, then came up squarely.

"Betty, dear, you had taken my little playmate from me and given me a woman. I must have my hour in the honeysuckle arbor."

"No." She shook her head, and meant it. "You must go, I'm so afraid."

Before he could stop her she was gone, returning almost instantly with a hand satchel. "Now, Murray, put that money in here. Get it out of sight quickly."

He had not thought of the money. Mechanically he opened the packet—they opened it together—four packets marked $5000, two marked $1000, with a yellow envelope containing smaller bills and some silver.

"A little over twenty-two thousand," he counted wonderingly. "Betty, why did the Colonel get that much?"

"Please don't stop to talk. Please ——" Hastily she stacked away the money, closed her satchel with a snap and gave it to him. "Now I'll order the car—to the back gate."

Murray looked up at the big clock; it was one-ten. "No, Betty, I ——"

"Well, if you want Mr. Fenton to beat you, I don't." Betty had already got to the door. She halted, hesitated, then marched back with decision.

"Murray, there have never been deceptions between us. That was my money."

"Yours?"

"Yes, lying idle in bank from the sale of Duck Swamp."

Slowly he shoved the satchel across the table. "Betty, I can't take a girl's money."

"Not this girl's?" She came directly to him, with brave clear eyes that never flinched. "You are going to take it. And—and—you are going to take me."

"Take you?"

She gave him no time to consider, but, sobbing like a frightened child, threw herself into his arms. "Yes, yes, you have been away from me for three years. I don't know how long we should be separated this time."

Neither of them knew what she was saying. But his lips were at her throat, his heart beat against hers, and they understood.

This tempestuously tearful little Betty was different from all the other Bettys. Duncan fought against himself and tried to reason with her. He spoke of the rough life at the mines, civil war in Astorga, hardships, dangers, so many objections that she stepped back with big, startled eyes. "Then you—do not—want me?"

"Want you!" He crushed her to him, and she lay quite still.

"Now that's settled, we must hurry," she said. "Uncle may come in, and he wouldn't let me go." Like a swift brown flash, with tousled hair and tear-dabbled eyes, Betty was gone. Then she ran back excitedly: "Here comes Uncle. Don't let him know I'm going; and don't tell him you have that money."

"The money? Why?"

"Mr. Fenton will see him trying to borrow, and ——" She was gone again.

It took a few seconds for Duncan to comprehend. Above all they must deceive Fenton. The Colonel was absolutely incapable of concealments. If he knew that Murray had succeeded in getting the money, and was safely on his way, Fenton would guess it from the first glimpse of the old man's face. Betty had a wise little head; she grasped by intuition what Duncan must figure out.

Murray had scarcely time to hide his satchel in the garret before the Colonel called him: "Come down, boy; it's all right. Ranse Gordon will close our loan at two o'clock."

"But, Colonel ——"

"Good thing you didn't go downtown," he laughed. "Bill Henshaw is rarin' and chargin'—I walked my legs off." Colonel took the floor, striding back and forth, telling how he had lathered those bankers who were under Fenton's thumb. Murray didn't dare look at this generous-spirited old man who had taken his quarrel upon himself.

"But, Colonel ——" Again he checked himself, and fought down that stinging sense of ingratitude. Betty was right; and the Colonel would ultimately forgive any trick to beat Fenton.

The telephone rang. With buoyant energy Spottiswoode answered:

"Hello! Hello! Yes, this is Spottiswoode. That you, Ranse? Yes. What? Can't close that loan? Why? You agreed to it. Other circumstances have intervened? Listen to me, Ranse Gordon; you'll have to make those excuses to my face. I'll call at your office in five minutes." Up went the telephone and up sprang the Colonel. "Murray, did you hear what Ranse Gordon said?"

"Yes. Fenton must have been to see him."

Spottiswoode snatched his hat and rushed to the stairway. For an instant Duncan stood undecided, then followed to tell him. "Wait, Colonel; wait!"

"Wait for nothing; got to settle first with Ranse Gordon."

Duncan started running after him, when Betty appeared from somewhere and clung to his arm. "Let him go, Murray! Let him go, I say!" She drew Duncan back into the hallway and shut the big doors.

"Now get the satchel. Oh, do be quick. Your suitcases are in the West Room. I'll call the auto."

While Duncan hurried to the garret Betty rushed downstairs and out through the back hall.

Fenton caught suspicion from the others. Betty had completely misled him, until he got to thinking it over, stopped in the street and hastened back. He had slipped in at the side gate, and no one knew he was hiding downstairs in the big parlor. When Betty rushed through the lower hallway, calling for Alec to bring her car, Fenton bounded up the steps three at a time. The upper room was empty, quite empty. He looked, listened, and could hear nothing. Once he glanced at the telephone, and took a step toward it. Then someone moved in the room above; a man's heavy footsteps came down the garret stairs. At the same time Betty was running up the front stairs, with Zack behind her. This cut Fenton off from leaving as he came, so he passed into his own room and silently locked the door. Exit from there was easy, as he had taken precaution to observe. Then he knelt at the keyhole and listened.

First Murray Duncan crossed his line of vision and dropped a small satchel on the center table. Fenton could not see Betty, but she darted in, speaking excitedly: "Zack, Mr. Murray and I are running away to get married."

The old negro seemed no less surprised than Fenton. "Runnin' away? Lordee, Miss Betty, I 'lowed Mister Murray stood all right wid Cunnel!"

"Don't stand there and talk. Get his baggage to the car in the alley." Betty glanced at the big clock, which showed 1:18, and ran out. The raging man behind his door had not yet heard Duncan speak.

In fact Duncan had said nothing, his face betraying the indecision of his mind. His silence gave Zack a chance.

"Mister Murray, I he'ped dat gal's ma run off de time she married Marse John. I 'members real good ——"

"Never mind that!" Duncan's voice shut him up sharply. "Go get my bags. No, wait; I'll get 'em myself. I have to put something in them." Duncan went out, stopping at the door to call: "Watch that satchel, Zack; it's got our money in it." His abrupt steps passed along the cross hall and Fenton knew that Zack was now alone.

It scared Zack, the way that white man looked when he burst out of his room and made straight for the table. Zack had suspicions; he grabbed the satchel and backed off.

"Old man, what's in that bag?"

"Nothin' 'tall, suh." Zack held the satchel behind him while Fenton pressed closer.

"Let me see it."

"Dis is Mr. Murray's gripsack."

"What's in it? Here"—producing a roll of bills—"here's a hundred dollars."

Zack never glanced at the money, but continued backing.

"Give it to me!" Fenton seized the satchel; Zack hung on like a bulldog. The tense white face came closer to the black one, and whispered: "Then you get out of here with it. Hide that money until to-morrow and I'll give you a thousand dollars."

Money didn't tempt Zack. "Mister Fenton, please, suh, leggo Mister Murray's gripsack!" he said.

Don't Envy Her. Use Pompeian Massage Cream

$200 for a Name

"*Absence Cannot Hearts Divide*," wins the $200 cash prize in our recent picture title contest. Prize winner, Miss Jennie Guy, No. 7 Hunt Bldg., Charlotte, N.C.

To the unsuccessful contestants, the makers of Pompeian Massage Cream extend their regrets and hearty thanks for the clever titles sent in. A committee of 200 people, personally unknown to us, voted on the best titles with the above result. We believe that no fairer method could be used.

Keep Your Looks Even When It's Hot

Tired, shiny faces are common sights on hot days. But you can look "fresh as a daisy" of evenings if you take a two-minutes' massage with Pompeian Massage Cream before appearing in public. So refreshing! So cleansing! So invigorating! Banish the summer shine and tiredness from your face. Use Pompeian Massage Cream. At all dealers, 50c, 75c and $1.

TRIAL JAR & ART PANEL

sent for 10c. The trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream will come at once and we will reserve a 28 x 7½ in. 1916 Art Panel (as above but in colors) for October 1st delivery. Reserve your copy now. Late comers often disappointed.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Double Your Pleasure in Picture Taking

If you want pictures that sparkle, that are clean cut and full of life, showing perfect definition; pictures that enlarge beautifully, equip your camera with an Anastigmat lens.

WOLLENSAK Lenses *and* Shutters

eliminate failure. Here are three types, any of which will double your pleasure in picture taking.

VELOSTIGMAT SERIES I F:6.3 in OPTIMO shutter—a fast lens in a high speed shutter, for all roll film and plate cameras, 3¼ x 5½ size, complete, $37.00.

VINCO-ANASTIGMAT F:6.3 in REGNO shutter, 3¼ x 5½—$20.00. A rapid Anastigmat at a reasonable price.

WOLLENSAK F:8 ANASTIGMAT in cells, ready to fit shutter on all 3¼ x 5½ cameras, $10.00.

Write TODAY giving name of your dealer and we will send you free, beautiful art book, profusely illustrated, describing all our lenses, and showing effectiveness of different types.

WOLLENSAK OPTICAL COMPANY
1400-1420 Clinton Avenue, No.
Rochester, N. Y.

Krements One-Piece Collar Buttons

Resist wear and tear — Guaranteed not to break

14 K. Rolled Gold, 25c each; 10 K. Solid Gold, $1.00 each; 14 K. Solid Gold, $1.50 each. At your dealer's. Write for booklet 10.

Krements & Co., Newark, N. J.

Digitized by Google

To be balked by a shambling old negro—the infuriated Fenton lost his head. He tried to hurl Zack from him. They struggled toward the door, and Zack felt his fingers slipping.

"Oh, Cunnel! Cunnel!" Fenton clutched his throat. "Run here, Mister Murray; run, Miss Bet——" Zack's breath shut off, but his fingers held.

Duncan came running, which again blocked Fenton's exit by the front and forced him into his own room. With a caution in his fury he locked the door, and crouched to listen.

"What's the matter, Zack?"

"Miss Betty's—automobile; it's waitin' in de—alley."

Fenton listened intently for Zack to tell Duncan of his struggle for the satchel. But Zack didn't tell, not a word. Negroes always got the worst of it when they toted tales between white folks.

Fenton determined to wait until the room was clear; then he could reach the telephone and have Duncan stopped at the station. Or he could have him arrested as a fugitive on a telegram to New Orleans. The Zunita Company had not yet come to the end of its long, long arm.

Betty hurried in, dressed for the train. Duncan ordered Zack: "Get my suitcases, quick."

The young people talked jerkily until Zack returned, then started him to put their bags in the car.

Fenton could not see what happened, and could only hear in snatches.

"Now, Betty, you swing to this like grim death." That's when Duncan took the girl's suitcase and gave her the lighter money satchel. "Zack, go ahead."

Betty paused a moment to glance round the dear old disorderly room that she was leaving, then followed Murray. Zack halted abruptly and dropped the suitcases. There stood the Colonel. Betty stepped behind the door, so that her uncle saw only Murray and the negro. The next second the Colonel saw nobody except Murray, for Zack was gone.

The Colonel was flushed with indignation and the anger of unmerited defeat. His shoulders drooped wearily. Duncan had never before observed that the stalwart Colonel was growing old.

"Well, Murray, Fenton has beat us." He stood with bowed head contemplating the baggage. "What does this mean?"

"We—that is, I—am going."

"You must not go without the money. Wait until ——"

"We can't lose another minute." It was Betty, stepping from behind the door.

"You?"

"Yes; I'm leaving on the one-forty-five with Murray. We have the money."

So many extraordinary things had happened to Colonel Spottiswoode that his mind worked slowly; so many irritating things that his temper worked rapidly. His tall figure filled the door as he looked from Betty to Murray. "You have the money?"

Betty nodded.

"Where from?"

"I drew mine this morning."

"Good girl, I never thought of yours. But ——" A puzzled expression flickered across his face, and Murray wouldn't look at him. That's when the Colonel's temper began to heat.

"Why didn't you tell me? Had me puffing back and forth, busier'n a switch engine, cussin' bankers ——"

Betty interrupted nervously: "We were letting you go on just to deceive Mr. Fenton."

Then the Colonel's temper got lost permanently. "Making a fool of me to deceive Fenton! I ——"

"No, no, Colonel," Duncan protested.

"You had that money when I was cussin' Ranse Gordon ——" The Colonel proceeded to state explicitly and in detail what he thought of them both, all of which Fenton heard through the door.

"Good-by, Uncle." Betty muffled his denunciations with a kiss.

The old man shook her off. "Good-by? You are not going one step."

"Uncle, don't say that!"

"I do say it. For the first time in your life, I forbid you."

Very pale now, but equally determined, Spottiswoode to Spottiswoode, she answered him: "For the first time in my life I shall disobey you."

From sheer surprise the Colonel dropped into a chair beside the table. With clenched hands and colorless face the young girl fronted him. Her voice was tense and strong and determined, but full of respect and, above all, full of love:

"Now, Uncle Beverly, listen to me—you who have been father and mother to me. You have taken me everywhere with you, taught me to ride, to shoot, to love your plantation work, to live your life, to think your thoughts. I am exactly what you have made me."

She knelt beside him, caught his hand and gazed up into his face while her voice came lower:

"Do you remember two barelegged children hunting plums through the Sherwood thickets? Murray was bigger and stronger; he always helped me over the rough places. Now, Uncle Beverly, Murray has come to a rough place."

She sprang up. Her voice rang out, clear and untrembling: "Who but you taught me the shame of deserting a friend? Who but you taught me that the Spottiswoode women should be as honest, as loyal and as brave as the Spottiswoode men?"

The old Colonel had dropped into that chair with a shock of surprise and sorrow most profound, that Betty should defy him. At first he looked straight ahead and would not meet her eye. Slowly his expression changed as this girl of the Spottiswoodes flung back at him the teachings and the ideals of his own lifetime. A glint of glory shone in his eyes. Momentarily his head sank, then he manned himself and rose, towering high above her.

Without speaking one solitary word he proudly lifted his gray head and opened wide his arms.

"Oh, Uncle Beverly, Uncle Beverly!" Again she was the sobbing child, cuddled close against him, while he extended a hand to Duncan.

"You are right, Betty; go with him to the ends of the earth." His voice wavered. "Here, I mustn't let you children miss that train. Zack! Zack!"

There was no Zack, so he waved them out. "Get along, both of you; I'll bring these bags."

Betty ran to the head of the stairs, Duncan hurrying after with a suitcase. The Colonel picked up Duncan's bags and followed. Colonel had scarcely reached the head of the stairs when Fenton darted from his room to the telephone:

"Central, give me the chief of police! Don't bother me about the number—I want the chief of police. Quick!"

Mad with rage, he could have been heard almost to the street, and the Colonel wasn't that far. The old man blew in like a whirlwind, strode to that telephone and jerked it loose from the wires. Fenton scrambled to his feet and stood dumfounded, with the bulky wrath of Spottiswoode between himself and both doors. Sternly the old man pointed to a chair:

"Fenton, you are the first damned scoundrel that I ever invited to remain in my house. Sit down."

Duncan and Betty ran back, pausing in the doorway. Without taking his eyes off Fenton, Colonel motioned them to be gone:

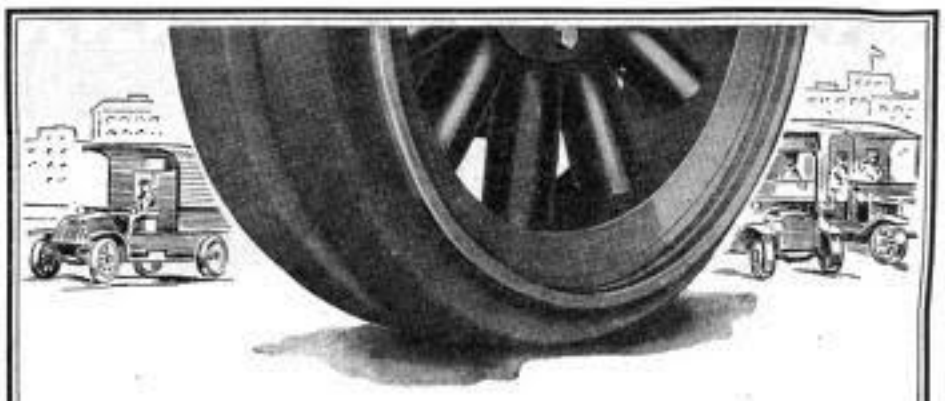
"Murray, you drive the car. Send Alec and Zack to me. I'll hold this fellow. Sit down, Fenton; sit down."

With a shrug of bravado Fenton relaxed into a chair. "And how long do you suggest that I remain?"

"No longer than is absolutely necessary. Betty, wire me when your ship sails. Good-by."

It was a long, long sitting, and Fenton grew weary. There was no sparkle to a conversation with two negroes who got sleepy and a white man who didn't. Somewhat after noon next day Zack brought a telegram, which the Colonel read with a grim smile.

"Now, Zack, put Mr. Fenton's baggage in the car, and tell Alec to deliver him to any hotel or railroad train with my compliments."



Truck Tires Free

Unless the 1915 Goodyear S-V Outwears Any Other

Here is an offer which Truck users cannot afford to neglect. It will settle for you, without any risk, the entire Truck Tire question.

For three months—April, May and June—this amazing warrant goes with every S-V Truck Tire put on under these conditions:

Every Penny Back

Equip opposite wheels, at the same time, one with a Goodyear S-V, one with any other standard make tire of like rated size, bought in the open market.

If the Goodyear S-V fails to cost less per mile than the other, we will return you its full purchase price, making the S-V free.

Mark that—no partial rebate, no mileage adjustment, no replacement. The tire that fails is *free*. Get this guarantee in writing when you buy the tires.

Never Such a Warrant

Never before has such a warrant been given on any class of tire. If widely accepted, it means with us a million-dollar stake. It is given without reservation against any tire in the field. It covers accidents as well as wear.

Numerous makers claim to build tires as good as the Goodyear S-V. Let us stop arguing in print and in person. Let us compare them on opposite wheels. We have done that already, under every condition. Over 5,000 S-V tires were tested out on trucks before we made this offer. We know to a certainty the results you'll get, barring accidents.

We have worked for eight years on this Truck Tire problem. We built 29 types before arriving at this one. We built 74 models of this S-V type before we attained this perfection.

We give you in it, as compared with others, 20 per cent more available tread rubber. The shape ends bulging, breaking or excessive grind. The compound minimizes friction.

The tire can't creep, as we press it on at a minimum of 50,000 pounds. It can't separate, for the tread, the backing and the rim are welded into lasting union.

GOODYEAR AKRON, OHIO
S-V Truck Tires

Go to a Goodyear Distributor or ask our local branch where you can get this warrant on the latest S-V tire. Accept it while the offer lasts.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., Desk 158, Akron, O.

Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires

We Make Demountable, Block, Cushion, Pneumatic and Other Types of Truck Tires

(2374)

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Patents secured or our Fee Returned. Victor J. Evans & Co., 1 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

Nathan Flexible No-Metal Arch Supports give immediate relief to tired, aching feet, rest the body and aid Nature to restore normal strength to weakened arches. Relieve and prevent flat feet. Write for Booklet and FREE 10-day Trial Offer. Fits any shoe.

View of arch cut with knife.

Nathan Anklet Support Co., 90-C Reade St., N.Y.

Genuine All Hand-Woven Unblocked PANAMA

Can be worn in this condition by **Men, Women and Children.** Easily blocked in any style. Light Weight. Durable. All head-sizes. Brims from 2½ to 6 inches.

Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00

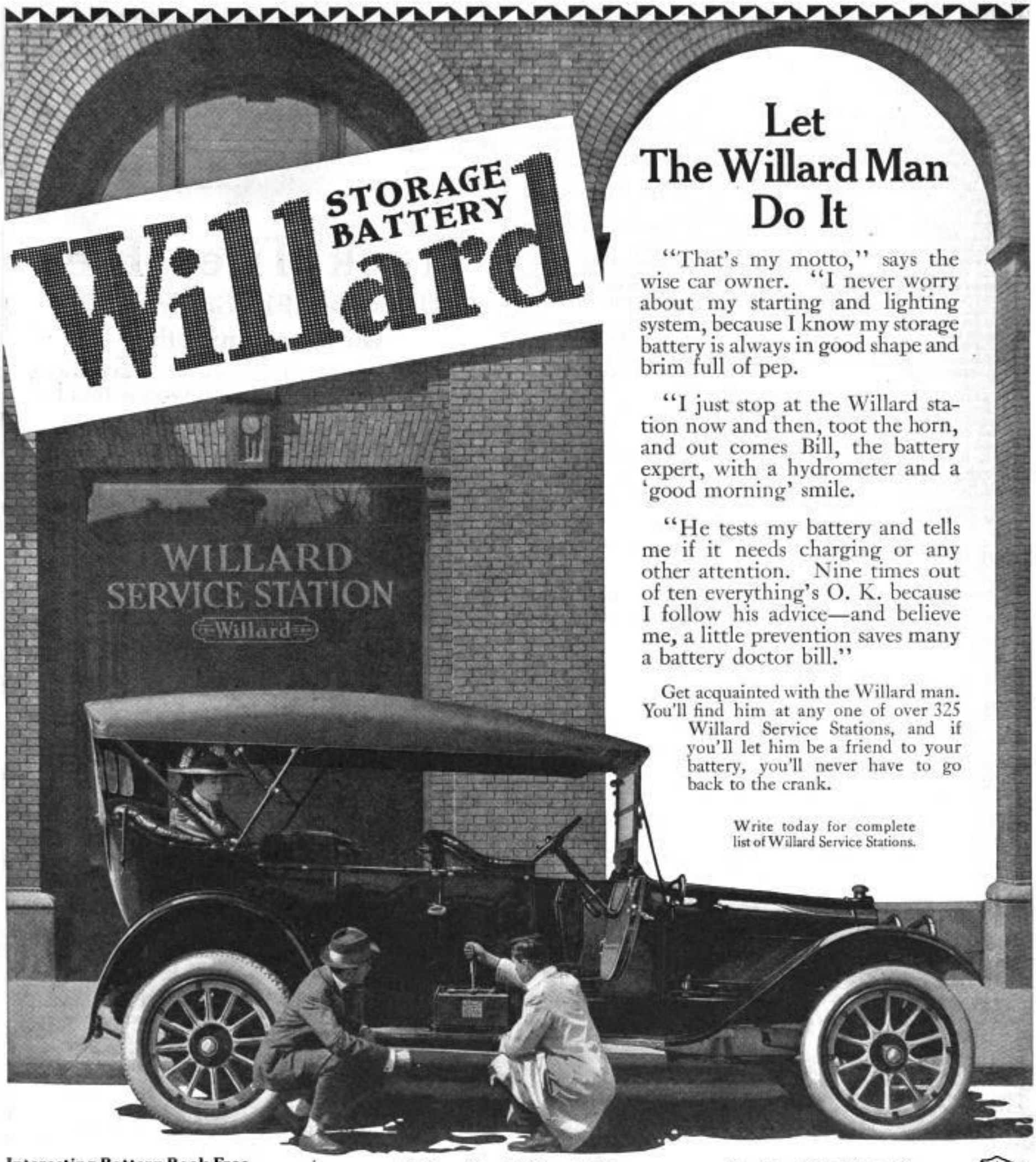
Money back if not satisfactory. *Write for Catalog.*

Panamas from $1.00 to $100.00

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 830 Broadway, New York City

Digitized by Google

Willard STORAGE BATTERY



Let The Willard Man Do It

"That's my motto," says the wise car owner. "I never worry about my starting and lighting system, because I know my storage battery is always in good shape and brim full of pep.

"I just stop at the Willard station now and then, toot the horn, and out comes Bill, the battery expert, with a hydrometer and a 'good morning' smile.

"He tests my battery and tells me if it needs charging or any other attention. Nine times out of ten everything's O. K. because I follow his advice—and believe me, a little prevention saves many a battery doctor bill."

Get acquainted with the Willard man. You'll find him at any one of over 325 Willard Service Stations, and if you'll let him be a friend to your battery, you'll never have to go back to the crank.

Write today for complete list of Willard Service Stations.

Interesting Battery Book Free

This book, "Your Storage Battery, What It Is and How to Get the Most Out of It," has saved many a car owner from trouble and expense. Sent postpaid at your request. Address Willard Storage Battery Company, Cleveland, and ask for "Bulletin A-4".

Says Little Ampere:

When 85% of all makers of electrically equipped cars use Willard Batteries it looks like a monopoly. But take it from me, it's a monopoly established by demand of the public, not by the battery manufacturer.

Taking Your Battery's Pulse

Just stop at the nearest Willard Station now and then for a few minutes and let the Willard man test your battery as shown in the picture. He'll tell you whether it's properly charged, and in condition to do its best.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

New York: 228-230 W. 58th St. Detroit: 736-40 Woodward Ave.
Chicago: 2524-30 S. Wabash Ave. San Francisco: 821 Monadnock Bldg.
Indianapolis: 318 North Illinois Street

Service Stations in all principal cities in the United States, Canada and Mexico. Some good opportunities still open to men who have the complete facilities and expert knowledge required by Willard standards.

The Tool That Tests Your Battery

This is what the Willard man uses to test your battery. It is a hydrometer syringe and is the one accurate means of determining whether the battery is properly charged. You ought to own one yourself and if it is not already supplied as part of your car equipment, we'll ship one postpaid, with full instructions for use, on receipt of a dollar bill. Address our Cleveland Office.

$1.00 POSTPAID

Digitized by Google

A LITTLE TASTE OF BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 10)

wherein the Blue Star Navigation Company chartered from J. B. Hudner, managing owner of record, the American Steamer Unicorn for sixty days from date, at the rate of three hundred and twenty-five dollars a day, said managing owner to pay all expenses of operating said Unicorn.

"Huh!" Mr. Hudner snorted. "I'd like to know what the devil Cappy Ricks wants of my Unicorn when he's got her infernal sister rotting in the mud of Oakland Creek? There's something rotten in Denmark, Mr. Peasley. There always is when that old scoundrel Ricks does incomprehensible things."

"Very likely he's up to some skullduggery, sir," Matt opined.

"I wish you had informed me of the identity of your client, Mr. Peasley," Hudner complained. "I don't like to sign this charter."

"I cannot help that now, sir," Matt retorted. "You have agreed in writing to charter the vessel to any responsible person I might bring to you, and I guess the Blue Star Navigation Company comes under that head. Please sign the charter."

Mr. Hudner sighed and gritted his teeth. Instinct told him there was deviltry afoot, but in an evil moment he had sewed himself up and he had no alternative now save to complete the contract or stand suit. So he signed the charter party and retained the original, while Matt Peasley, with the duplicate in his pocket, hastened back to Cappy Ricks' office.

"Matt," said Cappy approvingly, "you're a born business man, and it will be strange indeed if you don't pick up a nice little piece of money on this Unicorn deal." He glanced at his watch and then turned to his daughter.

"Florry, my dear," he said, "would you like to go uptown with your daddy and Captain Peasley for luncheon?"

Matt Peasley grinned like a jack-o'-lantern.

"Fine!" he said enthusiastically.

Florence withered him with one impersonal glance, saw that she had destroyed him utterly, relented, and graciously acquiesced. When they left the office Matt Peasley was stepping high, like a ten-time winner, for he had suddenly made the discovery that life ashore was a wonderful, wonderful thing. There was such a lilt in his young heart that, for the life of him, he could not forbear doing a little double shuffle as he waited at the elevator with Cappy and his daughter. He sang:

"The first mate's boat was the first away;
But the whale gave a flip of his tail,
And down to the bottom went five brave boys,
Never again to sail—
Brave boys,
Never again to sail!

"When the captain heard of the loss of his whale,
Right loud-lee then he swore.
When he heard of the loss of his five brave boys,
'Oh,' he said, 'we can ship some more brave boys—
'Oh,' he said, 'we can ship some more!'"

Cappy winked slyly at his daughter, but she did not see the wink. She had eyes for nobody but Matt Peasley, for he was a brand-new note in her life. They were half through luncheon before Florry discovered the exact nature of this fascinating new note. Matt Peasley was real. There was not an artificial thought or action in his scheme of things; he bubbled with homely Yankee wit; he was intensely democratic and ramping with youth and health and strength and the joy of living; he could sing funny little songs and tell funny little stories about funny little adventures that had befallen him. She liked him.

After luncheon Cappy declared that Matt should return to the office with him, while Florry instructed the waiter to ring for a taxicab for her. Later, when Matt gallantly handed her into the taxi, he asked innocently:

"Where are you going, Miss Florry?"

"Home," she said.

He looked at her so wistfully that she could not mistake the hidden meaning in his words when he asked, with a deprecatory grin:

"Where do you live?"

"With my father," she said, and closed the door.

When Cappy and Matt returned to the Blue Star offices they were informed that Mr. Allan Hayes was patiently awaiting the arrival of the managing owner of the Lion. Matt concluded to remain secluded in Mr. Skinner's office while Cappy went into his own office and met Mr. Hayes. Two hours later Cappy summoned Skinner and Matt to his sanctum.

"Skinner," he said briskly, "have you bought any shingles?"

"I have not," said Mr. Skinner.

"Have you sent out those telegrams to the dealers?"

"Not yet, Mr. Ricks. I was going to have them filed just before we close the office."

"Well," said Cappy smilingly, "don't accept any quotations until to-morrow and don't send out those telegrams until further advice from me. I locked horns with that man Hayes, and I think I gored him, Matt. It appeared he called on me first; and when I quoted him four hundred dollars a day on the Lion, he favored me with a sweet smile and said he could get the Unicorn for three-fifty. So, of course, I had to explain to him that he couldn't, because I wouldn't charter her at any such ridiculous figure! That took the ginger out of him and we got down to business, with the result that I've given him a forty-eight-hour option on both boats at four hundred dollars a day each, with a commission of two thousand dollars cash in full to him."

"Why, he told me he would get two and a half per cent commission!" Matt declared. "He figured he'd have an income of twenty dollars a day for the next four years."

"I know he did, Matt," said Cappy dryly; "but you know, Matt, you must never pay a broker two and a half per cent commission when you know who his principals are! If he insists, you do business direct and eliminate him entirely. So I just told this chap bluntly that I knew he was representing the Mannheim people; but that, nevertheless, I would pay him two thousand dollars immediately on the signing of the charter; and if he didn't like that I would do business direct. Naturally he isn't fool enough to toss away two thousand dollars, and something seems to tell me he'll urge his principals to take the boats at our figure, Matthew!" And the graceless old villain chuckled and dug his youngest skipper in the short ribs. "Let this be a lesson to you, my boy," he warned him. "Remember the old Persian proverb: 'A shut mouth catches no flies.'"

Cappy's prediction proved to be correct, for the following morning Hayes telephoned that the Mannheim people desired the steamers at Cappy's figures, the charter parties, signed by Cappy, were forwarded to Seattle, and in due course were returned signed by the charterers; whereupon Cappy exercised his option, procured by Matt from Hudner, to charter the Unicorn for four years additional.

"What did Hudner have to say for himself?" Cappy queried when Matt returned from the latter's office, after finally completing the deal.

"Not a word! He looked volumes, though, sir."

"Serves him right. That man, sir, is a thorn in the side of the market. However, since we're making a daily profit on him we can afford to speak kindly of the unfortunate fellow, Matt; so sit down and we'll figure out where we stand on the Unicorn. She costs us three-twenty-five and we've chartered her at four hundred—a daily profit of seventy-five dollars, of which you receive thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents. That makes eleven hundred and twenty-five dollars monthly income for you, my boy; and, believe me, it isn't to be sneezed at. Meantime you and I, as partners, owe me a thousand dollars commission to that Seattle broker; so I'll have Skinner make a journal entry and charge your account five hundred dollars. There's no need to pay it now, Matt. Wait until the vessel earns it."

"The vessel might sink on her first voyage and that would cancel the charter," Matt replied; "so I guess I'll be a sport and hold up my end. You paid out the hard cash and took a chance, and so will I." And, with the words, Matt drew from his pocket the Black Butte Lumber Company's check for a thousand dollars, indorsed it and passed it over to Cappy Ricks. "We're equal partners, sir," he said, "and I pried

Cut Your Sock Bill In Two

You can get good socks at the price of a collar.

And you will be surprised to find that these money-saving socks are also unusually satisfactory in comfort and wear.

The reason is that Ipswich 1650 Socks are SOFT KNIT — forming a cushion that comforts your corns and that doesn't cut nor break through as soon as harsh, hard, or shiny yarns.

They are made of the best cotton, with absolutely fast dyes, in the oldest and one of the largest hosiery mills of the country.

№ 1650
IPSWICH 15¢ SOCKS
Guaranteed

If your dealer cannot supply No. 1650 Ipswich Socks, send 25c for 2 pairs, or $1.50 for a dozen; state size, color; also please give name of dealer where you buy hosiery.

If Ipswich Socks fail to give good service, return them to us with dealer's name and we will replace them or refund your money, as you prefer.

Ipswich Mills, 21 River St., Ipswich, Mass.
Founded 1822

Hose That Won't Cave In

Step on a piece of Goodyear-Akron Lawn Hose. Let a heavy garden wheelbarrow run over it. Instantly it flies back to "normal." That is due to the wonderful Goodyear construction and the famous 6 ribs and 18 corrugations that run its full length.

These are the features that mean greatest hose service and economy.

GOODYEAR AKRON Lawn Hose

You can pull this hose over a velvet lawn without danger to the sod. It is made of 5 layers of finest quality rubber and braided cotton, welded into a unit of remarkable endurance. It won't chip or crack and lasts you many seasons at maximum efficiency.

Sold by dealers everywhere. If your dealer is not supplied, send us his name and we will see that you get it immediately by express, prepaid.

Price per foot, in any length—¾-inch, 18c a foot; ⅝-inch, 17c a foot; ½-inch, 16c a foot.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio
Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires

See Those Ribs!

John Joseph Day
LIVES IN CONNECTICUT

Not long ago his father died, and John went to work in a watch factory. He didn't earn much money, and to meet expenses decided to sell *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* in odd hours.

Today he has over $400 in the bank

Briefly, this is the story of one of thousands of our boys. They devote their spare time after school hours on Thursdays and Fridays to earning their own spending money and at the same time getting what is of much greater value—a real business training.

Any Boy Can Do It

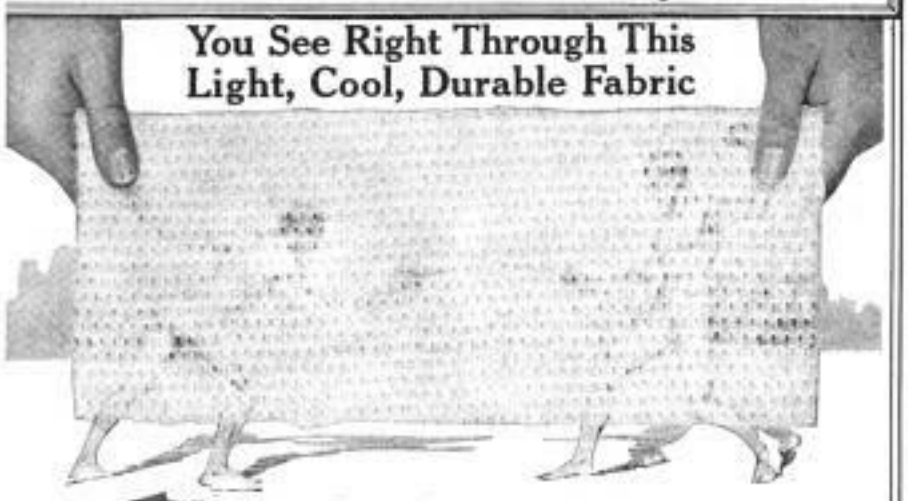
We will send to any boy everything necessary for starting, including a booklet telling what other boys have done and a handsome book of premiums which are given in addition to the money earned.

Box 884, Sales Division
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Digitized by Google

"CHALMERS Lets the Body Breathe"

You See Right Through This Light, Cool, Durable Fabric



Get Some Union Suits Now For Comfort

Chalmers "Porosknit" Summer underwear that you can look through must be comfortable. As to fit, quality, durability, we guarantee *your* satisfaction unconditionally.

This Label on Every Garment

CHALMERS TRADE MARK "Porosknit" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. GUARANTEED
FABRIC PAT. DEC. 12, 1905. DESIGN PAT. DEC. 19, 1905

Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

For Men	Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment	For Boys
50c		25c
For Men	Union Suits Any Style	For Boys
$1.00		50c

Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits fit freely—cut right. Healthful comfort at moderate cost. Ask the leading merchant.

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
1 Bridge Street Amsterdam, N. Y.
Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Union Suits, Fall and Winter Weight

This Girl Made a Career for Herself

She is Miss Millicent Clark, now appearing as a successful concert singer in Eastern cities.

MISS CLARK had the ambition, but not the means, for a musical education. She turned to the Curtis Scholarship Plan—the same plan that during the last ten years has opened the doors of educational opportunity to hundreds of young men and women.

Any girl who wants to study music

can secure a Curtis Scholarship. In exchange for a little pleasant work in spare time, we offer you a scholarship in any conservatory, college or business school in the country. Or, if you prefer, we will arrange to pay for private lessons in your home town. Let us tell you how hundreds of others have obtained these scholarships.

Educational Division, Box 898
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia

SHE WRITES:

"I secured my appointment as a Curtis Scholarship worker five years ago. I found that it was easy and pleasant work to secure new and renewal orders for *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*. In a single month I earned a scholarship in the Boston Conservatory of Music, for special courses in Voice, Piano, French, Italian and Concert Department. In two months more I had earned the money needed to pay for my board, room and incidental expenses."

that thousand out of Hudner on the side as a commission for chartering the Unicorn to you. Half of it is yours and I owe you the other half; so there you are!"

Cappy Ricks threw up his hands in token of complete surrender.

"Scoundrel!" he cried. "Damned young scoundrel! You Yankee thief, haven't you any conscience?" And he laid his old head on his desk and laughed his shrill, senile laugh, while tears of joy rolled down his rosy old cheeks. "Oh-h-h-h, my!" he cackled. "But wait until I get Hudner among my young friends at the Round Table up at the Commercial Club to-morrow! Oh! Oh! Oh! To think of a young pup like you coming in and chasing an old dog like Hudner round the lot and taking his bone away from him!"

He turned to the general manager:

"Oh, Skinner! Skinner, my dear boy, this will be the death of me yet! Remember that old maid stenographer Hudner stole away from us, Skinner? Remember? Oh, but isn't he paying for her through the nose? Isn't he, Skinner? Oh, dear! Oh, dear, what a lot of fun there is in just living and raising hell with your neighbor—particularly, Skinner, when he happens to be a competitor."

When Cappy could control his mirth he handed the money back to Matt.

"Oh, Matt, my dear young bandit, I'm human. I can't take this money. It's been worth a thousand dollars to have had this laugh and to know I've got a lad like you growing up in my employ. You're worth a bonus, Matt; I'll stand all the commission. Soak Hudner's thousand away in the bank, Matt; or, better still —— Here! Here; let's figger, Matt: You had sixteen hundred saved up and you've loaned a thousand on that mortgage. Now you've made a thousand more. Better buy a good thousand-dollar municipal bond, Matt. That's better than savings-bank interest, and you can always realize on the bond. I'll buy the bond for you."

"Thank you, sir," Matt replied.

IV

CAPPY RICKS sat in his private office. His eyes were closed. He was thinking deeply, for he had something to think about. Coming in from his club the night before he had observed that Florry was entertaining company in the billiard room, as the crash of pool balls testified. He had scarcely reached his room on the second floor, however, when the pool game came to an end and he heard voices in the drawing room, followed presently by a few random chords struck on the piano, and a resonant barytone was raised in the strangest song ever heard in that drawing room—a deep-sea chantey.

Cappy was no great shakes on music, but before he had listened to the first verse of Rolling Home he knew Captain Matt Peasley for the singer and suspected his daughter of faking the accompaniment. He listened at the head of the stairs and presently was treated to a rendition of a lilting little Swedish ballad, followed by one or two selections from the Grand Banks and the doleful song of the Ferocious Whale and the Five Brave Boys. Then he heard Florry laugh happily.

Cappy was thinking of the curious inflection in that laugh now. Once before he had heard it—when he courted Florry's dead mother; and his old heart swelled a little with pain at the remembrance. He was wondering just what to do about that laugh when Matt Peasley was announced.

"Show him in," said Cappy; and Matt entered.

"Sit down, Matt," said Cappy kindly. "Yes, I sent for you. The Gualala will be in to-morrow and you've had a fine two-weeks' vacation. What's more, I think you've enjoyed it, Matt, and I'm glad you did; but now it's time to get down to business again. I wanted to tell you that the skipper of the Gualala will expect you to be aboard at seven o'clock to-morrow morning."

Matt studied the pattern of the office rug a minute and then faced Cappy bravely:

"I'm obliged to you, Mr. Ricks, more than I can say; but the fact of the matter is I've changed my mind about going to sea again. It's a dog's life, sir, and I'm tired of it."

"Tired at twenty-three?" said Cappy gently.

Matt flushed a little.

"Well, it does appear to me kind of foolish for a man with an income of more than eleven hundred dollars a month to be going

buy blue

Clothcraft Blue Serge Special

Guaranteed All-Wool and Fast Color

Produced by 69 years' experience in giving the $15 buyer the most for his money.

The Clothcraft Store

(IN YOUR TOWN)

Write to The Joseph & Feiss Co. 630 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, for the Clothcraft Style Prints, a sample of the all-wool serge used in Clothcraft 5130, and a personal note of introduction to the nearest Clothcraft Store.

When your own painter suggests

zinc

for the paint he is going to use on your house, it is a sign that he is negotiating for all your future work.

"Your Move" is a book that supplies sufficient information for you to act upon.

The New Jersey Zinc Company
Room 420, 55 Wall Street, New York

For big contract jobs consult our Research Bureau

MAGIC

We will send you two card tricks; very perplexing to onlookers, yet any one can do them. Also two booklets showing over 100 different Magic Tricks. All for 10c. The Magic Shop, 33 N. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MAGIC

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

Digitized by Google

to sea as second mate of a dirty little steam schooner at seventy-five dollars a month."

"Well, I can hardly blame you," said Cappy gently. "I suppose I'd feel the same way about it myself if I stood in your shoes."

"I'm sure you would," Matt replied.

Fell a silence, broken presently by Cappy's:

"Huh! Ahem! Harumph!" Then: "When I came in from my club last night, Matt, I believe Florry had a caller."

"Yes, sir," said Matt; "I was there."

"Huh! I got a squint at you. Am I mistaken in assuming that you were wearing a dress suit?"

"No, sir."

"Whadja mean by wasting your savings on a dress suit?" Cappy exploded. "Whadja mean by courting my Florry, eh? Tell me that! Give you an inch and you'll take an ell! Infernal young scoundrel!"

"Well," said Matt humbly, "I intended to speak to you about Miss Florry. Of course now that I'm going to live ashore ——"

"What can a big lubber like you do ashore?" Cappy shrilled.

"Why, I might get a job with some shipping firm ——"

"You needn't count on a job ashore with the Blue Star Navigation Company," Cappy railed. "You needn't think ——"

"Have I your permission to call on Miss Florry again?" Matt asked humbly.

"No!" thundered Cappy. "You're as nervy as they make 'em! No, sir! You'll go to sea in the Gualala to-morrow morning—d'ye hear? That's what you'll do!"

But Matt Peasley shook his head.

"I'm through with the sea," he said firmly. "I have an income of eleven hundred dollars a month ——"

"Oh, is that so?" Cappy sneered. "Well, for the sake of argument, we'll admit you have the income. We don't know how long you'll have it; but we'll credit your account on the books while we're able to collect it from the charters, and I guess we'll collect it while the Unicorn is afloat. But having an income and being able to spend it, my boy, are two different things; so in order to set your mind at ease, let me tell you something: I'm not going to give you a cent out of that charter deal ——"

Matt Peasley sprang up, his big body aquiver with rage.

"You'd double-cross me!" he roared. "Mr. Ricks, if you weren't ——" He paused.

"Shut up!" snapped Cappy, undaunted. "I know what you're going to say. If I wasn't an old man I'd let you make a jolly jackanapes of yourself. Now listen to me! I said I wasn't going to let you have a cent out of that charter deal—and I mean it. If you couldn't say Boo! from now until the day you finger a dollar of that income you'd be as dumb as an oyster by the time I hand you the check. What do you know about money?" he piped shrilly. "You big, overgrown baby! Yah! You've had a little taste of business and turned a neat deal, and now you think you're a wonder, don't you? Like everybody else, you'll keep on thinking it until some smart fellow takes it all away from you again; so, in order to cure you, I'm not going to let you have it!"

"I'll sue you ——"

"You can sue your head off, young man, and see how much good it will do you. You surrendered to me your option that Hudner gave you on the Unicorn, and you failed to procure from me in writing an understanding of the agreement between us regarding this split. You haven't a leg to stand on!"

Matt Peasley hung his head.

"I didn't think I had to take business precautions with you, sir," he said.

"You should take business precautions with anybody and everybody."

"I thought I was dealing with a man of honor. Everybody has always told me that Cappy Ricks'——"

"How dare you call me Cappy?"

"——word was as good as his bond."

"And so it is, my boy. You'll get your money, but you'll wait for it; and meantime I'll invest it for you. As I said before, you've had a taste of business and found it pretty sweet—so sweet, in fact, that you think you're a business man. Well, hereafter you'll remember, when you're making a contract with anybody, to get it down in black and white; and then you'll have something to fight about if you're not satisfied. Now by the time you're skipper of steam you'll be worth a nice little pile of money; you can buy a piece of the big freighter I'm going to build for you and it'll pay you thirty per cent. Remember, Matt, I always make my skippers own a piece of the vessel they command. That gives 'em an interest in their job and they don't waste their owner's money."

"I won't be dictated to!" Matt cried desperately. "I'm free, white and ——"

"Twenty-three!" jeered Cappy. "You big, awkward pup! How dare you growl at me! I know what's good for you. You go to sea on the Gualala."

"I must decline ——"

"Oh, all right! Have it your own way," said Cappy. "But, at the rate you've been blowing your money in on Florry for the past two weeks, I'll bet your wad has dwindled since you struck town. I've put that thousand dollars out on mortgage for you, and Skinner has the mortgage in the company safe, where you can't get at it to hock it when your last dollar is gone. And he has the bond there too; so it does appear to me, Matt, that if you want any money to spend you'll have to get a job and earn it. I have the bulge on you, young fellow, and don't you forget it!"

Matt Peasley rose, walked to the window and stood looking down into California Street. He was so mad there were tears in his eyes, and he longed to say things to Cappy Ricks—only, for the sake of Miss Florence Ricks, he could not abuse her sire. Once he half turned, only to meet Cappy's glittering eyes fixed on him with a steadiness of purpose that argued only too well the fact that the old man could not be bluffed, cajoled, bribed or impressed.

Presently Matt Peasley turned from the window.

"Where does the Gualala lie, sir?" he asked gruffly.

"Howard Street Wharf, Number One, Matt," Cappy replied cheerfully. "I think she had bedbugs in her cabin, but I'm not sure. I wouldn't go within an acre of her myself."

Matt gazed sorrowfully at the rug. Too well he realized that Cappy had the whip hand and was fully capable of cracking the whip; so presently he said:

"Well, I've met bedbugs before, Mr. Ricks. I'll go aboard in the morning."

"I'm glad to hear it, Matt. And another thing: I like you, Matt, but not well enough for a son-in-law. Remember, my boy, you're only a sailor on a steam schooner now—so it won't be necessary for you to look aloft. You see, do you not? You want to remember your position, my boy."

And then Matt Peasley smiled, for he could always smile when he had definitely made up his mind to a definite course of action. He turned at the door and looked back at Cappy Ricks, bending on the latter a glance of cool disdain and defiance that would have been worth a dollar of anybody's money to see.

When he was gone Cappy's face twitched a little, but that was all. He took down the telephone and called up his daughter.

"Florry," he said gently, "I want to tell you something."

"Fire away, pop!" she challenged.

"It's about that fellow Peasley," Cappy replied coldly. "I wish you wouldn't have that big, awkward dub calling at the house, Florry. He'll fall over the furniture the first thing you know, and do some damage. I think a lot of him as a sailor, but that's about as far as my affection extends; and if you insist on having him call at the house, my dear, my authority over him as an employee will suffer and I'll be forced to fire the fellow. Of course I realize what a pleasant boy he is; but then you don't know sailors like I do. They're a low lot at heart, Florry, and this fellow Peasley is no exception to the general rule."

Cappy paused to test the effect of this broadside. There was a little gasp from the other end of the wire; then a click as his daughter hung up, too outraged to reply.

Cappy's kindly eyes twinkled merrily as he replaced the receiver on the hook.

"What a skookum son-in-law to take up the business when I let go!" he murmured happily. "Oh, Matt, I'm so blamed sorry for you; but it's just got to be done. If you're going to build up the Blue Star Navigation Company after the Panama Canal is opened for business, you've got to know shipping; and to know it from center to circumference you've got to be master of sail and steam, any ocean, any tonnage."

Mr. Skinner bustled in with the mail.

"Skinner," said Cappy plaintively, "what's the best way to drive obstinate people south?"

"Head them north," said Mr. Skinner.

"I'm doing it," said Cappy dreamily.

Puncture-Proofed
—with a special 15½ oz. Sea Island Fabric (as strong as that in most Ford size auto tires)—this is the 1915 improvement that crowns the long-established service leadership of
VACUUM CUP
Red Oilproof Tread
BICYCLE TIRES
Guaranteed for one full season—or repaired or replaced free of charge. Oilproof; effectively anti-skid on slick pavements.
Ask your dealer to show you the new fast-selling
★THREE★STAR★
LINE OF
BICYCLE TIRES
Three distinctive models; three amazing grades of quality at three remarkably low prices—no wonder they have started a nation-wide buying stampede.
Actual V. C. Auto Tire Construction
—the sturdy, sinewy, extra-service casings that easily handle the most punishing road requirements—
VACUUM CUP
Oilproof
MOTORCYCLE TIRES
Known for their proved ability to average almost double their guaranteed mileage of 5,000 miles. Oilproof throughout. With the Vacuum Cup grip that chokes off the side slip.
STURDY STUD
—the leader of the line. Superb quality at a surprisingly easy price. Guaranteed construction throughout, with oilproof tread.
Only our big, new factory, and our direct-to-dealer plan could enable us to put the quality we have in these tires at the prices—
STURDY STUD
Oilproof
MOTORCYCLE TIRES
Just size up these tires at your dealer's—take our word for it, they're every bit as good as they look. Built for severest service and
Guaranteed for 4,000 miles
Tripletread
—a remarkable value. An exceptionally good tread—designed and built for great wear resistance.
SUCCESS
—of abundant quality.
Pennsylvania Rubber Company
Jeannette, Pa.
Atlanta Dallas New York St. Paul
Boston Detroit Omaha San Francisco
Chicago Kansas City, Mo. Philadelphia Seattle
Cleveland Minneapolis Pittsburgh
An Independent Company with an Independent Selling Policy

Red Head
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)
SPARK PLUGS
When you put Red Heads in your car your spark plug troubles are over. Your motor becomes sweet-running, sure-firing, all-powerful. Red Heads are guaranteed a lifetime and are made in sizes for all motors. Ask your dealer or direct. 75c
Emil Grossman Mfg. Co., Inc.
20 Bush Terminal, Brooklyn, N. Y., U. S. A.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
The Antiseptic Powder to Shake Into Your Shoes
Over 100,000 packages are being used by the German and Allied troops at the front. It rests the feet, prevents friction, blisters, Corns and Bunions and makes walking or standing easy. Don't go to the California Expositions without a supply of Allen's Foot-Ease. It gives instant relief to tired, aching feet and prevents swollen, hot feet. Sold everywhere, 25 cts. Don't accept any substitute.
"Oh! What Rest and Comfort"
FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address,
ALLEN S. OLMSTED, LE ROY, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

OLDSMOBILE SETS THE PACE WITH AN EIGHT

Alive with Power——Light in Weight——Exquisite in Beauty

AUGUST DELIVERIES—It looks good to the eye, and when you step on the accelerator you experience a thrill you never dreamed a car could give you. You feel a sensation of resistless power—smooth, velvety, unbroken and strong, like the flow of a mill race.

An OLDSMOBILE through and through—it is a radical turning, an almost startling departure, from the usual idea of eight-cylinder motor efficiency. Oldsmobiles have this attraction always—they are quite out of the ordinary.

So with this *Eight*. It is light in weight. In addition, it is simple mechanically and as reliable as a watch. There is nothing perplexing under the hood. The car requires very little attention and very small expense to operate.

In a group of cars it impresses you at once as having distinction. Driving on the road you feel a satisfying difference between this and all other cars you meet.

So quickly does it win your friendship you think the car half human.

A Most Surprising Thing is the Price, $1295.

FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY—As a companion piece to our *Eight* we announce for 1916 a new *Oldsmobile Four*, Model 43—very distinctive, with 120-inch wheelbase and a correspondingly ample body. Everything about the car attracts—a powerful Oldsmobile valve-in-head motor; long and buoyant springs; fascinatingly attractive cabinet work; clear, thrifty, live hickory wheels in natural finish; seats delightfully deep and soft—and the surprisingly moderate price, $1095.

Booklet No. 25 on request.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICH.
ESTABLISHED 1880 INCORPORATED 1899

Many of the geniuses of the automobile industry are the product of the House of Oldsmobile—a school where men are trained to be thorough and accurate.

Oldsmobile

Digitized by Google

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 12)

Madame had not suspected. There were other hedges in the neighborhood, and the artificial one had been well contrived. Halfway through the field the party paused by a curious elevation, flat, perhaps twenty feet across and circular.

"The cyclone cellar!" some one said. "We will come here during the return fire."

But one look down the crude steps decided me to brave the return fire and die in the open. The cave below the turf-covered flat roof, turf-covered against the keen eyes of aëroplanes, was full of water.

And now we had reached the battery, and eager gunners were tearing away the trees and shrubbery that covered them. In an incredible space of time the great gray guns, sinister, potential of death, lay open to the bright sky. The crews gathered round, each man to his place. The shell was pushed home, the gunners held the lanyards.

"Open your mouth wide," said the officer in charge, and gave the signal.

The great steel throats were torn open. The monsters recoiled, as if aghast at what they had done. Their white smoke curled from the muzzles. The dull horses in the road lifted their heads.

And over there, beyond the line of poplar trees, what?

One by one they fired the great guns. Then all together, several rounds. The air was torn with noise. Other batteries, far and near, took up the echo. The lassitude of the deadlock was broken.

And then overhead the bursting shell of a German gun. The return fire had commenced!

I had been under fire before. The sound of a bursting shell was not a new one. But there had always before been a strong element of chance in my favor. When the Germans were shelling a town, who was I that a shell should pick me out to fall on or to explode near? But this was different. They were firing at a battery, and I was beside that battery. It was all very well for the officer in charge to have said they had never located his battery. I did not believe him. I still doubt him. For another shell came.

The soldiers from the farmhouse had gathered behind us in the field. I turned and looked at them. They were smiling. So I summoned a shaky smile myself and refused the hospitality of the cellar full of water.

One of the troopers stepped out from the others.

"We have just completed a small bridge," he said—"a bridge over the canal. Will madame do us the honor of walking across it? It will thus be inaugurated by the only lady at the front."

Christening the Footbridge

Madame would. Madame did. But without any real enthusiasm. The men cheered, and another German shell came, and everything was merry as a marriage bell.

They invited me to climb the ladder to the lookout in the tree and look at the enemy's trenches. But under the circumstances I declined. I felt that it was time to move on and get hence. The honor of being the only woman who had got to the front at Ypres—or at any place else that I ever heard of, except for three nurses at Pervyse, farther north—began to weigh heavy on me. I mentioned the passing of time and the condition of the roads.

So at last I got into the car. The officers of the battery bowed, and the men, some fifty of them, gave me three rousing cheers. I think of them now, and there is a lump in my throat. They were so interested, so smiling and cheery, that bright late February afternoon, standing in the mud of the battlefield of Ypres, with German shells bursting overhead. Half of them, even then, had been killed or wounded. Each day took its toll of some of them, one way or another.

How many of them are left to-day? The smiling little officer, so debonair, so proud of his hidden battery, where is he? The tiny bridge, has it run red this last week? The watchman in the tree, what did he see, that terrible day when the Germans got across the canal and charged over the flat lands?

The Germans claim to have captured guns at or near this place. One thing I am sure of: This battery or another, it was not taken while there were men belonging to it to defend it. The bridge would run red and the water under the bridge, the muddy field be strewn with bodies, before those cheery, cool-eyed and indomitable French gunners would lose their guns.

The car moved away, fifty feet, a hundred feet, and turned out to avoid an ammunition wagon, disabled in the road. It was fatal. We slid off into the mire and settled down. I looked back at the battery. A fresh shell was bursting high in the air.

We sat there, interminable hours that were minutes, while the battery and the chauffeur dug us out with spades. We conversed of other things. But it was a period of uneasiness on my part. And, as if to point the lesson and adorn the tale, away to the left, rising above the plain, was the church roof with the hole in it—mute evidence that even the mantle of righteousness is no protection against a shell.

Inspecting the Batteries

Our course was now along a road just behind the trenches and paralleling them, to an anti-aircraft station.

I have seen a number of anti-aircraft stations at the front: English ones near the coast and again south of Ypres; guns mounted, as was this French battery, on the plain of a battlefield; isolated cannon in towers and on the tops of buildings and water tanks. I have seen them in action, firing at hostile planes. I have never yet seen them do any damage, but they serve a useful purpose in keeping the scouting machines high in the air, thus rendering difficult the work of the enemy's observer. The real weapon against the hostile aëroplane is another machine. Several times I have seen German *Taubes* driven off by French aviators, and winging a swift flight back to their lines. Not, one may be sure, through any lack of courage on the part of German aviators. They are fearless and extremely skillful. But because they have evidently been instructed to conserve their machines.

I had considerable curiosity as to the anti-aircraft batteries. How was it possible to manipulate a large field gun, with a target moving at a varying height, and at a speed velocity of, say, sixty miles an hour?

The answer was waiting on the field just north of Ypres.

A brick building by the road was evidently a storehouse for provisions for the trenches. Unloaded in front of it were sacks of bread, meal and provisions. And standing there in the sunshine was the commander of the field battery, Captain Mignot. A tall and bearded man, essentially grave, he listened while Lieutenant Puaux explained the request from General Foch that I see his battery. He turned and scanned the sky.

"We regret," he said seriously, "that at the moment there is no aëroplane in sight. We will, however, show Madame everything."

He led the way round the corner of the building to where a path, neatly banked, went out through the mud to the battery.

"Keep to the path," said a tall sign. But there was no temptation to do otherwise. There must have been a hundred acres to that field, unbroken by hedge or tree. As we walked out, Captain Mignot paused and pointed his finger up and somewhat to the right.

"German shrapnel!" he said. True enough, little spherical clouds told where it had burst harmlessly overhead.

As cannonading had been going on steadily all the afternoon no one paid any particular attention. We walked on in the direction of, but not particularly near to, the trenches.

The gunners were playing prisoner's base just beyond the guns. When they saw us coming the game ceased, and they hurried to their stations. Boys they were, most of them. The youth of the French troops had not impressed me so forcibly as had the boyishness of the English and the Belgians. They are not so young, on an average, I believe. But also the deception of maturity is caused by a general indifference to shaving while in the field.

But Captain Mignot evidently had his own ideas of military smartness, and these lads were all clean-shaven. They trooped in from their game, under that little cloud of shrapnel smoke that still hung in the

The Smartest Suit of the Season
PERFECTLY TAILORED, OF DISTINCTIVE FABRICS—THE ADLER-ROCHESTER "CORNELL" MODEL, IS THE SMARTEST SUIT FOR SUMMER.
SEE THIS NEW MODEL NOW AT ANY OF THE BETTER CLOTHES SHOPS FOR MEN.
WRITE FOR SUMMER "BOOK OF MEN'S FASHIONS", AND THE NAME OF OUR NEAREST DEALER.
L. ADLER BROS. & CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
ADLER-ROCHESTER CLOTHES

Protecting Your Family

Life insurance is neither a luxury nor an unnecessary expense. It is a necessity—something that is due those who are dependent upon you. Without it those who are nearest and dearest to you may some day find themselves face to face with a most perplexing and trying situation.

Perhaps your living expenses follow your income so closely that it is a difficult matter for you to provide for your family the protection given by insurance. You may need every dollar you earn. In that case, a few hours a week of your spare time devoted to looking after the subscriptions and renewals for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Country Gentleman* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* will provide the necessary money to pay the yearly or quarterly premiums on your insurance policy. Hundreds of men are using this plan in spare hours successfully.

We will send full particulars if you will write to *Agency Division, Box 891*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

WHETHER for tours or for town work, you can have no accessory on your car more convenient or one that means a greater saving of tires, time and temper. Fills any tire in two minutes. Some manufacturers use our pump as standard equipment. Others are coming to it fast. Be sure that your car, new or used, has the

$15

Complete with air gauge, hose and attachments carefully fitted and ready to install.

Engine Driven KELLOGG Tire Pump

"Guaranteed Not to Spray Oil With Air"

Needs oil once a month—splash system. 4 Metal piston rings. Carbon steel shaft. Grey iron cylinder. Designed and made as well as your engine.

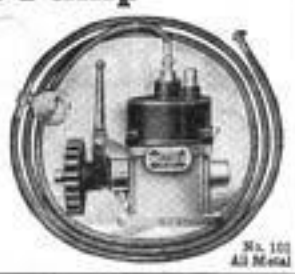
The Attachments Make This the Perfect Outfit

When you need a tire pump, you need a good one. Like a good starter, the Kellogg pump is the accessory you want on your car because of its dependability, its convenience and comfort. *Saves time, temper and tires.*

Distributors in All Leading Centers

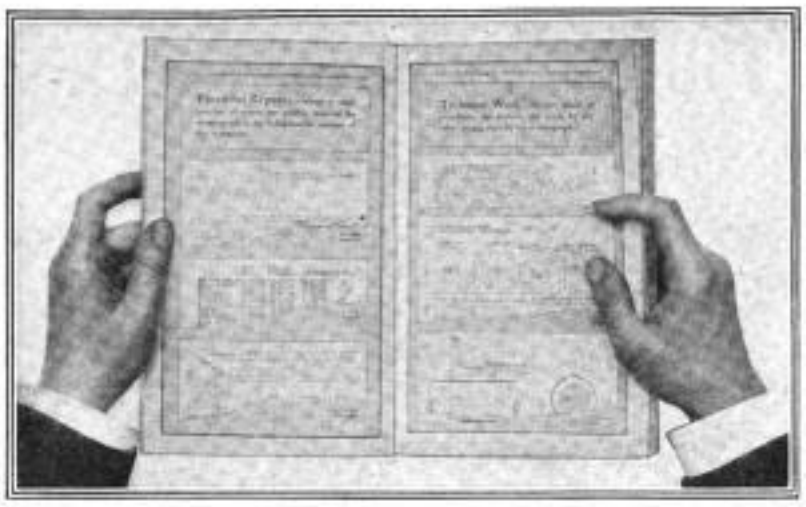
If your dealer does not have pump with attachments for your model in stock, save time by sending us $15 with name and model of car and dealer's name. We protect our dealers. Descriptive matter free.

KELLOGG MFG. CO., 10-24 Circle Street, Rochester, N. Y.



No. 101 All Metal

Digitized by Google



Get this book—"New ideas for business expansion." It's a "different" book—and suggests many methods for business betterment. Also it shows just how the new and wonderful mimeograph, by a new and economical process, duplicates typewritten forms, letters, drawings, etc., *quicker* and *better* than they have ever been done before. Sent—without charge—to any reputable business institution—on request. A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—New York.

MIMEOGRAPH

A Motor Car that—

Takes the Family to Ride

Brings a Calf from Market

Carries a Load of Hay

Saws the Wood

Milks the Cows

Read* Harnessing the Motor Car *in

THIS WEEK'S ISSUE OF

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

FIVE CENTS THE COPY

sky, for all the world a crowd of overheated and self-conscious schoolboys receiving an unexpected visit from the master of the school.

The path ended at the battery. In the center of the guns was a raised platform of wood, and a small shelter house for the observer or officer on duty. There were five guns in pits round this focal point and forming a circle. And on the platform in the center was a curious instrument on a tripod.

"The telemeter," explained Captain Mignot; "for obtaining the altitude of the enemy's aëroplane."

Once again we all scanned the sky anxiously, but uselessly.

"I don't care to have anyone hurt," I said; "but if a plane is coming I wish it would come now. Or a Zeppelin."

The captain's serious face lighted in a smile.

"A Zeppelin!" he said. "We would with pleasure wait all the night for a Zeppelin!"

He glanced round at the guns. Every gunner was in his place. We were to have a drill.

"We will suppose," he said, "that a German aëroplane is approaching. To fire correctly we must first know its altitude. So we discover that with this." He placed his hand on the telemeter. "There are, you observe, two apertures, one for each eye. In one the aëroplane is seen right side up. In the other the image is inverted, upside down. Now! By this screw the images are made to approach, until one is superimposed exactly over the other. Immediately on the lighted dial beneath is shown the altitude, in meters."

I put my eyes to the openings, and tried to imagine an aëroplane overhead, maneuvering to drop a bomb or a dart on me while I calculated its altitude. I could not do it.

Next I was shown the guns. They were the famous seventy-five-millimeter guns of France, transformed into aircraft guns by the simple expedient of installing them in a pit with sloping sides, so that their noses pointed up and out. To swing them round, so that they pointed readily toward any portion of the sky, a circular framework of planks formed a round rim to the pit, and on this runway, heavily greased, the muzzles were swung about.

Aërial Artillery Drill

The gun drill began. It was executed promptly, skillfully. There was no bungling, not a wrong motion or an unnecessary one, as they went through the movements of loading, sighting and firing the guns. It was easy to see why French artillery has won its renown. The training of the French artilleryman is twice as severe as that of the infantryman. Each man, in addition to knowing his own work on the gun, must be able to do the work of all the eleven others. Casualties must occur, and in spite of them the work of the gun must go on.

Casualties had occurred at that station. More than half the original battery was gone. The little shelter house was splintered in a hundred places. There were shell holes throughout the field, and the breech of one gun had recently been shattered and was undergoing repair.

The drill was over and the gunners stood at attention. I asked permission to photograph the battery, and it was cheerfully given. One after the other I took the guns, until I had taken four. The gunners waited smilingly expectant. For the last gun I found I had no film, but I could not let it go at that. So I pointed the empty camera at it and snapped the shutter. It would never do to show discrimination.

Somewhere in London are all those pictures. They have never been sent to me. No doubt a watchful English government pounced on them in the mail, and, in connection with my name, based on them most unjust suspicions. They were very interesting. There was Captain Mignot, and the two officers from General Foch's staff; there were smiling young French gunners; there was the telemeter, which cost, they told me, ten thousand francs, and surely deserved to have its picture taken, and there was one, not too steady, of a patch of sunny sky and a balloon-shaped white cloud, where another German shrapnel had burst overhead.

The drill was over. We went back along the path toward the road. Behind the storehouse the evening meal was preparing in a shed. The battery was to have a new ration that night for a change, bacon and

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES
The Florsheim SHOE
MEN WEAR THEM EVERYWHERE
FIGURE the economy in buying all-leather shoes scientifically made—getting comfort and style from first to last day's wear. Five or six dollars invested in The Florsheim Shoe will bring you so much satisfaction that you will never wear "cheap" shoes again.
A Style for Every Taste
Look for Name in Shoe
Booklet showing "Styles of the Times" free on request.
The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago
"The Parade" Black Kid—Light weight.
Style 1640
FLORSHEIM

BRIGHTON CARLSBAD SLEEPINGWEAR

Pajamas Perfected

PAJUNION—The One-Piece Summer Sleeping Garment

AT last! A pajama made on the union-suit principle—in one piece! We call it PAJUNION. No more can trousers bind, twist and slip down. No more is there any torturing draw-string. No more can the coat climb up and wad. Just cool, restful hot-night comfort!

The nights of old-style pajamas are past. The common sense of the PAJUNION makes it worth your while to experience this new sleeping comfort tonight!

PAJUNION designs are smart and tailoring perfect. Unlimited choice of laundry-proved materials and patterns. Some prices in old-style pajamas, $1 to $5. Sold by most good dealers. Or direct if your dealer hasn't it. Write for illustrated list and samples of material.

H. B. GLOVER CO., Dept. 11 Dubuque, Iowa

Makers of 117 Styles of Brighton-Carlsbad Sleepingwear For All The Family All The Year.

Digitized by Google

codfish. Potatoes were being pared into a great kettle and there was a bowl of eggs on a stand. It appeared to me, accustomed to the meager ration of the Belgians, that the French were dining well that night on the plains of Ypres.

In a stable near at hand a horse whinnied. I patted him as I passed, and he put his head against my shoulder.

"He recognizes you!" said Captain Mignot. "He too is American."

It was late afternoon by that time. The plan to reach the advanced trenches was frustrated by an increasing fusillade from the front. There were barbed-wire entanglements everywhere, and every field was honeycombed with trenches. One looked across the plain and saw nothing. Then suddenly as we advanced great gashes cut across the fields, and in these gashes, although not a head was seen, were men. The firing was continuous. And now, going down a road, with a line of poplar trees at the foot and the setting sun behind us throwing our faint shadows far ahead, we saw the flash of water. It was very near. It was the flooded river and the canal. Beyond were the Germans. To one side the inundation made a sort of bay.

It was along this part of the field that the Allies expected the German Army to make its advance when the spring movement commenced. And as nearly as can be learned from the cabled accounts that is where the attack was made.

A captain from General d'Urbal's staff met us at the trenches, and pointed out the strategical value of a certain place, the certainty of a German advance, and the preparations that were made to meet it.

It was odd to stand there in the growing dusk, looking across to where was the invading army, only a little over three thousand feet away. It was rather horrible to see that beautiful landscape, the untraveled road ending in the line of poplars, so very close, where were the French outposts, and the shining water just beyond, and talk so calmly of the death that was waiting for the first Germans who crossed the canal.

I went into the trenches. The captain was very proud of them.

The Latest Thing in Trenches

"They represent the latest fashion in trenches!" he explained, smiling faintly.

It seemed to me that I could easily have improved on that latest fashion. The bottom was full of mud and water. Standing in it, I could see over the side by making an effort. The walls were wattled—that is, covered with an interlacing of fagots which made the sides dry.

But it was not for that reason only that these trenches were called the latest fashion. They were divided, every fifteen feet or so, by a bulwark of earth about two feet thick, round which extended a communication trench.

"The object of dividing these trenches in this manner is to limit the havoc of shells that drop into them," the captain explained. "Without the earth bulwark a shell can kill every man in the trench. In this way it can kill only eight. Now stand at this end of the trench. What do you see?"

What I saw was a barbed-wire entanglement, leading into a cul-de-sac.

"A rabbit trap!" he said. "They will come over the field there, and because they cannot cross the entanglement they will follow it. It is built like a great letter V, and this is the point."

The sun had gone down to a fiery death in the west. The guns were firing intermittently. Now and then from the poplar trees came the sharp ping of a rifle. The evening breeze had sprung up, ruffling the surface of the water, and bringing afresh that ever-present and hideous odor of the battlefield. Behind us the trenches showed signs of activity as the darkness fell.

Suddenly the rabbit trap and the trench grew unspeakably loathsome and hideous to me. What a mockery, this business of killing men! No matter that beyond the canal there lurked the menace of a foe that had himself shown unspeakable barbarity and resource in plotting death. No matter if the very odor that stank in my nostrils called loud for vengeance. I thought of German prisoners I had seen, German wounded responding so readily to kindness and a smile. I saw them driven across that open space, at the behest of frantic officers who were obeying a guiding ambition from behind. I saw them herded like cattle, young men and boys and the fathers of families, in that cruel rabbit trap and shot by men who, in their turn, were protecting their country and their homes.

I have in my employ a German gardener. He has been a member of the household for years. He has raised, or helped to raise, the children, has planted the trees, and helped them, like the children, through their early weakness. All day long he works in the garden among his flowers. He coaxes and pets them, feeds them, moves them about in the sun. When guests arrive, it is Wilhelm's genial smile that greets them. When the small calamities of a household occur, it is Wilhelm's philosophy that shows us how to meet them.

Wilhelm was a sergeant in the German Army for five years. Now he is an American citizen, owning his own home, rearing his children to a liberty his own childhood never knew.

But, save for the accident of emigration, Wilhelm would to-day be in the German Army. He is not young, but he is not old. His arms and shoulders are mighty. But for the accident of emigration, then, Wilhelm, working today in the sun among his Delphiniums and his iris, his climbing roses and flowering shrubs, would be wearing the helmet of the invader; for his vine-covered house he would have substituted a trench; for his garden pick a German rifle.

Joffre's Policy in Three Words

For Wilhelm was a faithful subject of Germany while he remained there. He is a Socialist. He does not believe in war. Live and help others to live is his motto. But at the behest of the Kaiser, Wilhelm too would have gone to his appointed place.

It was of Wilhelm then, and others of his kind, that I thought as I stood in the end of the new-fashion trench, looking at the rabbit trap. There must be many Wilhelms in the German Army, fathers, good citizens, kindly men who had no thought of a place in the sun except for the planting of a garden. Men who have followed the false gods of their country with the ardent blue eyes of supreme faith.

I asked to be taken home.

On the way to the machine we passed a *mitrailleuse* buried by the roadside. Its location brought an argument among the officers. Strategically it would be valuable for a time, but there was some question as to its position in view of a retirement by the French.

I could not follow the argument. I did not try to. I was cold and tired, and the red sunset had turned to deep purple and gold. The guns had ceased. Over all the countryside brooded the dreadful peace of sheer exhaustion and weariness. And in the air, high overhead, a German plane sailed slowly home.

Sentries halted us on the way back holding high lanterns that set the bayonets of their guns to gleaming. Faces pressed to the glass, they surveyed us stolidly, making sure that we were as our passes described us. Long lines of marching men turned out to let us pass. As darkness settled down, the location of the German line, as it encircled Ypres, was plainly shown by floating *fusées*. In every hamlet reserves were lining up for the trenches, dark masses of men, with here and there a face thrown into relief as a match was held to light a cigarette. Open doors showed warm, lamp-lit interiors and the glow of fires.

I sat back in the car and listened while the officers talked together. They were speaking of General Joffre, of his great ability, of his confidence in the outcome of the war, and of his method, during those winter months when, with such steady fighting, there had been so little apparent movement. One of the officers told me that General Joffre had put his winter tactics in three words:

"I nibble them."

Fill Every Summer Day with Joy

WHEN you have attached a Smith Motor Wheel to your bicycle—any bicycle—you can travel about town, over the country roads, up hill and down dale, or follow winding paths through the woods—at any speed up to 20 miles an hour and travel 100 to 125 miles on one gallon of gasoline. The

Smith MOTOR WHEEL

Pedals Used Only at Starting
Just Sit Still and Steer

is a cleanly, practical, easily operated, everlastingly useful means of transportation. To have one now is to be assured of a most enjoyable summer.

Send us your name and address and we will mail you the Motor Wheel catalog and tell you where you can see and ride a Smith Motor Wheel.

Motor Wheel Division "76"

A. O. SMITH COMPANY

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Largest Manufacturers of Automobile Parts in the World

THERE are two kinds of dealers—those who sell "Just-As-Good" and those who don't.

There are two kinds of people—those who take substitutes and those who won't.

It will pay you to get

SEALPACKERCHIEF

TRADE MARK REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

when you need handkerchiefs.

Packages for Men and Women Containing
1 for 10c, 3 for 25c, 2 for 25c, 3 for 50c, 1 for 25c.

On Sale in the Good Shops.

Ask for SEALPACKERCHIEF by name, which appears plainly on each package, and see that the seal is unbroken.

SEALPACKERCHIEF CO.
Broadway at 25th St. New York City
Offices in Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco

The *real* fragrance of violets every day!

Imagine the fresh fragrance of myriads of dewy violets clinging to your face, your hands, your hair! This is the delight that comes to you every time you use Jergens Violet Glycerine Soap.

Any water anywhere instantly releases its exquisite perfume—in a lather so fluffy and smooth you'll almost think you're bathing with violet-laden cream. Get a cake today. Smell it! Be sure you are getting the *real* fragrance of violets that comes only in Jergens Violet Glycerine Soap. 10c a cake; 3 for 25c—everywhere.

Send 2c for sample. It will come to you by mail like a little box of fresh-cut violets. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 315 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 121-3, Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

—but you can't hide the taste!

"That good old Fatima taste!"—hundreds of thousands of men throughout the entire country know it. And swear by it.

Most of those men had their troubles before they tried Fatima. They shopped around. They tried brand after brand—different kinds—different prices.

Yet, nothing quite touched the spot—until FATIMA.

There—in Fatima—they found what they'd been hoping and longing and searching for in a cigarette.

Fatima is mild—*generously* mild, with a mellowness and "character" that blend smoothly in every delicious puff. *You can't hide that taste!*

Three men smoke Fatimas to every *one* who calls for any other 15c cigarette. Three to one—think of it! Next time why don't you choose Fatimas and see if they don't exactly suit your taste, too?

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

The Cigarette with 3 times as many friends

FATIMA

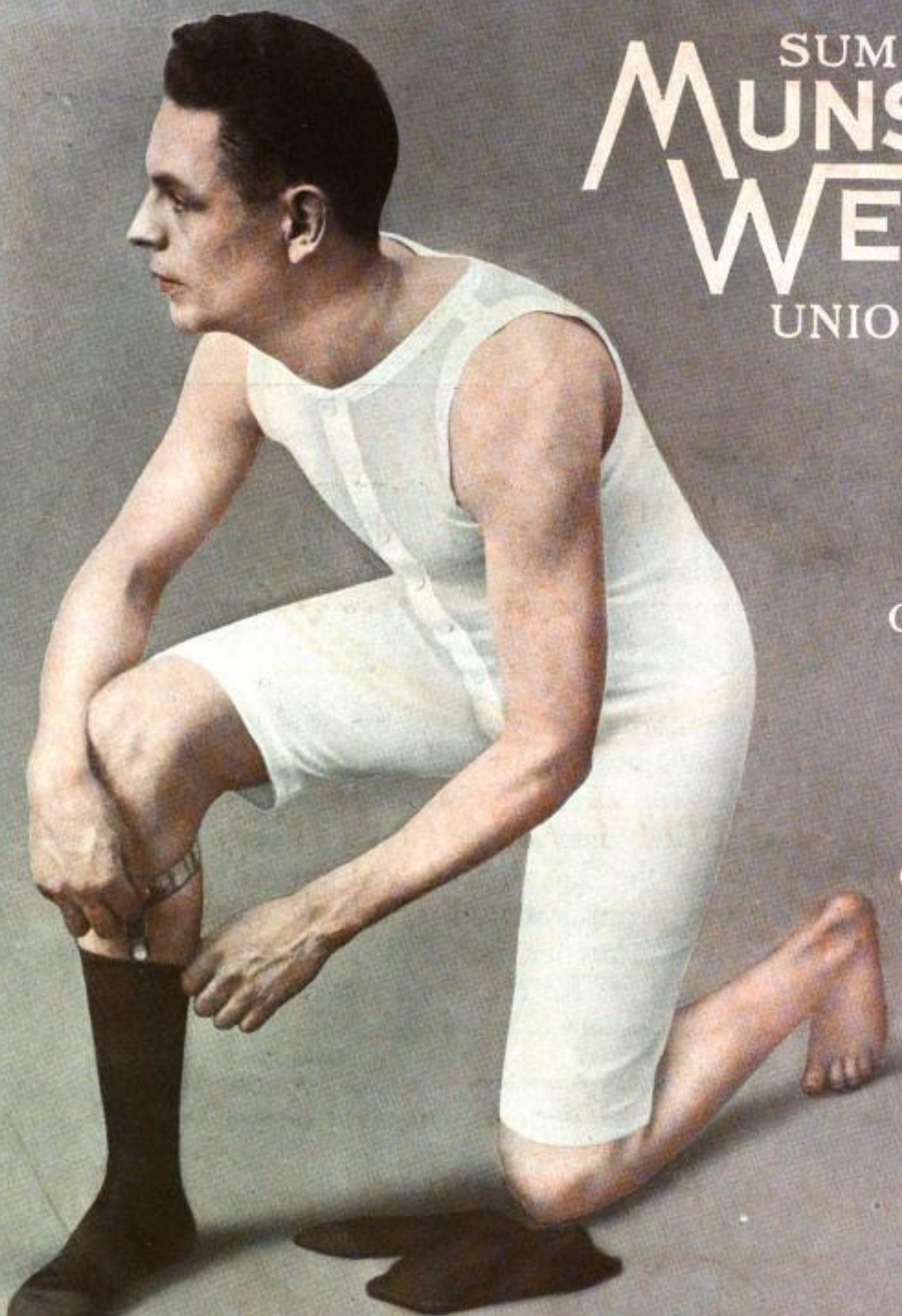
THE TURKISH BLEND

Cigarette

20 Distinctively Individual FATIMAS 15¢

Digitized by Google

DON'T SAY UNDERWEAR SAY MUNSINGWEAR



SUMMER MUNSING WEAR UNION SUITS

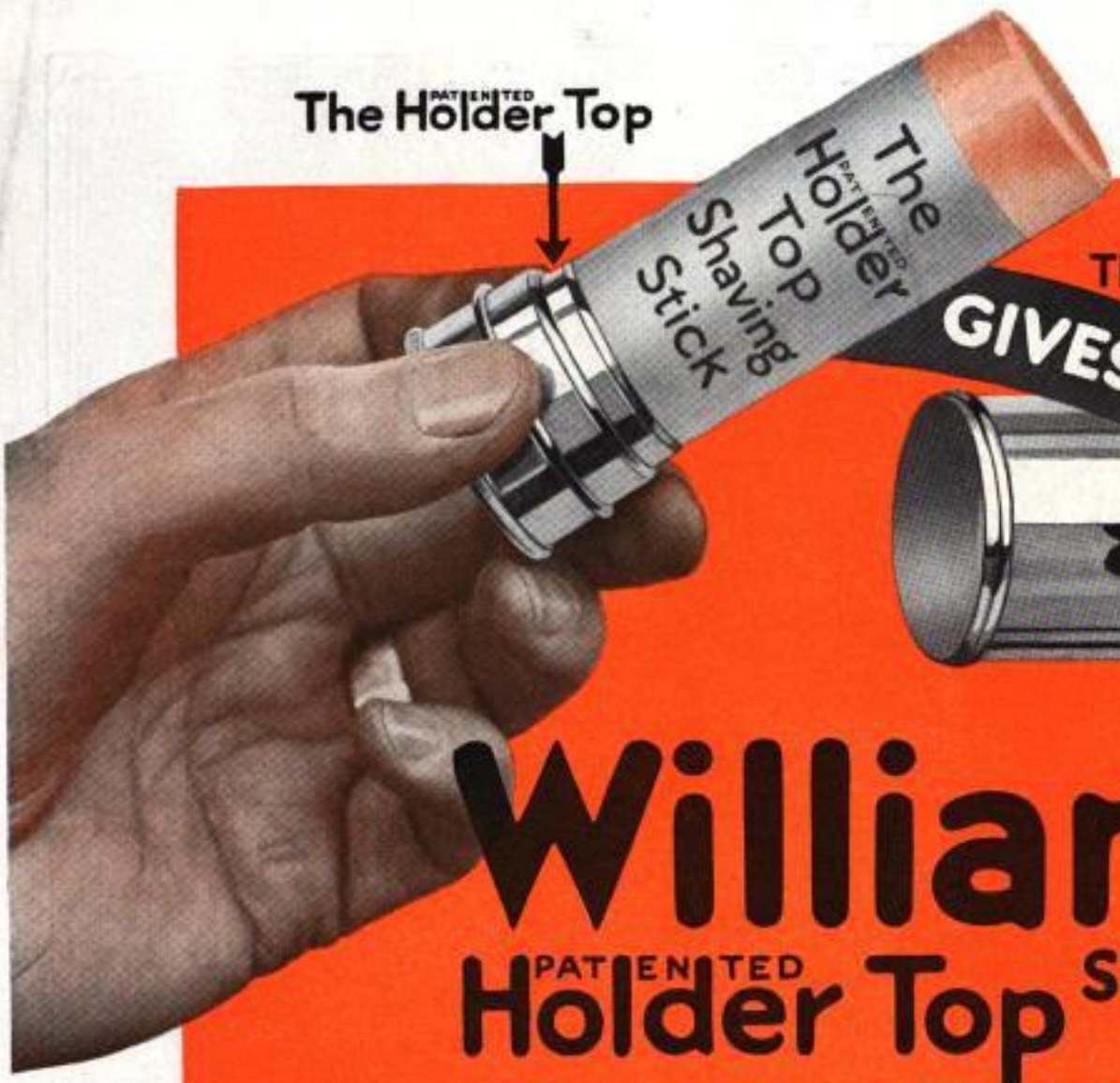
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

WEIGH ONLY A FEW OUNCES

Popular Because Satisfactory
Over 9,000,000 Used Annually
Wear Them – You Will Like Them
Cool – Comfortable – Non-Irritating

For complete information and name of Munsingwear Dealer in your town, address
THE NORTHWESTERN KNITTING CO., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Digitized by Google



GIVES YOU THE MAXIMUM OF SHAVING COMFORT DOWN TO THE LAST AVAILABLE BIT

Williams'

PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

Takes the morning shave out of the drudgery class and puts it in the class with indoor sports. The Holder-Top affords a firm, tight grip on the soap. The mass of rich, thick, creamy lather softens the beard. Followed up with the razor and an application of Williams' Toilet Water or Talc Powder, you finish an easy winner, "feeling fit" for the day's work.

Four forms of Williams' Shaving Soap

Holder-Top Shaving Stick
Shaving Stick in nickeled, hinged-cover box
Shaving Powder
Shaving Cream

A trial sample of any one of the above for 4 cents in stamps.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
DEPT. A. GLASTONBURY, CONN.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 033785905